



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

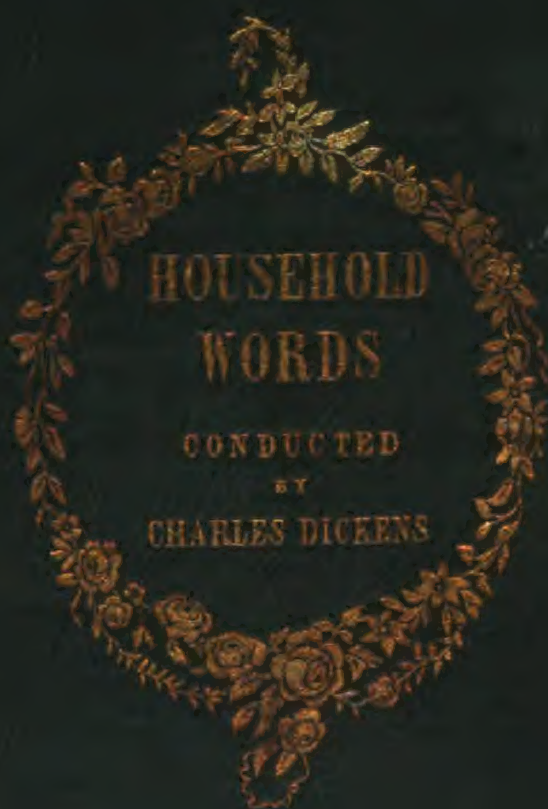
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



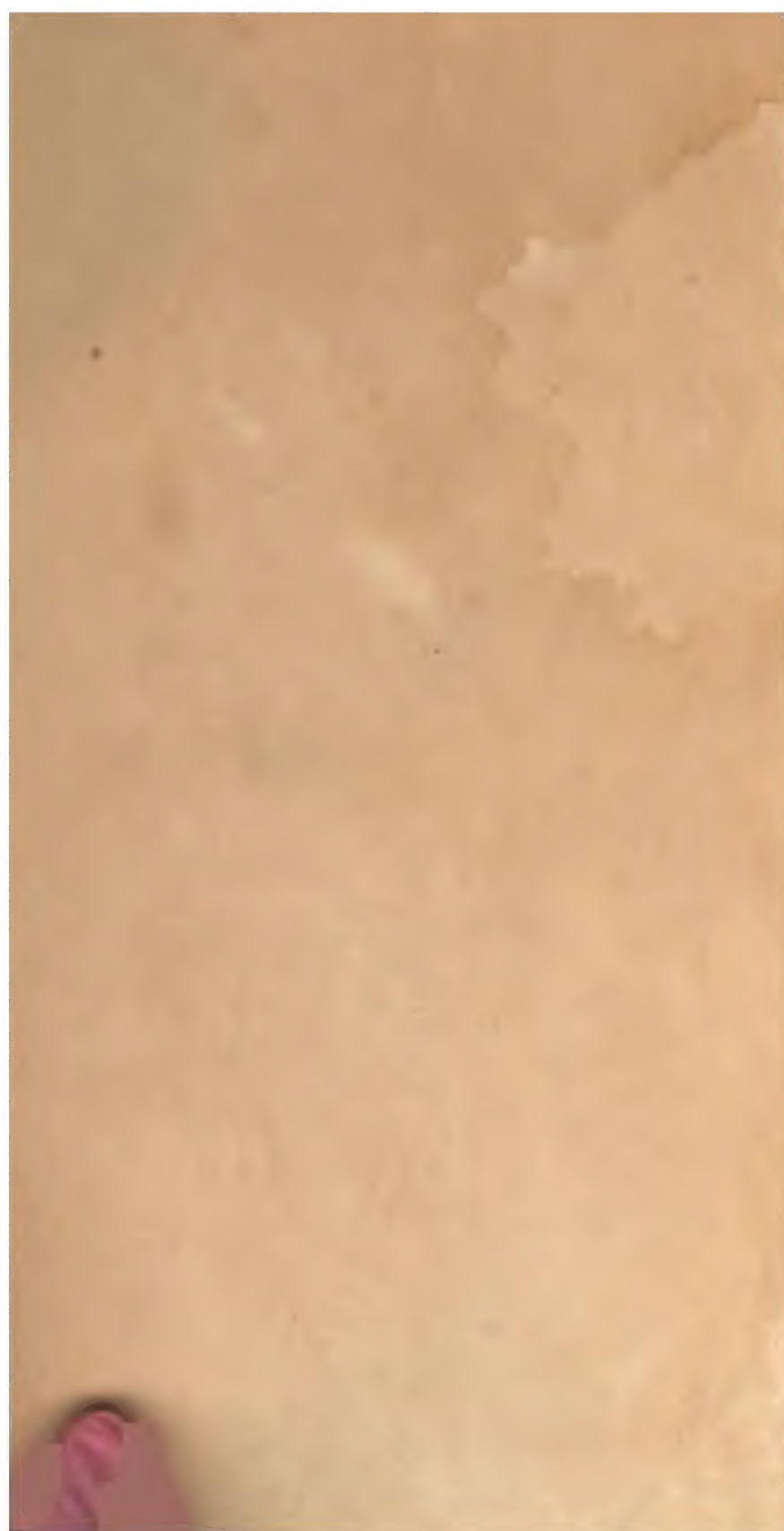
Gift of

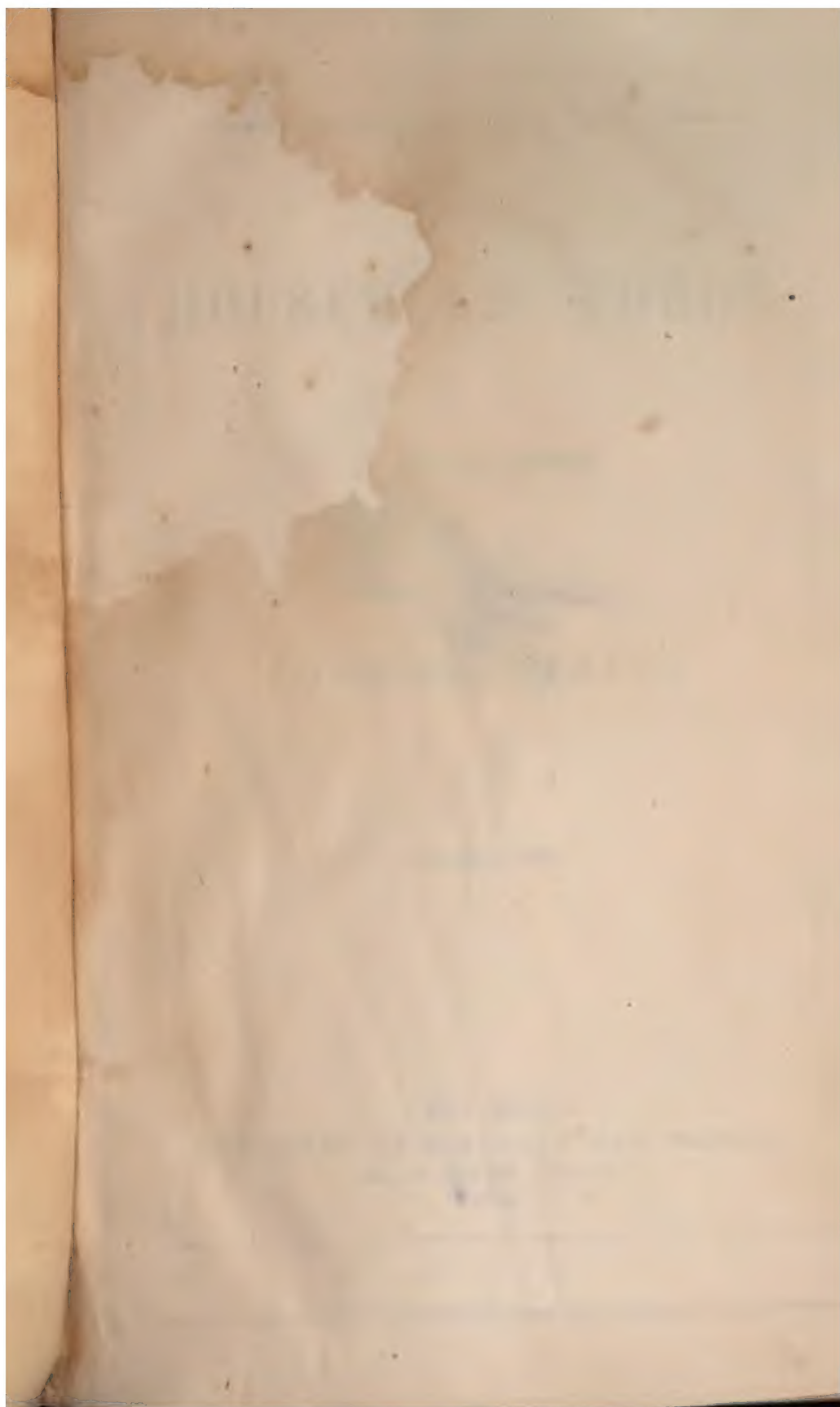
Dr. John D. Cooke



**STANFORD
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARIES**







"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A Weekly Journal.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

VOLUME VIII.

New York:

PUBLISHED BY McELRATH AND BARKER,
No. 17 SPRUCE STREET.

•1854.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY
LIBRARIES
STACKS

MAY 26 1971

AP4

H84

v. 8

C. 2

CONTENTS.

The Extra Number for Christmas, "ANOTHER ROUND OF STORIES BY THE CHRISTMAS FIRE," will be found on pages 100* to 442* inclusive.

ABELARD and Heloise	220	Complaint of the Old Magician	540	Ghostly Pantomimes	38
Accommodation for Quidnauncs	58	Concertina, The	402	Gipsy Slaves of Wallachia	1
Accordion, The	401	Constantinople	304	Gold Coast of Africa	2
Accor-cups, The Trade in	335	Constantinople, An Adventurer in	305	Government Emigration	1
Adelina Castle	217	Constantinople, Greek Easter at	415	Great Indian Bean-stalk, The	1
African Zephyrs	145	Convicts in the Gold Regions	49	Great Saddleworth Exhibition	1
Air Maps	138	Cooking by a Gas Apparatus	325	Great Salt Laks, News from the	1
Albania, An Earthquake in	238	Corkcrew Company, The Patent	469	Great Sewer, A	1
Algerine Army, Zephyrs of	145	Cornish Clergy of other Days	305	Greek Easter at Constantinople	1
Always United	230	Cotton Manufacture, Statistics of	551	Greek Feast	2
America, Settlers in	153	Cotton Works in Lancashire	549	Grosvenor East Indianman, Loss of the	1
Amiens	302	Cradle and the Grave	317	Gulliver's, Mr., Entertainment	1
Among the Shallows	233	Crime and Punishment	293		
Arm the Child	431	Crowns in Lead	11		
Ancient Tariff	283	Crystal Palace at Sydenham	313		
Anteater, The	162	Customs Tariff in 1643	283		
Anybody's Child	551				
Apprentices in France	199	DAEDANELLES, The	380	HALF-A-DOZEN Leeches	4
Arctic Navigation	241	Dawk Travelling in India	365	Halsewell East Indianman, Loss of the	4
Army Equipment	428	Dead Reckoning at the Morgue	112	Harmonious Blacksmith	4
Artificial Flower Making	250	Dead Secret, A	27	Harmonium, The	4
Ashantee Palaver	207	Defence of Fleas	416	Hay Asthma	4
Australia, the Antecedents of	476	Derby, The Ladies' Assembly at	191	Helfaut, The Camp at	2
Australia, Bad Luck at Bendigo	133	Deseret News	292	Her Majesty's Service	433
Australia, A Convict Prison in	49	Dibdin, Dr. Thomas	325	History of a Coal Cell	3
Australia, First Stage to	42	Digger's Diary	6	House Agents	3
Australian Digger's Diary	6	Diggings, From Sydney to the	315	House that Jack built	2
Australian Pacific Mail Steam Packet Company	133	Diggings, A Partner at the	317	Horse Guards Rampant, The	4
		Down among the Dead Men	418	Hudson's Bay Company, The	449
		Dutch Arctic Navigators	242	Huguenots, Stories of the	3
		Dyes, The Manufacture of	225	Hunting in America	4
				Hyde Park Corner	3
Beds	425	EARTHQUAKE in Albania	238	IGNOBLE Conduct of a Nobleman	4
Beef	385	Editor's Room, An	340	Inchbald, Mrs.	15, 279, 28
Blank Babies in Paris	379	Edwardes Square, Kensington	320	In the Darvianelles	3
Blankshire Hounds, The	508	Egypt, A French Settler in	285	India, The Revenue Department of	1
Bones found at Oxford	83, 209	Elphinstone, Mr. James	14	India, The Steam Whistle in	4
Books for Manchester	877	Embassies and Attaches	433, 523	India, Travelling in	4
Border of the Black Sea, A	495	Emigration, Government	42	Indians and the Settlers	1
Bottled Information	529	Eternal Lamps	185	Indignez, The	4
Bonquets	230	Eve of a Journey, The	173	Inns	4
Brazilian in Bloomsbury, A	162	Exhibition at Saddleworth, The	111	Iron Houses	2
Brilliant Display of Fireworks	45	Exile in Siberia	540	Iron Incidents	4
Bucharest	104	Exploded Magazine	20	Iron Seamstress	5
Bulgaria	257, 343, 378, 495				
Bulls and Bears	517	FATHERS, The Queen of the	457, 540	JEW'S Harp, The	4
By Dawk to Delbi	345	Fairyland in 'Fifty-four	513	Justice in Punishment	2
Byron's Description of the Condemnation of a Play	444	Fashion	193		
CAMP at Helfaut	272	Female Life and Writing in the	191	KENSINGTON	1
Capt. The Locust Plague at	184	Olden Times	481	Kensington Church	2
Cave of Real Distress	457	Fire and Snow	45	Kensington Worthies	3
Catarrh	407	Fireworks, The Manufacture of	8		
Cattle Show at Baker Street	536	First Night in Melbourne	42	LADIES' Assembly in the Olden	11
Caught in a Typhoon	177	First Stage to Australia	416	Times	11
Cavalry Soldiers	429	Fleas in Turkey	196	Lamps of the Ancients	11
Cells in Vegetation	354, 433	Flower Bells	233	Lancashire Witchcraft	5
Champagne Salad	405	Flowers on Graves	513	Lanna Tixal	11
Change of Air	570	Flowers in Wax	63, 209	Law and its Care for Women	11
Chemists, The Back of	460	Foreign Stocks	370	Leadon Coffins found in the Abbey of St. Denis	4
Children	259	Foundings of Paris	97	Leaf from the Parish Register	4
Child's History of England	69, 116, 165, 210, 259, 307, 360	Frauds on the Fairies	285	Leather	4
Chinese Players	281	French Army, Zephyrs of the	199	Leeches	4
Chips 184, 307, 261, 305, 354, 424, 476	523, 539	French Master, My	361, 383	Letters to Sophie	5
Christmas Presents	454	French Settler in Egypt	377	Light of other Days	2
Christmas Town, A	337	French Workman	533	Little Children	2
Coal Cell, The History of a	354	Free Library at Manchester	196	Little Republic	2
Cobbett, William	325	Frozen and Thawed	449, 471	Lives of Plants	4
Coby House, Kensington	15	Fuchels, the story of the	285	Locked Out	2
Cold, Treatment for a	407	Fur Trade	526	Locust Hunt, A	11
College Friends	477	Gas Cooking Apparatus	385	Lodged in Newgate	1
Colour Blindness	255	Gentleman Usher in 1613	526	London and North-Western Rail-way	4
Completely Registered	469	Ghost of a Love Story	359		
Commerce, Tribunals of	100				
Condemned Plays	443				

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Long Voyage	409	QUEEN Mab	437, 540	Colt Nursing	406
Loss of the Grosvenor	411			Unspotted Snow	341
Loss of the Halsewell	410				
MAGAZINE for the Year 1798	21	RAILWAYS, Opening of, in India	441	VALLONTA	339
Magic	540	Railway, London and North-Western	412	Van Diemen's Land, The Discoverer of	306
Malachite	91	Railway in Snow	491	Varna	373
Manchester Men at their Books	377	Ready Wit	532	Voices from the Deep	424
Maps of the Air	126	Registration	469		
Mary-Cell in Styria	312	Regular Trappers	471		
Master of the Ceremonies, an old	526	Reporters, Duties of,	841		
Mazarin, The Duchess of	17	Rosierucians, Lamps of the	185		
Melbourne, The First Night in	8	Romen	460		
Menagerie in Paris, A	64	Roving Englishman:—			
Merchant's Heart, The	54	At Constantinople	204	Wales, Walking in	26
Mighty Hunters	446	And the Prince de Vendôme	335	Wales, Slate Quarries in	465
Mine Inn	236	A Greek Feast	393	Wallachia, The Gipsy Slaves of	123
Model Lodging Houses	291	Greek Easter	415	Wallachian Squire	223
Modern Human Sacrifices	561	Royal Adversity	457	Want Places	166
Modern Practice of Physic	160	Rupert's Land	450, 471	Wax Flowers	322
Moldo-Walachia	84	Russian Stranger	91	Why my Uncle was a Bachelor	564
More Places Wanted	106	Rustefan Castle, A Ghost Story of	659	Wedding in High Life	195
Morgue, The	112			White House in Kensington	337
Mormons, The	222	BACK of Chestnuts	460	Winds, The	129
Morton Hall	265, 296	Saddleworth Exhibition, The	111	Wines	404
Mr. Wiseman in Print	339	Sailor's Grievances	424	Wiseman, Mr., in Print	339
My French Master	361, 393	Sanitary Improvement	524	Wizard, The Northern	235
Mythlens	393	Searsdale House	328	Workmen in France	199
		School-keeping	499	Workmen's Dwellings	366
NEAPOLITAN Purity	572	Science and Sophy	605		
Near Christmas	337	Screw Trosseller, The	181	YOUR Very Good Health	524
Needlewomen	575	Seamstress, The Iron	575		
Newgate, Imprisoned in	2	Seasonable Gains	424	ZEPHYRS of the French Army	145
Newspaper, Editor's Room	310	Sensible Town	392		
News Rooms	310	Sentimental Geography	206		
Nile, A Little Republic on the	234	Seraphine, The	492	POETRY.	
'Ninety-eight, a Magazine of	21	Shipwrecks	561	Bella, The	445
Nobleman, Ignoble Conduct of a	477	Shipwrecks, Incidents of,	419	Bran	179
Norman Story	78	Siberia, An Exile in	546	Bright Little Girl, The	325
North Country Courtesies	191	Slang	73	Casket, The	228
North-West Passage, The	245	Slates	466	Echoes	13
North-Western Railway	412	Snow on the Railway	481	Goblins of the Marsh	491
Northern Wizard	224	Snowdown	87	Gone	133
Nothing Like Leather	51	Splendid Match, A	150	Holidays	397
Number Forty-two	17	Stags on Change	470	Lady Hertha	616
OFF! OFF!	442	Standing on Ceremony	525	Lady of the Fen	370
Old Bones	83	St. Denis, The Abbey of	11	Lament for Summer	166
Old Settlers of Tennessee	183	Steam Whistle in India	440	Life and Death	60
On Her Majesty's Service	423, 523	Stereoscope, The	37	Miasma	348
Only an Earthquake	235	Stock Exchange, The	517	Moonrise	94
On Strike	553	Stop the Way Company, The	449, 471	Motley	399
Out for a Walk	25	Stories of the Huguenots	849	New-Year's Eve	418
Our Wine Merchant	408	Stoves and Grates	398	Now	302
Oxford, Elephant's Bones at	83	Strike at Preston	346, 533	Old London Bridge	204
Oxford Fossils	309	Styrian Mecca, The	512	One Spot of Green	469
PALLINER's hunting in America	446	Sunday at Tattersall's	532	Pictures in the Fire	36
Pantomimes a Century Ago	397	TARMANIA, Origin of the Name	306	Preston Strike Songs	348, 555
Papier-Maché Houses	243	Tattersall's	333	Song for November	276
Paris, Blank Babies in	379	Taylor, Loss of the	563	Starlight in the Garden	108
Parish Register, A Leaf from	437	Tennessee, Old Settlers of	128	Ten Per Cent	347
Patent Corkscrew Company	469	Ten per Cent. Songs	347	Wishing	554
Penny News Rooms	63	Theatrical Failure	449		
Phalansterian Menagerie	64	The Corner	392	CONTENTS OF THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER.	
Pharisees and Sinners	496	Things that Cannot be Done	121	THE Schoolboy's Story	499
Physic, The Modern Practice of	169	Too Late	546	The Old Lady's Story	415
Plant-Cell, The	454	Traits and Stories of the Huguenots	348	Over the Way's Story	417
Plays Condemned	448	Travel, Incidents of	406	The Angel's Story	420
Portsmouth, The Duchess of	19	Tribunals of Commerce	100	The Squire's Story	420
Pot and Kettle Philosophy	333	Troy, The Plains of	331	Uncle George's Story	439
Preston, The Strike at	346, 353	Trust and No Trust	94	The Colonel's Story	436
Prince de Vendôme	335	Tucked Up	484	The Scholar's Story	440
Protégés of the Czar	343	Turkey, Fleas in	418	Nobody's Story	449
Provisionally Registered	489	Turks in Bulgaria	267, 543		
Punishment, The Inequality of	283	Two Cousins	246		
		Typhoon, Caught in a	177		

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—BARNES.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. VIII,

McELRATH & BARKER, PUBLISHERS
Office No. 11 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

WHOLE No. 180.

LODGED IN NEWGATE.

POLICE Constable Keggs, when he put his hand upon my shoulder and informed me that he had a warrant for my apprehension, caused me to feel sick at heart. In face and voice he seemed to be the most repulsive of all mortals. I must go with him he said, to Bow Lane station-house. I might go home for half-an-hour and explain matters to my wife; but the night I must spend "locked up." As we went along he advised me—supposing I might be deficient in tact or feeling—how I could best break the news, so that the sudden blow should fall as lightly as it might upon her. I think when we got home that, with an easy soothing way, he really did help very effectively to comfort her.

At Bow Lane—the charge against me having been entered, and the contents of my pockets entrusted to the inspector on duty for the night—I was locked up in a cell containing only one other person—"highly respectable" they told me. His snoring was not interrupted by the clash and rattle of doors, bolts, and keys, upon my entrance; and, as he occupied the whole of the narrow bench, which was the only available bed, I took my boots off and walked up and down throughout the night. A small gas lamp in a niche at the top of the wall (lighting two cells at once) enabled me to see that he was a horny man who had done rough work in the world. Towards morning he awoke and saw me: "Halloa!" he cried; "what time did you come in?" "Between eleven and twelve." "Drunk and riotous, or incapable?" "No," I replied. "Oh!" he said, "some heavy business p'raps. Well, I'm in for forgery."

He got up and walked up and down, and told me a wild story of his former life, to which I gladly listened as a break on my own painful meditations. At eleven o'clock the officer came for me, and conveyed me in a cab (paid for with the money that had been found in my pockets) to the Mansion-house. Through the dark passage under the Police Court I was ushered into an apartment like a vault, lighted with gas, though there was the bright noon of summer flooding all the streets outside. The vault was crowded with policemen in uniform, among whom there were also some officers in plain clothes,

and two or three minor officials of the court above. The warder of the place—a thoroughly kind-hearted man, dangling a huge bunch of bright keys upon his finger—led me down a passage to the left into a corridor, along the walls of which were iron cages, like the dens which confine beasts of prey at the Zoological Gardens. Into one of these he locked me. Other prisoners were brought afterwards into the cages, so that we soon came to be rather closely packed. A huge gas burner glared upon us, and the place was very close; but there was nothing in the air half so unwholesome as the wandering utterances,

"The voices and the shadows,
And images of voice,"

which filled my ears with the knowledge that I was among people morally degraded. Old offenders winked their recognitions to each other; men—self-occupied, as is the way with all the ignorant—talked of themselves to their neighbours; discussed crime as a calling, and their chances of escape, or the character of their several convictions, as a set of farmers might discuss their prospects for the harvest, only with less decorum and more mirth—a very ugly mirth. Levity was the prevailing habit. A quiet-looking boy asked in a meek voice, as the warder passed him, "Oh, if you please, sir, might I have a little drop of water?" Everybody was at once struck with intense thirst, and the joke was relished all the more as there was only one tin can to supply the whole. It was handed round, and every one praised the ale, declared it was in prime condition; some adding that they would "tick it up this time," but that the next time they happened to be passing they would be sure to call in and rub off the score.

My solicitor having come down we held a conference. He told me that, although—as it was in due time shown—I had been accused of a grave crime hastily and in error, he should apply for a remand; for he would be unable to meet the charges against me effectually at once. I expected immediate liberation on bail; and, as I dreaded no stain upon my character, considered that my trouble was already over. After the magistrate had taken his seat, and the forms proper on opening the court had been completed, the various officers came down, ready each at the fit time to uncase hi

"cases." Mine was the second case called. I followed Mr. Keggs up an extremely narrow staircase; and, waiting at the top of it for a minute or two, saw that a trap-door was raised over my head, through which I was to be wound up, like a stage ghost, and quite as pale. I made my first appearance as a prisoner in the dock, and stood before the robes and chains of City magistrates. My mouth was dry, and I felt faint. I scarcely heard the case. I saw, as through a mist, a witness at the witness's rail. I heard persons on my right and left speaking loudly, as it seemed, against me; and a quiet, resolute voice, which seemed to speak on my behalf. In my confusion I could not tell to what end the proceedings tended, until I caught the words from the Bench: "Well, if all parties are agreed, I see no reason for not granting it. Let the case be remanded until this day fortnight."

Then my thoughts dwelt upon the prospect of immediate deliverance. There was more talking, and whispering, and consulting on my right hand. Every man engaged in it was irksome to me, for prolonging my detention as the mark for a vague crowd of staring eyes. The voice from the bench was again audible to me: "Oh, decidedly not. I cannot think of accepting bail. Bail is out of the question."

Before I had attached a meaning to the words the trap was raised, and I was being hurried down the narrow staircase. In a minute or two I was again locked up in the den with my old companions, who received me with a simultaneous pull of long, commiserative faces, meant to be comical.

"You can have a cab if you like"—of course, out of my own funds—"instead of going with the rest," said Mr. Keggs.

"But where am I to go to?" I asked in bewilderment. "Where is Mr. Bartle, my solicitor?"

"Mr. Bartle will be down to speak to you directly."

"And then?"

"Why, then you must go to Newgate."

I was taken to Newgate in a cab. In the entrance-hall of that dark building I was officially delivered over to the warden; who, with a cheery comfortable face, suggested thoughts rather of warden pie than gruel.

"Prisoner on remand," said Mr. Keggs, handing to him the committal from the Mansion-house.

Having asked me a few questions formally, to satisfy himself that I was the person specified in the document, and having inquired whether I had anything in my pockets, he shouted once or twice to some one who was slow to come out of the innermost recesses of the place. His voice echoed among the labyrinth of passages, beating itself against the thick stone walls, until another voice came echoing an answer to it. In a short time a man appeared behind the massive iron

gate, and threw it open with a heavy sound, terrible to one who had not been scared before by anything more wretched than an unrolled bedroom hinge. "Here's one for the remand ward," said the warden. "Very well," said the man, who was in no good temper, "come this way." I shook hands with the officer, and felt, when he departed, as if I had lost a valued friend. He would meet me, he said, at the Mansion-house, punctually on the appointed day; talking of it as genially as if it were a dinner appointment. Then, as administrator of my funds, he gave to the warden sixpence wherewith to buy for me postage stamps, and left me to make myself at home in Newgate.

Strong and stony as the prison seems to passers by, it looks much stonier and stronger to the men who enter it. The multiplicity of heavy walls, of iron gates and doorways; of huge locks, of bolts, spikes and bars of every imaginable shape and size, make of the place a very nightmare dungeon. I followed the gruff under-warden, through some dark and chilly vaulted passages, now turning to the right, now to the left. We crossed a large hall, in the centre of which is a glass room for the use of prisoners when they are giving instructions to their lawyers. When it is so used, a prison officer walks round and round it, seeing all that may take place within, but hearing nothing. In another passage was a small recess, in which three or four under-wardens in their regulation uniform were dining. One vacant seat, with a half emptied plate before it, let me know why my guide was not in a good humour. Had I arrived ten minutes later, he would have been, I do not doubt, in an excellent humour. Still following, I was led into another large recess or chamber, on one side of which was a huge boiler with a furnace glowing under it, and on another side a large stone bath. On the third wall there were a couple of round towels on a roller, with a wooden bench beneath them. "Stop," cried the warden, "take your clothes off." I hesitated. "Take off your clothes, do you hear?" My clothes were soon laid on the bench, and a hot bath filled, and I went in. The officer had then his opportunity of taking up my garments one by one, searching their pockets and their linings, feeling them about and holding them against the light. My boots appeared to be especially suspicious. After he had put his hands into them, he thumped them violently on the stone floor; but there rolled nothing out. Having bathed, I was led down another passage, at the end of which were two gratings of iron bars, closely woven over with wire-work, distant about two feet from each other. Unlocking both he pushed me through, and started me up two or three steps into a square court-yard, where there was a man walking to and fro very violently. After shouting "One in!" he locked the two gratings, and retreated rapidly in the direction

of his dinner. Another warden with a bunch of keys came from a gloomy building that formed one side of the court. "Go up," he said to the pedestrian; who disappeared up a staircase instantly.

"Where are you from?" the jailor asked me, and "What are you here for?" Being replied to on these points, he said shortly, "Come this way." He led up the dark stone staircase to a corridor with cells on one side, having iron doors to them a foot or more in thickness. One of those cells was to be mine. Venturing as I went in to ask "Whether I might be allowed to walk in the yard when I pleased?" he answered sharply, "You'll just please to walk where and when you're told." He slammed the door, bolted it, locked, and padlocked it.

The cell was about eight feet by four, lighted by a loophole above eye-level. It contained, besides an iron bedstead with a straw mattress and two coarse rugs upon it, an uncomfortable stool and a slanting reading-desk fastened to the wall, on which were a Bible, a prayer-book, and hymn-book. Alone for the first time since my apprehension, I stretched myself upon the bed; and, with my hands over my eyes endeavoured to collect my thoughts. I was soon aroused by the undoing of bolts and bars below, while a stentorian voice shouted from the yard, "All—down!" I heard the cell doors being opened in the corridor; and, in due turn mine was flung open, and the jailor looked in. The impression my body had left upon the rugs enraged him dreadfully. "What," he cried, almost in a scream, "you've been a lying on that 'ere bed, have you! You just let me catch you on it again till night, that's all!"

"Oh," I said soothingly, "I didn't know. Now that I do know, I will not lie down again."

"If I find you on it again I'll have you up before the governor or stop your supper. That's all. Go down."

In the yard I found nine fellow "remands;" two or three of them well dressed, the others ragged. Those who were near me asked particulars about myself, and were communicative about themselves. We fell into line. An iron gate was unbolted, and at the same time there was a cry of "Hats off!" The governor appeared, with the head warden and a small pet spaniel. "Have any of you anything to say to the governor?" asked the warden. The governor himself repeated the question, and at the same time looked at us critically. There was silence, and the governor departed. We returned then to our cells; and, for the rest of the afternoon I remained undisturbed, except by the clock of St. Sepulchre's and the occasional shout of "One in;" which let me know that time as it passed on never found Newgate idle.

Almost simultaneously with the striking of five from St. Sepulchre's, I heard the

shout of "Gruel!" followed by a clink of cans and spoons. My cell was unbolted, and there was handed in to me a tin of smoking gruel, and a piece of dry bread. I am not squeamish, but I could not eat it. I knew that my wife with our home walls about her felt more desolate than I. I left my gruel and my bread, after a vain struggle to eat them. In a short time the jailor came and took away the can, ordering me down for a half hour's walk in the yard.

Just before locking up for the night at eight o'clock, the cell doors were again opened and the prisoners invited to drink from a bucket of water, by the help of a little can. Chains, padlocks, and additional bolts noisily adjusted, made all safe for the night; and, when the work of fastening was finished, the head warden came through the silence with a measured tread, and, raising a little peephole in each door, bade "Good night" to each prisoner; awaiting a reply, in order that he might report to the governor that all was well. Until six in the morning all was quiet.

The sounds of keys and bolts aroused me in the morning. I had some experience of soldiers' beds and how they are made; and the Newgate beds are of the barrack character. Hearing my neighbours who had made their beds up clumsily sharply admonished, I packed mine up in military style before the jailor came to me. He looked surprised and gratified. The order being "Go below and wash," I obeyed it, and washed with the help of a bucket at the cistern tap in the yard and a very small piece of soap, finishing off with a towel that had been made very damp by having gone the rounds before I took my turn at it. When I came back, the jailor—who had not lived down his admiration of my bed-making—took me to a cell not far from my own and bade me teach that shiftless Bilson how to make up a bed, exhorting Bilson at the same time to heed the lesson. Bilson of course introduced himself to me with the questions "When are you going up?" "What are you in for?" &c., which supply to Newgate prisoners such a topic as the weather is, to men out in the free air.

I was glad to get with my gruel and bread, at half-past seven, the information that if, when my friends came to see me, they left any money with the porter at the gate I might buy myself provisions out of it. Of course there were restrictions. Cold beef and mutton were admissible, pork and veal were excluded. I could be allowed a little butter or cheese, but not eggs and not bacon. There is a person, I was told, just outside the gates who regularly supplies prisoners in Newgate for whom the door-keeper has funds in trust, with the regulation comforts, including coffee and rolls in the morning, tea and toast in the afternoon. There was incidental relaxation also, as I

found, connected with this arrangement. All those who are victualled by this worthy man are allowed to leave their cells and to go into the corridor where he serves out prison luxuries. Then for a minute or two rapid conversation could take place among us; but, if it were protracted half a minute beyond the time sufficient for the drawing of our allotted portions, the stern voice of the jailor waiting to lock up again made us run like rats into our holes.

It being the first day of my residence in Newgate, I received a visit from the doctor, who made diligent inquiry on the subject of my health. Soon afterwards I was sent down, with all the others who had come in on the previous day, to see the Ordinary in the vestry. Through an intricate stone labyrinth, by aid of numerous directions shouted out by the warden, we found our way into the comfortably furnished chamber at the foot of the chapel stairs. The Ordinary sat in a large easy chair at a table covered with papers, and he was backed by a large book-case, on the top of which were proper Newgate ornaments, consisting of casts of the features of men who had been hanged. I found him kind and gentle. He interrogated me as to the charge which was entered in a book before him; conversed with and advised me for a few minutes in a considerate and humane way, and sent me back with a pamphlet which he considered suitable to my condition. It was entitled *A Warning of Advice to Young Men in the Metropolis*.

In the exercise yard I found all the remanded prisoners turning out for chapel parade. There was a gentlemanly young man who possessed a clothes brush which all—down to the most ragged—were solicitous to borrow. The desire was for something to do, and there were great brushings. That young man had been in the remand department for three months or more, on suspicion of having been implicated in a bank robbery. He went out at last with a clear character, the police having in his case been on a false scent, for even police sometimes err. There was a showy foreigner anxious that I should tell him—as I was a newcomer—what the public thought about his chances of acquittal. There were some boys accused of larcenies, perverting the light-heartedness of childhood into a play of wretched mockeries and jokes, not checked by the authoritative "Keep quiet you there, won't you;" but greatly promoted by the smile into which now and then the jailor was betrayed.

The part of Newgate chapel set aside for the congregation differs of course in its planning from any church or chapel used by people who have liberty to come and go. There are only four pews, separate and far apart. One is for the governor, one for the head warden or deputy governor, and the other two, one in each gallery, for the

sheriffs or City authorities who came at special times: on condemned sermon Sundays for example. We were marched across the chapel to the cage set apart for remands; which is in close contact with the governor's pew, and I observed that the jailor so formed the line of our procession every morning that the well-dressed men of our party were placed nearest to the dignitary. A black veil from the ceiling hung before the gallery above us and concealed the female prisoners. The locks of our cage having been fastened, and our jailor having seated himself so as to command a full view of all who were in his charge, the convicts in their grey suits were marshalled into a cage opposite to ours. When they had been locked up, some other prisoners were brought into the body of the chapel and ranged upon forms. There came a fine-looking old man who walked with an air of great consequence to a seat at the communion rails. He proved to have been a prisoner for some years past, a collector of taxes who had pocketed the public money. We were all so well classified in chapel that remands before committal, committals awaiting trial, convicted and sentenced prisoners could at a glance be distinguished from each other by the governor or chaplain.

Chaplain and clerk being in their places, the governor entered his pew; a prison bird sitting behind me, wanted to know whether he had his boots on? Yes, he had. "Then," said the whisperer, "he'll visit us after this. When he is not going over jail till afternoon and keeps to himself all morning, he always comes to chapel in his slippers. I've not been here a dozen times for nothing. I can tell you." After prayers and psalms we had a sermon on the lesson of the day, in which we were not specially addressed as sinners, but as dear brethren who were to avoid sin. I was struck by the force which the whole body of prisoners threw into hymn singing; the jailors led, and there was scarcely a prisoner who did not take the opportunity to use his lungs. The hymns were really well sung, but my experience among the denizens of Newgate made me feel vexed at the hollowness of adoration so expressed. And yet, what would one have? Even such shows may lead the way to something more substantial.

After chapel service, we were marched back to our wards: I, with the new arrivals, being first taken to the governor's office and paraded there before the door, near the great entrance gate. We were called in one by one, and found the governor sitting on the table, having a warder before him with writing materials, and a book in which he wrote what was dictated to him. Looking stedfastly at me, the great authority ever us rapidly dictated the description of my person: "Light—grey—small—short—no distinguishing:" the words, I suppose,

meant that I had no mark upon me by which I might be at once identified. "What are you charged with?" "Ever in gaol before?" Then I was measured by the standard rule, (I had before been measured in the station-house,) and dismissed by the governor with a sharp reproof to the warden for having brought me before him in a highly improper state (I had a two days' beard). He was to see at once and have me cleanly shaved.

Next followed the "ninety minutes" which to me were all the day. I had been locked up only a short time when I was unbarred and ordered to "the grate," at which I had been left by the first warden yesterday. It was the place for seeing visitors, and there I found my wife. The comfort and quiet of the other prisoners and prisoners' friends, who formed two close files opposite each other with the space between the two gratings parting them, was disturbed that morning. My dear wife cried loudly the whole time. The head warden came to her, and with a kindness not to be forgotten, begged her "not to take on so, it would be all right." Then he brought her a form to sit upon, telling her she would find it tiresome work to stand an hour and a half on the cold stones. When the two gates were opened that the bundles brought by visitors might be passed in, he made her advance half-way through, that she might shake hands with me. His heart was not of Newgate stone.

Indeed, I found that while there was a great deal, especially among the under-wardens, of the roughness that they considered necessary to discipline, there was no lack of a right human feeling anywhere. The hour and a half of interview at the grate, from half-past ten to twelve for female relatives and friends, and the hour from one to two o'clock for male friends, were always full of noticeable scenes, that on the whole were to the credit of the people concerned in them. Only one visitor was allowed to each prisoner at a time; and, considering the pressure for front places, that was a fair rule. At the grate, prisoners of every grade jostled one another vigorously, and the confusion of tongues was terrible. Some visitors were sad, and came weeping or dejected; others, at home in Newgate, sought to encourage their caged acquaintances with rude fun. The turnkey of the ward favoured us sometimes with his company and exchanged recognitions with familiar people; adding a contribution of good-humoured turnkey jokes. It was worthy of observation, that although there might be tears seen and regrets heard, no wife ever reproached her husband, no mother her son, no sister her brother. It was not the time for admonition, their hearts knew. With one exception the same right feeling was shown by the men.

A young man guilty of a small embezzlement, who had given himself into custody, had been brought into Newgate a day or two

after my arrival, and made all night such dreadful lamentations in his cell, that at chapel parade we all had to compare notes about our broken slumbers. He was walking up and down the yard with his face buried in his hands; and, at chapel, groaned so much before the arrival of the Ordinary, that the warden sung out, "You had better, I think, stop that cat's noise here, you sir!" The next morning he told me that he had expected his brother, but that nobody had been to see him. He wanted to see his brother very much. That afternoon while I was at the grate talking to a friend, a sedate-looking, sanctimonious, well-dressed man arrived. It was the expected brother. He did not appear much affected, and addressed his repentant relative in a way that made the turnkey stare. The turnkey always came to have a thorough look at a new visitor. "Well, sir," said the good brother, "so here you are, and here of course you shall remain. I have just come; not because you sent for me, but to say that none of the family will have anything to do with you." The castaway had no answer, for he was groaning and lamenting; but the turnkey shouted after the righteous one as he was departing, "I say, sir, you must send him a clean shirt and a collar, and a bit of a hairbrush. And I tell you what, he don't relish his gruel; so just you leave a shilling at the gate to get him something better."

The brother was exasperated at the impudent demand. "Prison fare," he replied, "is good enough for him, too good for him. I'll send the other things, if you assure me I can have them back when he is sentenced. And mark me, brother," he said, turning with fierce deliberation on his old home play-fellow, "if by any chance you should escape punishment, don't come near any of us. We'll have nothing to do with you. The sooner you get out of the way the better." Shouldering his umbrella he marched off, and the turnkey speaking for the first time gently to the youth, said, "Come now! up to your cell, there's a good fellow! You wanted to see your brother. Now I hope you're satisfied."

The chief event of the afternoon in Newgate, next to the constitutional walk in the yard, is being locked up in a large cell on the basement story with pen, ink, and paper. There we wrote letters which a turnkey saw us sign and marked with his initials; they were then taken to be read by the authorities before they were posted. Sometimes I was locked up with one of the many prisoners who could not write, or even dictate sensibly; but such men never would allow that it was possible to make their meaning clearer than they made it, by another than their own appointed form of words.

When being escorted through the passages to the glass-room for interviews with my solicitor, I used often to meet a man carrying

wine bottles in a basket, and wondered who it was that had so large a traffic to and from his cellar. I found out that the bottles contained ~~alack~~ draught and physic for the prisoners, and then my interest abated.

At last the morning came on which I was to be again taken to the Mansion-house. Before breakfast, I was got up for the event like a school-boy who is wanted in the parlour. As I had never shown any symptoms of a desire to defeat the ends of justice, I had been trusted with my razor, and allowed to shave myself. The warder, however, lounged against one of the window-sills in the yard (the barber's shop) the while, indulging in gruff but well-meant remarks on the young men who had come under his care. On this particular morning he was more than usually chatty. "Ah! I have known some first-rate men in here; and enjoy themselves very much, they did. Poor fellows; all their troubles commenced when they left here. That's the time—you'll find that when you get out. Every man that looks at you a little harder than usual in the streets you'll think knows you have been in Newgate. You'll think every one knows where you've come from; and, sure enough, it's wonderful what a sight of people do find it out." He ended by hoping he should not see me back again in Newgate.

Soon after morning chapel there was a cry heard of "Send down them remands!" I was taken down with half-a-dozen others, and paraded in line waiting for the van. When all was ready we were led through the long dark passage to the entrance-hall. The warden at the gate, having seen that we were the right persons to go out, required me to enter my name in his account-book as an acquittal for his disbursements in the character of steward to my funds. The great iron gate then swung upon its hinges, and we passed to the van one by one through a lane of curious observers.

The van contained separate cabins, with swing shutters to the doors fastened by buttons, and all opening into the central passage. A young man, "very faint," requested that his shutter might be left open. "Yes," said the serjeant—"then you'll be all talking, you will."—"O no indeed, sir, we won't, I assure you. Do let me have it open if you please, sir." The plaintive tone prevailed; and, after the van door was locked, the young man, putting out his arm, unbuttoned the other shutters, and a romp began. Jokes were bandied, arrangements and appointments made in the event of release, and the great game was for each to lie in wait watching the other shutters, and be ready to box the ears of any one who popped his head out. In that spirit of levity young and old men, accused of grave offences, went to trial. At the Mansion-house the hand of Mr. Keggs appeared at the van door ready to help me down. That amiable friend bade me good day, and took me to the cage again.

I did not reappear in Newgate to add to my experience a knowledge of the kind of life led by committed prisoners or others in a lower deep—the convict department. I have told my tale simply as so much experience, and have no desire or talent for constructing any theories upon it.

A DIGGER'S DIARY.

IN OCCASIONAL CHAPTERS.

September 7th.—So, here we are at last, in sight of Australia. That faint grey something, seen through the worst of weather, we are told is Cape Otway. What a time we have had of it these last three weeks. It is all over with my Diary, as indeed it has very nearly been all over with everything else in the Rodneyrig, ever since we passed the little black rocky islands of St. Paul's and Amsterdam. If I ever again take to keeping a journal, it must be on the plan of no-plan—I mean of no sort of regularity as to the intervals.

The condition of our cabin—our berths—every cabin, and every berth in the 'tween decks, no tongue can tell. All washed out, and everything left, not high and dry, but moist, rotten, broken, trodden up, strewn about, and turned to rags and slush. The grand summit of all our sea-disasters we reached on the 10th inst.—was it the 10th or the 9th, or the 7th?—oh, I forget, but it topped everything. We had gone to bed during gales, and got up in the morning to find a storm, to say nothing of any of the roaring hours between, for some time; but one day we had a hurricane that never ceased for a minute, so that when it grew dark we all fairly turned into our berths to avoid being knocked and battered to pieces against the ship and each other, and there we all lay wide awake, listening to the various effects—such as roars, howls, hisses, gushes, creaks, clanks, shrieks, flaps and flanks, rumbles and falls, and sudden shocks, with the steady monotonous, vibrating drone of the mighty wind holding on through all, without intermission. This lasted in all its force through the night, till from sheer exhaustion by attending to it I dropped off to sleep. Sometime between twelve and two I awoke with a start, caused by a loud and violent booming blow, followed by a rush of water, which came dashing down the main hatchway, and flooding all the 'tween decks, every cabin inclusive. A lurch instantly followed, which sent all the water swosh over to the other side of the ship, but this seemed only done to give a more vehement impulse to the counter-lurch on our side, the roll of which went to such an extent lower and lower that I thought this time at last we must go clean over, and while the result was yet suspended in the darkness, down came rushing to our low sunken side an avalanche of all the moveable contents of the entire 'tween decks—cooking

tins and crockery, washing things, all loose articles of every description, with boxes, jars, and tubs, and kegs and cabin furniture bursting away from their fastenings, through cabin doors, and bringing many cabin doors and panels along with them, together with the heavy crashing hatchway ladders—in one tremendous avalanche, cataract, and chaos, like the total destruction and end of all things. It was so sudden, so complete, so far exceeding all we had previously experienced, put together, that it produced for a second or two a dead silence. The suspense was momentary, for out of that silence there arose one loud, unanimous, spontaneous, simultaneous *huzza!* from nearly every cabin in the 'tween decks, just as though we had received the first broadside of an enemy on going into action. This is literally true. I felt proud of my countrymen. Most of us on our first voyage too. Certainly we English were meant to be a nation of sailors.

10th.—The foulest weather of the whole voyage was in the Indian Ocean, when we were first nearly abreast of Cape Lewin, off the invisible Australian coast. Our boats'n said he had been out here fourteen times, and always had a storm off this coast. The boats'n a first-rate sailor. Had two holes, and one long rent in his blue trowsers—the largest patched with a great canvas heart, the next with an anchor cut out in leather—and the long rent was covered with a Turkish seymetar, also of canvas. But here we were at last nearing the "Heads," and I did not care how soon I lost sight of all these petty objects and interests of the stupid old Rodneyrig. Took pilot on board. Crowd surrounded him with eager looks and questions. Pilot said gruffly at once, "All right as to the gold—now, I won't answer another question. Haul up the mainsail!"

11th.—Hobson's Bay. Who would have expected to see so many ships? Could not help feeling a momentary alarm, lest all the gold should have been picked up. But the ships looked all empty, deserted, as we passed. In one there seemed to be nobody but the captain, who was leaning disconsolately over the side. Others showed no signs of life at all. On this deck perhaps a boy, or that a dog, but generally no moving thing at all. Felt that if the gold had been picked up ever so extensively, at least it had not been carried away.

A row on deck between passengers and Captain Pennysage. Hobson's Bay was not Melbourne—yet he declared he had no more to do with us now, and that we must get ashore in boats, how we could, at our own expense. We learnt from the pilot that the charges of boatmen for passengers and baggage ashore, were most exorbitant, and no help for it. How we raged at the captain! We all execrated Saltash and Pincher!

13th.—Thirty shillings for every forty cubic feet of luggage by the steam-tug that took us

ashore, measured by their own off-hand men, besides paying for our own passage. Nobody with all his luggage, so that we had this to go through several times. Steam-tug calling at all manner of vessels by the way, round about and in and out, made it dark when we were landed on the wharf. In a few minutes, to our surprise and dismay, the air became dark—it was night, and the rain began to fall heavily. Rain had fallen before in the day, and all under foot was mud and slush. Most of their luggage all the passengers had to carry or drag ashore themselves; the rest, excepting what was carelessly left behind by the sailors of the tug, was bundled after us, pell mell. Cattle would never have been put ashore in so reckless a manner. There was not a single lamp on the wharf, nor even the temporary help of a lanthorn. Boxes, bales, cases, fragments of machinery, bundles of diggers' tools, merchandise of all sorts bursting from their confines and being trampled into the mud, men, women, large families, with the children all crying, now a dog running between your legs, now you running up against a horse who had also lost his master, and all this in a strange place, in the rain and dark, and nobody knowing anything you wanted to know, but retorting precisely your own question in a wild tone—especially "Which is the way to the town?"—"Where can we get lodgings for the night?"—"What on earth is to become of our luggage?" Arrowsmith, by agreement, had rushed ashore directly we touched the edge of the wharf, to go up to Melbourne and try and find lodgings for us, which we knew must be no easy matter. I had lost Waits in the scramble and confusion. I saw no more of either of them all night. In the miserable company of some forty or fifty passengers by the Rodneyrig, and another ship that had just sent a cargo of forlorn wretches ashore, I passed the whole night on the wharf, standing with my back against a large packing case, and occasionally lying with my hand and elbows upon it indulging in no very lively train of reflection. I was very wet and cold of course, but not so cold as I had fancied I should be. About daybreak I discerned a large rusty boiler of a steam engine (one of the numerous pieces of machinery which for want of cranes, or other apparatus, besides labourers, had been left, as I subsequently found, to rot on the wharf), and into this boiler I crept, and coiling myself as nearly into a ball as I could, gave a sigh, and went to sleep.

24th.—Horrible bad cold, aches in every joint of my bones, more rain, wandering about on the wharf searching for our luggage, with no breakfast, everybody rushing to and fro in a scramble, and nobody able to answer any question, or refusing to listen a moment. About nine o'clock, the sun came out bright and hot. Saw Arrowsmith hurrying along covered with mud, and followed by Waits with a bloody nose and one of the skirts of his

coat hanging in shreds. They would answer no questions, but cried out, "The luggage! all the things!" Oh what a job it was! They accuse me of deserting the luggage, it was they who had deserted me! Found most of it, and in a pretty pickle. We had to carry it ourselves up to the town, with the exception of a large heavy chest of Arrowsmith's which we left at an old shabby shed of planks and dirty canvas called a "store," for which he was to pay ten shillings "entrance," and half-a-crown a week.

Went to a one-storied, yellow-ochred, impudently squalid place in Flinders Lane, a sort of gin-shop, beer-shop, lodging-house, eating-house, and coffee-shop all in one, where they also sold potatoes, tin-pans, and oats, outside at a stall, and bought gold to any amount. Here (our luggage being bundled into a muddy yard at the back, where there was already a chaos of boxes, bundles, and rubbish) we got some very muddy coffee, with the chill off, some remarkably dirty brown sugar, stale bread, bad potatoes, the filthiest knives, forks, and table-cloth the house could afford, and a huge dish piled up with at least nine or ten pounds of smoking hot fried beef-steaks. We were all fiercely hungry, from what we had gone through since yesterday afternoon, but the hopeless toughness absolutely made us all leave off with aching jaws long before our craving was satisfied. We finished, therefore upon stale bread and potatoes, with some rancid butter, and lots more coffee. We paid seven-and-sixpence a head. I asked to be shown to my bedroom, and was answered by a grin from the bearded brute who condescended to act as waiter *pro tem*. "You see it before you," said Arrowsmith, "and here" (tapping the table) "are our bedsteads. They will find us blankets of some kind or other." I asked him if he and Waits had slept here last night. He said no, he had not, and he now proceeded to tell us (he and Waits having lost each other) why he had not returned to me on the wharf, and what had been the adventures of the night. I shall give it in Arrowsmith's own words, as nearly as I can recollect.

THE FIRST NIGHT IN MELBOURNE.

Everybody, said Arrowsmith, from all I can hear, is astonished and disgusted with the first night in Melbourne; but the first night of the arrival of three ladies, perfect strangers in the place, will show the extraordinary state of affairs here in a peculiarly strong light.

Arrived in the town, I at once began to hunt for lodgings, and went from street to street in vain, till at last, finding a house where they agreed to find room for three more—dead or alive, as the landlord invitingly said—I was on my way back to the wharf, when who should I see paddling along in the mud but our fellow passengers, Mrs. Watson,

Miss Dashwood, and Mrs. Pounderby, who had very knowingly left the Rodneyrig with the earliest boat, in order to secure lodgings before they were all taken. They came luckily without any luggage but their night-bags. They had been from house to house almost, and during six or seven hours had been treated with such insult or unseemly ridicule at nearly every door, that each fresh application—which they undertook in turn—had been a greater effort, they said, than going to a dentist with an aching tooth. It had rained more or less the whole day, and they were wet to the very bones, as Mrs. Watson expressed it. Mrs. Pounderby was crying—indeed they had all cried several times in concert. Captain Watson had come ashore with them; but, never dreaming of this difficulty, had gone to dine and sleep at the private house of a merchant in the bush, with whom he had some business. And here they were! They besought me not to leave them, as they were sure they should be all dead before morning. So of course I could but remain with them, and try after lodgings once more.

We renewed our inquiries—humble solicitations, preparatory overtures, cautious advances. If I had had you two fellows with me, it might have been managed more than once, but directly they found that women were in question (the term ladies was absolutely dangerous to breathe, as it instantly received an inverted interpretation from these brutal householders) all hope was dashed out in a moment. I ought as a gentleman—as a man—to have engaged in five regular fights, besides countless tortures of passive self-command, in consequence of the atrocious, unmanly, ten times worse than black savage replies that were made to my request touching my three dripping, bedraggled, half-fainting companions. The answers—divested of all their gold-mania ferocity—were to the effect that they wanted no women or children here, and they might all just go to a place which the speakers considered infinitely worse than Melbourne! Well, these things are not merely accidental adventures—I know that numbers have experienced the same—they are historical, and very bad bits of history everybody must admit them to be.

By this time *pot.* Mrs. Pounderby, being, you know, very fat, was sobbing and puffing as though she would burst—and no joke to see, though ridiculous to relate. Mrs. Watson with her hands clasped, continually referred to the Captain dining in the bush; and Miss Dashwood, having good Irish blood, still tripped along, sore-footed as she was, with tears in her eyes, but saying that surely, perhaps, Providence after all would stand their friend. Now, in my own mind (I could have made that girl an offer on the spot—but that by the by), I had fully prepared myself for passing the night in the streets. I went on,

pretending still to look for lodgings, but in reality I was looking for a dry archway, or other covered place with a moderate draught. Each of the ladies having a cloak or shawl, besides what they might have in their night-bags, I thought they might manage pretty well considering.

While looking out for such a place, and coming upon nothing but hideous lanes of mud and rubbish, I was beginning to think we must content ourselves with getting under the lee of some lonely wall (at the risk of being robbed and murdered—of course, I kept this fancy to myself), when passing the door of a long shed-like house, a tall man smoking a short pipe, said "Walk in, mate." To this polite novelty I was about to respond with alacrity, but the fellow spoilt it by adding, "Oh, you've got women with you!" and turned on his heel. But catching sight of a woman inside whom I took to be his wife, I instantly went in and accosted her, representing the predicament of my fair companions, in which I was immediately supported by all three in despairing tones begging the mistress of the house to give them shelter for the night. The woman seemed rather moved by this case of real distress, but said she had no room. "Oh, put us anywhere!—anywhere!" cried my poor dripping companions. The woman hesitated, and as we renewed our entreaties at this glimpse of hope, she went to speak with her husband. In a few seconds she returned, saying she thought it could be managed; a "stretcher" would be put up for me in the lodgers' room below, and my friends could sleep "in the place above, where they would be quite safe, and to themselves." Rejoicing at this, and with a thousand thanks, we bade each other good night, the ladies following our kind hostess along a dark passage, and I, groping my way as directed, towards a door on the left with a light showing through the chinks.

I advanced by a descending foot-way of broken bricks and slush till I arrived at the door, and pushed it open. The room was a large one, for Melbourne, and as it lay about a foot and a half lower than the street, the whole surface was literally flooded by the day's rain. This was the lodgers' bed-room. It was full of stretchers—some thirty of them—with blankets, or rugs, or other rough covering by way of bed-clothes. Nearly all were occupied, and the men for the most part sound asleep, though it was barely nine o'clock. Many of the beds held two huddled together, and here and there a complicated bundle with feet sticking out, looked like three. In one corner a gruff conversation on the subject of gold scales and weights was going on in an under tone; several lay smoking; others gave an occasional roll and grunt in a drunken sleep, or muttered incoherent imprecations. Scarcely any of them had their clothes off, but I noticed two ex-

ceptions—one of a man who had evidently taken off everything but his boots (which clung no doubt from the wet), and a beaver-skin cap tied under his chin; the other displayed a pair of immense legs from beneath his dirty blanket, decked in a pair of scarlet stockings with yellow clocks, a recent purchase perhaps from some clown at the circus at an exorbitant price. Blue shirts and crimson shirts were also visible at intervals, and one shirt seemed to be of some drab colour, with great Orleans plumbs all over it. A large gold watch with a gaudy chain was hung upon a nail near one of the sleepers' heads, and a massive gold chain, and seals were dangling over the edge of a quart pot (the watch being safe and softly lodging in the beer dregs inside) standing on the window-ledge. There could not have been less than five-and-forty or fifty people here. Of the few who were awake no one took the least notice of my entrance—a total stranger being no event where nearly all are total strangers to the place or to each other.

The landlord of this delectable retreat now pushed open the door behind me by a lurch with his starboard shoulder, and placing himself against the wall, being by this time very drunk, pointed to a stretcher which luckily had no occupant (having just been sent in), and holding a tumbler towards me asked roughly if I'd take a nobler afore turning in. I thanked him—drank off the brandy—and returned the tumbler. He rolled round against the door and disappeared.

The room was lighted by one bad candle, stuck in the neck of a beer-bottle, placed on a flour-cask near the opposite wall. Its flickering reflection in the dark waters beneath contributed an additional gleam to the comfortable scene around. I was standing at this time on a sort of raised step, or threshold mound of loose bricks above the level of the floor, or rather lagoon, of the bed-room, considering how I should attain my stretcher. I felt that it would not do to step from stretcher to stretcher, because if I escaped treading upon a limb of any of the sleepers, I might still tip the thing with all upon it clean over; so I deliberately walked through. From the inequalities of the ground the depths varied from six to twelve or fourteen inches. I mounted my rickety couch—drew off my boots, at the imminent risk of upsetting the concern with my struggles in a seated position—and enveloped myself in the blanket, trusting that my wet clothes would produce a warm steam on the water-cure principle; before the realisation of which, being very tired indeed, I fell asleep.

So much for my bed-room; but now for the ladies. Miss Dashwood related it to me this morning directly we were outside the house, and while walking along, though at every crisis all three spoke together.

The woman of the house led the way through a dark narrow passage full of water,

being also below the level of the street, with a brick here and there to step upon, for those who could see them, or knew where they were planted, till they came to a yard. This yard was a slough, having been torn up by the wheels of heavily laden drays and the hoofs of bullocks. They crossed by means of several broken planks, half embedded in the mud, close under the horns of a team of bullocks standing there till the driver got sober enough to attend to them, and then getting behind a muddy wheel, the ladies found their hostess had paused at the foot of a ladder. This they all by a very slow and difficult process ascended; but one of the spokes having been broken out, it was thought that poor Mrs. Pounderby would never accomplish the task; nor would she, but that the drunken bullock driver seemed to be coming to her assistance, which induced a succession of struggles that were at last successful. Of course, being so fat as she is, it was a dangerous moment for the ladder.

The hostess now led the way along some cracking boards till they arrived at the entrance of a loft or lumber attic. This loft, however, was only fragmentary, being quite unfloored, the only apology for which consisted of some eight or nine long planks laid across from side to side and resting on ledges on the top of the walls, just where the upward slant of the roof commenced. "Oh gracious heavens alive!" cried Mrs. Pounderby; but her ecstasies were cut short by the woman of the house who said, "Better than the streets, I'm thinking;" with which curt remark she set down the candle on a plank, and departed before they could at all make out where they were.

Surveying their apartment, as well as the squalid gloom would permit, they saw that about the centre of the planks lay a horribly dirty old bag made of packing canvass, and stuffed with straw and some lumps and rolls like cast-off clothes and rags made up into bundles. Upon this a couple of distempered looking blankets were placed, while the bolster was a sack filled with straw and brick-rubbish, which knocked upon the floor when moved.* Between the edges of this bed and the outside planks was a space of about two feet at most on each side, and beyond that was an unknown abyss. To the verge of this, Miss Dashwood cautiously approached, held fast behind, by the skirts of her dress, by Mrs. Watson, who was held in turn by Mrs. Pounderby in the same way. Peering over the brink, Miss Dashwood thought she could distinguish through the dark haze a large tank or reservoir, below, covered with strange shapes sleeping in little boats; gradually, however, she was enabled to see that it was a room carpeted with water, and

containing a bevy of occupied stretchers enlivened by the gleam of one candle and its reflection. They were just over six heads.

The three poor ladies now sat down upon the bag-bed, and all had a good cry. Talked of having had every comfort at home, and lamented they had ever set foot in Australia! After this, feeling rather better, Mrs. Watson produced some biscuits and potted beef from a little basket she had, and reserving half for the morrow, shared the remainder, while Mrs. Pounderby found she had got a little flask of spirits in her bag, which was good against the spasms. They now began to feel their minds somewhat relieved. At least there was no danger here, except of falling over; but this they all agreed to be very careful. Covering themselves over with the blankets, with many expressions of disgust at their dirt and stains, and strong odour of stale tobacco-smoke and cheese, our three fair friends crept and nestled close to each other, holding very fast round each others' waists. Miss Dashwood believes that they all fell asleep almost immediately.

But the fates had not willed that there should be any sleep for them during their first night in Melbourne. Squeaks and scimmages soon aroused them, quickly followed by rattlings, and rushings, and sharp impatient irate little cries, and then a pattering over the planks. Three or four rats came, as *avant couriers*, to reconnoitre, and in no time there were a dozen describing circles round them. The ladies screamed, and the rats made a precipitate retreat; but presently returned in full force, apparently in open column, and again made a circuit of the bed, till several of the chivalrous took to making a dash across the bed. At this the ladies renewed their screams for help so loudly that it awoke some of the men below, who answered by brutal shouts and imprecations. Meantime the numbers of the rat-army augmented, and a whole squadron being detached, made a sharp wheel to the left, and galloped clean over the shrinking, writhing, plunging, and vibrating bodies of our three luckless ladies. Mrs. Watson fainted away, and Mrs. Pounderby was in hysterics. The candle had been knocked out and eaten; they dared not rise in the darkness to attempt an escape for fear of tumbling over into the place below; and they dared not again cry for help lest some of the savages below should come up to them. As for me, I slept through it all, and never heard anything.

These tortures they endured beneath the close drawn blankets, with buried heads, till daybreak. All the remaining biscuits and potted beef had been carried off from Mrs. Watson's basket; and the night-bag of Mrs. Pounderby had been torn to atoms, as it had a savoury smell of medical comforts which had been secreted there during the voyage.

* It may be necessary to state (as Melbourne seems destined to have a place in history) that all this apparently extravagant description is a record of fact.

June 1, 1853. Although many extraordinary changes have occurred in Melbourne since the above transpired, now six or seven months back, the march of improvement has gone on but slowly. The constant influx of people retards almost everything, themselves included. Passengers are still landed at dusk; luggage banged and dashed about in confusion; no pavement, or even road, on the wharfs; no lumps; only one crane; no common civility to new arrivals; and certainly no respectable or even decent lodgings for ladies, who want them immediately, and have no resident friends.

CROWNS IN LEAD.

BEFORE railways were established, the traveller from Paris to Boulogne, whilst journeying down those vales of dust they called a road, which was confined between great rows of trees from which all shade was taken by the lopping of the lower branches, the spire of St. Denis was a well-known object. Towering above the plain, it was visible for miles around, and formed a beacon to the stranger who approached the capital. That spire is now no more, and the basilica of which King Dagobert and St. Elvi laid the lowest stones is lopped of its most precious relics. What outcries would be heard from the architects, antiquaries, and lovers of the picturesque in England, if Westminster Abbey were treated thus! But suppose a greater desecration—suppose the tombs were rifled; the bones of our kings and queens removed; our generals, and admirals, and poets taken from their resting-places, and thrown into the Thames; under what pretence could the despoilers screen themselves?

The Abbey of St. Denis has been thus despoiled. It is not alone deprived externally of that which made its fame, but it has been rifled also of all that age makes sacred. The sepulchres and monuments are there; you mark the spots where anxious tourists have lopped off a finger or a nose to carry away and place in their museums; but the bones or ashes which these monuments were wont to cover have been gone for many years. Not a King of France, since Dagobert, remains; for the grim assaults of the republic no more spared the long departed than the living. We know that the bones of Cromwell were taken at the Restoration and hung upon a gibbet; that the tombs of the Dukes of Burgundy were opened at Dijon for purposes of plunder. We know that for curiosity and in search of food for history, the old Egyptian sepulchres have been rifled, and that their linen-covered and well-preserved contents adorn the museums of the world; and we are told that grains of wheat were found in one of them, which, being planted, grew, and left a progeny whose yearly produce feeds the English people. Of the tombs of all the Cæsars only one remains undesecrated,

for heaps of gold were thought to rest in them; but the object of the French republicans when they swept the tombs of their ancient kings, was not gold. They required lead.

In seventeen hundred and ninety-three, when France was hemmed in by hungry enemies who pressed upon her undefended frontiers, the manufacture of warlike missiles did not keep pace with their consumption. Measures of extraordinary kinds were then resorted to to fill this void. To get saltpetre, the cellars of every house were dug and sifted till not a particle of salt remained. The roofs were stripped of everything that could be melted into bullets; pots and pans and leaden spouts were melted down. All was insufficient; and, as a last resource, it was determined to exhume the old sarcophagi of St. Denis, to pass them through the bullet mould, and to throw the venerable relics into a common ditch.

An edict was therefore passed by which that energetic body, the Constituent Assembly, called upon the municipals of La Franciade—for so St. Denis had then been christened, from patriotic hatred of a saint—to enter the basilica, and open in succession the tombs of all those tyrants the kings of France, despoil their coffins of the lead contained in them, and mix the bones and ashes of the royal houses in a common tomb. On the evening of its reception the orders were proceeded with. There was no faltering. A troop of soldiers accompanied by diggers with picks and shovels, and armed with torches, and with frying-pans for burning vinegar and powder, entered the abbey; and—whilst the lurid glare lit up the aisles and colonets, which the smoke blackened; amidst the crash of piling muskets and the oaths of mustachioed veterans—the work began.

In searching for the relics of the Bourbons the workmen were not at first successful; and by a strange fatality it was not a king they first dug up; but, on raising the earth from the first tomb, they found the frame and features of the great Turenne. They treated him with great respect; that is to say, they left him in his coffin, placed him in the sneristy, where he was shown for months, at a penny per head; and, afterwards, in the Garden of Plants, where he was shown for nothing. They then interred him beneath a splendid monument erected on the spot where he was disinterred.

The scrutiny proceeded, and at last they found a Bourbon. He was perfect. The lineaments were those of Henry of Navarre, the father of that long line of Louises of whom the last had recently met with so melancholy a death. His beard, mustache, and hair were perfect; and, as the soldiers standing round looked on in awe at the strange spectacle, one of them drew his sword, and, casting himself down before the body of the victor of the League, lopped off one of his

moustaches, and placed it upon his own lip, giving vent, at the same time, to a vehement burst of national enthusiasm.

There was no enthusiasm when the pick and shovel had laid bare the cold and vacillating features of the thirteenth Louis; which were in perfect preservation also; but it was not without respect and admiration that Louis the Fourteenth, decrepid though he seemed and deprived of wig and every other ornament which adorned him when called "The Great," was exposed to view. Near him were discovered Maria Theresa and his son the dauphin; on whose frame were visible the traces of his violent and untimely death.

For days and nights the search continued. Some of the remnants of the House of Stuart were taken from the ground. Among others, the remains of Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles the First, and her daughter, Henrietta Stuart. Strange that of that family the body of the father should be buried in an unknown grave, and that, ages after, the remnants of those he loved should be desecrated, and thrown into a common ditch. Philip of Orleans, father of Egalité, and Regent of France, was next discovered; and near to him Louis the Fifteenth, who seemed still living, so rosy were the tints on his face preserved. Mary of Medicis and Anne of Austria, and, with them, all the relatives of Henry the Fourth, Louis the Fifteenth, and Louis the Sixteenth, lay close together near the same spot.

Older monuments, more difficult of reach, were then broken into. Charles the Fifth of France, who died in thirteen hundred and eighty, was found beside his wife, Joan of Bourbon, and his daughter, Isabella. In his coffin was a silver frosted crown, a hand of justice, and a silver frosted sceptre four feet long. In that of Joan there were the remnants of a crown, a ring of gold, and the fragments of a spindle and a bracelet. Her feet—or the bones of them—were shod with a pair of painted slippers, known in her time as *souliers à la poulaine*, on which were still the marks of gold and silver workmanship. Charles the Sixth and his wife, Isabeau of Bavaria, Charles the Seventh and Mary of Anjou, were taken up immediately after; and the ditch in which the remnants of all the Bourbons had been thrown was closed for ever.

A vault was then disclosed in which were found Marguerite de Valois, the gay and beautiful wife of Henry of Navarre; and near her Alençon, whose love for her originated a romantic chapter in history. The remains of Francis the Second and Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Charles the Ninth, were next disinterred. The vault of Charles the Eighth, which was next opened, contained Henry the Second and his wife, Catherine de Medicis, and her favourite son Henry the Third, who was murdered. Louis the Twelfth and Anne of

Brittany were discovered a little further on.

The workmen began at this time to reach the oldest tombs and vaults in the Abbey. They discovered Joan of France in a stone coffin lined with lead in strips, leaden coffins not being then invented (one thousand three hundred and forty-nine). Hugues, the father of Capet, was known by an inscription on a stone sarcophagus, which contained his ashes. The pulverized remains of Charles the Bold were also found enclosed within a leaden casket in a stone sarcophagus, and the relics of Philip Augustus, cotemporary and competitor of Cœur de Lion, were found in the same state. The bones of Louis the Eighth were found in perfect preservation in a bag of leather, which retained its elasticity although buried in the year one thousand two hundred and twenty-six.

At dead of night and by the light of torches held by weary troopers, the searchers stumbled on the sealed stone vault which contained the body of Dagobert, who died in six hundred and thirty-eight. Did the profanators know that he had founded that old church? It was with difficulty that they penetrated into it, so strongly was it buttressed and closed up. They broke a statue at the entrance and found inside a wooden box two feet in length, which contained the bones of Dagobert and his wife Nanthilde; who died in six hundred and forty-five, both enveloped and kept together in a silken bag.

The skeleton of the Knight of Brittany—Bertrand Duguesclin—the terror of the Spaniards, was found in the vaults of the chapel of the Charles's.

It was not till after long and laborious search that the vault of Francis the First was found. The leaden coffin which held his body was of gigantic proportions, and confirmed the historical accounts of his enormous size. Near him were his mother Louise of Savoy, his wife Claude of France, his dauphin Charles, and his other children the Duke of Orleans and Charlotte of France. The thigh of Francis on being measured was found to be twenty inches long. Below the windows of the choir the vault was opened which contained the relics of St. Louis and his immediate circle. They were chiefly bones and dust confined in leaden caskets, and were thrown into the grave where lay the remnants of Philip Augustus, Louis the Eighth, and Francis the First.

The last tombs discovered were those of Philip of Valois, King of France and Duke of Burgundy, and his wife Anne of Burgundy, and that of John who was taken prisoner by the Black Prince and brought to England, where he died in one thousand three hundred and sixty-four. In the tomb of Philip and his wife were found a sceptre, and a bird of copper, a spindle, and a ring; and in the tomb of John a crown, a sceptre, and a hand of justice of silver gilt. The searching after

this was given up. Thus the Abbey of St. Denis was despoiled of its most ancient relics.

ECHOES.

Still the angel stars are shining,
Still the rippling waters flow,
But the angel-voice is silent
That I heard here long ago.
Hark! the echoes murmur low
Long ago!

Still the wood is dim and lonely,
Still the plashing fountains play,
But the past and all its beauty,
Whither has it fled away?
Hark! the mournful echoes say
Fled away!

Still the bird of night complaineth
(Now, indeed, her song is pain),
Visions of my happy hours,
Do I call and call in vain?
Hark! the echoes cry again
All in vain!

Cease, oh echoes, mournful echoes!
Once I loved your voices well;
Now my heart is sick and weary,
Days of old, a long farewell!
Hark! the echoes sad and dreary
Cry Farewell, farewell!

KENSINGTON.

From Gore House to the town of Kensington we pass houses both old and new, some in rows, and some by themselves enclosed in gardens. They are all more or less good; and the turnings out of them lead into a considerable district which has lately been converted from nursery and garden ground into more streets, and is called Kensington New Town. It is all very clean and neat, and astonishes visitors, who, a few years ago, beheld scarcely a house on the spot. A pleasant hedge lane, paved in the middle, and looking towards the wooded grounds of Gloucester Lodge, where Canning lived, leads out of it into Old Brompton. One street, which has no thoroughfare, is quite of a stately character though defaced at the corner with one of those unmeaning rounded towers, whose tops look like spice-boxes, or trifles from Margate. The smaller streets also partake of those improvements, both external and internal, which have succeeded to the unambitious barrack-like streets of a former generation; nor, in acquiring solidity, have they, for the most part, been rendered heavy and dumpy—the too common fault of new buildings in the suburbs. It is ridiculous to see lumpish stone balconies constructed for the exhibition of a few flower-pots; and doors and flights of steps big enough for houses of three stories, put to “cottages” of one. Sometimes, in these dwarf suburban grandiosities the steps look as weighty as

half the building: sometimes the door alone reaches from the ground to the storey above it, so that “cottages” look as if they were inhabited by giants, and the doorways as if they had been maximized, on purpose to enable them to go in.

This Kensington New Town lies chiefly between the Gloucester and Victoria roads. Returning out of the latter into the high road, we pass the remainder of the buildings above noticed, and just before entering Kensington itself, halt at an old mansion remarkable for its shallowness compared with its width, and attracting the attention by the fresh look of its red and pointed brick-work. It is called Kensington House, and surpasses Gore House in the varieties of its history; for it has been, first, the habitation of a king's mistress; then a school kept by an honest pedant whom Johnson visited; then a French emigrant school which had noblemen among its teachers, and in which the late Mr. Shiel was brought up; then a Roman Catholic boarding-house with Mrs. Inchbald for an inmate; and now it is an “asylum”—a term into which that consideration for the feelings which so honourably marks the progress of the present day has converted the plain-spoken “mad-house” of our ancestors.

The king's mistress was the once famous Duchess of Portsmouth, a Frenchwoman—Louise de Querouaille—who first came to England in the train of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, the sister of Charles the Second. She returned and remained for the express purpose (it is said) of completing the impression she had made on him, and assisting the designs of Louis the Fourteenth and the Jesuits in making him a papist, and reducing him to the treasonable condition of a pensioner on the French court. Traitor and pensioner, at all events, he became, and the French young lady became an English Duchess; but whether she was a party to the plot, or simply its unconscious instrument, she has hardly had justice done her, we think, by the historians. She appears to have been a somewhat silly person (Evelyn says she had a “baby face”); she was bred in France at a time when it was a kind of sacred fashion to admire the mistresses of Louis the Fourteenth, and think them privileged concubines; she had probably learnt in the convent where she was brought up that lawless things might become lawful to serve religious ends; and she was visited during her elevation by her own parents—straight-forward, unaffected people, according to Evelyn; the father a “good fellow,” who seems at once to have rejoiced in her position and yet to have sought no advantages from it. The Duchess, to be sure, ultimately got as much for herself as she could out of the king. She was as lavish as he was; became poor, a gambler, and a *gourmande*; and as her occupation of the house at Kensington

appears to have been subsequent to the reign of Charles, it probably took place on one of her visits to England during the reigns of William the Third and George the First, on which latter occasion she is supposed to have endeavoured to get a pension from the English Government—on what ground it would be curious to know. But the "baby-face" probably thought it all right. We take her to have been a thoroughly conventional, common-place person, with no notions of propriety but such as were received at court; and quite satisfied with everything, here and hereafter, as long as she had plenty to eat, drink, and play at cards with, and a confessor to make all smooth in case of collateral peccadilloes. The jumble of things religious and profane was carried to such a height in those days, that a picture representing the duchess and her son (the infant Duke of Richmond) in the characters of Virgin and Child was painted for a convent in France, and actually used as an altar-piece. They thought her an instrument in the hands of God for the restoration of Popery.

Adieu to the "baby-face" looking out of the windows at Kensington House in hope of some money from King George, and hail to that of the good old pedagogue, James Elphinstone, reformer of spelling, translator of Martial, and friend of Doctor Johnson. He is peering up the road, to see if his great friend is looming in the distance; for dinner is ready; and he is afraid that the veal stuffed with plums (a favourite dish of the Doctor's) will be spoilt.

Mr. Elphinstone prospered in his school, but failed in his reformation of spelling, which was on the phonetic principle (one of his books on the subject was entitled *Propriety's Pocket Dictionary*;) and he made such a translation of Martial, that his friend Strahan the printer—But the circumstances must be told out of Boswell:—

"GARRICK. Of all the translations that ever were attempted, I think Elphinstone's Martial the most extraordinary. He consulted me upon it, who am a little of an epigrammatist myself, you know. I told him freely, 'You don't seem to have that turn.' I asked him if he was serious; and, finding he was, I advised him against publishing. Why, his translation is more difficult to understand than the original. I thought him a man of some talents; but he seems crazy in this. JOHNSON. Sir, you have done what I had not courage to do. But he did not ask my advice, and I did not force it upon him to make him angry with me. GARRICK. But as a friend, sir—JOHNSON. Why, such a friend as I am with him—no. GARRICK. But, if you see a friend going to tumble over a precipice? JOHNSON. That is an extravagant case, sir. You are sure a friend will thank you for hindering him from tumbling over a precipice; but, in the other case, I should hurt his vanity, and do him no good. He would not take my advice. His brother-in-law, Strahan, sent him a subscription of fifty pounds, and said he would send him fifty more if he would not publish. GARRICK. What, eh! is Strahan a good judge of an epigram? Is he not rather an obtuse man, eh! JOHNSON. Why, sir, he may

not be a judge of an epigram; but you see he is a judge of what is not an epigram."

That the readers of Household Words may judge for themselves, especially as the book is very rare, and nobody who speaks of Elphinstone quotes it, we add a specimen or two. We confess they are not favourable specimens; but they are not unjust:

"TO THE SUBSCRIBERS.

"If Martial meekly woo'd Subscription's charms,
Subscription gracious met a Martial's arms;
Contagious taste illum'd th' imperial smile,
And, Julius greater, Martial, won our ile."

"ON APOLLODORUS: TO REGULUS.

"Five for Ten, and for Lusty he greeted you ~~Lean~~
As for Free he saluted you Bond.
Now he Ten, Free, and Lusty articulates clear,
Oh! what pains can! He wrote, and he conn'd."

Not a word of explanation, though the book is full of the longest and most superfluous comments. It is a quarto of six hundred pages, price a guinea in boards; and among its hundreds of subscribers are the leading nobility and men of letters; so prosperous had some real learning and a good character rendered the worthy school-master.

Elphinstone had won Johnson's heart by taking charge of a Scotch edition of the Rambler. He also translated the Latin mottoes at the head of the papers; and did it in a manner that gave little or no token of the coming Martial. Johnson, Jortin (of whom more hereafter), and we believe Franklin visited him at his house.

"I am going this evening," says Johnson, "to put young Otway to school with Mr. Elphinstone."—*Letter to Mrs. Thrale*. Otway is an interesting name. One would like to know whether he was of the poet's race. It is pleasant also to fancy the Doctor, then in his sixty-fourth year, walking hand in hand down the road with the little boy.

"On Monday, April nineteenth, seventeen hundred and seventy-three, he called on me (says Boswell) with Mrs. Williams, in Mr. Strahan's coach, and carried me out to dine with Mr. Elphinstone, at his Academy at Kensington. Mr. Elphinstone talked of a new book that was much admired, and asked Dr. Johnson if he had read it. Johnson: 'I have looked into it.' 'What,' said Elphinstone, 'have you not read it through?' Johnson, offended at being thus pressed, and so obliged to own his cursory mode of reading, answered hastily, 'No, Sir; do you read books through?'"

It is said in Faulkner's History of Kensington, that Elphinstone was "ludicrously characterised in Smollett's Roderick Random, which in consequence became a forbidden book in his school." But none of the brutal schoolmasters of Smollett resemble the gentle pedagogue of Kensington. The book might

have been forbidden in consideration for the common character of the profession; to say nothing of other reasons.

But we must not stop longer with Mr. Elphinstone. Of the school kept in this same house by the Jesuits, a delightful account has been left by Mr. Stiel in the memoir prefixed to the volume of his *Speeches*. Charles the Tenth, of France, was one of "the boys." Poor Charles the Tenth! himself one of the least of children in the greatest of schools—adversity; which he left only to be sent back to it and die.

In the year eighteen hundred and nineteen Kensington House was a Catholic boarding establishment, kept by a Mr. and Mrs. Salterelli.

"In the chapel (says Bowden, in his *Memoirs of Mrs. Inchbald*), the Archbishop of Jerusalem performed mass regularly during the early part of her residence, and the Abbe Mathias officiated when the Primate quitted the house. The society was extremely genteel and cheerful, changing, however, too frequently for perfect cordiality and the formation of intimacy. The Schiavonettis, however, seem to be acquaintances; and Mrs. Beloe, and Mr. Skene from Aberdeen, were old friends, who on their arrival met with an unlooked for pleasure:—the celebrated artists, Mr. and Mrs. Cosway, upon leaving Stratford Place, were at Kensington House from August to October, before they settled upon a house in the Edgeware road."

Here Mrs. Inchbald spent the last two years of her life; and here, on the first of August, eighteen hundred and twenty-one, she died, we fear—how shall we say it of so excellent a woman, and in the sixty-eighth year of her age!—of tight lacing! But she had been very handsome; was still handsome; was growing fat; and had never liked to part with her beauty.

We have dwelt a little on this point as a warning—if tight-lacers can take warning. We almost fear they would sooner quote Mrs. Inchbald as an excuse, than an admonition. But at all events, beauties of sixty-eight may perhaps consent to be a little startled.

If this was a weakness in Mrs. Inchbald, let tight-lacers resemble her in other respects, and if their rickety children can forgive them the rest of the world may heartily do so. Mrs. Inchbald never had any children to need their forgiveness. She was a woman of rare endowments—an actress, a dramatist, a novelist—and possessed of virtue so rare, that she would practise painful self-denials in order to afford deeds of charity. Her acting was perhaps of the sensible, rather than the artistical sort; and though some of her plays and farces have still their seasons of reappearance on the stage, she was too much given, as a dramatist, to theatrical and sentimental effects—too melo-dramatic; but her novels are admirable, particularly the *Simple Story*, which has all the elements of duration—invention, passion, and thorough truth to nature in word and deed. To balance these

advantages, which she possessed over other people, she must needs have some faults; and we take them (besides the tight-lacing) to have been those of temper and stubbornness. Charles Lamb speaks of her somewhere as the "beautiful vixen." The word must surely have been too strong for such a woman, who is said to have possessed both the respect and affection of all who knew her. If our memory does not deceive us, he applies it to her upon an occasion when she might well have been angry, and when she thought herself bound to resort to measures of self-defence, physical as well as moral. A distinguished actor, who was enamoured of her—and who seems to have been a warmer lover off the stage than he was upon it—persisted one day in forcing upon her a salutation, which appeared so alarming, that she seized him by the pigtail and tugged it with a vigour so efficacious as forced him to desist in trepidation. She related the circumstance to a friend; adding, with a touch of her comic humour, which must have been heightened by the difficulty of getting out the words (for she stammered sometimes)—"How lucky that he did not w-w-wear a w-w-w-wig."—Mrs. Inchbald had lived in several other houses in Kensington, which shall be noticed as we pass them; for the abodes of the authoress of the *Simple Story* make classic ground.

We have now come to Kensington High Street, and shall take our way on the left-hand side of it, continuing to do so through the whole town, and noticing the streets and squares that turn out of it as we proceed. We shall then turn at the end of the town, and come back by Holland House, Campden House, and Kensington Palace and Gardens.

On our right hand, over the way, is the Palace Gate with its sentinels, and opposite this gate, where we are halting, is a sturdy good-sized house, a sort of undergrown mansion, singularly so for its style of building, and looking as if it must have been the work of Vanbrugh; one of whose edifices will be noticed further on. It is just in his "Nonsense" style; what his opponents called "heavy," but very sensible and to the purpose; built for duration. It is only one storey high, and looks as if it had been made for some rich old bachelor who chose to live alone, but liked to have everything about him strong and safe.

Such was probably the case; for it is called Colby House after a baronet of that name, who lived in the time of George the First, and who appears to have been a man of humble origin, and a miser. A spectator might imagine that the architect was stopped when about to commence a third storey, in order to save the expense. Dr. King, the Jacobite divine, who knew Colby, and who thinks he was a commissioner in the Victualling Office, says (in his *Literary and*

Political Anecdotes of his own Times) that the baronet killed himself by rising in the middle of the night when he was in a profuse perspiration (the consequence of a medicine taken to that end), and going downstairs for the key of the cellar, which he had inadvertently left on a table. "He was apprehensive that his servants might seize the key, and rob him of a bottle of his port-wine."

"This man (adds the doctor) died intestate, and left more than two hundred thousand pounds in the funds, which were shared among five or six day-labourers, who were his nearest relations."

"Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor."

The High Street of Kensington, though the place is so near London, and contains so many new buildings, has a considerable resemblance to that of a country town. This is owing to the moderate size of the houses, to their general style of building (which is that of a century or two ago), and to the curious, though not obvious fact, that not one of the fronts of them is exactly like another. It is also neat and clean; its abutment on a palace associates it with something of an air of refinement; and the first object that presents itself to the attention, next after the sentinels at the Palace-gate, is a white and pretty lodge at the entrance of the new road leading to Bayswater. The lodge, however, is somewhat too narrow. The road is called Kensington Palace Gardens, and is gradually filling with mansions, some of which are in good taste and others in bad, and none of these have gardens to speak of; so that the spectator does not well see why anybody should live there, who can afford to live in houses so large.

Pleasant, however, as the aspect of High Street is on first entering it, the eye has scarcely caught sight of the lodge just mentioned when it encounters a "sore," in the shape of some poor Irish people hanging about at the corner of the first turning on the left hand. They look like people from the old broken-up establishment of Saint Giles's, and probably are so; a considerable influx from the "Rookery" in that quarter having augmented the "Rookery" in this; for so it has equally been called. This Rookery has long been a nuisance in Kensington. In the morning you seldom see more of it than this indication at the entrance; but in the evening the inmates mingle with the rest of the inhabitants out of doors, and the naked feet of the children, and the ragged and dissolute looks of men and women, present a painful contrast to the general decency. We understand, however, that some of these poor people are very respectable of their kind, and that the improvements which are taking place in other portions of the kingdom, in consequence of the attention so nobly paid of

late years to the destitute and uneducated, have not been without effect in this quarter. The men for the most part are, or profess to be, labouring bricklayers, and the women, market-garden women. They are calculated, at a rough guess, to amount to a thousand; all crammed, perhaps, into a place which ought not to contain above a hundred. The reader, from late and painful statements on these subjects, knows how they must dwell. The place is not much in sight. You give a glance and a guess at it, as you look down the turning, and so pass on. There was a talk, not long since, of bringing the new road, just mentioned, from over the way, and continuing it through the spot, so as to sweep it clean of the infection, as in the case of New Holborn and St. Giles's; and in all probability the improvement will take place, for one advance brings another, and Kensington has become of late so much handsomer as well as larger, that it will hardly leave this blemish on its beauty. But leases must expire; and lettings and sub-lettings for poor people die hard. It is not the fault of the Archdeacon, non-resident in Kensington (we mention it to his honour), that these lettings and sub-lettings are still alive.

Most of this unhappy multitude are Roman Catholics. Their priests tell us of a fine house at Loretto, in Italy, which the Virgin Mary lived in at Nazareth, and which angels brought from that place into the dominions of the Pope. They also tell us that miracles never cease, at least not in Roman Catholic lands; and that nobody feels for the poor as they do. What a pity that they could not join these feelings, these hands, and these miracles, and pray a set of new houses into England for the poor bricklayers.

Continuing our way from this inauspicious corner, we come to the turning at Young Street, which leads into Kensington Square, formerly as important a place in this suburb as Grosvenor Square was in the Metropolis.

Kensington Square occupies an area of some hundred and fifty feet, and was commenced in the reign of James the Second, and finished towards the close of that of William. It is now a place of obsolete-looking, though respectable, houses, such as seem made to become boarding-schools, which some of them are; and you cannot help thinking it has a desolate air, though all the houses are inhabited. In the reigns of William, of Anne, and the first two Georges, Kensington Square was the most fashionable spot in the suburbs; it was filled with frequenters of the court; and these are the identical houses which they inhabited. Faulkner says, that "at one time upwards of forty carriages were kept in and about the neighbourhood;" and that "in the time of George the Second, the demand for lodgings was so great that an ambassador, a bishop, and a physician, were

known to occupy apartments in the same house."

The earliest distinguished name of an inhabitant of this spot in the parish-books is that of the Duchess of Mazarin, in the year one thousand six hundred and ninety-two. We know not which house she lived in; but the reader must imagine her, after the good French fashion, taking her evening walk in the square, the envy of surrounding petticoats, accompanied by a set of English and French gallants, Villiers, Godolphins, Ruvignys, &c., among whom is her daily visitor and constant admiring old friend, St. Evremont, with his white locks, little scull-cap, and the great wen on his forehead. He idolises her to the very tips of her fingers, though she borrowed his money, which he could ill afford, and gambled it away besides, which he could not but pray her not to do. He also begged her to resist the approaches of usquebaugh.

The Duchess was then six-and-forty, an Italian, with black hair; and, according to his description of her, still a perfect beauty. Fielding thought her so when she was younger, for he likens her portrait to Sophia Western.

Hortensia Mancini was niece of Cardinal Mazarin, at whose death (to use her own words, in the Memoirs which she dictated to Saint Real) she became "the richest heiress, and the unhappiest woman in Christendom;" that is to say, she found she had got a jealous, mean bigot for her husband, who grudged her a handsome participation of the money he obtained with her; and, as this was touching her on the tenderest point, she ran away from him in pure desperation, to see how she could enjoy herself elsewhere, and what funds to pay for it she would get out of him, by disclosing their quarrels to the world. The Duke (his name was Meilleraye, but he took the name of Mazarin when he married her) was inexorable, and not to be scandalised out of his meanness; so his wife, after divers wanderings which got her scandalised in her turn, came into England on pretence of visiting her cousin Mary of Este, Duchess of York, but in reality to get a pension from Charles the Second. This she did, to the amount of four thousand a year; every penny of which was probably grudged her by the lavish king himself, who could not afford it, and who is said to have been disgusted by her falling in love with another man the moment she got it. Charles, when in exile, had sued for Hortensia's hand in vain from her uncle the Cardinal, who thought the royal prospects hopeless, and who was in fear of the Protector. Madame de Mazarin, however, continued to flourish among the ladies at Whitehall during Charles's reign; she had half her pension confirmed to her by King William; did nothing from first to last but keep company and gamble it away; and six years after her residence at Kingston, died so poor, at a small house in Chelsea (the last, as you go

from London, in Paradise Row), that her body was detained by her creditors till her husband redeemed it. The husband embalmed it; and surviving her many years, is said (which is hardly credible) to have carried it about with him all that time, wherever he went, as if determined on having the woman with him, dead, who would not "abide" him while she was living.

Madame de Mazarin was praised by Saint Evremont for every kind of good quality except prudence in money matters. When she was a girl, she tells us that she and her sisters one day threw upwards of three hundred louis out of window, for the pleasure of seeing a parcel of footmen scramble and fight for them. They must have been louis d'ora, or so many pound sterling; a sum worth two or three times the amount at present. She says that the amusement was thought to have hastened her uncle's death. She was afterwards accused, while in a convent, where her husband succeeded in "stowing" her for a time, of putting ink into the holy water box (to blacken the nuns' faces), and of frightening them out of their sleep at night, by running through the dormitory with a parcel of little dogs, yelping and howling. She says that these stories were either inventions or exaggerations; but we are strongly disposed to believe them.

NUMBER FORTY-TWO.

THE true original Number Forty-two—of which a copy may be seen in any of the thousands of towns and cities between Nepaul and Ceylon—is situated in the very heart of the black town of Colombo, amidst the streets in which dwell natives, half-castes, and Eurasians, or country-born descendants of Europeans. It is to be found in the chief thoroughfare of the town, if such a term as thoroughfare can properly be applied to the narrow choked-up passage boiling over with hot coolies, enraged bullock-drivers, furious horsekeepers, dusty hackeries, and rickety palanquins.

This state of tropical conglomeration will be more readily understood when I mention that the carriage-way or street is the only passage available for pedestrians and equestrians, for bipeds and quadrupeds. The Dutch, when masters of the place, had provided every house with broad luxuriant verandahs, covered in and nicely paved; so that the dwellers in the town might not only sit out under shade in the open air of an evening; but during the furious heat of the day, could walk from one end of the street to the other under these broad and pleasant covered ways. Now, however, these verandahs have been appropriated and railed off, as open receptacles of all sorts of merchandise. Where in former jolly days radiant Dutchmen sat and smoked their pipes, and quaffed Schiedam, are now

piled up vile masses of iron and crates of earthenware. Where buxom, merry-eyed lasses once flirted with incipient burgo-masters, are shiploads of rice, and cargoes of curry stuffs. The perfume of the rose and the oleander are supplanted by the caustic fragrance of garlic and salt-fish.

Dotted along this fragrant street, among rice stores, iron depots, and dried fish warehouses, are the shops of the Moormen traders, the only attractions for Europeans in this quarter. The supply of all descriptions of useful or fancy articles of domestic use to the English is in the hands of these people, who may be said, indeed, to be the Jews of India. Here and there a Burgher or Eurasian may be seen vending pickled pork, perfumery, and parasols, but never one of the indigenous natives of the country. They cannot make up their roving, unsettled minds to shopkeeping; although some of their women have now and then the industry to become manufacturers and vendors of "hoppers," "jaggery," and other Indian village luxuries.

Your regular Moormen shopkeepers, or bazaar-men, possess such terrifically unpronounceable names that, by common consent, their English customers designate them by the numbers of their shops. In this way a little, thin-faced, shrivelled-up Moorman, a small portion of whose name consists of Meera Lebbe Hema Lebbe Tamby Ahamadoc Lebbe Marcair, is cut down to Number Forty-eight; which is the title he is usually known by.

The most flourishing of these gentry is certainly Number Forty-two; a portly, oily-skinned, well-conducted Moorman, with a remarkably well-shaven head, surmounted on its very apex by a ridiculously little white linen cap, like an expanded muffin. His bazaar is admitted on all hands, especially amongst the fair sex, to be "first chop." Yet a stranger would imagine that the fiscal had possession of the place and was on the point of selling off by auction the entire contents: so confused and motley an appearance do they wear.

The doorway, narrow and low, is jealously guarded by a pile of grindstones, surmounted by a brace of soup-tureens on the one side, and by tools and weapons of offence on the other; so that the chances are that, in trying to escape the Newcastle and Staffordshire Charybdis you get caught upon the sharp points of the Sheffield Scylla. Once past these dangers, however, you forget all your anxiety and nervousness in the bland sunny countenance of Number Forty-two. He is truly delighted to see you, he is so anxious to place the whole contents of his store at your complete disposal that one might fancy his sole object in life was to minister to the pleasure of the English community.

Number Forty-two directs your atten-

tion, in the most winning manner, to a choice and very dusky collection of hanging-lamps of the most grotesque fashion. His fowling-pieces are pointed out to you as perfect marvels. If you require any blacking-brushes, or padlocks, or Windsor soap, or smoking caps, or tea-kettles, he possesses them in every possible variety, just out by the very latest ship.

Our bazaar is by no means aristocratic. On the contrary, it is most decidedly republican in all its tendencies. It admits of no distinction of ranks. The higher born wares are placed on an equal footing with the most lowly merchandise, the most plebeian goods. Earthenware jostles cut-glass; ironmongery—and some of it rare and rusty too—elbows the richest porcelain; vulgar tin-ware hob-nobs with silks and satins. Tart-fruit and pickles revel in the arms of forty yards of the best crimson velvet. Pickled salmon in tins are enshrined amongst Coventry ribbons.

I don't happen to require any of his perfumery or preserves, nor am I anxious about muslins or plated-candlesticks; I simply want to select a few very plain wine-glasses, and I know there are none better than at Number Forty-two. Piles after piles of the fragile glass-ware are raked out from under a mass of agricultural implements, and it is really marvellous to see how harmlessly the brittle things are towled and tumbled about amongst ponderous wares and massive goods. How peacefully the lions and the lambs of manufactures repose together within the dusty dark walls of Forty-two.

My portly friend with the muffin-cap is never disconcerted by any demand, however out of the common way. From ships' anchors and chain-cables down to minikin-pins, he has a supply of every possible variety of wares. I have often asked for things that I never dreamt of requiring, just to try the wonderful resources of Number Forty-two, and sure enough he would produce the articles one by one. I thought I had caught him once when I requested to look at a few warming-pans, and pictured to myself how hugely chaff-fallen he would appear, to be obliged to confess that he had no such things in his store. But not a bit of it. He stole away very placidly into some dismal dark hole of a place, amongst a whole cavern of bottles and jars, and just as I pictured him emerging into broad daylight, dead-beaten, he came upon me radiant and cheerful as ever, bearing a gigantic and genuine "warming-pan," apologising to me, as he removed the coating of dust from it, for having but that one to offer—it was the last of his stock. I had it sent home as a real curiosity, and hung it up in my library amongst other rare articles of vertu.

There was one peculiarity about my muffin-capped friend which must not be omitted. He never made any abatement in the price demanded for his articles, be they of the latest importation, or the remains of an invoice

standing over since he first started in business. A shop-keeper in nearly any other country in the world would, at the end of a certain number of years, clear out his old stock, and dispose of it as he best could to make room for new wares. But not so Number Forty-two; nor indeed any other number in that bazaar. There lay the old-fashioned cotton-prints, and silk waistcoat pieces, and queer-looking ribbons of no colour at all. Years have rolled past since they first entered their present abode. The merchant who imported them died of a liver attack a dozen years since. They would not sell in eighteen hundred and twenty, and therefore are not very likely to move off in eighteen hundred and fifty; but the same price is affixed to them now as then, and the only chance for their disposal appears to be by the direct interposition of a fire or an earthquake. Number Forty-two had doubtless heard that wines are improved by age, and he may possibly imagine that some mellowing and enriching process goes on in a lapse of years with regard to silks and cottons.

This class of Indian shop-keepers have moreover a very confused and mystified conception of the real value of some goods. They can tell you to a trifle the worth of a dinner-set, or of a dozen Dutch hoes, but in millinery and other fancy articles they are often fearfully mistaken. A Moorman buys what is termed, in technical language, a "Chow-chow" invoice—in other words, a mixed assortment of hardware and soft-ware, of eatables and wearables. He is told the lot is valued at a hundred pounds sterling; he offers eighty, and takes them at ninety. He refers to the invoice on opening out the goods, and gets on very well in pricing them until he comes to such things as ribbons, gloves, lace, &c.; which are the dear and which the cheap he cannot possibly tell, and he, therefore, tickets them at so much the yard or the pair all round, as the case may be. In this way I often pick up a glorious bargain at Forty-two, buying kid-gloves for eighteen-pence, for which in London I should have to pay at least four shillings; and a trifle of real Brussels lace for my wife at the price of the very commonest Nottingham article.

The fortunes of Forty-two were once placed in the most imminent jeopardy from a circumstance which happened in his shop while I was there, and which became, at the time, the food of all the hungry gossip-mongers of the place. My friend had a Moorish assistant remarkably active, but dissipated and impertinent. He was ugly beyond measure, and when he grinned, which he frequently would do in spite of strict injunctions to the contrary, he distended a cavern of a mouth that was perfectly repulsive. This creature had become one day unusually excited, and it appears in the fervour of his jollity had laid a wager with a young neigh-

bour of kindred habits, that he would kiss the first female customer who should set foot within his master's shop on that morning, be she fair or dark. I can imagine the horror with which poor Forty-two beheld his grinning deputy fulfil his engagement by saluting the fair cheek of an English lady, and that lady—as chance would have it—the wife of one of the highest civil functionaries of the place. The affair was hushed up as much as it could be, but in the end it oozed out; and people, so far from deserting Number Forty-two, actually flocked to it to hear the particulars of the affair. The offender was dismissed; but not until he had imparted to that particular shop a celebrity it had never previously enjoyed.

There are other numbers besides Forty-two which enjoy a considerable reputation, all things considered, but they certainly lack the fashionable repute of the aforesaid. For instance, there is Number Forty-seven, a remarkably well-conducted man, very steady, very civil, and exceedingly punctual in settling his accounts with the merchants, who esteem him accordingly. This worthy Moorman transacts business much on the same principle as his neighbours, but unlike Forty-two and one or two other active numbers, he is given to indulge in certain *siestas* during the heat of the day, which no influx of customers can debar him from enjoying. As the hour of high noon approaches, he spreads his variegated mat upon the little, dirty, rickety, queer-looking couch, under the banana tree in the back court-yard by the side of the well, and there, under the pleasant banana shade, he dozes off, fanned by such truant breezes as have the courage to venture within such a cooped-up, shut-in pit of a yard, dreaming of customers, accounts, and promissory-notes. During this slumber, it is in vain for any one to attempt to coax a yard of muslin, or a fish-kettle, out of the inexorable Forty-seven. The somniferous spell has descended upon his dwarfy deputy; who, rather than wake his master, would forfeit his chance of Paradise; and he, no less drowsy himself, opens one eye and his mouth only, to assure you that the article you require is not to be found in their shop. You insist that it is. You know where to lay your hand upon it. The deputy Forty-seven shakes his drowsy head in somniferous unbelief. You seek it out from its dusty, murky hiding-place, and produce it before his unwilling face. He opens another eye, smiles, nods to you, and is away again far into the seventh heaven. There is no help for it, but to appropriate the article and pay for it on your next visit.

Number Forty-eight is a small bustling variety of Moorman, making a vast show of doing a large stroke of business; but, as far as I could ever perceive, doing next to nothing. He bought largely, paid as regularly as most of other numbers, was constantly opening

huge packing-cases and crates, and sorting out their contents into heaps; but I never remembered to have seen a single customer within his shop. How the man lived was, for a long time, a perfect mystery to me; but I learnt at length that he disposed of his purchases entirely by means of itinerant hawkers who, armed with a yard-measure and a pair of scales, and followed by a pack of loaded coolies groaning under huge tin cases and buffalo-skin trunks, perambulated from town to village, from house to hut; and by dint of wheedling, puffing, and flattering, succeeded in returning with a bag full of rupees and pice.

For Number Sixty-two I entertained a more than ordinary respect. Unlike his Moorish brethren he possessed a remarkably rational name;—Saybo Dora. Originally a hawker, he had by his steady conduct won the confidence of the merchants, who supplied him with goods wherewith to open a store, at a time when such places did not exist in town. From small beginnings, he rose to great transactions; and now, beside a flourishing trade in the bazaar, carried on pretty extensive operations in many smaller towns throughout the country. It was by no means an unusual thing for this simply-clad, mean-looking trader to purchase in one day from one merchant muslins to the value of a thousand pounds, crockery for half that amount, and, perhaps, glass-ware for as much more. For these he would pay down one-fourth in hard cash, and so great was the confidence reposed in him, that his bags of rupees, labelled and endorsed with his name and the amount of their contents, were received and placed in the strong-room of the Englishman without being counted. Saybo Dora's name on the packages gave them currency.

So much for their business aspect; but once I paid a visit to Forty-two in his private dwelling. In one of the dullest, dirtiest, and most squalid-looking streets of the black town dwelt he of the mullin-cap and portly person. The hut was perched high up on a natural parapet of red iron-stone, with a glaeir of rubbish in front. The day had been fearfully hot, even for India; the very roadway was scorching to the feet though the sun had set, yet the tiny windows and the ramshackling door were all closed. Nobody was lying dead in the house, as I first imagined might be the case. They had only shut out the heat.

I found Forty-two enveloped in a sort of winding-sheet, reclining on some coarse matting, and smoking a very large and dirty hookah. A brazen vessel was by his side, a brass lamp swung from the ceiling; and, on a curiously carved ebony stand, was a little sort of stew-pan minus a handle filled with sweetmeats. In an adjoining part of the dwelling, divided off only by some loose drapery for want of a door, lay sprawling on the earthen

floor a leash of infantine, embryo Forty-two; while, shrouded in an impenetrable mass of muslin, crouched Mrs. Forty-two, masticating tobacco leaves and betel nut. Smoking, eating sweetmeats and curry, and sleeping form the sum total of the earthly enjoyments of this race of people. Their sole exception to this dreary, caged existence being an occasional religious festival, or a pilgrimage to some shrine of great sanctity, when the muslin-shrouded wife, the muslin-less children, the sweetmeats, the hookah, and the brazen vessels are packed into a hackery which, with its huge white bullock, jingles and creaks over the ruts and stones as though the wheels and axle had got a touch of St. Vitus's dance, and for that one day at any rate Number Forty-two may be fairly said to be out of town.

AN EXPLODED MAGAZINE.

SOME years, ten or a dozen ago, during the Repeal agitation conducted by the late Mr. O'Connell, an outburst of retrospective patriotism and poesy took place in a ballad furnished with the title, "Who fears to speak of 'Ninety-eight?'" It was first published in a newspaper, and referred, I suppose, to the unhappy rebellion which in that year desolated the fairest portion of Ireland; but I have never read it, nor, beyond its title, have I anything more to do with it here. It awakens no partisan feelings within me, and might as well be the song of The Boyne Water, or the Shan van Vaugh, Vinegar Hill, or Croppies lie down—intensely orange, or vividly green, for any effect it could have on my susceptibilities.

'Ninety-eight was not an *annus mirabilis*, although Nelson's great victory at Aboukir was won in its autumn. But every year was one of wonder then, and the age was one of marvels. Dynasties and thrones were being pounded up by the French armies like rotten bones in mortars. Wherever over the globe there were no wars, there were, at least, rumors of wars. And yet the world wagged, and the seasons came and went. There were as many wet and sunny days under republics as there had been under monarchies—in anarchy as in tranquillity. The months brought their same tribute of fruit, or flowers, or grain; and were the same months, though the calendar had been remodelled, and they were henceforth to be Fructidors, Thermidors, or Ventoses. And it was the same death that kings suffered on the scaffold and soldiers in the field that a poor shepherd or a servant maid suffers to-day, and that you and I may suffer to-morrow. Sleeves and hose may alter, but legs and arms remain the same. Hunger was hunger and thirst thirst in 'Ninety-eight as it is in 'Fifty-three.

The other day, rambling about, I stumbled upon an odd volume of an old Magazine for

my favourite 'Ninety-eight. This was at a book-stall close to the Four Courts, Dublin; and I immediately became its possessor at the outlay of sevenpence sterling. The book-stall keeper, who was quite a Sir Charles Grandison of bibliopoles, politely offered to send my purchase home for me, but I took it to my habitat myself, and revelled in 'Ninety-eight half that night.

I found my Mag. to be in the hundred and third volume of its age, a very respectable antiquity even in 'Ninety-eight; and, had it lived to the present day, it would have been a very Methuselah among Mags; but the work went the way of all waste paper, I am afraid, years ago. I cannot pretend to give you any detailed description of its contents; for, as per title-page they included letters, debates, antiquity, philosophy, mechanics, husbandry, gardening, fifteen more subjects, and "other arts and sciences," besides "an impartial account of books in several languages," the "state of learning in Europe," and the "new theatrical entertainments" of 'Ninety-eight. And mark that my Mag was only a half-year's volume, from June to December. So I will say very little about philosophy or husbandry, the state of European learning, and the new theatrical entertainments of 'Ninety-eight, merely culling as I go on what seems to me curious, principally among the domestic occurrences of my year, and which may interest even those who have no peculiar solicitude concerning 'Ninety-eight.

First, I found a frontispiece elegantly engraved on copperplate, representing a wood or bosky thicket, in which reposed a lady in the costume of Queen Elizabeth, but much handsomer; behind her the poet Dante; by her side a lady in a Grecian costume, name unknown; and around her a lion, several sheep, and a rabbit. In the foreground a hideous dwarf in a fancy dress, whom I was uncertain whether to take for the fabulist Esop or the Polish Count Bornawski, was presenting a laurel wreath to a gentleman in a full bottomed wig, large cuffs, ruffles, shorts and buckles, who seemed very anxious to get the wreath indeed, and was incited thereto by the poet Horace; who egged him on with a large scroll, backed up by another gentleman, of whose person or dress nothing was visible but a very voluminous wig looming above his friend's shoulder, and was on that account perhaps intended as an allegory of Mr. Charles James Fox. On reference to my Mag. for an explication of this engraving, I was informed that it was emblematic of Summer, and some lines from the Seasons followed the information; but as I could not see what he of the wig and ruffle had to do with summer and Queen Elizabeth, I considered it and passed it, over as a mystery of 'Ninety-eight, to be solved by future study and research.

Mrs. Muscadine writes to the editor during

June, complaining of the mania for volunteering. She bewails the fact that her husband, and all the husbands of her acquaintance, have now the same squareness of the shoulders to the body and the front, their heels are all in a line, and their thumbs are all as far back as the seams of their trousers. She complains that her husband's affections are completely alienated from her by the rival charm of one Brown Bear, and that at prayer time he calls out "front rank, kneel!" for all of which she rates the Duke of York heartily, but good humouredly. I wonder whether the re-embodiment of the Militia, or the recollections of Chobham will call forth any Mrs. Muscadines in 'Fifty-eight. Next I find a long biography of John Wilkes. Wilkes died in the year before. In addition to his biography, my Mag. has this month a notice of Dr. Farmer, the author of the Essay on the learning of Shakspeare, also deceased in 'Ninety-seven. In the House of Lords, on the twenty-eighth of March (my Mag. only reports it in June), the Bishop of Rochester attributes the numerous applications for divorces, which have recently taken place in their lordships' House, to the Jacobinical principles which had been inculcated from France. In the House of Commons, on the third of April, on a motion for leave to bring in a bill for the abolition of the slave trade at a period to be specified, which had been moved by Mr. Wilberforce, there are eighty-three ayes, and eighty-seven noes—majority for the middle passage, the barracoons, the bilboes, and the cartwhip, four.

April the twenty-fifth, in a social little committee of ways and means, Mr. Pitt moves for a trifle of twelve millions eight hundred and fifty-seven thousand pounds sterling for the army. He states, pleasantly, that he thought last Christmas that ten millions or so might have done; but that "into the particulars of that sum he will not now enter." Considerate, this, of the pilot that weathered the storm. To make things pleasant he claps on, in the same cosy little committee, the "additional tax upon salt," and the "additional duty upon tea," and the "tax on armorial bearings," "which," says Mr. Pitt, "rests upon a principle exceedingly different," which in truth it does.

Three-fourths of this month's number of my Mag. are occupied with a narrative of the events of the Irish rebellion, and of the battle of Vinegar Hill. They belong to history.

On May the third the Whig Club dine together at the Freemasons' Tavern, London, Mr. Fox in the chair. They are all very merry, and Mr. Fox gives the "Sovereignty of the People" (the Habeas Corpus Act has just been suspended). The Duke of Norfolk, on his health being drunk, sensibly observes, that "where the people have no rights, the nobility have no privileges worth enjoying;" and the Duke of Bedford in a neat speech

intimates that the meeting is respectable. Mr. Erskine is rather glum; and when his health is drunk, coupled with "Trial by Jury," he contents himself with merely thanking the company, telling them that they know the reason why he is silent. Whereupon Mr. Sheridan (indefatigable in the pursuit of a joke under difficulties) gets up and proposes, "Our absent friend, the Habeas Corpus;" at which it needs no very retrospective effort of second sight to see the bumpers tossed off, and hear them jingled lustily by the Whig Club.

The suspension of "our absent friend" authorises, on the first of June, the arrest by Townsend, the Bow-street officer, of Mr. Agar, a barrister, Mr. Curran (the son of the Curran), Mr. Stewart, and the Hon. V. B. Lawless (now Lord Cloncurry, and still alive I think), all under the authority of the Duke of Portland's warrant on a charge of treasonable practices. Failing our "absent friend," justice, in the shape of Mr. Townsend, lays hold of Mr. Lawless's French valet and of his papers. Mr. Lawless was taken in St. Alban's Place, Pall Mall,—that peaceful, shady, tranquil little thoroughfare, hard by the Opera Arcade, the Putnos of half-pay officers. 'Tis as difficult for me to fancy an arrest for high treason in St. Alban's Place, as to picture the rotting skulls of Jacobites over Temple Bar; yet both have been almost within the memory of man.

On the seventh of June three persons named Reeves, Wilkinson, and Adams, are hanged in front of Newgate. All for forgery. My Mag. says that this was "the most awful example of justice ever witnessed." Doubtless; but the example, however awful, was not efficacious enough to prevent its repetition many many more times in 'Ninety-eight. On the eighth of June there is another awful example (though my Mag. does not say so) on Pennenden Heath, one O'Coigley being hanged for high treason, in carrying on an improper correspondence with the French.

The next day dies, in Newgate, Dublin, of his wounds, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, son of the Duke of Leinster. On the twenty-first of May a proclamation offering a thousand pounds reward for his capture had been issued. Through the treachery of a servant-girl the place of his retreat was made known. A Captain Ryan, Mr. Swan, a magistrate, and the well-known Major Sirr, went with three coaches and some soldiers, as privately as possible to the house of one Murphy, a feather-dresser, in Thomas-street. There they found Lord Edward lying on a bed, without his coat and shoes. He feigned, at first, to surrender; but a desperate struggle ensued, he being provided with a cut-and-thrust dagger. With this he gave Captain Ryan seven wounds between the collar and the waistband, and Swan the justice too. He was at last disabled by a pistol-shot

from Major Sirr; overpowered, conducted to the castle, and thence to Newgate, where, as I have said, he died on the ninth of June. Captain Ryan died of his wounds two days before his prisoner. Major Sirr lived till within a short period of the present day. He was for many years one of the Dublin city magistrates, and sat in the Carriage Court to determine disputes and hear complaints against that eccentric race of beings, the Dublin car-drivers. He was of course cordially hated by all the cabbies. One Jehu, a most inveterate declarer of the thing which was not, on being remonstrated with by the usher of the Court for tergiversation (to use a mild word) retorted "Musha then! Cock him up with the truth! It's more than I ever told the likes of him!" Singularly enough Major Sirr's last moments were spent among his enemies. He was taken mortally ill while riding in an inside car, and was scarcely carried from it before he died: it was even currently reported that he did actually die in the vehicle. A short time after his death a car-driver was summonsed (or, as the carman calls it, "wrote by the polis") for stumping a brother whip, i. e. inveigling a fire away from him. "I wouldn't a minded his stumping me," said the complainant; "but didn't he call out, when the lady was getting into the kyar, that it was mine was the kyar that the black ould major died in? And one couldn't stand that yer honour!"

In the month of July my Mag. has great news from the Convict Settlement at Botany Bay. Not the least curious among these is the notification of the appointment of the notorious George Barrington the pickpocket to be a peace-officer or superintendent of convicts—with a grant of thirty acres of land, and a warrant of emancipation. Barrington had rendered considerable services to the executive during a mutiny on the passage out, and since his arrival in the colony had behaved himself to the entire satisfaction of the authorities. I believe he died a magistrate, in easy circumstances, and universally respected.

But the most noteworthy item in this Antipodean budget, is the account of the opening of a theatre at Sydney; the manager (Mr. John Sparrow), the actors and actresses and the majority of the audience being convicts. Of the men Green, and of the women Miss Davis, best deserved to be called actors. The first performance appropriately commenced with the "Fair Penitent," and on another occasion the "Revenge," and the "Hotel," were presented. The dresses were chiefly made by the company themselves; but some veteran costumes and properties from the York Theatre were among the best that made their appearance. The motto of these histrionic exiles was modest and well chosen, being "We cannot command, but will endeavour to deserve success." I suppose that it was on this occasion that the celebrated prologue, the production of Mr.

Barrington, was spoken, in which were to be found the appropriate lines:—

"True patriots we, for be it understood
We left our country for our country's good."

The authorities on licensing the undertaking gave the manager to understand that the slightest infraction of propriety would be visited by the banishment of the entire company to another settlement, there to work in chains. The coercive mastership of the revels is somewhat akin to the theatrical discipline in use in the Italian provinces under Austrian yoke, where refractory tenors are not unfrequently threatened with the bastinado by the military commandant, and *prima donnas* in the sulks are marched off to the guard-house between two files of Croat Grenadiers. The principal drawback to the prosperity of the Sydney theatricals seems, according to my Mag., to have been the system of accepting at the doors, in lieu of the price of admission, as much flour, beef, or rum, as the manager chose to consider an equivalent. It was feared that this would act like gambling, as an inducement to the convicts to rob; and more serious evil arose in the frequent losses of watches and money by the respectable portion of the audience during the performances, and in the advantage some of the worst of the fair penitents took of the absence of the inhabitants at the theatre to break into their houses, and rob them of their contents.

On the twenty-eighth of July my constant Mag. returns to the "Awful Examples." Two gentlemen, barristers and brothers, Henry and John Sheares, are hanged and decapitated in Dublin for high treason. At the last moment an urgent appeal was made to the Government for mercy, were it even to one of the brothers, and with an offer on their parts to make ample confessions; but the Government replied "That they had a full knowledge of everything that could come out in confession, and that the law must take its course." Which the law does.

July the twenty-first, William Whaley is flogged through the fleet at Portsmouth for mutiny on board Her Majesty's ship *Pluto*. On the same day, Brian, for the same mutiny on board the same ship, is hanged at the yard-arm.

July the twenty-third, McCann is tried for high treason in Dublin, as being the author of some treasonable papers found in the house of Mr. Oliver Bond. He is found guilty, sentenced to death, and hanged on the nineteenth of August. On the twenty-sixth, Michael William Byrne is also tried for the same offence, and the jury, after five minutes' consideration, find him guilty. He is impenitent, and exclaims, "with a warm accompaniment of action," that "he glories in the event of his trial." He is executed on the twenty-fifth of August. "Several other persons," adds my Mag. as if weary of particularising

the examples, "have also been hanged for high treason during the present month."

On the thirty-first of July, the *Blenheim*, a whale ship, arrives at Hull from the Greenland seas. Passing Whitebooth Roads the *Nonsuch* and *Redoubt* men-of-war, guard-ships, fire several shot into her (as a species of welcome to England, home, and beauty, I presume), but without effect. Three boats are then manned and sent towards her, for the purpose of impressing the seamen of the *Blenheim*; but these opinionated mariners "agree to differ" from the men-of-war's men, and arming themselves with harpoons, Greenland knives, and spears, resolutely oppose their coming on board. The *Nautilus* sloop of war, having, by this time, joined the other two, also sends a boat, and fires more than thirty shot into her "with intent to bring her to," but without effect. A deadly struggle ensues; and the seamen of the whale ship fire a swivel, loaded with grape-shot, into the men-of-war's boat, and desperately wound two men and an officer; and at last their opponents row off. One of the wounded men dies in the hospital the next night, and the life of another is despaired of; whereupon, a coroner's jury sit on the body of the seaman deceased, and return a verdict of wilful murder against a person unknown. Meanwhile, the crew of the *Blenheim* have reached the shore and concealed themselves—none of them being wounded. I wonder, if any one of them had been killed, and the same coroner's jury had sat on the corpse, what would have been the verdict upon him. I must not omit to state that, the day after this abominable affray, warrants are issued for the apprehension of such of the *Blenheim's* crew as had been identified by the crews of the men-of-war boats. My Mag. does not state if they are captured or not; but our friend the Habeas Corpus being still absent, I am not without misgiving for them if they are arrested.

On the second of August an event takes place with which most readers of the annals of the stage must be familiar. Mr. John Palmer, a favourite actor, while enacting the part of the "Stranger" in the Liverpool theatre, drops down dead upon the stage. He is buried on the thirteenth, at Warton near Liverpool, and on his tombstone (with questionable taste) are engraven these awfully significant words—

"There is another and a better world!"

My Mag., to add to the vulgar horror of the catastrophe, states that these very words were the last he uttered on earth; but a reference to the text of the *Stranger* will show that the words in question are in the part of Mrs. Haller.

On the sixth of September, my Mag. chronicles the result of six informations heard before the magistrates at Bow Street, London, and laid by the Stamp Office against a

Mr. Williams, for suffering, in his room in Old Round Court, Strand, sundry persons to read the Daily Advertiser, and other newspapers, for the consideration of one penny each. The offence being held to be clearly made out, Mr. Williams is convicted in the penalty of five pounds on each information; "which is certainly sufficient," sagely concludes my Mag., "to convince the proprietors of reading rooms that newspapers must not be among the number of the publications which they suffer to be read for hire, or, as they call it (my Mag. is ironical) admission money." From which it would appear likewise that even penny news-rooms have had their persecutions and their martyrs. Ludicrously and inconsistently enough my Mag. in thus pleasantly recording Mr. Williams' malpractices, does so in a "Historical Chronicle," clearly news, and taxable accordingly, but of which the Stamp Office does not take the slightest notice.

On September eleventh, at six o'clock in the evening, the north-east bank of the New River bursts near Hornsey-house, and inundates a circuit of four miles of meadow land.

On the 17th September, Robert Ladbroke Troys is tried for forgery. Guilty. Death. On the same day John Collins is indicted at the instance of the Stamp Office for forging a plate to counterfeit the "two shilling hat stamps." The principal evidence against him is that of a Jew, Barnard Solomons, who acknowledges his having suffered about two years previously, three months' imprisonment for coining counterfeit halfpence. For the forgery of the "two shilling hat stamps" the verdict on John Collins is, Guilty. Death. The next day, the 18th, twenty-five men are tried on board the ship *Gladiator*, at Portsmouth, for mutiny. Nineteen are found Guilty. Death. Thirteen are executed; two are to have two hundred lashes; two one hundred, and one is acquitted. On the twentieth, Mr. Silvester, the common-serjeant at the Old Bailey, pronounces judgment (Death) upon ten men and four women. Twenty-six are to be transported, twenty-six imprisoned, and two whipped. And so from month to month 'Ninety-eight pursues the even tenor of its way. The "awful example" harvest is unvaryingly fruitful; but it would be wearisome to continue recording the statistics of each hemp crop.

Mr. Sabatier, impressed with the prevalence of poverty and crime in 'Ninety-eight, attempts to elucidate their causes. One great cause of poverty according to this gentleman is in "buying of unprofitable food. "Tea and bread and butter," he says, "is a very unprofitable breakfast for working

people." Cheese and porter are still worse: "The former of these have very little nourishment, and the latter is costly." Unfortunately Mr. Sabatier does not point out the profitable food. A paramount cause of poverty is keeping a pig; "a pig, if it runs about, consumes time in looking after it; it frequently gets into the pound; and eats up the scraps of the family where there should be none; it occasions the boiling of victuals merely for the sake of the pot-liquor; and then this stunted, half-starved creature must be fattened." I wonder that in Mr. Sabatier's virtuous indignation against the pig, he did not add in aggravation of its crimes that it squeaks in infancy and grunts when grown up, and that in feeding, it puts its foot in the trough, quite ungently. Giving children pence to buy tarts is, in Mr. Sabatier's eyes, a heinous offence, and invariably productive of poverty. He clenches his argument by a moral piece on the downfall of the eldest son of a peer, who was reduced by improvidence (beginning with penny tarts) to the sad necessity of enlisting as a common soldier.

The causes of crime, Mr. Sabatier ascribes, among others, to fixing the same punishment to different crimes, the greater of which has a tendency to conceal the lesser: To impunity as in unconditional pardon, or in commuting death into transportation: To the confinement of prisoners before trial in idleness and bad company: To allowing legal passages for escape: To proscribing a man's character by visible dismemberment, such as public whipping, the pillory, or the stocks: To legalising, or rather not prohibiting pawnbrokers "and other receivers:" To permitting profligate characters to fill the religious ministry: To non-residence and neglect of incumbents: To permitting mendicancy: To suffering seditionists to escape punishment: To allowing temptations to lie in the way of poor people, such as game and wood in forests: To the sale of spirituous liquors and lottery-tickets: To levying high duties on foreign commodities, and thereby encouraging smuggling. Among a variety of notions eminently germane to 'Ninety-eight Mr. Sabatier, as it will be seen, is in some respects many many years in advance of it.

So I lay by my Mag. for the present. Years hence perhaps our grandchildren may take up some exploded magazine for this present year; and, as they turn it cursorily over, wonder how such things, therein recorded, could ever have been. I sincerely trust, however, that little advanced as we may be, 'Fifty-three has not evinced any symptoms of retrogression towards 'Ninety-eight.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—CHARLES DICKENS.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. VIII.

McELRATH & BARKER, PUBLISHERS.

Office No. 11 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

WHOLE No. 181.

OUT FOR A WALK.

You people with portmanteaus, trunks, Macintoshes, and umbrellas, bandboxes, carpet-bags, shawls, plaids, rugs, and muffetees, gentlemen who wear travelling caps and carry about hat-boxes, are not to suppose that you have ever travelled. You may have bought a newspaper at every railway station in Europe, but, believe me, you must tread your way if you desire to feel honestly that you have travelled it.

I am not a great traveller. Have never been in the East, and never been in the West, have only heard of the North Pole, and do not up to this date entertain any idea that I shall ever take a passage to Australia. Barring a quiet walk up the Moselle, and little trips of that sort, I have never been out of my own country. But I have spent some of the happiest days of my life afoot in England.

I should recommend any one in want of a good home walk not to stop out longer than about a week. He may let the railway take him quickly to new ground—it does not in the least matter what or where; there is no dull ground anywhere for the pedestrian—and then let him step out. He should never look up to the sky in fear, but in love and enjoyment. The more changes there are in it, the more variety and pleasure is provided for him. Let the sun beat at him, and the rain dash cheerily in his face, and the wind blow all ill-humours out of him. He should go out impeded with nothing; have no knapsack, not even a sly scrap of luggage in his hat, no second coat upon his back, and no umbrella in his hand. He should go out nothing but a bold, unfettered man, to have communion thoroughly with nature. He must make up his mind for the week to disregard his personal appearance. In fine exciting stormy weather he will get a little drizzle-tailed: he must not mind that. He must be content for the week with a comb, a tooth-brush, a towel, and a pair of socks, in one coat pocket, and a single reserve shirt in the other. That last-named garment will very likely have been wet through once, and certainly be crumpled, by the time he puts it on. Its appearance does not matter in the least; the purposes of cleanliness will be for the nonce sufficiently

answered, and he must demand no more. Every morning he should bathe in the first sparkling stream with which he meets, and that is why the towel should be carried. More impediment he ought not to take with him. Unless attached to it by habit he ought not to take even a stick: hands absolutely free are altogether preferable. I need not say that he must have a little money in his purse; it ought, however, to be little, and should be used only to satisfy simple wants.

It is not necessary that a walk should last a week. One may get a joy that will become a memory for ever out of the walking of a single day or night. I remember one night taking a thirty miles' walk into Birmingham to catch a train that started before sunrise. There were not more shades of light between sunset and darkness, than there were emotions begotten by the scenery that shifted during such a walk. First, the long sunset shadows of the trees; then a glimpse from a hill top of the Severn between deep banks with the blue darkness of evening about it; then twilight softening into delicious thought, promoting gloom, and the moon rising over a flat surface of trees and hedges, contrasting its pure light with a red glare of fire on other parts of the horizon, as I got into Wolverhampton.

Properly I meant to have taken the train at Wolverhampton, but I found the train gone when I reached the little station, and there were a couple of sleepy men sitting with a lantern on one of the benches, making a great noise in the place whenever they coughed or moved their feet. Then they looked up when they heard my footfall, and saw how the moon threw the big shadow of my hat over the railway sleepers. I was glad the train was gone, and trudged away again rejoicing over the ten, thirteen, or fifteen miles—I forget how many they were—to Birmingham. That is the most wonderful night walk in this country; all blighted soil, and glare of fire, and roar of furnaces. The intense purity and calm of the moonlight and the starlight seen from among such fires impress the mind with an entirely new sensation. I got into Birmingham a couple of hours too soon, and found the town calmly asleep. The place was my own, and I occupied the empty streets with a full heart, rejoicing.

One great source of enjoyment in that walk was its unexpectedness. A walk is never so good as when it comes upon one by surprise. I had set out originally, meaning to walk four miles to the mail-coach, from an out-of-the-way inn. I had not booked my place; the mail was full; and so the walk began.

Another improvised walk was contrived in company. One quiet autumn afternoon, I sat with a couple of good friends, one old, one young, in the garden of a rustic public-house in Cheshire. There was a big tree overhead, and a small spire among adjacent bushes, and there was some tea (the produce of our native hedges) on the table before us. Far away the Mersey glittered in the afternoon sun; the smoke of Liverpool dulled the horizon. On the other side were the Welsh mountains.

"Glorious out-door weather!" said one of us.

"How beautiful the mountains look!" said another.

"I should like to be among them."

"Let us go!"

Elder friend laughed, but younger friend looked serious. "It is only nine miles to Chester; we can sleep there to-night, and walk round North Wales in about five days." Elder friend thought us mad; but, finding us in earnest, and not disposed to be knocked down by a mere clean shirt difficulty, he agreed to carry word to our friends that we should be home in less than a week. Off we set.

Oh, the delight of a first trudge into North Wales thus suddenly presented to the fancy; when satisfaction comes at once with the first burst of strong desire. We might have made up our minds to go on that day fortnight, have thought about it, have got up out of our beds to start, and finally have set about it as a preconcerted business, with a fog upon our spirits. But we did nothing so stupid. Since there was no reason why we should not give rein to the humour, while our hearts were open to the promised pleasure and under the very sunlight, while still in the very mood of buoyancy that had begotten the desire to tread the mountains, off we went. The Cheshire girls in their Welsh jackets were figures on the frontispiece of the great book of pictures with which we were setting out: all our memories. Villages fixed themselves house by house, and black beam by black beam, upon our hearts. We can tell any man upon our death-beds how many geese were busy about nothing on a little triangle of green that faced us as we rested by the handle of a village pump. The short cut over the fields that we made brought us, to our dismay, when evening was far advanced, down to the dirty banks of the broad estuary of the Dee—ever so many miles from Chester—and there were our Welsh mountains ominously full of night, over the way, quite inaccessible.

That is another of the glories of foot travelling. I would not give a song for the society of a pedestrian who was not a bold fellow at short cuts. There is an excitement in trespassing and going astray out of the bondage of paths over an unknown country—steeple-chasing for a place to which one has never been in his life before, but which he hopes by his superior ingenuity to get at by a road unknown to any of his fellow-creatures. The wonder as to what may be the result, and the strong, wholesome emotion that makes the heart beat, as though one had taken suddenly a shower bath when something wonderfully unexpected comes in sight, is a fine tonic for the jaded spirits. It was a fine surprise for us to come down upon the muddy waters of the Dee, when we believed we might be on the point of getting into Chester. A finer surprise of the kind is to come down from behind a hill upon the dashing breakers of the sea itself by moonlight, when one thinks he has achieved a short cut to some town twenty miles inland. The dashing of fire is nearly as good an accompaniment to such a surprise as the dashing of water. I remember one night being out on business in deep snow. I was on horseback then. Trying to get home in the dark, long after midnight, I became more and more perplexed; and suddenly a turn of the road brought me into the immediate presence of a set of blast furnaces, spouting up fire into the dark sky, and clamouring fiercely in my ears. I did not in the least know what blast furnaces they were, had never seen them before; and their huge power made me aghast at the sense of my own helplessness. I suppose that is the reason why such a thing as a blast furnace, or the thunder of the sea upon a shore, can impress helpless mortals who have lost their way with such peculiar emotion. It is an emotion very wholesome in the main, as every emotion is that is entirely natural.

To go back to the Dee. I need not say that having come upon its estuary, we had nothing to do but trace the river up its course to find our way to Chester. There we slept soundly, true to our purpose, and, the next morning, we set out into Wales. Some day I may think it worth while to trouble the world with some of my experiences in Wales during one or two trips as a pedestrian. I intend nothing of that sort now. As I write, I can recall the solemn closing of the hills about our road at twilight, and the glitter of the afternoon sun through the bushes as we lay over the clear trout stream in some happy valley. We enjoyed also the trout; we did indeed. We were amused at the portmanteau travellers, who at Llanberis furnished themselves with guides and ponies and donkeys (lacking mules), for the ascent of Snowdon, the great British Chimborazo. The path being obvious, we took no guides, and simply walked up after dinner and walked

down again. To the top of Snowdon from Llanberis is not a bit more difficult or complex an adventure than a climb up Snow Hill from Holborn. The way from Beddgelert is more tedious.

Upon the strength of my first walk about Wales I set up as a guide, and was showing a friend over the Welsh mountains on a subsequent occasion. He did not fully enjoy rain, and set out after breakfast from Carnarvon one wet morning, only induced so to do by the assurance that it was only seven miles to Llanberis, and that I, being an old Welshman, knew the way. But ways look different in different weather, especially to people who have only seen them once or twice. We got up among unknown mountains, passed romantic lakes, over which now and then the sun broke fitfully. The walk was glorious, but we were out of the Llanberis road; and, as it shortly became evident, on the wrong side of Snowdon. Then the rain came down in sheets, and we arrived, wet through, and glowing famously, at a small straggling village. Disposed naturally to fortify our constitutions with brandy and water, we stopped at the village inn. Pure Welsh—no English spoken. "Have you brandy?" Shake of the head. "Have you rum?" Shake of the head. "Have you gin?" Nod—"Yek, yek." And the good woman brought us whiskey. Each of us had accordingly a glass of hot whiskey and water, for which the landlady knew enough English to make a charge of twopence a head. Cheap, certainly, but we had not wherewith to pay. A dire catastrophe broke in upon our peace, we had both left Carnarvon without change, and were afloat with nothing smaller than a sovereign. Change for a sovereign was not to be had in Bettwys. I doubt whether twenty shillings in silver could have been raised by the united fundholders of the whole village. A sovereign was too much to leave for fourpence with a magnanimous wave of the hand and a "never mind the change;" while not to pay so moderate and fair a demand, would have been absolutely wicked. The woman stared at us and grinned, and left us to do as we could. Then my good genius reminded me that in the compendious list of my luggage was included half-a-dozen postage stamps. We thought the problem solved. I offered them in triumph; but, alas! the worthy woman shook her head—she had not the least idea what they were. We said that she might sell them—take them to the Post Office; she shook her head and smiled on helplessly. Nobody in Bettwys writes or receives letters, it appeared. Then there arose from the chimney-corner a grey-headed Welshman who had been looking on. He picked up the stamps, examined the gum at the backs, and looked at the Queen's heads. Having satisfied himself, he put the six stamps into his pouch, and gave the woman fourpence. She curtsied and looked pleased.

The man looked solid and commercial. If ever Bettwys be a great town, that was the sort of man you would expect to see thriving on 'Change there. He ought to have been born in Change Alley.

We went on through wind and sun and rain, under wild snatches of cloud, that rolled in great volumes, chorussing to the eye a music of their own through the broad heaven. Instead of making a seven mile walk to Llanberis, we traversed nineteen miles of a most glorious country—all of it new and unexpected—and at last contrived to find our way into Beddgelert. It was a place quite out of our route; but the pedestrian who cares about his route does not deserve the legs he walks upon. That unexpected march upon Beddgelert is another of my choice remembrances.

I might go on conjuring up such recollections by the hour together, but I do not want to be a bore, so I will leave off. I have wished simply to show people how they may go out for a pleasant walk. There is a fine season now before us, though indeed every season is fine to the man whom I should regard as a right-minded pedestrian. Only I mean to say, that a season of travelling caps, trunks, portmanteaus, plaids, and so forth, has set in; and while half of our neighbours are up the Rhine and down the Rhone, we who remain behind have no reason to envy any man his continental trips. We have only to make up our minds, and take a hearty walk or two at home in the old country.

A DEAD SECRET.

IN what manner I became acquainted with that which follows, and from whom I had it, it serves not to relate here. It is enough that he *was* hanged, and that this is his story.

"And how came you," I asked, "to be—" I did not like to say hanged for fear of wounding his delicacy, but I hinted my meaning by an expressive gesture.

"How came I to be hanged?" he echoed in a tone of strident hoarseness. "You would like to know all about it—wouldn't you?"

He was sitting opposite to me at the end of the walnut-tree table in his shirt and trousers, his bare feet on the bare polished oak floor. There was a dark bistre ring round each of his eyes; and they—being spherical rather than oval, with the pupils fixed and coldly shining in the centre of the orbits—were more like those of some wild animal than of a man. The hue of his forehead, too, was ghastly and dingy; blue, violet, and yellow, like a bruise that is five days old. There was a clammy sweat on his beard and under the lobes of his ears; and the sea-breeze coming gently through the open Venetians (for the night was very sultry), fanned his long locks of coarse dark hair until you might almost fancy you saw the serpents of

the furies writhing in them. The fingers of his lean hands were slightly crooked inwards, owing to some involuntary muscular rigidity, and I noticed that his whole frame was pervaded by a nervous trembling, less spasmodic than regular, and resembling that which shakes a man afflicted with *delirium tremens*.

I had given him a cigar. After moistening the end of it in his mouth, he said, bending his eyes towards me, but still more on the wall behind my chair than on my face: "It's no use. You may torture me, scourge me, flay me alive. You may rasp me with rusty files, and scethe me in vinegar, and rub my eyes with gunpowder—but I can't tell you where the child is. I don't know—I never knew! How am I to make you believe that I don't know—that I never knew?"

"My good friend," I remarked, "you do not seem to be aware that, so far from wishing you to tell me where the child you allude to is, I am not actuated by the slightest curiosity to know anything about any child whatever. Permit me to observe that I cannot see the smallest connection between a child and your being hanged."

"No connection?" retorted my companion with vehemence. "It is the connection—the cause. But for that child I should never have been hanged."

He went on muttering and panting about this child; and I pushed towards him a bottle of thin claret. (Being liable to be called up at all hours of the night, I find it lighter drinking than any other wine.) He filled a large tumbler—which he emptied into himself, rather than drank—and I observed that his lips were so dry and smooth with parchedness, that the liquid formed little globules of moisture on them, like drops of water on an oil-cloth. Then he began:

I had the misery to be born (he said) about seven-and-thirty years ago. I was the offspring of a double misery, for my mother was a newly-made widow when I was born, and she died in giving me birth. What my name was before I assumed the counterfeit that has blasted my life, I shall not tell you. But it was no patrician high-sounding title, for my father was a petty tradesman, and my mother had been a domestic servant. Two kinsmen succoured me in my orphanage. They were both uncles; one by my father's, one by my mother's side. The former was a retired sailor, rich, and a bachelor. The latter was a grocer, still in business. He was a widower, with one daughter, and not very well-to-do in the world. They hated each other with the sort of cold, fixed, and watchful aversion that a savage cat has for a dog too large for her to worry.

These two uncles played a miserable game of battledore and shuttlecock with me for nearly fourteen years. I was banded about from one to the other, and equally maltreated by both. Now, it was my Uncle Collerer who

discovered that I was starved by my Uncle Morbus, and took me under his protection. Now, my Uncle Morbus was indignant at my Uncle Collerer for beating me, and insisted that I should return to his roof. I was beaten and starved by one, and starved and beaten by the other. I endeavoured—with that cunning which brutal treatment will teach the dullest child—to trim my sails to please both uncles. I could only succeed by ministering to the hatred they mutually had one for the other. I could only propitiate Collerer by abusing Morbus: the only road to Morbus's short-lived favour was by defaming Collerer. Nor do I think I did either of them much injustice; for they were both wicked-minded old men. I believe either of them would have allowed me to starve in the gutter; only each thought that, appearing to protect me, would naturally spite the other.

When I was about fifteen years old it occurred to me, that I should make an election for good and all between my uncles; else, between these two knotty crabbed stools I might fall to the ground. Naturally enough I chose the rich uncle—the retired sailor, Collerer; and, although I dare say he knew I only clove to him for the sake of his money, he seemed perfectly satisfied with my hearty abuse of my Uncle Morbus, and my total abnegation of his society; for, for three years I never went near his house, and when he met me in the street I gave him the breadth of the pavement, and reeked nothing for his shaking his fist at me, and calling me an ungrateful hound. My Uncle Collerer, although retired from the sea, had not left off making money. He lent it at usury on mortgages, and in numberless other crawling ways. I soon became his right hand, and assisted him in grinding the needy, in selling up poor tradesmen, and in buckling on the spurs of spendthrifts when they started for the race, the end of which was to be the jail. My uncle was pleased with me; and, although he was miserably parsimonious in his house-keeping and in his allowance to me, I had hopes and lived on; but very much in the fashion of a rat in a hole.

I had known Mary Morbus, the grocer's daughter, years before. She was a sickly delicate child, and I had often teased and struck and robbed her of her playthings, in my evil childhood. But she grew up a surpassingly beautiful creature, and I loved her. We met by stealth in the park outside her father's door while he was asleep in church on Sundays; and I fancied she began to love me. There was little in my mind or person, in my white face, elf-locks and dull speech to captivate a girl; but her heart was full of love, and its brightness gilded my miserable clay. I felt my heart newly opened. I hoped for something more than my uncle's money bags. We interchanged all the flighty vows of everlasting affection and constancy common to boys and girls; and although we knew the

two hundreds that stood betwixt us and us, we left the accomplishment of our to time and fortune, and went on and loving.

Evening, at supper-time—for which we had the heel of a Dutch cheese, a second's bread, and a pint of small I noticed that my Uncle Collerer looked malignant and sullen than usual. He little, and bit his food as if he had a gainst it. When supper was over, he to an old worm-eaten bureau in which I went to keep documents of value; taking out a bundle of papers, untied can to read them. I took little heed of or his favourite course of evening reading—bonds and mortgage deeds; and on of bills of exchange falling due he spend hours in poring over the accepted endorsemments, and even in bed old lie awake half the night moaning, fearing lest the bills should not be paid tomorrow. After carefully reading and these papers, he tossed them over to I left the room without a word. Then I him going up stairs to the top of the where my room was.

I opened the packet with trembling hands beating heart. I found every single I had written to Mary Morbus. The seemed to turn round. The white sheet and the black letters dancing on it were could see. All beyond—the room, the the world—was one black unutterable darkness. I tried to read a line—a ad known by heart for months; but, scared senses, it might as well have haldee. Then my uncle's heavy step ard on the stairs.

I entered the room, dragging after him I black portmanteau in which I kept I was able to call my own. "I have a key that opens this," he said, have read every one of the fine love—that silly girl has sent you. But I ten much more edified by the perusal re, which I only received from your Uncle Morbus—strangle him!—last night. covetous hunks, ain I? You live in do you? Hope told a flattering tale, ung friend. I've only two words to you," continued my uncle, after a few s' composed silence on his part, and of consternation on mine. "All your rags that trunk. Either give up Mary s now and for ever, and write a o her here in my presence to that or turn out into the street and never our face here again. Make up your tickly, and for good." He then filled e and lighted it.

But he sat composedly smoking his pipe, employed in making up my wretched Love, fear, interest, avarice—cursed —alternately gained ascendancy within it length there came a craven inspira- at I might temporise; that by pre-

tending to renounce Mary, and yet secretly assuring her of my constancy, I might play a double game, and yet live in hopes of succeeding to my uncle's wealth. To my shame and confusion, I caught at this coward expedient, and signified my willingness to do as my uncle desired.

"Write then," he resumed, flinging me a sheet of letter-paper and a pen. "I will dictate."

I took the pen; and following his dictation wrote, I scarcely can tell what now; but I suppose some abject words to Mary, saying that I resigned all claim to her hand.

"That'll do very nicely, nephew," said my uncle, when I had finished. "We needn't fold it, or seal it, or post it, because—he, he, he!—we can deliver it on the spot." We were in the front parlour, which was separated from the back room by a pair of folding-doors. My uncle got up, opened one of these; and, with a mock bow, ushered in my Uncle Morbus and my cousin Mary.

"A letter for you, my dear," grinned the old wretch; "a letter from your *true love*. Though I dare say you'll have no occasion to read it, for you must have heard me. I speak plain enough, though I am asthmatic, and can't last long—can't last long—eh, nephew?" This was a quotation from one of my own letters.

When Mary took the letter from my uncle, her hand shook as with the palsy. But, when I besought her to look at me and passionately adjured her to believe that I was yet true to her, she turned on me a glance of scornful incredulity; and, crushing the miserable paper in her hand, cast it contemptuously from her.

"You marry my daughter," my Uncle Morbus piped forth—"you?" Your father couldn't pay two-and-twopence in the pound. He owed me money, he owes me money to this day. Why ain't there laws to make sons pay their fathers' debts? You marry my daughter! Do you think I'd have your father's son—do you think I'd have your uncle's nephew for my son-in-law?" I could see that the temporary bond of union between my two uncles was already beginning to loosen; and a wretched hope sprang up within me.

"Get out of my house, you and your niece, too!" cried my Uncle Collerer. "You've served my turn, and I've served yours. Now, go!"

I could hear the two old men fiercely, yet feebly, quarrelling in the passage, and Mary weeping piteously without saying a word. Then the great street door was banged to, and my uncle came in, muttering and panting. "I hope you are satisfied now, uncle," I said.

"Satisfied!" he cried with a sort of shriek, catching up the great earthen jar, with the leaden top, in which he kept his tobacco, as though he meant to fling it at me. "Satisfied!

—I'll satisfy you: go. Go! and never let me see your hang-dog face again!"

"You surely do not intend to turn me out of doors, uncle," I faltered.

"March, bag and baggage. If you are here a minute longer I'll call the police. Go!" And he pointed to the door.

"But where am I to go?" I asked.

"Go and beg," said my uncle; "go and cringe to your dear Uncle Morbus. Go and rot."

So saying he opened the door, kicked my trunk into the hall, thrust me out of the room and into the street, and pushed my portmanteau after me, without my making the slightest resistance. He slammed the door in my face, and left me in the open street, at twelve o'clock at night.

I slept that night at a coffee-shop. I had a few shillings in my pocket; and, next morning I took a lodging at, I think, four shillings a week, in a court, somewhere up a back street between Gray's Inn and Leather Lane, Holborn. My room was at the top of the house. The court below swarmed with dirty, ragged children. My lodging was a back garret; and, when I opened the window I could only see a narrow strip of sky, and a foul heap of sooty roofs, chimney-pots and leads, with the great dingy brick tower of a church towering above all. Where the body of the church was I never knew.

I wrote letter after letter to my uncles and to Mary, but never received a line in answer. I wandered about the streets all day, feeding on saveloys and penny loaves. I went to my wretched bed by daylight, and groaned for darkness to come; then groaned that it might grow light again. I knew no one to whom I could apply for employment, and knew no means by which I could obtain it. The house I lived in and the neighbourhood were full of foreign refugees and street mountebanks whose jargon I could not understand. My little stock of money slowly dwindled away; and, in ten days, my mind was ripe for suicide. You must serve an apprenticeship to acquire that ripeness. Crowded streets, utter desolation and friendlessness in them, scanty food, and the knowledge that, when you have spent all your money and sold your coat and waistcoat, you must starve, are the best masters. They produce that frame of mind which coroners' juries call temporary insanity. I determined to die. I expended my last coin in purchasing laudanum at different chemists' shops—a penny-worth at each; which, I said, I wanted for the toothache; for I knew they would not supply a large quantity to a stranger. I took my dozen phials home, and poured their contents into a broken mug that stood on my wash-hand stand. I locked the door, sat down on my fatal black portmanteau, and tried to pray; but I could not.

It was about nine in the evening, in the summer time, and the room was in that state of semi-obscurity you call "between the

lights." While I sat on my black portmanteau, I heard through my garret window, which was wide open, a loud noise; a confusion of angry voices, in which I could not distinguish one word I could comprehend. The noise was followed by a pistol-shot. I hear it now, as distinctly as I heard it twenty years ago; and then another. As I looked out of the window, I saw a pair of hands covered with blood, clutching the sill, and I heard a voice imploring help for God's sake! Scarcely knowing what I did, I drew up from the leads below and into the room the body of a man, whose face was one mass of blood—like a crimson mask. He stood upright on the floor when I had helped him in; his face glaring at me like the spot one sees after gazing too long at the sun. Then he began to stagger; and went reeling about the room, catching at the window curtain, the table, the wall, and leaving traces of his blood wherever he went—I following him in an agony—until he fell face foremost on the bed.

I lit a candle as well as I could. He was quite dead. His features were so scorched, and mangled, and drenched, that not one trait was able to be distinguished. The pistol must have been discharged full in his face, for some of his long black hair was burned off. He held, clasped in his left hand, a pistol which evidently had been recently discharged.

I sat by the side of this horrible object twenty minutes or more waiting for the alarm which I thought must necessarily follow, and resolving what I should do. But all was as silent as the grave. No one in the house seemed to have heard the pistol shot, and no one without seemed to have heeded it. I looked from the window; but the dingy mass of roofs and chimneys had grown black with night and I could perceive nothing moving. Only, as I held my candle out of the window it mirrored itself dully in a pool of blood on the leads below.

I began to think I might be accused of the murder of this unknown man. I, who had so lately courted a violent death, began to fear it, and to shake like an aspen at the thought of the gallows. Then I tried to persuade myself that it was all a horrible dream; but there, on the bed, was the dreadful dead man in his blood, and all about the room were the marks of his gory fingers.

I began to examine the body more minutely. The dead man was almost exactly of my height and stoutness. Of his age I could not judge. His hair was long and black like mine. In one of his pockets I found a pocket-book, containing a mass of closely-written sheets of very thin paper, in a character utterly incomprehensible to me; moreover, there was a roll of English bank-notes to a very considerable amount. In his waistcoat pocket was a gold watch; and, in a silken girdle round his waist, were two hundred English sovereigns and louis d'ors.

What fiend stood at my elbow while I

made this examination I know not. The plan I fixed upon was not long revolved in my mind. It seemed to start up matured, like Minerva, from the head of Jupiter. I was resolved. The dead should be alive, and the live man, dead. In less time than it takes to tell, I had stripped the body, dressed it in my own clothes, assumed the dead man's garments, and secured the pocket-book, the watch, and the money about my person. Then I overturned the lighted candle on to the bed, slouched my hat over my eyes, and stole down stairs. No man met me on the stairs, and I emerged into the court. No man pursued me, and I gained the open street. It was only an hour after perhaps, as I crossed Holborn towards St. Andrew's Church that I saw fire-engines come rattling along; and, asking unconcernedly where the fire was, heard that it was "somewhere off Gray's Inn Lane."

I slept nowhere that night. I scarcely remember what I did; but I have an indistinct remembrance of flinging sovereigns about in blazing gas-lit taverns. It is a marvel to me now that I did not become senseless with liquor, unaccustomed as I was to dissipation. The next morning I read the following paragraph in a newspaper:—

"AWFUL SUICIDE AND FIRE NEAR GRAY'S INN LANE.—Last night the inhabitants of Gray's Court, Hustle Street, Gray's Inn Lane, were alarmed by voices of smoke issuing from the windows of number five in that court, occupied as a lodging house. On Mr. Plose, the landlord, entering a parrot on the third floor, it was found that its tenant Mr. —, had committed suicide by blowing his brains out with a pistol, which was found tightly clenched in the wretched man's hand. Either from the ignition of the wadding, or from some other cause the fire had communicated to the bed-clothes; all of which, with the bed and a portion of the furniture were consumed. The engines of the North of England Fire Brigade were promptly on the spot; and the fire was with great difficulty at last successfully extinguished; little beyond the room occupied by the deceased being injured. The body and face of the miserable suicide were frightfully mutilated; but sufficient evidence was afforded from his clothes and papers to establish his identity. No cause is assigned for the rash act; and it is even stated that if he had prolonged his existence a few hours later he would have come into possession of a fortune of thirty thousand pounds, his uncle Gripple Collerer, Esq., of Raglan Street, Clerkenwell, having died only two days before, and having constituted him his sole heir and legatee. That active and intelligent parish officer, Mr. Pybus, immediately forwarded the necessary intimation to the Coroner, and the inquest will be held this evening at the Kiddy's Arms, Hustle Street."

I had lost all—name, existence, thirty thousand pounds, everything—for about four hundred pounds in gold and notes.

"So I suppose," I said, as he who was hanged paused, "that you gave yourself up with a view of re-establishing your identity; and, failing to do that, you were hanged for murder or arson?"

I waited for a reply. He had lit another

cigar, and sat smoking it. Seeing that he was calm, I judged it best not to excite or aggravate him by further questioning, but stayed his pleasure. I had not to wait long.

"Not so," he resumed; "what I became that night I have remained ever since, and am now: that is, if I am anything at all. The very day on which that paragraph appeared, I set off by the coach. My only wish was to get as far from London and from England as I possibly could; and, in due time, we came to Hull. Hearing that Hamburg was the nearest foreign port, to Hamburg I went. I lived there for six months in an hotel, frugally and in solitude, and endeavouring to learn German; for, on narrower examination of the papers in the pocket-book, I guessed some portions of them to be written in that language. I was a dull scholar; but, at the end of six months, I had scraped together enough German to know that the dead man's name was Müller; that he had been in Russia, in France, and in America. I managed to translate portions of a diary he had kept while in this latter country; but they only related to his impressions of the town he had visited. He often alluded too, casually, to his 'secret' and his 'charge'; but what that secret and that charge were, I could not discover. There were also hints about a 'shepherdess,' an 'antelope,' and a 'blue tiger'—fictitious names I presumed for some persons with whom he was connected. The great mass of the documents was in a cipher utterly inexplicable to my most strenuous ingenuity and research. I went by the name of Müller; but I found that there were hundreds more Müllers in Hamburg, and no man sought me out.

I was in the habit of going every evening to a large beerhouse outside the town to smoke my pipe. There generally sat at the same table with me a little fat man in a grey great-coat who smoked and drank beer incessantly. I was suspicious and shy of strangers; but, between this little man and me there gradually grew up a quiet kind of tavern acquaintance.

One evening, when we had had a rather liberal potation of pipes and beer, he asked me if I had ever tasted the famous Baerische or Bavarian beer, adding, that it threw all other German beers into the shade, and liberally offering to pay for a flask of it. I was in rather merry humour, and assented. We had one bottle of Bavarian beer; then another, and another, till, what with the beer and the pipes and the wrangling of the domino players my head swam.

"I tell you what," said my companion, "we will just have one chopine of brandy. I always take it after Baerischer beer. We will not have it here, but at the *Grüne Gans* hard by; which is an honest house, kept by Max Rombach, who is a widow's son."

I was in that state when a man having

already had too much is sure to want more, and I followed the man in the grey coat. How many chopines of brandy I had at the *Grüne Gans* I know not; but I found myself in bed next morning with an intolerable thirst and a racking headache. My first action was to spring out of bed, and search in the pocket of my coat for my pocket-book. It was gone. The waiters and the landlord were summoned; but no one knew anything about it. I had been brought home in a carriage, very inebriated, by a stout man in a grey great-coat, who said he was my friend, helped me upstairs, and assisted me to undress. The investigation ended with a conviction that the man in the grey coat was the thief. He had manifestly been tempted to the robbery by no pecuniary motive; for the whole of my remaining stock of bank-notes, which I always kept in the pocket-book, I found in my waistcoat pocket neatly rolled up.

That evening I walked down to the beer-house where I usually met my friend—not with the remotest idea of seeing him, but with the hope of eliciting some information as to who and what he was.

To my surprise he was sitting at his accustomed table, smoking and drinking as usual; and, to my stern salutation, replied with a good humoured hope that my head was not any the worse for the *branntwein* overnight.

"I want a word with you," said I.

"With pleasure," he returned. Whereupon he put on his broad-brimmed hat and followed me into the garden behind the house, with an alacrity that was quite surprising.

"I was drunk last night," I commenced.

"Zo," he replied, with an unmoved countenance.

"And while drunk," I continued, "I was robbed of my pocket-book."

"Zo," he repeated, with equal composure.

"And I venture to assert that you are the person who stole it."

"Zo. You are quite right, my son," he returned, with the most astonishing coolness. "I did take your pocket-book; I have it here. See."

He tapped the breast of his grey great-coat; and, I could clearly distinguish, through the cloth, the square form of my pocket-book with its great clasp in the middle. I sprang at him immediately, with the intention of wrenching it from him; but he eluded my grasp nimbly, and, stepping aside, drew forth a small silver whistle, on which he blew a shrill note. In an instant a cloak or sheet was thrown over my head. I felt my hands muffled with soft but strong ligatures; and, before I had time to make one effort in self-defence, I was lifted off my feet and swiftly conveyed away, in total darkness. Presently we stopped, and I was lifted still higher; was placed on a seat; a door was slammed to; and the rumbling motion of wheels convinced me that I was in a carriage.

My journey must have lasted some hours. We stopped from time to time: to change horses, I suppose. At the commencement of the journey I made frantic efforts to disengage myself, and to cry out. But I was so well gagged, and bound, and muffled, that in sheer weariness and despair, I desisted. We halted at last for good. I was lifted out, and again carried swiftly along for upwards of ten minutes. Then, from a difficulty of respiration, I concluded that I had entered a house, and was perhaps being borne along some underground passage. We ascended and descended staircases. I heard doors locked and unlocked. Finally, I was thrown violently down on a hard surface. The gag was removed from my mouth, and the mufflers from my hands; I heard a heavy door clang to, and I was at liberty to speak and to move.

My first care was to disengage myself from the mantle, whose folds still clung around me. I was in total darkness—darkness so black, that at first I concluded some infernal device had been made use of to blind me. But after straining my eyes in every direction, I was able to discern high above me a small circular orifice, through which permeated a minute thread of light. Then I became sensible that I was not blind, but in some subterranean dungeon. The surface on which I was lying was hard and cold—a stone pavement. I crawled about, feeling with my hands, endeavouring to define the limits of my prison. Nothing was palpable to the touch, but the bare smooth pavement, and the bare smooth walls. I tried for hours to find the door, but could not. I shouted for help; but no man came near me.

I must have lain in this den two days and two nights—at least the pangs of hunger and thirst made me suppose that length of time to have elapsed. Then the terrible thought possessed me that I was imprisoned there to be starved to death. In the middle of the third day, as it seemed to me, however, I heard a rattling of keys; one grated in the lock; a door opened, a flood of light broke in upon me; and a well-remembered voice cried "Come out!" as one might do to a beast in a cage.

The light was so dazzling that I could not at first distinguish anything. But I crawled to the door; and then standing up, found I was in a small courtyard, and that opposite to me was my enemy, the man of the grey coat.

In a grey coat no longer, however. He was dressed in a scarlet jacket, richly laced with gold; which fitted him so tightly with the short tails sticking out behind, that, under any other circumstances, he would have seemed to me inconceivably ridiculous. He took no more notice of me than if he had never seen me before in his life; but, merely motioning to two servants in scarlet liveries to take hold of me under the arms, waddled on before.

We went in and out of half-a-dozen doors, and traversed as many small courtyards. The buildings surrounding them were all in a handsome style of architecture; and in one of them I could discern, through the open grated windows on the ground floor, several men in white caps and jackets. A distant row of copper stewpans, and a delicious odour, made me conjecture that we were close to the kitchen. We stopped some moments in this neighbourhood; whether from previous orders, or from pure malignity towards me, I was unable then to tell. He glanced over his shoulder with an expression of such infinite malice, that what with hunger and rage I struggled violently but unsuccessfully to burst from my guards. At last we ascended a narrow but handsomely carpeted staircase; and, after traversing a splendid picture gallery, entered an apartment luxuriously furnished; half library and half drawing-room.

A cheerful wood fire crackled on the dogs in the fireplace; and, with his back towards it, stood a tall elderly man, his thin grey hair carefully brushed over his forehead. He was dressed in black, had a stiff white neckcloth, and a parti-coloured ribbon at his buttonhole. A few feet from him was a table, covered with books and papers; and sitting thereat in a large arm-chair, was an old man, immensely corpulent, swathed in a richly furred dressing-gown, with a sort of jockey cap on his head of black velvet, to which was attached a hideous green shade. The servants brought me to the foot of this table, still holding my arms.

"Monsieur Müller," said the man in black, politely, and in excellent English. "How do you feel?"

I replied, indignantly, that the state of my health was not the point in question. I demanded to know why I had been trepanned, robbed and starved.

"Monsieur Müller," returned the man in black, with immovable politeness. "You must excuse the apparently discourteous manner in which you have been treated. The truth is, our house was built, not for a prison, but for a palace; and, for want of proper dungeon accommodation, we were compelled to utilise for the moment an apartment which I believe was formerly a wine-cellar. I hope you did not find it damp."

The man with the green shade shook his fat shoulders, as if in silent laughter.

"In the first instance, Monsieur," resumed the other, politely motioning me to be silent; for I was about to speak, "we deemed that the possession of the papers in your pocket-book" (he touched that fatal book as he spoke) "would have been sufficient for the accomplishment of the object we have in view. But, finding that a portion of the correspondence is in a cipher of which you alone have the key, we judged the pleasure of your company absolutely indispensable."

"I know no more about the cipher and its key than you do," I ejaculated, "and, before heaven, no secret that can concern you is in my keeping."

"You must be hungry, Monsieur Müller," pursued the man in black, taking no more notice of what I had said than if I had not spoken at all. "Carol, bring in lunch."

He, lately of the grey coat, now addressed as Carol, bowed, retired, and presently returned with a tray covered with smoking viands and two flasks of wine. The servants half loosened their hold; my heart leaped within me, and I was about to rush towards the viands, when the man in black raised his hand.

"One moment, Monsieur Müller," he said, "before you recruit your strength. Will you oblige me by answering one question, Where is the child?"

"Ja, where is the child?" echoed the man in the green shade.

"I do not know," I replied passionately; "on my honour I do not know. If you were to ask me for a hundred years, I could not tell you."

"Carol," said the man in black, with an unmoved countenance, "take away the tray. Monsieur Müller has no appetite. Unless," he added turning to me, "you will be so good as to answer that little question."

"I cannot," I repeated; "I don't know, I never knew."

"Carol," said my questioner, taking up a newspaper, and turning his back upon me, "take away the things. Monsieur Müller, good morning."

In spite of my cries and struggles I was dragged away. We traversed the picture gallery; but, instead of descending the staircase, entered another suite of apartments. We were crossing a long vestibule lighted with lamps, and one of my guards had stopped to unlock a door while the other lagged a few paces behind, (they had loosened their hold of me, and Carol was not with us,) when a panel in the wainscot opened, and a lady in black—perhaps thirty years of age and beautiful—bent forward through the aperture. "I heard all," she said, in a rapid whisper. "You have acted nobly. Be proof against their temptations, and Heaven will reward your devotedness."

I had no time to reply, for the door was closed immediately. I was hurried forward through room after room; until at last we entered a small bed-chamber simply, but cleanly furnished. Here I was left, and the door was locked and barred on the outside. On the table were a small loaf of black bread, and a pitcher of water. Both of these I consumed ravenously.

I was left without further food for another entire day and night. From my window, which was heavily grated, I could see that my room overlooked the court-yard where the kitchen was, and the sight of the cooks, and the smell of the hot meat drove me almost mad.

On the second day I was again ushered into the presence of the man in black, and the man with the green shade. Again the inferna drama was played. Again I was tempted with rich food. Again, on my expressing my inability to answer the question, it was ordered to be removed.

"Stop!" I cried desperately, as Carol was about to remove the food, and thinking I might satisfy them with a falsehood; "I will confess. I will tell all."

"Speak," said the man in black, eagerly, "where is the child?"

"In Amsterdam," I replied at random.

"Amsterdam—nonsense!" said the man in the green shade impatiently, "what has Amsterdam to do with the Blue Tiger?"

"I need not remind you," said the man in black, sarcastically, "that the name of any town or country is no answer to the question. You know as well as I do that the key to the whereabouts of the child is *there*," and he pointed to the pocket-book.

"Yes; *there*," echoed the man in the green shade. And he struck it.

"But, sir—" I urged.

The answer was simply, "Good morning, Monsieur Müller."

Again was I conducted back to my prison; again I met the lady in black, who administered to me the barren consolation that "Heaven would reward my devotedness." Again I found the black loaf and the pitcher of water, and again I was left a day and a night in semi-starvation, to be again brought forth, tantalised, questioned, and sent back again.

"Perhaps," remarked the man in black, at the fifth of these interviews, "it is gold that Monsieur Müller requires. See." As he spoke, he opened a bureau crammed with bags of money, and bid me help myself.

In vain I protested that all the gold in the world could not extort from me a secret which I did not possess. In vain I exclaimed that my name was not Müller; in vain I disclosed the ghastly deceit I had practised. The man in black only shook his head, smiled incredulously, and told me—while complimenting me for my powers of invention—that my statement confirmed his conviction that I knew where the child was.

After the next interview, as I was returning to my starvation meal of bread and water, the lady in black again met me.

"Take courage," she whispered. "Your deliverance is at hand. You are to be removed to-night to a lunatic asylum."

How my translation to a mad-house could accomplish my deliverance, or better my prospects, did not appear very clear to me; but that very night I was gagged, my arms were confined in a strait waistcoat, and placed in a carriage, which immediately set off at a rapid pace. We travelled all night; and, in the early morning arrived at a large stone building. Here I was stripped, examined,

placed in a bath, and dressed in a suit of coarse grey cloth. I asked where I was? I was told in the Alienation Refuge of the Grand Duchy of Sachs-Pfeigiger.

"Can I see the head-keeper?" I asked.

The Herr-ober-Direktor was a little man with a shiny bald head and very white teeth. When I entered his cabinet he received me politely and asked me what he could do for me? I told him my real name, my history, my wrongs; that I was a British subject, and demanded my liberty. He smiled and simply called—"Where is Kraus?"

"Here, Herr," answered the keeper.

"What number is Monsieur?"

"Number ninety-two."

"Ninety-two," repeated the Herr Direktor, leisurely writing. "Cataplasms on the soles of the feet. Worsteds blisters behind the ears, a mustard plaster on the chest, and ice on the head. Let it be Baltic ice."

The abominable inflictions thus ordered were all applied. The villain Kraus tortured me in every imaginable way; and in the midst of his tortures, would repeat, "Tell me where the child is, Müller, and you shall have your liberty in half an hour."

I was in the madhouse for six months. If I complained to the doctor of Kraus's ill-treatment and temptations, he immediately began to order cataplasms and Baltic ice. The bruises I had to show were ascribed to injuries I had myself inflicted in fits of frenzy. The maniacs with whom I was caged declared, like all other maniacs, that I was outrageously mad.

One evening, as I lay groaning on my bed, Kraus entered my cell. "Get up," he said, "you are at liberty. I was bribed, by you know who, with ten thousand Prussian thalers to get your secret from you, if I could; but I have been bribed with twenty thousand Austrian florins (which is really a sum worth having) to set you free. I shall lose my place, and have to fly; but I will open an hotel at Frankfort for the Englanders, and make my fortune. Come!" He led me down stairs, let me out of a private door in the garden; and, placing a bundle of clothes and a purse in my hand, bade me good night.

I dressed myself, threw away the mad-man's livery, and kept walking along until morning, when I came to the custom-house barrier of another Grand Duchy. I had a passport ready provided for me in the pocket of my coat, which was found to be perfectly *en règle*, and I passed unquestioned. I went that morning to the coach-office of the town, and engaged a place in the *Eiltwagen* to some German town, the name of which I forget; and at the end of four days' weary travelling, I reached Brussels.

I was very thin and weak with confinement and privation; but I soon recovered my health and strength. I must say that I made up by good living for my former compulsory

abstinence; and both in Brussels and in Paris, to which I next directed my steps, I lived on the best. One evening I entered one of the magnificent restaurants in the Palais Royal to dine. I had ordered my meal from the *carte*, when my attention was roused by a small piece of paper which had been slipped between its leaves. It ran thus:—

"Feign to eat, but eat no fish. Remain the usual time at your dinner, to disarm suspicion, but immediately afterwards make your way to England. Be sure, in passing through London, to call on Hildeburger."

I had ordered a *sole au gratin*; but when it arrived, managed to throw it piece by piece under the table. When I had discussed the rest of my dinner, I summoned the *garçon*, and asked for my bill.

"You will pay the head waiter if you please, Monsieur," said he.

The head waiter came. If he had been a centaur or a sphynx I could not have stared at him with more horror and astonishment than I did; for there, in a waiter's dress, with a napkin over his arm, was Carol, the man of the grey coat.

"Müller," he said, coolly, bending over the table. "Your *sole* was poisoned. Tell me where the child is, and here is an antidote, and four hundred thousand francs."

For reply I seized the heavy water decanter, and dashed it with all the force I could command, full in the old ruffian's face. He fell like a stone, amid the screams of women, the oaths of men, and cries of *à la Garde! à la Garde!* I slipped out of the restaurant and into one of the passages of outlets which abound in the Palais Royal. Whether the man died or not, or whether I was pursued, I never knew. I gained my lodgings unmolested, packed up my luggage, and started the next morning by the diligence, for Boulogne.

I arrived in due time in London; but I did not call on "Hildeburger" because I did not know who or where Hildeburger was. I started the very evening of my arrival in London for Liverpool, being determined to go to America. I was fearful of remaining in England, not only on account of my persecutors, but because I was pursued everywhere by the spectre of the real Müller.

I took my passage to New York in a steamer which was to sail from the Docks in a week's time. It was to start on a Monday; and on the Friday preceding I was walking about the Exchange, congratulating myself that I should soon have the Atlantic between myself and my pursuers. All at once I heard the name of Müller pronounced in a loud tone close behind me. I turned, and met the gaze of a tall thin young man with a downy moustache, who was dressed in the extreme of fashion, and was sucking the end of an ebony stick.

"Monsieur Müller," he said, nodding to me easily.

"My name is not Müller," I answered, boldly.

"You have not yet called on Hildeburger," he added, slightly elevating his eyebrows at my denial.

I felt a cold shiver pass over me, and stammered, "N—n—no!"

"We had considerable difficulty in learning your whereabouts?" he went on with great composure. "The lady was obstinate. The screw and the water were tried in vain; but at length, by a judicious use of the cord and pulleys, we succeeded."

I shuddered again.

"Will you call on Hildeburger now?" he resumed quickly and sharply. "He is here—close by."

"Not now, not now," I faltered. "Some other time."

"The day after to-morrow?"

"Yes, yes," I answered eagerly, "the day after to-morrow."

"Well, Saturday be it. You will meet me here, at four in the afternoon! Good! Do not forget. *Au revoir*, Monsieur Müller."

He had no sooner uttered these words than he turned and disappeared among the crowd of merchants on 'Change.

I could not doubt, by his naming Saturday, as the day for our meeting, that he had some inkling of my intended departure. Although I had paid my passage to New York, I determined to forfeit it, and to change my course so as to evade my persecutors. I entered a shipping-office, and learnt that a good steamer would leave George's Dock at ten that same night for Glasgow. And to Glasgow for the present I made up my mind to go.

At a quarter before ten I was at the dock, with my luggage. It was raining heavily, and there was a dense fog.

"This way for the Glasgow steamer—this way," cried a man in a Guernsey shirt, "this way, your honour. I'll carry your trunk."

He took my trunk as he spoke, and led the way down a ladder, across the decks of two or three steamers, and to the gangway of a fourth, where a man stood with dark bushy whiskers, dressed in a pea-coat, and holding a lighted lantern.

"Is this the Glasgow steamer?" I asked.

"All right!" answered the man with the lantern. "Look sharp, the bell's a-going to ring."

"Remember poor Jack, your honour," said the man in the Guernsey, who had carried my trunk. I gave him sixpence and stepped on board. A bell began to ring, and there was great confusion on board with hauling of ropes and stowing of luggage. The steamer seemed to me to be intolerably dirty and crowded with goods; and, to avoid the crush, I stepped aft to the wheel. In due time we had worked out of the dock and were steaming down the Mersey.

"How long will the run to Glasgow take, think you, my man?" I asked of the man at the wheel. He stared at me as if he did not understand me, and muttered some unintelligible words. I repeated the question.

"He does not speak English," said a voice at my elbow, "nor can any soul on board this vessel, except you and I, Monsieur Müller."

I turned round, and saw to my horror the young man with the ebony cane and the downy moustache.

"I am kidnapped!" I cried. "Let me have a boat. Where is the captain?"

"Here is the captain," said the young man, as a fiercely bearded man came up the companion-ladder. "Captain Miloschvich of the Imperial Russian ship *Pyroscaphe*, bound to St. Petersburg, M. Müller. As Captain Miloschvich speaks no English you will permit me to act as interpreter."

Although I feared from his very presence that my case was already hopeless, I entreated him to explain to the captain that there was a mistake; that I was bound for Glasgow, and that I desired to be set on shore directly.

"Captain Miloschvich," said the young man, when he had translated my speech, and received the captain's answer, "begs you to understand that there is no mistake; that you are not bound for Glasgow, but for St. Petersburg; and that it is quite impossible for him to set you on shore here, seeing that he has positive instructions to set you on shore in Cronstadt. Furthermore, he feels it his duty to add that should you, by any words or actions, attempt to annoy or disturb the crew or passengers, he will be compelled to put you in irons, and place you in the bottom of the hold."

The captain frequently nodded during these remarks, as if he perfectly understood their purport, although unable to express them; and, to intimate his entire coincidence, he touched his wrists and ankles.

If I had not been a fool I should have resigned myself to my fate. But I was so maddened with misfortune, that I sprang on the young man, hoping to kill him, or to be killed myself and to be thrown into the sea. But I was chained, beaten, and thrown into the hold. There, among tarred ropes, the stench of tallow-casks, and the most appalling sea-sickness, I lay for days, fed with mouldy biscuit and putrid water. At length we arrived at Cronstadt.

All I can tell you, or I know of Russia is, that somewhere in it there is a river, and on that river a fortress, and in that fortress a cell, and in that cell a knout. Seven years of my existence were passed in that cell, under the lashes of that knout, with the one horrible question dinning in my ears, "Where is the child?"

How I escaped to incur worse tortures it

is bootless to tell you. I have swept the streets of Palermo as a convict, in a hideous yellow dress. I have pined in the inquisition at Rome. I have been caged in the madhouse at Constantinople, with the rabble to throw stones and mud at me through the bars. I have been branded in the back in the *bagne* of Toulon and Rochfort; and everywhere I have been offered liberty and gold, if I would answer the question, "Where is the child?" At last, having been accused of a crime I did not commit, I was condemned to death. Upon the scaffold they asked me "Where is the child?" Of course there could be no answer, and I was——

Just then, Margery, my servant, who never will have the discrimination to deny me to importunate visitors, knocked at the door, and told me that I was wanted in the surgery. I went down stairs, and found Mrs. Walkingshaw, Johnny Walkingshaw's wife, who told me that her "master" was "took all over like," and quite "stroaken of a heap." Johnny Walkingshaw is a member of the ancient order of Sylvan Brothers; and, as I am club doctor to the Sylvan Brothers, he has a right to my medical attendance for the sum of four shillings a year. Whenever he has taken an overdose of rough cyder he is apt to be "stroaken all of a heap" and to send for me. I was the more annoyed at being obliged to walk to Johnny Walkingshaw's cottage at two in the morning, because the wretched man had been cut short in his story just as he was about to explain the curious surgical problem of how he was resuscitated. When I returned he was gone, and I never saw him more. Whether he was mad and had hanged himself, or whether he was sane and had been hanged according to law, or whether he had ever been hanged or never been hanged, are points I have never quite adjusted in my mind.

PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

What is it you ask me, darling?
All my stories, child, you know;
I have no strange dreams to tell you,
Pictures I have none to show.

Tell you glorious scenes of travel?
Nay, my child, that cannot be,
I have seen no foreign countries,
Marvels none on land or sea.

Yet strange sights in truth I witness,
And I gaze until I tire;
Wondrous pictures, changing ever,
As I look into the fire.

There, last night, I saw a cavern,
Black as pitch; within it lay
Coiled in many folds a dragon,
Glaring as if turn'd at bay.

And a knight in dismal armour
On a winged eagle came,
To do battle with this dragon;
His towering crest was all of flame.

As I gazed the dragon faded,
And, instead, sat Pluto crowned,
By a lake of burning fire;
Spirits dark were crouching round.

That was gone, and lo! before me,
A cathedral vast and grim;
I could almost hear the organ
Roll along the arches dim.

As I watched the wreathed pillars,
A thick grove of palms arose,
And a group of swarthy Indians
Stealing on some sleeping foes.

Stay; a cataract glancing brightly,
Dashed and sparkled; and beside
Lay a broken marble monster,
Mouth and eyes were staring wide.

Then I saw a maiden wreathing
Starry flowers in garlands sweet;
Did she see the fiery serpent
That was wrapped about her feet?

That fell crashing all and vanished;
And I saw two armies close—
I could almost hear the chariots
And the shouting of the foes.

They were gone; and lo! bright angels,
On a barren mountain wild,
Raised appealing arms to Heaven,
Bearing up a little child.

And I gazed, and gazed, and slowly
Gathered in my eyes sad tears,
And the fiery pictures bore me
Back through distant dreams of years.

Once again I tasted sorrow,
With past joy was once more gay,
Till the shade had gathered round me
And the fire had died away.

THE STEREOSCOPE.

THERE is a good deal of romance to be found even in the details of pure science, and a book of wonders could very well be made out of what might be called the social history of optical discoveries. Much of it would be co-extensive with a history of the black arts—dark sciences that often get their darkness out of light.

Every one has been told that the old priests of Egypt and of Greece were better skilled in optics than in necromancy; that many an awful ghost, riding upon a cloud, was the result of hocusing and focussing. Any commentator is entitled to suppose that an old form of incantation (said to have had a more sacred origin) has become slightly corrupted by the exchange of convertible letters in the lapse of time, and was in the first instance, really hocus, focus. Let him take up a pseudoscope, and look through it, properly focussed. Let him look at some man on the other side of the way. He will not appear to be on the other side at all, the street will have come in doors, and

the house will be turned out of window. Let him look at a friend's face. The cheeks will so decidedly fall in, that the face will become no face but a hollow mould. Let him look into the bottom of a teacup. For a minute he may see it as it is; but—O, hocus, focus—in the twinkling of an eye, it has turned inside out. It has no hollow, but is all solid. Let him look at a framed picture hung against the wall. It will seem to be, not hung against the wall, but to be let into it. The frame will appear to surround it like a moat. There is a pretty instrument for turning everything hindsides foremost! If it were possible to take a bird's-eye view of the whole world through a pseudoscope, and get it all at one time into focus, every mountain would appear to be a valley, every valley would exalt itself into a mountain. Such abasement of the lofty, and such exaltation of the lowly, such bringing forward of the backward, and putting backward of the forward, is effected by two simple prisms of glass—properly focussed.

Again, a couple of flat daguerreotype pictures of any scene are put into a little box. When they are looked at in a couple of reflectors properly arranged, the scene itself seems to be visible in bold relief. So, for example, we may perchance look in upon the river Volga flowing between its banks, and inspect the piles and works of a great unfinished bridge, forming a track partly across the tide from bank to bank, every post as round and real as though the river and its banks and the great work there in progress had been modelled by the fairies. Goethe tells a story of a fairy who was carried about by a mortal in a small box, through the chinks of which there could be seen her sumptuous palace. Here is a box of about the same size, containing any fairy-scene that by the help of photography we may be disposed to conjure up. It is called the Stereoscope. And of what use is its magic? To go no farther than the particular picture just suggested, of very great use. The Emperor of all the Russias is in a great hurry for the completion of the bridge therein represented. He used to make frequent long expeditions to the works, and if he remained long absent, the architect never seemed to him to be sufficiently industrious. The architect now saves all trouble to his imperial master, and maintains his own credit, by having a couple of true and undeniable copies of the works taken once a fortnight by the sun, and sent to St. Petersburg. There they are put into a stereoscope, with which the emperor may sit in his own room, and in which he may count every dam and post, see every ripple of the distant tide.

The pseudoscope is of the same parentage as the stereoscope. In speaking of photography we said about the stereoscope, that it was invented some years since by Professor Wheatstone to illustrate his discovery of the

principles of binocular vision. As we are now, however, treating specifically of the stereoscope and not incidentally, we shall go into a little more detail, as to the history of the instrument.

Although Professor Wheatstone's discovery was alluded to in Herbert Mayo's *Outlines of Physiology* in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-three, it was not until the twenty-first of June eighteen hundred and thirty-eight that Professor Wheatstone detailed the true theory of binocular vision, together with a description and diagram of his illustrative apparatus, which he there first called the Stereoscope, (after two Greek words meaning "solids—I see") before the Royal Society, in a paper; for which, in eighteen hundred and forty, he was awarded the Royal Medal. The stereoscope was afterwards produced and explained by Mr. Wheatstone at the Newcastle meeting of the British Association in September, eighteen hundred and thirty-eight. The form of instrument then exhibited remains to this day the most efficient that has been constructed.

It is the most beautiful, because it is the simplest; it is the most useful, because it can be applied to the inspection of all drawings made upon the stereoscopic principle, whatever may be their size, and it is capable of every kind of adjustment. A very little exercise of ingenuity has sufficed to make it also not less portable than any other, for it is made on the lazy-tongs principle, and can be opened and packed like scissors. Of this instrument, when first shown to the British Association, one literary journalist, expressing the opinion of the time, now perfectly confirmed, said that it rendered the phenomena of double vision, about which volume upon volume have been written, clear to the comprehension of childhood; and by a contrivance so simple, that, when once seen, any person can construct a copy in an hour. The importance of the discovery was recognised at once on all sides.

In a report of that meeting of the Association, published in the same year, it is recorded, that "Sir David Brewster was afraid that the members could scarcely judge, from the very brief and modest account given of this principle, and the instrument devised for illustrating it, of its extreme beauty and generality. He considered it one of the most valuable optical papers which had been presented to the section." Sir John Herschel, on the same occasion, justly characterised the discovery as "one of the most curious and beautiful for its simplicity in the entire range of experimental optics."

At that time photography was an unheard-of science, and there could be used in the stereoscope only drawings made by the hand of an artist. Geometric figures, and a few simple sketches, could be made; but the eye of the best artist was not accurate enough

to catch the delicate distinctions of outline, light and shade existing in the same landscape or figure, as it would appear seen from two points at a distance of only two and a half inches from each other. At the beginning of the year eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, photography became known, and Mr. Wheatstone, not slow to perceive that the sun would supply his stereoscope with pictures of the necessary accuracy, soon obtained from Mr. Talbot stereoscopic Talbotypes of statues, buildings, and even living persons. The first Daguerreotypes were produced for Mr. Wheatstone by M. Fizeau and M. Claudet. The application of the stereoscope to photography having been communicated by Mr. Wheatstone to M. Quetelet, specimens being at the same time sent, was made public in the bulletins of the Brussels Academy for October, eighteen hundred and forty-one. Eight or nine years afterwards, Sir David Brewster helped to popularise the idea by prompting M. Dubosq Soleil (as we have elsewhere said) to the construction of a number of stereoscopes, in which, by the use of a couple of semi-lenses with their edges directed towards each other, a form of instrument was obtained very convenient for the Daguerreotypist, who deals rarely in large pictures. This instrument is a slight modification of the second form of stereoscope—the refracting—suggested by the original discoverer. The old reflecting instrument, the first form, remains, however, for all purposes of experiment and study, as well as for many purposes of common use, by far the best.

Before we proceed to an account of the steps which led up to the discovery of the stereoscope, and of some facts in nature which it proves and illustrates, we should say two or three words about the method of investigation also illustrated by it. Mr. Wheatstone is Professor of Experimental Philosophy in King's College, London, and one of the most successful of the experimental philosophers of our own time. Down in the vaults of King's College we remember seeing, years ago, a great array of wires which we were told belonged to an experiment of Mr. Wheatstone's then in hand. Those wires were the unborn electric telegraph, which came into life out of the experiments of Mr. Wheatstone on electrical velocity. The discovery of the stereoscope furnishes an interesting illustration of the method by which the chief operations of experimental philosophy are conducted. The surest way to get a secret out of nature—if one is clever enough to do it—is to overreach her: to entrap her into a confession by compelling her to work under unheard of conditions. She cannot go to work on fresh material of your own choosing without betraying some part of her mode of setting about business. If all the information that you want is not to be had by playing the mysterious mother one trick, try her with another and another. The

secrets of double vision, which could never have been either thought out or discovered by a mere watching of nature at her daily work, have been wormed out of her by such tricks or such experiments.

Place any irregular or angular solid body on the table before you. Close each eye in turn, while you observe the object accurately with the other. You will not fail to observe that a slight—but very sensible—difference exists between the results of the two sights taken from two points in the same head at the same object. The points of sight in the two eyes are of course different, and by the laws of perspective it is easy to determine that the views of the same thing taken from those two points could not be identical. That is very obvious and very simple. Yet that simple observation is the whole basis of the theory of the stereoscope, and it had not been made or rather when made had been always set aside as immaterial, before Professor Wheatstone built upon it one of the most beautiful little discoveries that grace the science of our day. There is a reason, thought Mr. Wheatstone, for this difference. It had been commonly supposed that single vision with two eyes only resulted from the falling of the same point of the picture formed by an object on the same point in each eye. But that is what can take place only in the case of a painted landscape. If we look at a Claude or a Canaletto the eyes both see the same picture, and both see it in precisely the same way, but the result is that they see it as a flat painting on canvas, and are so convinced of its flatness, that the best skill in shadow and perspective will not cause the houses to look really solid, the hills really to appear as lumps arising on a broad flat earth. The best picture will not, as an illusion, stand the test of two eyes. But if we look at it with one eye, the painter can cheat that. If one eye be not allowed to compare notes with its neighbour, and to see the objects which profess to be one behind another from a second point of view, then accurate lights and shadows in a picture, corresponding to the real light in the room, will be assumed as evidence of actual solidity. In a landscape that consisted of real fields and trees, or in a real street, one eye could have obtained not much more evidence than that, and the mind, satisfied to get the utmost evidence attainable, would upon that have founded a conclusion. For this reason, connoisseurs may be seen often shutting one eye when they examine a painting. If use be made of a hollow tube, or a roll of paper, which is the same thing, in such a way that the frame, and all surrounding objects of comparison are carefully excluded, the cheat perpetrated upon one eye by a really good picture is very completely ended.

Leonardo da Vinci noticed this method of examining a picture with one eye, and is the

only person who before our times had reasoned on the matter. He pointed out, that if you look at a solid globe with one eye it conceals a certain piece of background, which to the other eye is visible; and if you change the eye you change the background, so that, as he said, except a certain part behind the globe invisible to both eyes, the solid body is in a certain sense transparent. He thought that the impossibility of cheating two eyes with a picture lay in the impossibility of getting at this state of affairs in the background. Mr. Wheatstone observed justly, that had the philosophic painter taken any other solid than a ball on which to found his illustration, he would have observed not only the difference in the background, but also the difference between the two perspectives. But he did not. Mr. Wheatstone, therefore, was the first who called distinct attention to this very obvious, but, nevertheless, practically new fact in the theory of vision.

Then the experimenter said to himself: The old theory which supposed an identity between the pictures painted at the same time on the two eyes being false, there must be something more in the disparity than a mere necessary awkwardness resulting from the impossibility of having two eyes in one place. If the possession of two eyes only caused a confusion to be got over by habit, we two-eyed people should be all really worse off than Polyphemus. Why have we two eyes? That was the question which Mr. Wheatstone entrapped Nature into answering. The trap set by him was the stereoscope.

One could not easily imagine any apparatus simpler in its construction. Since it was not possible twenty years ago, by aid of photography, to obtain on paper or silver two sketches of the same scene, having only the minute difference in the point of view that would exist between the two points of sight furnished to man by Nature—which are about two-and-a-half inches distant from each other in an ordinary adult head—Mr. Wheatstone took the simple forms of cubes and other solid mathematical figures, placing them before him, and carefully making two sketches of each, corresponding to the two appearances presented by it to the two eyes. They were obvious and easy of depiction. They were made simply in outline, and in each case, of course, were evidently flat copies. Let us take the example of the cube. These, the experimental philosopher then reasoned, are the images of the cube separately presented to each eye; flat outlines evidently. Let me contrive now to look at them in such a way that the right eye shall see only its own proper picture as I have drawn it from its own proper point of view, and the left eye the other picture, and that they shall fall as they do in nature with their respective differences upon corresponding

parts of the two eyes. What will be the result?

The instrument was soon made. Two bits of looking-glass placed back to back were arranged in the form of a broad letter V, their angle a right angle and their mirrors looking outwards. On two little walls placed at equal distances beyond the mirrors, the two pictures of the cube were hung and carefully adjusted so that the two images should be reflected in precisely the right way. Then an observer, placing his nose at the point of the V, and looking with one eye into one mirror, and with the other eye into the other mirror would, of course, see with each eye its own distinct view of the cube, as it had been sketched. What, then, was the result? Not a confusion of two sketches, but a complete reproduction of the cube itself in all its wholeness of length, breadth, and depth. The illusion was perfect. The instrument so constructed, and here rudely described, was a reflecting stereoscope; and, by its use, Mr. Wheatstone was able to demonstrate so simply that all could understand, and no man could dispute the fact, that the use of two eyes is to obtain two pictures from different points of view, and that the use of the differences that exist in the two images of every solid object so seen is to assure to the mind the idea of depth or distance.

Mr. Wheatstone reflected in his mirrors a pair of real cubes. When they were so placed that they threw upon the eyes in the due way two pictures so differing, that they represented the two aspects of a single cube as seen by the two eyes, there was a single cube seen in relief: when they were so adjusted that each eye received a precisely similar impression, though two solid forms were looked at, the mind believed that it saw only the flat picture of a cube. I need not multiply such illustrations of a fact already placed beyond dispute.

A great many experiments could be made with the reflecting stereoscope by a philosopher gifted with Professor Wheatstone's ingenuity; a great many experiments were really made, and more secrets were in fact discovered.

Of course the nearer any object is to the two eyes, the greater is the discrepancy between the pictures of it seen by them, and the more vivid the notion of relief. Of distant objects the views taken by both eyes are almost identical, and we judge of the reality of the whole distant scene as the one-eyed man judges of all things visible. We judge by experience and comparison, by the effects of light and shade, and by conclusions drawn from the movements of the head, which enable us to note how the view changes as we change the point of observation. In looking with a single eye through a microscope at crystals or other objects, every observer knows how difficult it is to avoid misconception as to which parts of an object

are nearer to the eye, which are more distant from it.

Since the same object, say a jug of punch, throws a larger image on the eye in proportion to its nearness, and since there are few positions in which it is not nearer to one eye than to the other, the two images seen at one time by the two eyes can rarely be quite alike in size, and so there occurs another interference with the identity of the two pictures. Having reflected upon this matter, Mr. Wheatstone drew two circles differing somewhat in their size, and presented by means of his stereoscope one to each eye. He did not see two circles. Though different they coincided, and presented the impression of a circle intermediate in size between the two. Beyond certain limits; that is to say, beyond the utmost difference of this kind that can occur in any case of vision with two eyes—when each eye squints outwards; no such coincidence can take place in the stereoscope between two outlines of unequal magnitude. The mind, however, never does more than its assigned work in the way of fusion. Whoever wears a pair of spectacles with one glass blue and the other yellow, will not see surrounding objects coloured green. The different impressions made upon his two eyes will not in that case mingle, but—sometimes one predominating, and sometimes the other—he will see things always tinged either with blue or yellow, sometimes with one colour and sometimes with the other, but always with only one of the two colours at one time.

One of the oddest and most instructive results of experiment with the reflecting stereoscope, detailed by Mr. Wheatstone—one which creates artificially a complete chaos of the laws of vision—we must endeavour in the next place to explain. In order to do so, we must make use of and first understand a technical expression—optic axes. What are optic axes? Place upon the table before you one small stone, and look at it with both your eyes. The line drawn from the stone at which you are looking through the centre of one eye-ball is one optic axis, and the line from the same point, through the other eye-ball, is the other axis. On the stone, when you look at it, the lines of course converge. Look at the stone from a considerable distance, and the two lines or axes run for a long way side by side; look at it from a distance of three inches, and the lines converge very rapidly; in other words, they form, when they meet on the stone, in the first case a small angle, and in the last case a large one. Very well. Now, as you come nearer to the stone in walking from a corner of the room towards the table, the optic axes converge upon it gradually more and more, at the same time that the image of the stone enlarges on the retina. It is a familiar experience that things in motion become larger on the eye as they approach us, smaller as they recede. At the same time, while they

approach the optic axes converge more towards them, and again the said axes become more nearly parallel as they are departing. Now it was no hard matter for Professor Wheatstone so to adjust pairs of pictures on the moveable walls of his reflecting stereoscope as that all ordinary experience should in this matter be contradicted.

In the first place, he arranged the stereoscopic pair on arms moveable only in a circle, so that the images in the two mirrors should always be of the same size, being formed by pictures always at a like distance from the mirrors, but that the eyes should be obliged in following the movements of the pictures to vary the degree of convergence of the optic axes. He found that as the convergence of the optic axes lessened (suggesting distance) the perceived size of the image grew upon the mind, and it seemed to become smaller as the convergence was increased. The real size of the image was, as we have said, unaltered. In nature, as the convergence of the axes lessens, the size of the image lessens, but its perceived magnitude remains the same; because the mind, at all reasonable distances, insensibly, through habit and experience, forms a pretty equal and just conception of the size of objects.

The experiment, just cited, was then reversed. By simply sliding the two pictures nearer to the mirrors, the size of the image thrown upon each eye was enlarged, but the position of the images upon the mirrors not being shifted, in observing them the inclination of the optic axes was not altered. The alterations in size were perceived accurately, and while the pictures were moved to and fro, the image, enlarging and diminishing, cheated the mind in a fresh manner; it appeared in the most evident way to be moving backwards and forwards. And yet observe the curious distinction, whenever it stood still, and whatever might be then its perceived size, there was no apparent change in its position, it never seemed to have moved at all. It always appeared, when motionless, to be at one and the same distance from the eye, because the chief measure of distance—the amount of convergence of the optic axes—never altered.

A similar delusion was elicited in the companion experiment, wherein though the real size of the image never altered, the degree of convergence of the axes being made constantly to vary, caused it apparently to increase and decrease. In that case, while the picture grew or dwindled, as we know by experience that it would increase upon the eye or dwindle if advancing or receding, yet, for all that it never seemed to move. It stood still enlarging like the dog that grew into a hippopotamus before the eyes of Dr. Faustus. Nevertheless, whenever the trial ceased, whatever change has been made in the position of the stereoscopic plates was represented to the eye as a difference of dis-

tance; the image had got, apparently, into a new place, because the inclination of the axes ceased to be the same. Thus, we may be told to look at an object in this magic instrument advancing and receding without changing place, and changing place without being observed to move. A state of things utterly contradictory and confusing, scarcely or not at all conceivable, because it never has been in the experience of any man from Adam downwards, until Mr. Wheatstone learned to detect and re-combine and make experiments upon the first principles of vision in his new instrument, the stereoscope.

Enough has been said to show the great value and importance of the stereoscope to a philosophical investigator of the laws of sight. When we before spoke of this instrument we said that, apart from its philosophical use, it was employed only as a toy. It is to be purchased now—in its less perfect forms—in all toy-shops; and the use to which it is put commonly by the photographer, though agreeable, is unimportant. The stereoscope itself, however, is not only of philosophical importance, it admits of many really valuable practical applications. We need refer only to what has been already said of the difficulty experienced by the microscopist in determining with one eye whether crystals and other objects seen by him are hollow or solid. If a sovereign be looked at through a microscope, the Queen's head upon it will as often appear to be sunk into the coin as to stand out in relief from it. Now, however, when photographic copies can be taken of objects seen in the field of the microscope, it will suffice to take two copies of the same object, with the due angle of difference between their points of view, and place them in a stereoscope. The power of two eyes will be then brought to bear upon the object seen with one eye only through the glasses of the microscope, and a correct impression will be formed of its relative dimensions.

Having explained their principle, we do not think it worth while to discuss the construction of the different forms of stereoscope now in use. In the refracting instrument, invented afterwards by Mr. Wheatstone, as convenient for the examination of small pictures, prisms are used to deflect the rays of light proceeding from the pictures; refracted are there substituted for reflected images.

Of this instrument the small portable stereoscope in common use is a modification suggested by Sir David Brewster. Its pair of prisms are the two halves of a common lens. An ordinary lens having been cut in half, the cut edges are turned outwards, and the two half circles, or thin edges of the two prisms so made, are directed towards each other. They are placed about two inches and a half apart, with a power of adjustment that enables them to be presented accurately to any pair of eyes, so that each

eye of the pair may look precisely through the centre of the half lens presented to it. Under such prisms the stereoscopic pictures are adjusted.

Minute details upon subjects of this kind must of course be sought in other publications. We must in this place be satisfied if we convey general ideas of a just kind upon such topics: a notion of the stereoscope—and at the best no more has now been given—as we attempted on a former occasion to convey a notion of photography. We desire to note in this place that in our brief sketch of the processes of that art, we conveyed among other things an error by a slip of the scribe, which set down dilute pyrogallic acid as an agent used for fixing the picture on the metallic plate. A solution of hyposulphate of soda was the agent that should have been named. Having stepped aside to correct that *erratum*, we return to our proper subject and have to content ourselves now with a final word or two about the pseudoscope; an instrument of which the name implies “falsehoods, I see.”

If we cheat the eyes in a stereoscope by showing to each eye the picture that belongs only to its neighbour's point of view, everything is perverted. Upon every point, not immediately in the middle line between and before the two eyes, the optic axes must converge in the wrong way, and objects or parts of objects will appear distant in proportion as they otherwise would have seemed near.

The pseudoscope is especially contrived for the illustration of this fact. It is a little instrument, convenient as an opera glass in the hand and as easily adjusted. It consists of two prisms of flint glass, so joined, that they may be adjusted before the eyes to the exact focus of observation of any object. The prisms reflect the two images of any one thing—each apparently but not actually to the wrong eye—and, when the instrument is so adjusted that the two images coincide and the object consequently appears single, the observer is at once subjected to illusions of the oddest kind. A globe, so observed, may for a minute be a globe, but after the spectator has gazed at its rotundity for a short while, suddenly, as if without cause, it appears to be converted into a concave hemisphere, over the brim of which continents are flowing as the globe revolves. A China cup, with coloured ornaments upon it in relief, becomes a mould of half the cup with painted hollow impressions of the flowers inside, instead of outside.

The suddenness of the metamorphosis suffered by such a cup belongs, one might say, wholly to the days of sorcery. The explanation is, however, very natural. Relief and distance are not suggested solely by the use of two eyes and the convergence of their optic axes. We are accustomed to note other signs which are perceived by each eye singly. The idea

of relief being suggested by the presence of some signs, the eyes at first are apt to dwell upon them, and are not disposed to be immediately disturbed in their impression.

FIRST STAGE TO AUSTRALIA.

It is of no use pretending not to know where Park Street, Westminster, is. Don't ask your way of the crossing-sweeper. Don't enquire of the policeman at the corner. You need not trouble the elderly woman of the fruit stall to point out to you the direction of this Open Sesame of the Great South Land—the abode of these official guardians of the Golden Regions, according to popular belief. Follow the stream of fustian jackets, corduroy trousers and smock-frocks, keep in the rear of the chattering, excited parties of half-shaven mechanics, slatternly females, and slipshod children. They are all moving in one direction, and you could not miss your way if you tried, for it's much easier to follow this stream than to move against it.

Across the broad street, along the pavement on the right-hand side, cross over again, keep straight on, round a little to the left, then sharp to the right, and the third house on the right-hand side, if we can but get at it through the crowd, is the much-sought office of the Commissioners of Land and Emigration. The dense throng of impromptu sheep-shearers, ready-made agriculturists, and shepherds by inspiration, find it difficult to get through the iron wicket and down the steep stone steps into the area, where they are compelled to pass to the lower waiting-room. Indeed, it is almost as intricate and dangerous an undertaking as wading through the labyrinth of type comprised in the thirty-four rules of the Commissioners. There is a warm and lively performance going on in that waiting-room down below the iron wicket amongst the ready-made farm-servants from Whitechapel and the shepherds of Shoreditch. It would be impossible to say precisely how many tongues were going at once about steerage passages, and seasickness, and split peas.

Up the cold, broad, stone staircase, and in the first floor on the left hand, is a quiet, busy room, full of active clerks—a Custom House Log Room in miniature. Pens are travelling over acres of paper ruled in an infinity of tabular forms: heads are reckoning up shiploads of shepherds with three children and wheelwrights with one, and carpenters with only a wife. Senior clerks are adding up and tabulating the totals of male and female statute adults shipped by the “Wiggins” for Adelaide and the “Scroggins” for Port Phillip, and a table-full of supernumerary deputy-assistant clerks are ticking off as many single young women as they can afford to do for six shillings a-day. There

is a bald-headed supernumerary in one corner, in the depths of despair because an emigrant freight note from some Irish port will not add up. He makes the total come to three hundred and thirty-nine and a half statute adults; and, being a fresh hand, he cannot conceive the possibility of half of an Irishman emigrating to any part of the globe; not yet being aware that by the Government regulations it requires two young children to make up the full statute adult.

Higher up on the next floor, secretaries, assistant secretaries, and commissioners, hold solemn deliberations about ships, shepherds, single women, and salt pork. Early in the morning, the desks of the assistant secretary and chief clerk are piled with enormous heaps of letters from every part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, not forgetting the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and the Isle of Man. Every town and village throughout the empire is represented in the corresponding department of the Colonial Land and Emigration Commission in Park Street. The requirements of the colonists sending home the funds for emigration are all in favour of married labourers of certain ages and occupations, and these considerations have, of course, to be borne in mind in the selection of candidates for free passages to Australia. The callings most in requisition for these colonies are agricultural labourers, shepherds, herdsmen, journeymen mechanics and artisans. It follows, that while such persons as shopmen, clerks, bakers, butchers, tailors, confectioners, green-grocers, wire-drawers, wig-makers, and jewellers, are invariably refused, and whilst all single men (except those who may be part of a family) are also rejected, the search is for blacksmiths, carpenters, sawyers, gardeners, agriculturists, with their wives and families. To select the hale and honest artisan or farm servant from the pauperised town labourer; to choose the valuable family colonist from the London candidate who has more than three children under ten years of age, or who has not been vaccinated, or has more sons than daughters, or who has been in the habitual receipt of parish relief—forms no inconsiderable or pleasurable task. It taxes the patience, the industry, and the good temper of the secretary and his assistants to an inordinate degree.

The work of opening, sorting and docketing these numberless letters begins. The majority are oddly folded, oddly spelt, oddly addressed, oddly worded. There is one extremely uncouth-looking epistle soldered together by cobbler's wax, and pressed tightly down with the thumb. It contains an admixture of the official and free-and-easy style; commencing "Honoured sir," and ending "Yours affexenctly." This correspondent appears to be as versatile in his "begs to inform to the honourable commissioners"

that he can not only do all sorts of field-work, but house-work also; and that he believes he shall do his country a service by going to "Orstraley;" that his wife can make butter, is very stout, and has had the measles: his three children are perfect prodigies. Another applicant indulges in a desponding strain, telling Her Majesty's Commissioners that he is extremely desirous of being married to a young woman, five feet five inches in height, with whom he has been keeping company for three years; but that he sees no prospect of accomplishing this unless they will do themselves the pleasure of sending him out to the colonies. He is a painter and glazier; but is quite prepared to undertake any sort of work from a police-sergeant down to a shepherd, the qualifications being, he thinks, precisely the same. A third candidate for expatriation states himself to be "a yung man of good ten stun fore; used to osses, with a wife which will bear investigation." A fourth is "a mill-rite with two female children." A fifth represents himself to be "just like the fond lover wishing to gain the desire of his art, but often meets with disappointment;" and has an ardent attachment for Australia, and entreats the Commissioners to take his case in hand by return of post.

While, above stairs, piles of such letters are being read and replied to (sometimes with lithographed circulars), the crowd of personal applicants have to be attended to below. One by one, or two by two, these are admitted to an interview with a deputy inspector-general of emigrants, in a small official cabin very like a regulation steerage berth. This officer is a keen-eyed, sharp-witted person, up to no end of artful dodges, and more than a match for any number of painters and glaziers, or half a hundred "mill-rites," trying to get out under false pretences. We have explained that only emigrants of certain callings are eligible for free passages out of the Government funds. Consequently, it is the unceasing object and aim of hundreds of Spitalfields weavers, Lambeth labourers, and Kentish Town cads, to transform themselves into rustic swains by the aid of smock-frocks, slouch hats, and laced boots. They might as well endeavour to pass themselves off as noble savages or Aztec dwarfs. Our keen-eyed friend in the steerage is thoroughly up to them. He knows that pale faces and smock-frocks do not belong to each other; he can tell that bony fingers cannot possibly know anything about sheep-shearing, or hedging and ditching. He can see the difference between hands that have worked with the spade and those that have only made acquaintance with the yard or the scales. He can tell by the way a man walks into his little 'tween decks, whether he has ever followed the plough or sown up a coat.

From the quiet dignity of Park Street, Westminster, we will take a rapid run down to the London Emigration Depot at the Nine Elms Station of the South-Western Railway. Southampton is now the great port of embarkation for Government emigrants from the south coast; and, by special arrangements with the directors of the Railway Company, emigrants are temporarily housed and fed at their Nine Elms Station; and are eventually conveyed to Southampton for a very small sum per head. The extensive suite of lofty well ventilated rooms, once the London headquarters of the Company, are now converted into dormitories, refectories, and reception-rooms for Government emigrants; and a very comfortable time they have of it whilst awaiting the arrival of a sufficient number to be sent off by special train to Southampton.

At that port the disused terminus is also used for the same purpose. What was once the directors' board room contains a hundred beds for married couples; the secretary's rooms accommodate as many more for single men; and single women are safely accommodated in the old treasury. The ancient booking-office is now the dining-hall; and, adjoining, the luggage-room has been converted, by the aid of huge boilers and steam-pipes, into a gigantic kitchen. The savoury fumes of soups and meats permeate the whole establishment; heavy boiler-lids are constantly leaping up, and reeking joints peep out like Hadji Baba's thieves from the oil-jars inquiring if it were time. The hissing and steaming cauldrons contain the mid-day meal of a party of Government emigrants momentarily expected to join the copper-fastened, swift-sailing schooner (standing A 1 at Lloyd's) "Muffineer," now in the Southampton docks, which is promised to have "quick dispatch" for Melbourne.

The humble passengers begin to pour in by half-dozens, then in scores; and presently men, women, children, and luggage inundate the depot, tumbling over one another for the first half hour in the most hopeless confusion. But time and patience convinces everybody that there is room for all and to spare. Everything goes on systematically. Heavy packages are placed in an outer railed shed; parcels and children are carefully stowed away on one side of the dinner-hall. There is a good deal of talking, and pushing about, and wondering where ever "my boxes," or "my Johnny," or "my missus with baby and the tea-canister with the money in it," can have got to. But at length one o'clock comes; a large bell sounds; and, as it dies away, there is not one of all that motley crowd who is not seated before a clean plate.

Many of these poor emigrants have not partaken of such a meal as that which is now spread before them for many a day; perhaps never before in the course of their

toilsome lives. Certainly none of them ever laid down to rest in more comfortable beds than they do on this first night of their wanderings towards the Gold World at the Antipodes.

Long before the Southampton public are awake or moving, the emigrants are up, and submitting their baggage to the examination of the government officer; whose duty it is to see that each has an outfit sufficiently abundant for a four months' voyage. Sometimes a few articles of clothing are found wanting; for many of these people are of the poorest class; but the deficiency is in certain cases made good by a Ladies' Emigration Committee at Southampton; which takes care that no mother of a family leaves her home without such comforts for herself and her children as are indispensable to a long voyage.

Every attention is necessarily given to cleanliness and ventilation on board the ships chartered by the Emigration Commissioners; and, as soon as the passengers have been allotted their respective berths, they are each served with a set of utensils necessary for the voyage; such as a tin pot, a bread basket, a can for water, metal plates, knives, forks, and spoons, in addition to bedding and a clothes bag. These articles become the property of the emigrants at the end of the voyage, except in cases of misconduct. Recently, it has been found necessary to take from the emigrants at the port of embarkation a written engagement, that, if they go to the gold fields, or if they quit the colony within four years after landing, they will repay to the colonial government a proportionate part of their passage money, at the rate of four pounds per adult for each year remaining to complete four years from landing. This is the merest justice to the colonists; who provide funds in order that labourers might be forwarded to them; and not with the romantic benevolence of stocking the diggings with gold seekers.

It does not require many days to fill the "Muffineer." The stores are all on board, the sails are loosened, the last group of parting friends have left the gangway, the emigration agent certifies that all is complete, the word is given to the little steam-tug to move ahead, whilst hats and handkerchiefs are waved, tears are shed, and as the "Muffineer" is being towed out of the mouth of the harbour, some few rather bolder and stouter than the rest try to get up a parting cheer; but it generally turns out a miserable failure. They are off, to swell the living tide that floats towards the south. They who have been inured to labour are off, from hunger, toil, and sorrow, to plenty, to comfort, and happiness. They are off, from the poor-house, the jail, and the asylum, to the green hills, and fertile fields of a new land.

During this present year to the end of June there had left our shores for all parts of the

world not fewer than two hundred and ninety-two thousand three hundred and forty-seven persons. Of these, one hundred and ninety-nine thousand left for the United States of America, and fifty-two thousand for the Australian gold regions. The remainder went to Canada and to other places. The channels through which all this has taken place have been various. Parish emigration, assisted emigration, free emigration, emigration through the aid of relatives, and lastly that mode of which we purpose treating more especially, Government emigration.

A BRILLIANT DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS.

It is eleven o'clock at night. The moon is shining, not too brightly to dim the fun of the "Gardens." There is a temporary respite. The Suffolk prodigy, eight years of age, and weighing an unlimited number of "stun," has exhibited his fat legs for the small charge of threepence. Sporting amateurs in pinafores have had a pop at a revolving target of foxes and hares at a penny per shot. Professor Contortini and his talented son have tied themselves up into endless knots, and the Signora Doubledoni has petrified her patrons and patronesses (at twopence a head) by her inexplicable powers of clairvoyance and thought-reading. The grand concert is over, in which the celebrated comic singer obtained five encores. The angels of the grand ballet have shed their wings and their muslin, and are supping off saveloys with their respective husbands and families. The visitors have ascertained satisfactorily, by the expenditure of sundry pennies, which amongst themselves is the tallest, which the heaviest, and which can punch a spring-buffer with the greatest force. The Hungarian Band have hung up their instruments, and are sporting pea coats over their spangles and tights. The Polygraphic Views are rolled up; the American nine-pins are all finally knocked down, and the Chinese peg-top has gone to sleep for the night. The rifle-gallery has ceased its whiz, fizz, slap, bang. The Circus has displayed the talents of "the graceful *ceuyere*," the "dashing horsewoman," the "sylph of the arena," the "queen of the *manège*," the "equestrian star," the "demon horseman," the "gymnastic wonder," and the "unbuckled contortionists." The butter-tub phenomenon has rolled his perilous way up a hundred feet of inclined plane amidst the breathless dread of the spectators that he will tumble off and break his neck before he has reached the end of the plank. The Elastic Brothers have performed their matchless feats of standing upon nothing and swinging on chin-balanced poles twenty feet high.—The din of amusement is over; and now nothing remains to be seen but the achievements of Chevalier Mortram, with his troop

of Salamanders. They have taken possession of a certain dark portion of ground, backed by a wood and canvas temple of an unknown order of that ultra composite architecture known as the Indescribable.

What the Chevalier is about to do no one is supposed to know but himself. In the impenetrable breast of the artist lies the determination whether there shall be rockets with tail-stars, or with golden rain, or with brilliant heads; whether Bengal lights shall burst with green fire or red fire; whether there shall be a *pot d'aigrette*, with a tree of silver flowers and a grand shower of fiery serpents; whether a shell shall explode with brilliant stars, or with snakes; whether there shall be a six-rayed star, with Chinese flyers and a grand cross of jerb fire; whether Jack-in-the-Box shall explode his crackers in the air; whether a Devil-among-the-Tailors shall end his freaks with a grand explosion of flower-pots and fizzgigs; whether there shall be a cascade of golden flowers, or an asteroid rocket to change colour seven times, or an ascending shower of snakes, or a fiery dragon to dart and wriggle and spit fire over the heads of the spectators.

We are behind the scenes; and we there learn from the renowned fire artist many curious and interesting things. We are told first that the pyrotechnic art illustrates many of the most important principles in chemistry, optics and dynamics. Explosion itself is, he says, a chemical phenomenon. As a general rule, pyrotechny depends on the property which nitre possesses of accelerating the combustion of inflammable substances, even when excluded from the air; nitre, or saltpetre, or sal-prunella (for they are nearly equivalent names) is on this account the soul of all pyrotechny. Of the substances whose combustion nitre accelerates, sulphur is the principal; it is used either as roll-sulphur or flower of sulphur. The third most important ingredient is charcoal; which is made from hard wood or soft wood, and is ground finely or coarsely, according to the kind of effect which is required to be produced. Nitre, sulphur, and charcoal, are the three ingredients of gunpowder, and the pyrotechnist uses them largely, as gunpowder, in this combined state; but he also uses them separately and in varied proportions. For minor purposes, bitumen, pitch, tallow, resin, coal, camphor, glass, mica, orpiment, alcohol, metal filings, benzoin, oils, sawdust, amber, clay, frankincense, myrrh, and other substances, are occasionally employed; but nitre, sulphur, charcoal, metal filings, and a few salts, are the materials in ordinary of a brilliant display of fireworks.

Let these materials be combined in what number or proportions they may, a chemical change instantly follows ignition. The desired result may be an explosion, or a recoil, or a flame, or a stream of sparks; but

all these are alike chemical phenomena. When an explosion takes place, the solid materials, or some of them, are instantly converted into gases; and these gases occupy so much more space than the solids, that they must displace air to obtain room for themselves, and the violence of this displacement occasions the noise of the explosion. If the materials be confined within a strong paper case, or a gun barrel, the greater effort of the expanding gases to rend it increases the intensity of the noise. If flame be required, exploding materials must be loosely confined, and the solids must be such that their resultant gases will inflame or ignite. If sparks be wanted, some one of the materials must bear an intense heat and reflect an intense light before being dissipated. All these are chemical effects; and different combinations of ingredients are necessary to ensure their production. For simple explosion without other attendant phenomena, gunpowder is the chief or only agent; for a recoil motion, such as that of rockets and serpents, a little less proportion of nitre is used; for flame, charcoal is as much as possible excluded; for sparks, charcoal preponderates, aided by metal filings. The slow or the quick burning of substance, the production of sound or of light, the exhibition of flames or of sparks—are all the result of chemical laws.

No one can dispute the optical beauty of fire-works. The sparks and the flames may be regarded as luminous particles, rendered visible by intense heat; but the most gorgeous effects are produced by the reflection of coloured rays derived from various chemical mixtures; the nitre and the sulphur and the charcoal, one or more, produce the flame and the sparks, but it is something else which imparts brilliancy of colour. The theatres are famous show places for these coloured fires. When Jessonda is about to be immolated, and the Portuguese besiege the castle, one feels terribly hot at the idea of the approaching flames; and when Don Juan is pushed down by small devils in horns, tails, and brown tights through a trap-door, there are misgivings as to the nature of the red fire into which he is plunged. But there is nothing to fear. Nitrate of strontian does it all; and chemistry thus comes to the aid of Spohr and Mozart. Very white light, used for "white speckies" or illumination lights in ornamental fire-works, owe much of their whiteness to zinc filings. Pale blue light is indebted to a little antimony as well as zinc. Red is produced by the addition either of mica or nitrate of strontian to the other ingredients. Purple fire is aided by red lead; yellow by black-lead; green by nitrate of copper; yellowish-white by red orpiment, and so on. The chemistry of colour is taxed by the pyrotechnist to the utmost: a new colour would be welcomed by him as much as a new sauce by

an epicure or a new idea by a poet. Nor are radiant and reflected coloured lights alone treasures to him; but he occasionally makes use of transmitted light. In the old-fashioned illuminating lamps, fed with oil instead of gas, the gay colours are due to the little glass vessels and not to the flame itself; they are examples of coloured light produced by transmission. This transmitted light does wonders on the stage. When Mario and Grisi in *La Favorita* mope in the moonlight; or when the dead nuns in *Robert le Diable* dance an unearthly ballet, we may make a tolerably near guess that a green glass bottle, placed in front of a strong light, produces the moonshine.

The laws of dynamics or mechanical movement are, besides those of chemistry, illustrated and brought into play in pyrotechnics. The ascent of a sky-rocket, and the revolving of a fire-wheel, are beautiful examples of these laws. When a cannon is fired, the ball goes one way and the cannon another—the latter being affected by a recoil. It is true this recoil is very slight, on account of the great weight of the cannon, and the mode in which it is connected with the ground. The gunpowder behind the ball explodes or expands into gas; this gas must and will find room for itself, either by driving the ball out of the cannon, or by driving the cannon away from the ball, or both. Apply this to a sky-rocket. A rocket is a strong paper tube, filled with inflammable matter. It is fixed vertically to a stick; and, when fired at the lower end, the composition becomes converted into a gas. This gas, pressing and driving in all directions, finds an outlet, rushing out with great force; and is accompanied by a brilliant shower of sparks at the opened lower end; but it also drives the case itself upwards by the recoil. The ascent of the rocket is wholly due to the efforts of the gaseous exploded mixture to escape. This recoil is the same in principle as that displayed by a screw-propeller, however different it may appear in action. The screw must turn round, because a steam-engine irresistibly compels it, but it cannot do this without either driving the water in one direction or the ship in another. It does both; the ship recoils under the force used, and thus is it moved along. The beautiful revolving wheels which form such attractive objects in pyrotechnic displays are in like manner dependent on the dynamic action of the wheel. They are kindled at certain points—sometimes at the periphery, sometimes at the side of the spokes—and the expanding gases rush out at the orifices. But this rush tends to recoil against the wheel itself; and, if the orifice be judiciously placed the recoil will cause the wheel to rotate with great velocity. There are many machines in which a rotatory movement is given by the escape of water or air through orifices, on a principle somewhat analogous. The modes of applying these chemical, and optical, and

dynamical principles may be almost infinite. It is the pyrotechnist's business to find out these modes; it is his craft, his art and mystery, the fruit of his ingenuity, and the source of his bread and cheese.

Listen to a catalogue of some among the many forms which these graceful displays of light and colour and form and motion are made to present:—

First there is the Sky-rocket, already noticed—a cylindrical case intended to ascend to a great height, give out a profusion of sparks during its ascent, and spread a brilliant shower of coloured stars when it explodes, high up in the skiey regions. A *Tourbillon* is a sort of double rocket, having orifices so placed as to produce a double recoil—one rotatory and one vertical; the *Tourbillon* revolves and ascends at the same time, and is an exceedingly beautiful and brilliant firework. A Roman Candle is a case containing one or more smaller cases; a stream of sparks carries up a brilliant kind of star, which may be white, blue, or sparkling, according to the ingredients which it contains. A gerb or jerb is a firework depending chiefly on the brilliant sparkles of steel and iron filings; and a Chinese fountain is somewhat similar to it. A *Pot-de-Brin* is a case or cavity from which serpents, stars, and crackers, are thrown up into the air. A *Pot-d'Aigrette* throws up serpents only; while a *Pot-de-Sauvesson* throws up cases which are half serpent half cracker. A Balloon (in the pyrotechnic, not the aeronautic sense) is a shell propelled from a mortar, and made to scatter squibs, crackers, serpents, and stars, when it explodes at a great height: this is often very magnificent. A Cracker is a small case filled with dense powder, and producing a loud report when exploded; a Maroon is a large cracker; and both form component parts of larger fireworks. A *Sauvesson* is compounded of a brilliant fire and a bounce, and is discharged out of a mortar fixed on the ground. A Scroll is a kind of *tourbillon* on a small scale, provided with a rotatory motion. A Rain is a composition for adding to sky-rockets and other pieces; it pours down a vertical shower of brilliant sparks, which may be of any desired colour. A Star is a brilliant light, produced by the explosion of a small case connected with sky-rockets and Roman candles. A Wheel—whether a single case, or a spiral, or a compound, or a horizontal, or a compound spiral, or a diverging vertical, or a reversed, or a conical horizontal, or an extending, or a diminishing, or a concentric, or an alternating wheel—is a framework of wood or iron, having certain axial movements according to its kind; long tubes filled with gunpowder or composition are twined upon, or around, or within the wheel in various directions; and when these compositions are fired the recoil causes the wheel to revolve horizontally, or vertically, or to ascend or descend—endless beauties are at

the pyrotechnist's command in these productions. A Geometrical Figure is such an arrangement of filled paper cases as will produce when ignited a fiery cross, triangle, square, hexagon, octagon, or other figure. An Ostrich Feather, or Prince of Wales's plume is a pleasing spread of sparkling fire, usually forming the apex of a pyramidal firework. A Tree throws out coloured fires at various angles for either side of a vertical centre. These are only some among the many varieties at the disposal of the artist.

There were Mortarons, Henglers, Southbys, and Darbys in early days; although rather for military than for holiday duties. The Chinese and Hindoos made and exploded fireworks long before Europe had any fireworks to explode. The famous Greek Fire which was used at Acre against the crusading army of St. Louis, has occasioned numberless speculations and controversies. This fire, the old annalists tell us, "came forward as large as a barrel of verjuice, with a tail of fire issuing from it as big as a great sword, making a noise in its passage like thunder, and seeming like a dragon flying through the air; and from the great quantity of light it threw out, giving such a light that one might see in the camp as if it had been day." It is also described as "consuming even flint and iron," and as emitting an awful stench. The Byzantines used the Greek Fire against the Pisans; Philippe Auguste employed it against the English vessels at the siege of Calais; and it was used at the siege of Ypres in thirteen hundred and eighty-three. The late Dr. Macculloch, after a laboured attempt to discover what the Greek Fire really was, gave it up as a hopeless task, concluding that the people who witnessed it were too much frightened to speak intelligibly about it. When nitre came into use as an aid to combustibles, fireworks and gunpowder may equally be said to have been invented. Whatever Roger Bacon may have done in this way in Europe, it is certain the Chinese preceded him by a dozen or two of centuries. Without speaking of Chinese fireworks generally, we may say a few words concerning the Chinese "drum," which so excited Sir George Staunton's admiration during his visit to China. This firework appears to resemble a cylindrical band-box, ornamented on the exterior with paintings. When it is to be fired, it is suspended from a stand twelve or fifteen feet high. The light is applied at the lower part. There immediately drops out below a transparent piece, accompanied by brilliant light, which falls to the ground after being burned out; and this is succeeded by ten or a dozen others, all differing in device. These appear to be—not merely transparent pictures—but castles, ships, lanterns, globes, cones, and other hollow models, illumined within and without. They are made of transparent painted paper, supported on a light wooden framework. All

these objects are packed away with great ingenuity in the bottom of the drum; and they are so surrounded and connected by tubes, and slow matches, and composition, and fireworks, that they drop one by one out of the open end of the drum, displaying their beauties for a brief space, and then quietly go out.

Whether it is Chin-chop-chew making fireworks for the Celestials at Pekin, or Chevalier Mortram making for the British public, there is doubtless much similarity in the workshop processes, the manufacturing operations. The gunpowder has to be pounded, and the sulphur and charcoal pounded and purified. The metal filings have to be brought to different degrees of fineness, and the colouring materials prepared and the various combinations mixed in due proportions. The paper cases also must be made. Strong cartridge or brown paper is rolled round a mandril or rod into a tubular form, the last lap being secured by paste. These paper tubes, filled in various ways and to different degrees, constitute the whizzing, and bouncing, and cracking, and sparkling fireworks. Then there are veins or arteries, not necessary for visible display, but for conveying the fiery impulse from one work to another. These are called leaders. They consist of paper tubes containing string which has been dipped in certain solutions, varied to act as slow-match or quick-match, according to need.

On the fifth of November, when Muffincap and his schoolfellows prepare a grand display of fireworks, at their joint expense, they of course take care not to omit the squibs; but they know nothing of these two facts—that every halfpenny squib undergoes no less than thirteen distinct processes, and that the shop-keeper gets more for selling it than the pyrotechnist gets for making it. The cutting, the rolling, the choking, the charging, the knocking-out, the bouncing, the capping, the tying are some, but not all, of the events in the birth of a squib. First, strong brown paper, weighing eighty pounds to the ream, is cut into thirty-six pieces per sheet, each piece to make a squib; the case is formed with this stout paper, and is covered with much thinner white paper; each little tube is choked with a dent or depression near one end; it is partly filled with composition through a funnel, and rammed down with a rod; it is further filled with loose powder; it is provided with a nipple, and touch paper, and a blue cap and a sealing of wax or glue—and thus it goes forth into society at the cheap cost of half-a-crown per gross.

A squib is a miniature representative of a

large number of fireworks; for the mixing of the composition, the making of the tube, and the filling, are the types of operation both on the large and the small scale. To a rocket there is a strong cylindrical cartridge case, to contain the composition which is to produce the projectile force by its explosion. Upon its upper extremity is fixed a conical case, also of paper, to contain the stars, or serpents, or crackers, which are to astonish the natives by their display when high up in the air. A pound rocket is perhaps an inch-and-a-half in diameter by fourteen and fifteen inches long. The composition in the conical part differs from that in the cylindrical part chiefly in the addition of antimony or some metal which shall aid in producing the grand flare-up when the rocket has reached its greatest height. The filling and securing of the cases are nice operations, requiring much care; and when these are completed, the rocket is attached to a long wooden rod. This rod acts like the tail of a kite, or the feather of an arrow; it preserves the line of direction during the rocket's flight.

All such operations as these—the preparing of ingredients, the making of cases, the filling, the sealing and touching—are carried on in the workshops of our Chevalier and his brother pyrotechnists; where are also made the frames and wheels which are to support the largest fireworks. At the public gardens where such displays occur there is a subsidiary workshop, in which the tubes, and leaders, and fuzes, are adjusted to their proper places on the frames or scaffolding. And here it is interesting to observe how time becomes an element in the work. All the leaders, containing the match or fuze composition, are so adjusted in length that they shall convey the ignition to every spot at the exact instant required; else the banging of the crackers might commence before the beautiful star has done its shining work, or the rotation of a wheel might be so ill-timed as to burst the cracker. The appearance of the frame itself, with all the tubes and leaders tied to it in various directions, would give a stranger very little idea of the ultimate forms and movements intended to be produced.

In his mysterious plot of ground, with his frames, and rockets, and wheels, and maroons placed conveniently at hand, the monarch of the fiery region kindles the results of his labours, one by one, and off they go—amidst exclamations of the wildest delight bursting from thousands of upturned countenances. At length the National Anthem bursts forth, the last star faints and expires; and there is an end to the brilliant display of fireworks.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. VIII.

McELRATH & BARKER, PUBLISHERS.

OFFICE NO. 17 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

WHOLE NO. 182.

CONVICTS IN THE GOLD REGIONS.

On arriving at the main Sydney route from the town boundary of Melbourne—Melbourne famous, among other things, ever since it rose to fame two years ago, for no roads, or the worst roads, or impassable sloughs, swamps, and rights of way through suburb wastes of bush, and boulder stones, and stumps of trees—leaving, I say, all these peculiarities behind, you suddenly arrive at the opening of the main road to Sydney, leading in a direct line to the village of Pentridge, the position of the Convict Stockade. This is the chief penal depot of the colony.

The first thing that strikes you, after all you have gone through, is the excellence of the road, its directness, and its length. You look along a straight road, broad, well-formed, hard, clean, with drains running along each side, protected (together with the lower edges of the road) by large boulder-stones and heavy logs at intervals, and the eye traverses along this to an unvarying distance of two miles and a quarter. There is no road to be compared with it in the colony, and the whole of this has been the product of convict labour, within the space of little more than two years and four or five months. Be it understood very great difficulties had to be overcome, in respect of swamps, huge stones, and large trees, and stumps with great roots. Nor was this the whole of the work performed by the convicts of Pentridge, a bridge and part of a road elsewhere having been constructed simultaneously; the bridge alone, if it had been built by free labour during these periods of high wages, being of the value of five thousand pounds. Whatever the saving as to cost, however, the value of a good road and a bridge to a new country like this is almost beyond calculation. I forget what practical philosopher it was who said, "The worst use you can put a man to is to hang him," but surely most people will readily admit that such a road as the above, in any country, and more especially in the colony of Victoria, is not only far more useful, but a far more humane and slightly object than the gallows.

The road to Pentridge gradually and slightly rises till you reach the top, when a turn to the right brings you at once upon the

ground of the Stockade, which lies in a hollow a little below. A first impression does not convey any adequate impression of its strength, or general character as a penal establishment. You see several detached tents upon the higher ground, with a sentinel walking to and fro in front of them; and you look down upon a low-roofed, straggling range of buildings, something in appearance between an English country brewhouse, and a military outpost holding it in charge. Descending the slope, and reaching the house of the superintendent, a square garden of cabbagees, and square beds of weeds mixed with flowers and shrubs (a type of most of the gardens since the discovery of the gold), is seen on the other side of the horseway between, with a green swampy field beyond, bounded by a long iron-grey wall of large loose stones, with a few trees to the right, and the head of a sentinel moving backwards and forwards—upon legs we assume—in the meadow or marsh below on the other side.

Being left alone for a while under the wooden verandah of the house, the picture is further enlivened by the slow approach of a cow from a cow-house in the proximity of the cabbage square, which pauses and looks at me with a rueful and rather commiserating expression. She is pretty comfortable herself, but she sees that I am a new comer, and wonders perhaps what I have done to be brought there. The place is all very silent; so is the cow; so of course am I. A dog now comes round the corner, and after looking at me, without barking or other demonstration, retires. I follow mechanically, and on turning the angle of the house I come in view of what I had at first compared in my mind to a country brewhouse, which on a closer examination becomes formidable enough, presenting as it does very unmistakable indications of strength, precaution, and watchful vigilance, both within and without. No voice is heard; nothing is heard but the clash of the chains of a gang of convicts passing across one of the yards.

The Superintendent, Mr. Barrow, who is at the head of the penal establishments of the colony, appears, and on my making some allusion to the men in chains, gives me their collective history in a few words, which show that the said chains are by no means un-

necessary ornaments. Most of the convicts have been, in one place or other, prisoners from childhood. They have been three times convicted at home; first of all, whipped, perhaps, in the Parkhurst prison for juvenile offenders. After being exposed to the contaminating influence of many more depraved than themselves they have been pardoned, and sent adrift on the world, worse than when they entered it. Again apprehended and convicted they have been sent to Pentonville, or some other prison. Liberated after years, again following a course of crime, and once more apprehended and convicted, they have been transported to Van Diemen's Land, or Norfolk Island. At each of these places, and in all their prisons, at home and abroad, the pet system of penal training and reform in use at the period has been tried, and all have failed. Obtaining their conditional pardons, after a certain number of years in Van Diemen's Land, or Norfolk Island, they have had it in their power to go with their ticket of leave to any of the Australian colonies. Of course they have made directly for Melbourne—first to the gold region of the diggings, and next to the more fixed gold region of the wealthy community in the town. Most of the crimes of these men—that is to say, ninety per cent. of them, have originated in England. They had their chief experience and training at home. They have committed every crime here, to obtain gold, which their previous knowledge, skill, and depravity could suggest—and here they are at last.

It is night; a cold wind blows and a drizzling rain falls. An iron tongue, that is to say, a large bell in the Stockade, now announces that the time has arrived for all the prisoners to go to bed. A jingling of chains is heard as the several gangs pass across the yard, then a sound of the drawing of bolts, then silence. I cannot help speculating on the different sorts of suppressed ferocity in the faces of all these subdued human tigers, as they sit up on their wooden pallets, or look out from beneath their blankets.

Dining with the Superintendent, and the chief officer in command of this department (an old army captain), we are waited upon by one of the aborigines, whose black face is without a single tint of negro brown. He is a prisoner of the Stockade, but in reward for a long period of good conduct, is entrusted with this comparative degree of liberty. He understands enough English—chiefly nouns, with a few morsels of verbs—to wait very well; and though in his training he let fall or otherwise demolished a fearful amount of plates, glasses, and other strange and wondrous domestic articles which were previously unknown to his hands or eyes, he has now attained sufficient skill to avoid all such disasters. But he has his many old misfortunes of this kind in constant memory, and is full of dreadful apprehensions at every

feat he performs. When he places a decanter of wine on the table, he remains a second or two with glaring eyes, and slowly withdrawing his open hands from both sides, ready to catch it in case it should take a fit of tumbling over as he walks away. He has an awful look of care in handing me a large dish of smoking potatoes. It seems like a solemn rite to an idol. I do not dare to glance up at his face. His constant care and watchfulness are extraordinary, and he obviously possesses far more intelligence than the aborigines of Australia are generally believed capable of acquiring. Mr. Barrow informs me that he is really in all ordinary respects a very good and trusty servant, and that he has never been known to tell an untruth.

But the picture I have formed in my imagination, of all those fierce convicts in their chains—which are not taken off even at night—sitting up in their dens, or scowling up from beneath their blankets, still haunting me, I feel obliged to communicate my wish to Mr. Barrow to be permitted, if not contrary to rules, to pay them a passing visit forthwith. My wish being courteously accorded, I accompany the captain to the gate of the Stockade, and having passed this, and the armed sentinels, I find myself in a sort of barrack-yard, to appearance, with store-rooms at each side, having strong narrow doors, immense iron bolts, and an iron grating above for ventilation. The captain informs me that the stores are not thus protected to prevent anybody from walking off with them, but to render it almost impossible for the stores themselves to escape. These strong rooms are, in fact, the wards, or dormitories of the convicts. Being invited to look in upon them, I approach one of these bolted doors. A square shutter is unfastened and pushed aside by the captain, and displays an iron grating through which I look at the irremediableness in their lairs. How absurdly different is the reality from the picture I had framed in my imagination! Over a large room are distributed on stretchers, or other raised surface, and all so close together as only to allow of space for passage round each, a number of bundles of bedding, apparently, each enveloped in a grey and blue chequered coverlid of the same pattern. The bales or bundles are without motion or sound; no voice is heard, no head or foot is visible. Each bundle contains the huddled up form of a convict, who adopts this plan to obtain the greatest degree of warmth. Some are, no doubt, asleep; many wide awake, and full of peculiar thoughts: and perhaps even of fresh plans, should they ever again get a chance. What a volume of depraved life, what a prison-history lies enfolded in each of those moveless coverlids! There is absolutely nothing more to be seen, and we pass on to the next door. It is very much the same.

A third ward, however, presents a difference,

the sleeping places being built up in separate berths, formed of cross battens, like very strong wooden cages for bears. The occupants of the upper tier ascend by means of a wooden bracket which juts out about half way up. Here I did see one foot protruding, belonging probably to some tall man who was not in irons. A lanthorn is suspended from the centre of the roof, by a cord which is passed over a pulley, and runs through a hole above the door, so that the guard can raise it or lower it at any time during the night without opening the door. When the light needs trimming, the lanthorn being lowered, one of the prisoners, whose turn it is, has to get up and attend to it. The gleam it sheds is very melancholy, almost funereal. Hard natures, indeed, must they be, who, lying awake sometimes in the night, are not softened to a few serious thoughts or emotions as they look around them; but hard no doubt they are, and most of them of the hardest.

The Superintendent has work to do in his office—letters, reports, calculations, accounts, &c.; he becomes absent and taciturn, and I betake myself to bed. Throughout the whole night, I am awakened every half hour by the Stockade bell, and am five times informed, by the different voices of five sentinels, heard in succession from different points of the building, near and remote, that "all's well!" After the sixth or seventh round of this, however, I get used to it, and drop to sleep again after hearing the satisfactory announcement.

Early in the morning, Billy—the aboriginal—comes bolt into my room with my boots in one hand, and a jug of hot water in the other. He neither utters a word, nor looks at me (except in a way he has with his eyeballs turned *from* me), but places the boots on the floor, hovering with one hand over them in case either of them should fall sideways, and then sets the jug upon the dressing-table. He stares at it with a warning, or rather a threatening, look, when, seeing that it stands firmly, his gloomy features relax, and he departs as abruptly as he entered.

At seven o'clock the bell calls the convicts to a general muster in the principal yard, preparatory to the different gangs being marched off to their various descriptions of work. Mr. Barrow accompanies me into the yard. We pass through the little narrow massive gate, and I am at once in the presence of the thrice picked and sifted incorrigibles of the mother country and her Australian colonies. Sentinels, with loaded muskets, patrol the outskirts of the yard, and officers and constables armed with truncheons stand on guard outside the ranks. Many of the convicts have irons on their legs, but the majority are quite free, and can "make a rush" if they will.

The convicts are ranged like a regiment of soldiers at muster, the rear ranks taking

open order. They are all dressed in the usual grey, or dark pepper-and-salt coarse cloth. The yard is quite silent, and the names are called over. None of the black sheep are missing. I look along the ranks from face to face—with apparent indifference, casually, and with as little offence or purpose in my gaze as possible; and I am quite sure that it is not from knowing what they are, but really from a genuine impression of what is written by the fingers of experience in very marked lines and characters, and fluctuating or fixed shades, that I am persuaded there is not one good face among them. No, not one. On the contrary, nearly every face is extremely bad. I go over them all again in the same casual, purposeless way (they are not deceived by it a bit), and I feel satisfied that a worse set of fellows never stood in a row than those before me. Beneath that silent outwardly subdued air there is the manifest lurking of fierce, depraved, remorseless spirits, ready with the first chance to rush away into the course of crime that brought them here. By this time they are all at work upon me, quietly speculating on who I am, what I want, and if my visit portends anything to them. The yard is covered with loose stones of broken granite; and I notice close to my feet, and looking up directly into my face, a magpie. He also, holding his head on one side interrogatively, seems to ask my business here. I take a fresh breath as I look down at the little thing, as the only relief to the oppressive sense of prison doom that pervades the heavy scene.

The different working gangs are now marched off, about twenty at a time, with a sufficient interval both of time and distance between each, in case of a combination for a rush. Some go to work at building, some on the roads, some to the bridges, some to shoe-making, carpentering, &c. Tramp—tramp—tramp—with a jingle of irons—and they are all gone, and the little, narrow, massive gate is closed. The yard is vacant and silent, with nothing to be seen but the magpie hopping over the broken granite, and nothing now to be heard but the faint retiring jingle of the chains, the low continuous quire of the frogs in the swamp, and the distant lowing of a forlorn cow.

It will have been evident before this, that everything is conducted here on a fixed system, rigidly and undeviatingly enforced, and that this is perfectly necessary, considering the subjects that have to be dealt with. No loud voice of command is ever heard, and the Superintendent has strictly forbidden all strong language on the part of the various officers and constables; the convicts are all controlled by the Stockade bell. When the bell orders them to come forth, they come forth; when the bell orders them to retire, they retire; if they are talking after retiring to rest, and the bell rings for silence, they are

heard no more. Thus, all sense of personal tyrannies, and all special animosities, are avoided; the convicts feel they are under the spell of a sort of iron fate, a doom with an iron tongue—they are subdued and surrounded by an ever-vigilant and inflexible system, and they submit in spite of their will not to submit.

Mr. Barrow has been engaged in this anxious, painful, and unresting work these twelve long years—first in Norfolk Island, then in Van Diemen's Land, finally placed over Pentridge Stockade, the head-quarters of all the penal establishments of the colony. Of all public officers, there is probably not one whose duties are so full of sleepless anxieties, and so imperfectly appreciated (partly because they are but little known), as those he performs with such rigid constancy.

I have taken a stroll round the outskirts of the Stockade, and, while gazing over the swampy fields, now wearing the green tints of the fresh grass of winter which is near at hand, and thence turning my gaze to the bush in the distance, with its uncouth and lonely appearance, I hear the jingle of chains to the left of where I am standing, and presently I see winding round the road a gang of convicts on their way to work at a bridge. They are succeeded by another gang; and, at the same interval, by a third. I am instantly and forcibly reminded of the string of convicts whom Don Quixote met and set at liberty, driving away their guards, taking off their fetters, and making them a noble speech; in return for which they ran off scoffing and hooting, and saluting their deliverer with a volley of stones. I never before felt so strongly the truthfulness of this scene. Here are a set of men who would have done—and who would this very day do—the same thing to any eccentric philanthropist in a broad-brimmed hat who should set them free and make them an address on liberty and humanity. So true may fiction be in the hands of genius.

Other convict establishments have been alluded to, which consist of two smaller stockades, and the hulks which are lying in Hobson's Bay. The stockades being conducted in the same manner as the one just described, it will be unnecessary to particularize them, but I at once accept Mr. Barrow's obliging offer to take me on board the prison ships. We mount his gig and drive off.

On the way to Melbourne, through the bush, I ask many questions of the Superintendent—as to the growth of corn and cabbages—the latter, with other vegetables, being expensive luxuries in Melbourne. I also ask if the convicts can be trusted with edge tools, out of sight of the guards, or in sight? Is a funeral of one of them at all a melancholy sight to the others? and so forth. To these questions, I only receive monosyllabic replies, and often no reply; I half expect to get an answer from the distant bell. The Super-

intendent scarcely hears me; his mind is away at Pentridge, or on board one of his hulks. We pass through Melbourne, cross the bridge, and make our way along the muddy road to Liardet's Beach. I am indiscreet enough to ask a few more questions, but the anxious and absorbed look of the Superintendent shows me that he is absent from the gig, drive as well as he may, and I give it up. We arrive at the beach, and put off in the Government boat.

It is a long pull, and by no means a very lively one, for it is pretty clear that everybody in the boat feels a certain sort of cloud over his spirits from the serious business all are upon; but the sky is clear and bright, and I am soon in quite as absent a state as my friend the Superintendent, though it is probable that our thoughts are not in the same direction.

We first pull on board a hulk, a new one, to meet the rapidly increasing exigencies of the gold fields, which is being "fitted up" as a convict ship. From the magnitude and strength of the wooden bars, rails, and battens, one might imagine that it was intended for young elephants, buffaloes, and wild boars. But I am assured by one of the wardens that they are not at all too strong. From this we row away to the prison ship for sailors—not convicts, but refractory. This word refractory includes all the offences of running away to the gold fields on the very first chance after the vessel drops her anchor in the bay, or of refusing their duty, or otherwise misconducting themselves while on board, with a view to distracting and overthrowing all arrangements for a most difficult port, and escaping in the confusion. To this hulk many captains of vessels have been obliged to send half their crews as soon as they have entered the harbour, and several have even adopted the more resolute plan of sending the whole crew off to prison at once, on the first show of insubordination, and keeping them there.

From the refractory, would-be gold-digging sailors' prison we push off for Williams' Town, and land near the light-house, at a little boat-pier of loose stones now in course of erection by a gang of convicts sent ashore for the purpose. Guards with loaded muskets patrol on the outskirts. It is a most useful work, and the extremity towards the water being made circular, for a small saluting battery, may serve to salute in another way, if there should ever be need. We pass from the pier to other works of building, drainage, and so on, all performed by convict labour: Mr. Barrow attending to his duties, and leaving me to stroll about and observe what I may, and judge for myself. To sum up all this in two words, I cannot perceive that the convicts have one spark of manly shame at their position; but I do most certainly observe that, without any hard words from the overseers, or the least personal violence (which would not for a moment be allowed), they do twice as much work in an hour as double the

number of free Government labourers get through in a day. The chief reason seems to me to be that the convicts are thinking of their work as an agreeable relief after solitary confinement, and are glad to use their limbs; whereas the free labourers are thinking of the gold fields, and how to get ten shillings a day for doing nothing, until they are able to be off to the diggings.

The Superintendent now rejoins me, and carrying me along with him at a brisk pace, informs me that we are going on board the President, his principal convict hulk. This prison-ship contains the worst of the worst—men who cannot be trusted to work at anything—who pass their time in solitary confinement and in irons, excepting an hour's exercise on deck, when they are also handcuffed together—men for whom the Stockade of Pentridge is not an adequate protection—"the *crème de la crème*," Mr. Barrow says, "of the prisoners of the mother country and her Australian colonies."

We ascend to the deck, where the vessel, a little in front of the gangway, is separated by massive iron bars of some ten or eleven feet high from the rest of the ship. The Superintendent leaves me, as before, to attend to his duties of inspection, &c., but the chief officer in command (whose name I am rather uncomfortably startled at finding to be the same as my own) places me in charge of one of the head wardens, to accompany me where I wish to go. Of course I at once express a desire to pass through the great iron bars of this terrible cage, and to go below and see the *crème de la crème*.

We enter, and descend the ladder to the main-deck. There is very little to be seen of a kind to make a picture, or a bit of description—in fact, nothing—all is in a state of severe, quiet, orderly, massive simplicity. The main deck is reduced to a passage, with rows of cells of immense strength on each side. The name of the occupant of the cell is written on a placard outside—with his crime, and the number of years for which he is sentenced. The great majority of offences are robbery with violence, and the term of imprisonment varies from five to twenty years. As I read I cannot say I at all envy the snug berth of my namesake in command. I feel that I would far rather be the Wandering Jew, or the captain of the Flying Dutchman. The cells are very like clean dens for wild beasts—their huge solid timbers and ironwork being quite strong enough for lions and tigers, bears and rhinoceroses, but not more so than necessary—so strong, so wilful, so resolute, and so unconquerable is man in his last stage of depravity. I express a desire to have the door opened of a certain cell, where the placard outside exercises a grim attraction upon me; but the warden at my side informs me that the convicts here are all under prolonged punishment, and my namesake does not consider it right to make a show of them. "Oh, indeed,"

I say—"very proper."—"Not," adds the warden, "that it would hurt their feelings in any way; they are always too glad of any opportunity of having the door opened. We do not open it even at meal times; we push their allowance through a trap with a slide, which is instantly closed again and bolted."—What a life for all parties!

I hear some of the prisoners singing in a low voice, and others holding a conversation between their partitions of four or five inches thick. To avoid some of the mental evils of long solitary confinement, they are wisely and humanely permitted to do this, provided no noise is made, or any loud tones audible. In an equally wise spirit Mr. Barrow has arranged a kind of prospect of amelioration; a degree of hope, well founded, however remote, is open to all. A certain number of years of good conduct here, gives the vilest ruffian of former times a fair prospect of removal to one of the Stockades; a certain number of years of good conduct there, gives him the probability of further promotion: namely, to work at some trade, or to go at large as a house servant and to attend in the yards; while, as a final result of many years of good conduct, he gets his ticket of leave to go where he pleases in the colony. Many do really reform, and lead decent lives thenceforth; some rush away to the gold fields—not to dig, but to plunder—and are back again heavily ironed, on board this dreadful prison-ship, in less than three months. The fresh term of punishment in these final of all final cases is twenty, or even thirty years. I inquire if they sink into utter hopeless despondency in such cases. "No; only for the first week or two. After that they are again scheming, and plotting, and looking forward to some chance of escape."

I hear a regular tramp going round overhead, accompanied by a jingling of chains. The warden informs me that ten of the convicts are now on deck for an hour's exercise. Only ten at a time are ever allowed to be out of their cells, none of these being ever trusted to go ashore to work, or to work at anything on board. I immediately go upon deck to have one look at the Superintendent's *crème de la crème*.

The ten men are all attired in the pepper-and-salt convict dress, with irons on their legs, and handcuffed together, two and two, as they walk round and round the main hatchway. I make no pretence of not looking at them; and they make none as to me. There is nothing violent or ferocious in the appearance of any of them; the predominating impression they convey is that of brutal ignorance, grossness, and utter absence of the sense of shame. The one who has most sense in his countenance is a dark, quiet, determined, patient villain, equal to any atrocity or daring. His look, as he comes round and faces me, never changes; most of the rest have some slight fluctuations. Presently they begin to

whisper each other; and one makes a remark and passes it on; and presently they begin to exchange jokes, and indulge in a high degree of noiseless merriment at their own observation, speculations, and comments, until it becomes quite apparent that I am getting the worst of it. I retire with a modest unconscious air, which seems to delight them immensely.

Ironed, barricaded, and guarded, as these men are, they sometimes attempt an escape, though without success. Their chief hope often turns upon bribing one of the wardens; for these prisoners—settled for life as they may be—have really the means of bribing. Most of them have gold in Melbourne in care of a friend, or in the banks, or secreted at some of the diggings.

THE MERCHANT'S HEART.

MATTHIAS, the Levantine merchant, had spent his whole life, from his boy-time upward, in travelling for the sake of gain, to the East and to the West, and to the islands of the South Seas. He had returned to his native place, Tarsus, in the full vigour of manhood, and was reported to have amassed great wealth. His first step was to make a prudent call upon the governor, and to present him with a purse and a string of pearls, in order to bespeak his good-will. He then built himself a spacious palace in the midst of a garden on the borders of a stream, and began to lead a quiet life, resting after the fatigues of his many voyages. Most persons considered him to be the happiest of merchants; but those who were introduced to his intimacy knew that his constant companions were thought and sadness. When he had departed in his youth, he had left his father, and his mother, and his brothers, and his sisters in health, although poor; but, when he returned in hopes to gild the remainder of their days, he found that the hand of death had fallen upon them every one, and that there was no one to share his prosperity: and a blight came over his heart.

The gossips in the bazaars soon began to talk of his case, and it was then that Hanna the Christian tailor one day said in a loud voice to his opposite neighbour the Jewish money-changer, "I will lay the value of my stock that the merchant Matthias will find consolation in marriage; that he will choose the most beautiful of our maidens; and that he will found a family which shall be celebrated in this city as long as its prosperity endures." To this the Jew replied: "What is the value of thy stock? Three jackets returned upon thy hands, a rusty pair of scissors, an old stool, and some bundles of thread? Verily the risk is not great." The Christian said a prayer or two to himself, that he might not curse his neighbour, and then answered: "I will throw in Zarifeh, the ebony-black girl whom I bought last spring to follow my wife when

she goes out with the little Gorges to the gardens. What sayest thou now?"

The Jew pondered awhile, leaning his grey beard on the breast of his caftan. He remembered that forty years before he, too, had returned from travel with his money-bags, and had found his house desolate; and that he had devoted himself ever since to moody reflection, and to the heaping of *mahboud* upon *mahboud*. The thought had therefore become fixed in his mind that when the middle time of life comes, there can remain no affliction in the heart, either of Christian, or of Jew, or of Mahommedan, but for gold. So he said: "Let the odds be equal. I will venture five hundred pieces against thy five hundred pieces, that within five years the merchant Matthias does *not* take to his bosom a wife." "Agreed!" cried the Christian. The neighbours were called in as witnesses, and every one laughed at the absurdity of the dispute.

Matthias was not long in learning that a wager had been laid upon his future life; and, in passing through the bazaar, he stopped one day and said sternly to the Christian tailor: "Son of rashness, why hast thou risked more than the whole of thy havings upon a matter which is only known to Heaven? I have looked upon all the maidens of my people, and no emotion has stirred within me. Verily thou wilt become a prey to this Jew."

"My lord," replied the tailor, smiling, "it is impossible for a good man to remain all his life alone. If thou wilt come to my house and see my wife and my little Gorges dancing in the arms of the ebony-black girl, Zarifeh, thou wilt surely relent and seek at once to be as I am. Perhaps thou hast not well looked around thee. There is Miriam, the daughter of our baker, who is of majestic presence, being as big as thyself. She will suit thee to a hair; and, if thou desirest, my wife shall make proposals for thee this afternoon." Matthias laughed and frowned, and went on, and the Jew chuckling in his beard said: "O Hanna, for how much wilt thou free thyself from the wager? Wilt thou pay a hundred pieces and let all be said?" But the Christian replied: "In five years Saint Philotea wore away a stone as big as this stool with her kisses and her tears—in five years the heart of this man may melt."

Matthias went not on his way unmoved after his conversation with the Christian tailor. He began to think that perhaps, indeed, he was wearing away his life uselessly in solitude. There was certainly no beauty and no satisfaction in that manner of being. It was better to take to himself a companion. But where find her? Amongst all the frivolous daughters of Tarsus, was there one with whom he would not be more lonely than with himself? Their mothers had taught them nothing but love of dress, and love of themselves. How could their capricious and selfish natures find pleasure in communion with a man whom this world had sore tried,

and who wished to wait in meekness and in patience for the world to come?

These meditations disturbed Matthias, but they did not render him more unhappy. They occupied his mind; they relieved the monotony of his existence; they prevented him from always turning his eyes inward upon himself; they forced him to look abroad. He went to the houses of his friends and once more studied the perfections or imperfections of their daughters. His object was so manifest, that the joke went round that he wished to save the Christian tailor from ruin. People jested with the Jew as they brought in their money to change. But although Matthias saw many beautiful girls who threw the glances of their almond-shaped eyes encouragingly towards him, he saw none that pleased his heart; and suddenly retiring from society, shut himself up for a whole year in his palace, seeing nobody, and taking back melancholy and discontent for his only companions.

At length Matthias began to feel the desire of change, and made it a practice every morning to have his mule saddled and to ride out to the base of the mountains; and, then putting foot to ground to wander until evening amidst the rocks and valleys. On one occasion he went so far that he could not return to where he had left his mule and servant before night-fall, and lost his way. After going hither and thither for some time, he was compelled to seek the shelter of a cave, and to wait until morning. Sleep overtook him, and he did not wake until the sun's rays slanting in through the cleft of the rock, played upon his eye-lids. He got up; and, having said his prayers, went forth and beheld a beautiful green meadow stretching along the banks of a stream which came from a narrow gorge at no great distance. He did not recognise his whereabouts and was doubtful of finding his way back, until he saw, at the further end of the meadow, some object moving rapidly to and fro. It was a young girl chasing a cow that had escaped from her, and ran with a cord tangled about his horns in the direction of Matthias. "Ah!" said he, "I will catch this unruly animal, and then make its keeper point out to me the direction of Tarsus." So he tucked up his robes; and, being strong and vigorous, soon came up to the cow that was wantonly galloping hither and thither, and brought it to a stand-still. "May blessings light upon thy sturdy arms, stranger," exclaimed the girl, running up out of breath, and unwinding the rope from the cow's horns; "If Naharah had escaped they would have beaten me."

"And who could find it in his heart to beat thee, child?" said the merchant, as he looked at her and wondered at her delicate loveliness.

"The fathers," she replied, pulling Naharah in the direction she wanted to go. "Triple blessings upon thee, again I say, stranger!"

Matthias forgot all about Tarsus, and walked by the side of the girl, asking ques-

tions of her. He learned that she was the bond-maiden of a monastery situated in those mountains, and that her duty was to take out the cows, and especially this one, every morning to the pasture. "Do not follow me," said she, when they came to the entrance of the gorge from which the stream flowed; "for I am forbidden to talk with those whom I may meet." Matthias thought awhile, and then bade her adieu, having learned what path he was to follow, and returned to his palace full of nothing but the image of this simple bond-maiden.

"Verily," said he to himself next morning, "I forgot to ask the name of that girl. I must learn it, in order that I may send her a recompense." Under this poor pretence he mounted his mule and rode towards the mountains, and began his walk at the usual place, and repaired to the cave and passed the night there, and was out on the meadow before dawn. He soon saw four or five cows driven out of the gorge, and the girl following them, leading the frolicsome Naharah. "There is no need for thee to-day, stranger," said she smiling playfully, "unless thou wilt drive my herd down to the water to drink, and take care that the black one goes in first, or else she will gore the others." Upon this, Matthias took the branch of a tree and began to cry, "Hoo! hoo!" like a herdsman, and to bent the flanks of the black cow, which scampered away, and led him a long chase round the meadow; so that he did not come back until all the other animals had taken their morning drink, and the girl was sitting on the bank laughing at him, and wreathing a crown of flowers to deck the horns of Naharah.

"Thou dost not know thy new business," said she, to Matthias, as he came up out of breath; whereupon he began to curse the cow which had led him that dance, and to think that he had made himself ridiculous in the eyes of the girl. However, they were soon sitting side by side in pleasant talk, and the merchant learned that the name of the bond-maiden was Carine.

By this time he had quite made up his mind to marry her if she would have him; but, although reflecting upon his wealth and her poverty, it seemed scarcely probable that she should refuse, his modesty was so great that he dared not venture to talk of love. They parted early, and Matthias went away, promising to return on the morrow. He did so; and for many weeks continued these meetings in which, for the first time since his youth, he found real happiness. At length, one day he took courage, and told Carine that he intended to take her away and marry her, and make her the mistress of his wealth. "My lord," said she, with simple surprise, "has madness stricken thee? Dost thou not know that I am a bond-maiden, and that there is no power that can free me?"

"Money can free thee, child," said Matthias.

"Not so," replied she, "for it is an ancient privilege of this monastery that bondsmen and bondswomen shall for ever appertain to it. If any freeman casts his eyes upon one of us, and desires to marry her, he must quit his state and become a slave, he and his descendants for ever, to the monastery. This is why I was not married last year to Skandar, the porker, who offered twenty pigs for my freedom, but who refused to give up his liberty." Matthias internally thanked Heaven for having given an independent spirit to the porker, and replied, smiling, "Believe me, Carine, that the fathers love money—they all do—and I shall purchase thee as my wife."

"It is nonsense," said she, shaking her head, "they refused twenty pigs."

"I will give twenty sacks of gold, baby," cried Matthias, enraged at her obstinacy. Carine replied, that she was not worth so much; and that, if she were, it was of no use talking of the matter, for the fathers would not sell her. "By Saint Maron!" exclaimed Matthias, "I can buy their whole monastery."

He was mistaken. The monastery of Selafka was the richest in all the East, and the head of it was the most self-willed of men. He cut short the propositions of the merchant—who went straight to him that very day—by saying that on no account could the liberty of Carine be granted. "If thou wouldst marry her," said he, looking, as Matthias thought, more wicked than a demon, "thou must give up all thy wealth to us, and become our bondsman." With this answer the lover went sadly away, and returned to Tarsus, saying to himself, "It is impossible for me to give up, not only the gains of all my life, but even my liberty, for the sake of this cow-girl. I must try to forget her."

So he went back among his friends, and began again to walk in the bazaars. When the Jew saw him, he cried out, "Hail, oh wise man, that will not burthen himself with the society of a woman!" But the merchant frowned black upon him, and turned away; and, to the surprise of all the neighbours, went and sat down by the side of the Christian tailor, and, taking his hand, whispered to him; "Close thy shop, my friend, and lend me, that I may see, as thou didst promise, thy wife and thy child."

"Which child?" said the tailor. "I have now three, Gorges, Lisbet, and Hanna."

"All of them," said Matthias: "and also the ebony-black girl, Zarifeh."

"Oh!" said the tailor, "I have set her free, and she is married to the pudding-seller, round the corner."

"It seems," said Matthias to himself, "that it is the law of Heaven that every one shall marry."

The tailor shut up his shop and took the merchant home and showed him his domestic

wealth;—that is to say, his pretty wife, his three stout children, and a coal-black girl called Zara, who was kneading dough in the court-yard. "My friend," said Matthias, "what wouldst thou do if the powerful were to say to thee, thou must be deprived of all this, or else lose thy liberty and become a slave?"

"Liberty is sweet," replied the tailor, shrugging his shoulders; "yet some live without it; but none can live without love."

Upon this the merchant went back to his palace and mounted his mule and rode to the monastery, where he found the court-yard full of people. "I am come," said he to one of the fathers whom he met in the gateway, "to give up my liberty and my wealth for the sake of Carine."

"It is too late," was the reply; Skandar, the porker, has just driven in all his pigs, and they are putting the chain upon his neck in the chapel, and all these people that thou seest collected are to be witnesses of his marriage with Carine."

Matthias smote his breast with his hands, and the sides of his mule with his heels, and galloped through the crowd shouting out that nobody should be made a slave that day but he. The chief of the monastery, on learning what was the matter, smiled and said, "that the porker had a previous claim;" but the monks, who, perhaps, looked forward to the enjoyments which the merchant's wealth would afford them, ingeniously suggested that he had the best claim who had hesitated least. Carine's opinion was asked; and she, seeing both of her suitors resolved, heartlessly condemned the enamoured porker to liberty, and said: "Let the chain be put upon the neck of the merchant." The ceremony was immediately performed; and, whilst the head of the convent was preparing to begin the more interesting rite of the marriage, brother Boag, the treasurer of the monastery, set off to take an inventory of the wealth which had just fallen under his jurisdiction.

It is said that Matthias never gave a single thought to his lost property, being too much absorbed in contemplating the charms of the beautiful Carine. The only stipulation he made was, that he should be allowed to go out to the pasturages with her; and, next morning he found himself in sober seriousness helping to drive Naharah and its companions down to the water's side.

Meanwhile the Governor of Tarsus heard what had happened to Matthias, and was stricken with rage, and caused his mule to be saddled and his guards to be mounted, and set forth to the monastery and summoned the chief, saying, "Know, O Monk, that Matthias is my friend; and it cannot be that he shall be thy slave, and that all his wealth shall be transferred from my city to thy monastery. He is a liberal citizen, and I may not lose him

from amongst us." The Governor spoke thus by reason of certain loans without interest and presents (over and above the purse and the string of pearls which the merchant had presented at his first coming), with which Matthias had freely obliged the Governor: who also hoped a continuance of the same. Whereupon the chief of the monastery hid his hands and was humbled; and the Governor and he parted with a good understanding and agreement.

It fell out, therefore, that after a month of servitude Matthias and his bride were called before an assembly of the whole monastery, and informed that the conditions imposed were simply for the sake of trial. Nearly all the wealth of the merchant was restored to him, and he was liberated and led back amidst applauding crowds to his palace at Tarsus. Of course he made a liberal donation to the monastery, over and above a round sum which Boag the treasurer had not found it in his heart to return with the rest. Being a just and generous man, he not only relieved the Jew from the consequences of his wager, but made such presents to the Christian tailor, that he had no longer any need to ply the needle for his livelihood. Tradition dilates with delight on the happiness which Carine bestowed on her husband; who used always to say, "that with wealth or without wealth, with liberty or without liberty, she was sufficient to bring content into any house, and to make the sternest heart happy."

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.

It is time that Leather—the tough old veteran whose fame extends far and wide—should look to his laurels. He is from time to time attacked by a number of annoying antagonists, who saucily threaten to "put him down." Once it is Papier Maché, a conglomerated paste-like stripling, who claims a toughness and lightness of his own, without the solid consistency of Leather. At another time it is young Carton Pierre, a native of France, who presents a substance built up of paper and plaster. But the veteran has had more formidable attacks from two other interlopers—Meer India Rubber and Shah Gutta Percha; these boast so much of their elasticity, their toughness, their indestructibility, and every other corporeal and corpuseular excellence, that Leather has had as much as he can do to maintain his ground against them. It is well, therefore, to know, that tough old Leather does not mean to give up the contest. He will fight his battle yet, and shows a disposition to carry the contest into the enemy's country. Already we find ladies making leather picture frames and leather adornments of various kinds for their apartments; and we perceive that saloons and galleries are once again, as in times of yore, exhibiting leather tapestries. We find, too, architects and decorators acknowledging

that leather may be accepted as a fitting and graceful means of embellishment in many cases where carved wood would otherwise be used.

A leather tapestry is not a curtain hanging loose, like the arras or Gobelin hangings; but it is stretched on canvas, and made to form the panels of a room; the stiles or raised portions being of oak or some other kind of wood. Such was generally the case in the old leather tapestries, and such it is in those now produced; but the mode of use is susceptible of much variation; since the gilding, and stamping, and painting of the leather are independent of the mode of fixing. These tough old garments, to keep the walls warm, were known in early times to an extent which we now little dream of.

As a wall-covering, leather presents great advantages; not only from its durability and its power of resisting damp, but from its facility of being embossed, the ease with which it receives gold, silver, and coloured decoration, and the scope it affords for introducing landscapes, arabesques, emblazonments, or other painted devices. All these properties were known before decorators had been startled by the novelties of Carton Pierre, Papier Maché, and Gutta Percha. Continental countries were more rich in these productions than England. In the Alhambra, the Court of the Lions still presents, if we mistake not, the same leather hangings which were put up there six centuries ago. The great Flemish towns—Lille, Brussels, Antwerp, and Mechlin—were all famous for producing these hangings; those from the last-named town were especially remarkable for their beauty. Eighty years ago the French manufacturers complained that, however excellent their gilt and embossed leather might be, the Parisians were wont to run after those of Flanders; just as Worcester glove-makers in our day deprecate the wearing of French gloves by true-born Britons. There were, nevertheless, fine specimens produced at Paris and Lyons; and there were one or two cities in Italy also, in which the art was practised. Many old mansions in England have wherewithal to show that leather hangings of great beauty were produced in this country in the old time. Blenheim, the seat of the Dukes of Marlborough, is one of the places at which these English leathers are to be found. At Eastham manor-house, in Essex, built by Henry the Eighth, there were leather tapestries of great sumptuousness, covered with such large quantities of gold, that they realised a considerable sum when sold half a century ago, by a proprietor who cared more for coined gold than for art. It is curious to note that the writer of an old French treatise on this art, acknowledges the superior skill of the Englishmen engaged in it, and laments that his countrymen cannot maintain an even position with them in the market. Thus the English leather

tapestries must have been, at one time, excellent.

The leather required for these purposes undergoes a process of tanning and currying, differing from that to which leather for other purposes is subjected. The old French leather gilders about the times of Louis the Fourteenth and Fifteenth generally employed sheep-leather; but sometimes calf and lamb-skins. The last two were better, but the first was the cheapest. The dry skins of leather were soaked in water, to mollify them; they were then vigorously pommelled, to give them suppleness. The leather was laid upon a flat stone, and scraped and scraped until its wrinkles were removed—not filled up, as with the cosmetic of the wrinkled dowagers of the old school—but fairly and honestly scraped out of existence. There was a stretching process effected at the same time, whereby the leather became somewhat lengthened and widened at the expense of its thickness. As it is the fate of many skins to have defective places, the workmen showed a nice skill in trimming the margin of the hole or defective spot, and pasting or gluing a little fragment of leather so neatly over it so as to form an invisible joint. When the leather was thus far advanced, it was covered with leaf silver; for it appears that, in those days, gilt leather was not gilt leather; it was silvered leather lequered to a golden hue. The silverer rubbed a little bit of parchment size over the leather with his hand; and while this was yet in a sticky or tactile state, he applied upon it leaves of very thin beaten silver—not attenuated to so extraordinary a degree as leaf-gold, but still very thin. These leaves were, as applied side by side on the leather, pressed down by a fox's tail rolled into a sort of little mop; and the leather was exposed to air and sunshine until dry. This lacquer was a mysterious mixture of resin, aloes, gum sandarach, litharge, red lead, and linseed oil, brown in colour, but assuming a golden hue when backed by a silvery substance. The lacquer, like a thick syrup, was laid on by the hand, as the best possible lacquering brush; and, after two or three applications, the lacquered silver leather was dried in open air. Sometimes the leather was coated with leaf-copper, instead of leaf-silver; and in that case the lacquer was required to be of a different kind to produce the desired gold hue. Then came the artistic work, the employment of design as an adornment. Wood blocks were engraved, much in the same way as for the printing of floor-cloths and paper-hangings—with this variation, that the cavities or cut out portions constituted the design, instead of the uncut parts of the original surface. The design was printed on the silvered leather by an ordinary press, with the aid of a counter mould, if the relief were required to be higher than usual; the leather being previously moistened on the under surface to facilitate the pressing.

There was thus produced a uniform golden or silver surface, varied only by a stamped or relieve pattern; but occasionally the design was afterwards picked out with colour.

The advocates for the use of gilt and embossed leather tapestries have a formidable list of good things to say in their favour. They assert, in the first place, that leather beats wool in its power of resisting damp and insects—whether the light-minded moths of the summer months, or the dull-souled creeping things which have a tendency to lay their eggs in woolly substances. They assert, also, that well-prepared gilt leather will preserve its splendour for a great length of time. And, lastly, that a soft sponge and a little water furnish an easy mode of cleansing the surface, and keeping it bright and clear. These various good qualities have induced one or two firms in England and in France to attempt the revival of leather tapestries. It has been up-hill work to induce decorators and connoisseurs to depart from the beaten track, and adopt the old-new-material; but it has taken root; it is growing; and many sumptuous specimens are finding their way into the houses of the wealthy. The ducal mansions of the Norfolks and the Sutherlands, the Hamiltons and the Wellingtons, the Devonshires, the Somersets, and other brave names, have something to show in this way; and royalty has not been slow to take part in the matter. The English revivers adopt, we believe, many of those described as having been followed by the old French workmen, but with various improvements; among others, they use gold-leaf instead of lacquered silver-leaf—a very proper reform in these California days.

The relief on the leather tapestries is very low or slight, but by deepening the engraving or embossment of the stamps, it can be made much more bold. It thus arises that leathers become available for a great variety of ornamental purposes, varying from absolute plainness of surface to very bold relief. Thus we hear of the employment of adorned leather for folding-screens, for cornices and frames, for pendants and flower-borders, for panellings, for relief ornaments to doors, pilasters, shutters, architraves, friezes, and ceilings; for chimney pieces, for subject-panels, for arabesques and pateras; for mountings in imitation of carvings; for decorations to wine-coolers, dinner-waggons, tables, chairs, pole-screens, and cheval screens; for bindings, cases, and cabinets of various kinds; for clock-cases and brackets, for consoles and caryatides, for decorations in ships' cabins, steamboat saloons, railway carriages—but we must stop.

Some such things as these were produced in the old times; but more can now be effected. Pneumatic and hydraulic pressure are now brought into play. Without diving into the mysteries of the workman's sanctum,

we believe that the leather is first brought, by an application of steam, to the state of a tough pulpy material, ready to assume any one of a thousand metamorphoses. The design has been previously prepared; and from this a mould is engraved or cut in a peculiar mixed metal which will not discolour the leather. The leather is forced into the mould by a gradual application of pressure, partly hydraulic and partly pneumatic, so tempered as to enable the leather to conform to the physical force, the pressure being without, without breakage or perforation. The leather, when once removed from the mould, retains its new form while drying, and can then either be kept in its honest unsophisticated leathery condition, or can be brought by paint or gold to any desired degree of splendour.

No one can conceive—without actual inspection—that such bold relief could be produced in leather. Not only is this in some specimens so bold as to be fully half round, but there is even the backward curve to imitate the under-cut of carving: this could only be obtained by means of the remarkable combination of elasticity and toughness in leather. Some of the recent productions, in less bold relief, display a very high degree of artistic beauty. Her Majesty and the Royal Consort, a few years ago, jointly sketched a design for a cabinet, of which the whole of the decorations were to be of leather; this has been completed; the dimensions are nine feet by seven; the style is Renaissance, and the ornamentation is most elaborate; two of the panels are occupied by bas-reliefs, in which the figures are represented with nearly as much beauty of detail as if carved—and yet all is done in stamped leather.

In all these articles formed in leather, to break them is nearly out of the question; to cut them is not particularly easy; to destroy them in any way would seem to require the very perversity of ingenuity. To be sure, if a leather bas-relief were soaked in water for some hours, and then knocked about, it would receive a permanent disfigurement. But so would a man's face. Whereas if the soaking were not followed by the thrashing, both the leather relieve and the man's face would retain their proper forms. At any rate, a leathern ornament is one of the toughest and strongest productions which could be named. Occupying, as it does, a midway position in expense between carved wood and various stamped and cast materials, leather has a sphere of usefulness to fill dependent on its qualities relative to those of its antagonists.

Leather flower-making is becoming an occasional resource for industrious ladies. And a very good resource, too. Why should crochet and embroidery continue to reign without a rival? It is so very pleasant to make anti-Macassars and slippers and collars

and furniture covering, that no new employment for spare half-hours need be sought? If a lady should deem it unpleasant to have to deal with little bits of damp leather, let her remember that there is a great scope for the display of taste—always an important matter, whether in business or in pleasure. When we mention picture-frames, we must be understood as referring to their ornamental decorations only. A carpenter or a frame-maker prepares a flat deal frame, with neither mouldings nor adornments; the fair artist covers this with leather ornaments, and then paints the whole to imitate ancient oak, or in any other way which her taste may dictate. The preparation of the ornament depends on this fact—that leather can be brought into almost any desired form while wet, and will retain that form when dry. The leather (a piece of common sheepskin will suffice) is cut with scissors or sharp knives into little pieces, shaped like leaves, stalks, tendrils, fruit, petals, or any other simple object; and these pieces are curved, and pressed, and grooved, and marked, and wrinkled, until they assume the required form. It is not difficult to see how, with a few small modelling-tools of bone or hard wood, all this may be done. And when done, the little pieces are left to dry; and when dry, they are tacked or pasted on the frame; and when tacked or pasted, they are finished just as the ornate taste of the lady-worker may suggest. If a picture-frame may be thus adorned, so may a screen, a chimney ornament—anything, almost, which you may please.

If we mistake not, the leather-embossers have begun to sell the simple tools, and to give the simple instructions, requisite for the practice of this pretty art. But whether this be so or not, a tasteful woman can easily work out the requisite knowledge for herself. Our lady readers, however, need not be left wholly to their own resources in the practice of this art. Madame de Condé, in her little shilling essay on the leather imitation of old oak carving, tells us all about it. She instructs us how to select the basil or sheepskin, how to provide a store of cardboard, wire, moulding instruments, glue, asphaltum, oak stain, amber, varnish, brushes, and the other working tackle; how to take patterns from leaves in cardboard; how to cut the leather from the cardboard patterns; how to mark the fibres or veins with a blunt point; how to pinch up the leather leaf in imitation of Nature's own leaf; how to make stems by strips of leather wrapped round copper wire; how to imitate roses, chrysanthemums, daisies, china-asters, fuchsias, and other flowers, in soft bits of leather crumpled up into the form; how to imitate grapes, by wrapping up peas or beans in bits of old kid glove; how to obtain relief ornaments by modelling soft leather on a wooden foundation; how to affix all these dainty devices to supporting

framework; and how to colour and varnish the whole. These items of wisdom are all duly set forth.

LIFE AND DEATH.

"WHAT is Life, Father?"

"A Battle, my child,
Where the strongest lance may fall,
Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled,
And the stoutest heart may quail.
Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
And rest not day nor night,
And the feeble little ones must stand
In the thickest of the fight."

"What is Death, Father?"

"The rest, my child,
When the strife and the toil are o'er,
And the angel of God, who, calm and mild,
Says we need fight no more;
Who driveth away the demon band,
Bids the din of the battle cease;
Takes the banner and spear from our falling hand,
And proclaims an eternal Peace."

"Let me die, Father! I tremble. I fear
To yield in that terrible strife!"

"The crown must be won for Heaven, dear,
In the battle-field of life;
My child, though thy foes are strong and tried,
He loveth the weak and small;
The Angels of Heaven are on thy side,
And God is over all!"

THE GREAT INDIAN BEAN-STALK.

THIS bean-stalk, by which many very small adventurers have climbed to wealth, flourishes under the vice-regal sway of the Honourable East India Company, where a costly staff of European officials is supposed, by a pleasant fiction of the Covenanted Service, to administer justice to the hundred millions of worthy British subjects inhabiting those wide-spreading countries. Judges of various degrees, magistrates and deputy magistrates, preside singly over the fate of districts as large as Yorkshire or Wales, and to enable them to make the most remote pretence of discharging their duties, they receive the assistance of a swarm of native subordinates, whose name may truly be called legion.

The revenue department of the Indian government is equally beholden to the ministrings of these indigenous officials, without whom, indeed, we could make but small progress in the collection of the twenty-seven millions of pounds sterling annually squeezed from the muscles of Indian ryots. I am quite willing to admit at starting, what it would be folly to deny, that to dream of carrying on the administration of our Indian empire without the aid of native subordinates would be an utter absurdity.

These authorities are, unfortunately, taken from the very dregs of Asiatic society, and consist indiscriminately of Mahometans

and Hindus. It would perhaps be very difficult, if not impossible, to say which of these two races are the greatest adepts at extortion and every species of cunning rascality. Miserably paid, they seek, by an infinity of methods, to swell up their income, and this they contrive to do with the utmost impunity—living in the midst of luxuries when an honest man would starve. The steps upon the branches of this Great Indian Bean-Stalk are many: but, patiently followed, they lead at last to a golden certainty.

Lallah Ram, of whose life I am about to relate a few trifling incidents, was a man of humble station, but aspiring in mind, and being well acquainted with most of the native *Omlah* or judicial subordinates of the city, used every influence in his power to obtain the most menial appointment in the police court. After many months of patient watchfulness, Lallah, by dint of *dustur* or fee, was installed as Orderly to the Deputy Magistrate of the district, on a salary of eight shillings a month. This pay was small enough, especially as Lallah had a wife and three children to maintain with it. But my hero had not been a hanger-on of police courts and Cutcherries (collectors' offices) for nothing. He had gained a complete insight into the history of the Great Indian Bean-Stalk, and panted for an opportunity of reducing his knowledge to practice.

Lallah began systematically, and lost no opportunity of ingratiating himself with his master the Sahib Bahadur, or great magistrate: he made it appear on every occasion that he was on the best possible footing with Sahib; to whom he was really quite indispensable. No sooner was this feeling fairly established than the aspiring orderly began to turn it to account. Did any one, no matter what his rank, desire an audience with his highness the magistrate, he was kept cooling his heels in the outer hall, until having exhausted his patience he offered Lallah a rupee to take his name to the Bahadur. The orderly would give the solitary coin a look of the utmost contempt, move not an inch, and say that he was a poor man, but had every desire to oblige the visitor if in his power. The suitor would relax, slip five rupees into his willing palm, and was at once ushered into the presence amidst many adjurations to the heathen pantheon, and all sorts of prosperity evoked on the donor's head.

These visitors were numerous; and, although a few now and then endeavoured to rebel against the innocent practices of Lallah, he was invariably a match for them. Should there be any disposition to avoid the *dustur* (*anglied* "down with the dust"), the orderly expressed many regrets; but the Sahib was most particularly engaged, and had given express orders not to be disturbed on any account. It was seldom that a sentence of this kind was misunderstood; the fee was

produced, and the door flung wide open. Perhaps the visitor complained, and the orderly may, perchance, have got a wiggling. To be even with him, the very next day, when the Sahib is particularly busy, Lallah pours in upon him a whole host of troublesome people; and when remonstrated with, declares that "Sahib wished it to be so." And thus things fall back to their old course.

It is not only suitors and other visitors who are made to contribute to the orderly's treasury, to build up his golden ladder; the very police inspectors, or thannadars, cannot approach the presence without *dustur*. Once upon a time an inspector, either poorer or more stubborn than his fellows, did not choose to fall into the customary practice, and declined bleeding for the benefit of Lallah. The latter was, of course, indignant at this unprincipled conduct, and although he dared not act openly against the recusant official, he laid his plans so quietly and surely as to effect all he desired. The Sahib had many idle moments; and, during these, Lallah contrived to whisper to one of the hangers-on, loud enough to be heard, some scandalous proceeding of the thannadar. The other replied, also in a sort of stage whisper, that he too had heard something of the same sort, whilst the *mohurrir*, or clerk, chimed in with another story against the doomed policeman, and remarked that he was a scoundrel and "unfaithful to his oath." These whisperings were of course, overheard; and being repeated at intervals, left an impression on the mind of the Sahib by no means favourable. No pains were spared to watch the victim; and as might be expected, some irregularity was at last brought against him, not perhaps of any moment, but Lallah's whispered poison had worked their effect in the mind of the magistrate, and the consequence was that the thannadar was dismissed.

Such were a few of the proceedings carried on in the outer courts, the vestibule of the temple of justice. My hero was not less bold and successful within the sanctuary itself. His bean-stalk was planted deep at the very foot of the justice seat. No sooner was a case decided, no matter how insignificant, than the watchful, indefatigable Lallah slipped out; and, following the successful suitor, extended towards him his open palm, into which the other, too wise to decline, dropped a rupee. The orderly offers up a mental vote of thanks to Brahma, Siva and Vishnu, and sneaks back to his place in court; none but those in the secret having observed his absence.

The registry office was another locality highly favourable for the upward growth of this famous bean-stalk. Whenever an order of court was made out for a report from the Sheristah, or native registry, bearing upon some case in suit, Lallah took especial care that the matter was not proceeded with for many days. When the litigant was worn out

with delay, and became importunate, the wily orderly took him outside, and quietly requested to know how much he would give to have the report made out forthwith. The impatient suitor gladly proffered a rupee. The *dustur* was pocketed; and, proceeding with his retainer to the registry office, Lallah called out to the record-keeper, in a well-understood swaggering tone, which was meant to say "It's all right," that the Sahib was highly incensed at the delay with the plaintiff's record, and that he desired him to intimate that any further hindrance would be punished with a smart fine.

The refusals to bleed were far from being many; still they did happen occasionally. When that was the case, Lallah was in no way disconcerted, for he knew that it must come at last, proceeded with the unmanageable suitor to the registry, and, winking his eye at the Sheristah, simply enquires why the report is not made out, in a mild tone of voice, which plainly enough intimated that it was not all right yet. The Sheristah of course understood; and stroking his beard (he was a Mahometan) called upon the Prophet to witness that some most important papers had been demanded by a superior authority which required immediate attention; the Sahib must accordingly allow him a few more days' grace. The suitor, driven to despair by this delay, consented to a heavy fee, and instantly Lallah became his warmest friend. Hastily retracing his steps, the orderly, in a voice of thunder, expressed his astonishment at the impertinence of the Sheristah, and gave him to know that if his friend did not at once receive the report the whole affair should be reported. Again the tone and manner of the pliable orderly were duly appreciated; the report appeared as if by magic, and Lallah, the lucky, retired to share the spoil with the Sheristah, muttering a song of thanksgiving to that very respectable body the Hindu Triad.

In this way the bean-stalk had flourished greatly; but was now destined to be transplanted to another locality, though still within a genial, kindly soil. My hero, finding the office of orderly not quite important enough for his ambition, and thirsting for distinction and rupees, managed by a variety of artful oriental devices to get elected a Chuprassie, or process-server, to the native sheriff of the district. This was truly a splendid field for his talents, and he was not long before he turned the golden opportunity to account.

The mode of coining rupees in this department was of the simplest kind. The summonses for the appearance of defaulters of revenue before the deputy magistrate were very numerous, and the defendants were all of the Ryot class, the poorest grade in society. But unless the Zemindar, or landholder, who took out the summons agreed to fee the chuprassie in addition to paying for the summons,

he might as well have spared himself the latter expense; for the documents were left quietly in the official's turban or his pouch until the *dustur* was forthcoming. Some of these zemindars were very rich and very stingy, and now and then gave my friend Lallah a little trouble.

Some people would have been disconcerted if the powerful zemindar of the next division gave no token of the usual fee. But not so Lallah. He was prepared for every contingency, and was always cool and resolute. He did nothing. The writ never left his pouch, and at the end of many days the plaintiff complained that no summons had been served. The chuprassie, on being questioned, declared by all the sacred spots in Hindostan, that the plaintiff's agent had refused to indicate the party to him, and what was he to do? There was no help for it but to issue a warrant of apprehension, for which the zemindar had to pay in addition, and who, aware at length of the impossibility of proceeding without *dustur*, came down handsomely to the process-server.

Lallah became less particular as he moved onwards in his career; and, provided a handful of coin was to be the reward, never flinched from any daring act of villany. It was of no use doing things by halves. A greedy zemindar wished to dispossess a poor cultivator of a tract of fine land held by the latter under a *pottah*, or lease, for which the ryot had paid handsomely some time before. The wealthy scoundrel trumped up a case of arrears of rent against the cultivator, and obtained a simple summons against him. This document he placed, with some weighty considerations, in the hands of Lallah the obsequious, who undertook not to serve it. At the end of some days a return was made to the Sahib magistrate to the effect that the ryot would not show himself, but lay hidden within his hut so that his summons could not be served. This is one of the most unfavourable offences a native can commit, in the eyes of a company's magistrate; it is never forgiven, and is always visited with severity. The irate justice instantly made out an order to dispossess the cultivator of his lands and make them over to the plaintiff. This was as a matter of course done, to the ruin of the villager, the delight of the zemindar, and the replenishment of Lallah's overflowing purse.

It need not be wondered at, that by a long continuance of such practices, carried on by night and day, at all seasons, and with all classes, my hero was enabled to amass a considerable sum, which was placed snugly out at usurious interest. A more lucrative field, however, lay before him in the department of Opium and Salt revenue, in which he obtained admission by the usual means. The salary attached to this post was very small considering the large amount of revenue placed at his mercy. It was but

two pounds a month, and for this, he paid to the English deputy collector ten pounds monthly.

One of the chief duties of the officers of this department is to search for contraband dealers in opium; all of whom are heavily fined. The right of sale is farmed out annually; and, naturally enough, these farmers are always on the look out for contrabandists, especially since they come in for a lion's share of the fine. The respectable Lallah was waited on one fine morning, slipping his coffee and smoking his hookah like any other great man, by the opium farmer of the district; who prefaced his mission by most humble salaams and a douceur of ten rupees slipped under his hookah-stand. Of course the wary officer took no notice of this little piece of pantomime, but knew that his services were in requisition. The hookah was finished; and, without asking any troublesome questions, Lallah followed the farmer as meekly as a lamb. Arrived at the suspected house, accompanied by a posse of the farmer's people and officers, an entrance was demanded and obtained. The owner of the house was a respectable and wealthy trader, and appeared quite conscious of his innocence; so much so, that he paid small attention to the proceedings of the party.

The search went on, and Lallah, while he seemed most inattentive, was really most watchful, saw one of the farmer's servants conceal something under a heap of rubbish in a corner. Presently another of the searchers turned over the identical heap, and of course dragged from it that which had been placed there—a quantity of the forbidden opium.

It was in vain for the trader to protest his innocence; equally vain to declare that the whole thing was a plot. Lallah asked him with an air of offended dignity whether he thought that he, Lallah, would be a party to any knavery? The whole thing was conclusive. The trader was rich, and could therefore afford to pay the fine of one hundred and fifty rupees, which were shared between the government, the opium-farmer, and Lallah.

Sometimes it happened that the farmer would not or did not "make things pleasant;" in which case my hero generally contrived to show him the folly of his conduct by siding with the suspected parties, and thus foiling the attempts of the informers. It mattered very little to him on which side he was enlisted, provided the ways and means were supplied; indeed, he rather liked a little opposition to the regular course of things, seeing that it usually had the effect of bringing back his former friends with stronger proofs than ever of their regard for him.

From this department of the service Lallah managed to climb a little higher on the bean-stalk in his old calling—that of the police. He was now a Thannadar, or

inspector of a district, and a personage of some consequence. The same course of fees, bribery, and presents, was carried on as of old; but on a larger scale. His career was, however, no longer smooth and unruffled. Anxieties and cares stole upon the now great man's life, to which he had before been an utter stranger; and although he did contrive by dint of stratagem and well-matured policy to extricate himself from every fresh difficulty as it arose, it entailed upon him great watchfulness.

Murders had become very frequent in his new district, and the attention of the superior authorities had been seriously called to the subject. Just at that period a report was sent in from a village to the effect that a trader of some consequence had disappeared in a mysterious manner, and no tidings of him could be learnt. The magistrate resolved to show his zeal in the cause, and accordingly ordered Lallah to bring the guilty parties to justice, under penalty of forfeiture of his office. The thannadar set to work in right good earnest, with every instrument at his disposal. Fields, rivers, houses, hedges, jungle, forest—all were searched, but in vain; no trace of the murdered man could be found, and for once Lallah was at fault.

A thannadar of a low and grovelling nature would have reported his failure to his superior; but not so Lallah. The Sahib wanted evidence and a prisoner, and he was resolved to provide the same at all hazards.

By some means Lallah ascertained that in the same village in which the missing man had resided, there dwelt another trader who was largely indebted to the supposed victim, and who was known to be a man of violent temper and loose habits. This was the very man for the thannadar. Who more likely to have made away with the trader than his debtor of ill-repute? Had Lallah advertised in the Mofussilite under the heading of "Wanted, a Murderer," he could not have succeeded more to his wishes.

The shopkeeper was apprehended, together with his wife. Witnesses were of course forthcoming, who swore by every Hindu deity that they had heard the prisoners and the missing man at high words, and that when last seen the latter was in company with the former. So far so good; but the prisoners denied their guilt to Lallah, and that was a difficulty that had to be overcome. They were confined in a deep pit up to their waists in putrid filth during a day and night. On the following day they were exposed to the burning rays of a tropical sun; and when, parched and feverish, they called faintly for water, a bag of dry and broken chillies or capsicums was shaken over their heads, the fierce dust from which, piercing into their eyes and down their throats, drove the miserable creatures almost mad. Human nature could not stand up against such treat-

ment: the rack and the wheel were mercy to such torture; and in their agony they confessed to the commission of the crime in the presence of witnesses, and offered their signatures to a statement to that effect.

The case was thus in excellent condition, and Lallah took it in triumph before the magistrate, who was equally pleased at the result. The examination of the witnesses was very brief, and the case was sent up to the sessions judge.

Before the higher tribunal little more was done than recapitulating the proceedings of the magistrate's court; and although no body had been found, no bloody weapon had been produced, no one had ever witnessed the deed, the prisoners were found guilty, and sentenced to be hung. This sentence had necessarily to be affirmed by a court of appeal, which body sent the case back to the judge, directing his attention to the fact that he had forgotten to ask the prisoners to plead to the indictment, and had not examined any witnesses on their behalf, though they appeared to have had some! The judge went through the form of asking the prisoners to plead, and they as a last hope pleaded "Not guilty." No witnesses appearing, the case was again sent up for affirmation, when, fortunately for the condemned couple, the superior tribunal decided that, owing to the plea of "Not guilty," and the absence of all direct evidence, the criminals should not be hung, but merely imprisoned for life, first being branded on the forehead as felons.

So far all was well; Lallah was rewarded, and the magistrate praised for his activity. But some few months after the murdered man turned up. He had been keeping out of the way for some private reasons, and returned on hearing of the trial and sentence of his supposed murderers. The latter were, of course, set free; but no pardon could erase the felon-brand from their foreheads. The accused man died broken-hearted soon afterwards, having first related how he had been tortured into a confession, though, in doing so, he did not dare to implicate the powerful Lallah. The big scoundrel escaped, and the little ones were punished by dismissal.

A year or two of these duties, and Lallah felt anxious to be relieved of them. His wealth had accumulated to an extent that warranted him in starting in quite a different career. He next appeared at Calcutta in the character of banian, or money-lender; a wide and fruitful field for gain. Here Lallah Ram Sing figured as a man of immense wealth and influence; and, truly, few possessed more advantages than he did. He soon contrived to get a dozen of the Calcutta officials deeply in his books, and once there he knew how to turn them to account. They were too needy to refuse him any favour, or to decline to become parties to jobs, however barefaced; and in this way the bean-stalk grew so strong that Lallah was enabled to climb nearly to

the top of it. His establishment is now one of the largest in the City of Palaces. His nautches are on the most magnificent scale; the Governor-general was present at the last. His clients are more numerous than those of any other banian; his monetary transactions more extensive; and, in speaking of his wealth, people talk not of thousands, but of millions of rupees.

This Bean-stalk is not an imaginary plant. It is not culled from Arabian romance or fairy legend, but is taken from the veritable records of Indian every-day life. It grew yesterday; it grows to-day; it will grow on to-morrow, and will continue to grow until the axe of Indian Reform cuts it down for ever.

THE PHILANSTERIAN MENAGERIE.

ONE evening lately I found myself at Paris, without being exactly able to remember how I got there. I ought to have been on the north coast of France, philosophising on the beach at regular hours, or perhaps unphilosophically contemplating the freaks of the adult and infant bathers there. For I had a tiresome book in hand to be forthwith edited, and my last letter from England contained a severe demand for "copy." Moreover, there was a convalescent nursing in the way, for whom Channel breezes were urgently prescribed; nor had I any clear recollection of having settled with my native landlady before thus abruptly quitting her comfortable board and lodging. But railways are such leaders into temptation. "To Paris and back for twenty francs" had been placarded about for a fortnight past. I have substantial proof that it is a vulgar error that "rolling stones gather no moss." In short, at Paris I seemed to be, without my French mother—and they are a sharp-sighted set—having the least suspicion that I was out.

It is a luxury of ecstatic degree to make this kind of sudden escape, and to break loose out of the mill-round of duties which have daily to be done from morning till night. A new set of faces, a new set of streets, a new set of hedges and ditches and fields, are most effectual tonics. There are people in the world who would die, or go mad, if they could not freely and fairly take wing now and then. I am closely related to that family of migrants; and that, I suppose, was the reason why I happened so oddly to be strolling about Paris, unconscious of the means which had conveyed me.

I had no object on earth to take me there, and I wandered along in delightful carelessness. As it was getting dusk, I reached one of the quays. Before me flowed the rushing Seine; behind me rose a large and dingy building, which bore some resemblance to a publisher's shop. I leaned over the parapet, gazing at the river, and musing on some strange notions about electricity that had

been proposed to my consideration, when a sudden glare of light interrupted my thoughts, and made me turn round to ascertain the cause. The building was brilliantly and instantly illuminated—could it be by the electric light?—and through the windows I could see that it contained, besides books, a large collection of living animals. Of course, in Paris all such treasures as this would be open to the inspection of a well-behaved public, and I at once determined to ascertain the prescribed form of obtaining admittance. But, as I approached the door, it was opened wide to receive my visit, and a handsome, brown-bearded, full-eyed man invited me in with pleasing yet dignified looks and gestures.

"I only occupy a portion of this establishment," he said. "My fellow-labourers, not less enthusiastic than myself, have each their special department assigned them. Mine, just now, is to exhibit the Menagerie. The public will not arrive quite yet in any numbers to require my attention; so, as I perceive you are a stranger and an Englishman, it will afford me pleasure to act as your guide for a private view, during the brief interval which I have to spare before lecturing to my usual audience."

Only one reply—a bow of thanks—could be made to this obliging offer. I followed my Mentor, charmed with his manner and amused with his matter, but often seriously asking myself whether or not I were in company with an escaped lunatic. Still, at many a remark which he made, I resolved to try and remember that, and give some report of his observations.

Let us first—he said—inspect the animals which have rallied around the standard of man; some of them as auxiliaries, others merely as domestic slaves. What a pity that I should have so few to show you! With exceedingly rare exceptions, every living creature, whether bird or beast, sincerely desires to fraternise with man; and during the space of six thousand years, with several thousands of animals to work upon, we have only succeeded in attaching to us some fifty of them, at the very outside calculation. I do not know of any fact which is more severely condemnatory of the actual phase of society, than the simple comparison of these figures respectively.

Here you observe a goodly collection of dogs, all admirable for their special merits. God having in the beginning created man, and beholding him so feeble, gave him the dog; and in order that the dog might entirely belong to man, he exclusively endowed him with friendship and devotion. He instilled into his heart the most profound contempt for family joys and paternity. He limited his sentiment of love to the animal instinct of reproduction. He left love and familiarity, the passions of the minor mode, to the inferior canine race, the Fox. The dog is the noblest

conquest that man has ever made; for he is the first element in the progress of humanity. Without the dog, man would have been compelled to vegetate eternally on the border-land of Savagery. The dog enables human society to pass from the savage to the patriarchal state, by presenting it with flocks and herds. No dog, no flock nor herd,—no flock nor herd, no certain means of subsistence; no leg of mutton, nor roast beef at pleasure; no wool, no plaids, nor *burnous*; no leisure hours, no astronomical observations, no science, no industry. The dog has enabled mankind to find time for all those things. The east is the cradle of civilisation, because the east is the native land of the dog. Take away the dog from Asia and Asia is no better off than America. What constitutes the superiority of the Old over the New World, is the possession of the dog. What, in fact, is the end of all the efforts of intellect, all the labours of the Mohican, who has only the chance to depend on for a subsistence? It is nothing more than the study of the great art of tracking and following his game, or his enemy. Now, that young terrier who is peeping out of his kennel, knows as much, or more, of this difficult science after six months' study, as the most intelligent savage at the end of forty years. The natives of the East, then, who possessed the dog, were relieved from an amount of painful labour which employed the whole life and faculties of the Red Skins. They had time to spare, and they were able to employ it in the creation of industry. Such is the origin of arts and trades; such is the whole difference between the Old and New Continents. Historians have written thousands of volumes on this grave question, without lighting upon the discovery of this simple truth; and brave anatomists continue to dissect the skulls of Americans, in order to find out the cause of the inferiority of that race, without even suspecting that they are wandering a hundred leagues away from the solution of the problem.

To this new and luminous anthropological solution there hangs another observation, which is equally my own, namely that cannibalism is an endemic disease in all countries that have the misfortune to be without dogs. Why is cannibalism never met with amongst pastoral nations, amongst the Chaldeans, Egyptians, Arabians, Mongolians, and Tartars? Because the milk and flesh of the herds and flocks, with which the dog has endowed those nations, constantly preserve them from the criminal temptations of hunger. On this subject, I will beg permission not to add my anathemas to those which have so often been hurled against anthropophagy by the hand of false morality and false philanthropy. Cannibalism is one of the diseases of the earliest infancy of humanity; a depraved taste which famine explains, if it does not entirely justify. Pity the cannibal, and don't abuse him, ye members of civilised society, who eat under-

done meat, and kill millions of men, for much less plausible motives than hunger. According to my own ideas, of all the wars which men wage against each other, war for the sake of eating one's enemy is the only rational warfare on the whole list. Roasting one's adversary after he is dead, is not half so senseless and wicked an action as killing him by wholesale when he feels no inclination to die. From cannibalism, and all its attendant horrors, our faithful friend, the dog, has rescued us. It is not his fault if we still commit the most atrocious form of human madness—war.

Behold a specimen of domestic swine, which are allowed the *entree* of the menagerie. If the pig still continued to lend to man the aid of his snout to discover and disinter the truffle, I should have been able to include him in the list of auxiliaries; but it is evident that the moment he allowed the dog to displace him from his special function, he lost the right of figuring in that honourable class. I may be told that he has been employed in St. Domingo and elsewhere, as a call-pig, playing exactly the same part in the woods as his passionate homologue, the call-duck, does upon the lake. I do not deny the fact; but the mere act of calling, quacking, or grunting, does not constitute an auxiliary. There is, besides, another reason of a superior order, a reason of analogy, which compels me to refuse that title to the pig. He is the emblem of the miser; and the miser is good for nothing till after his death. Consequently it was not amongst the pig's possibilities to be useful to man during his life.

The he-goat, the mutilated type of the Bouquetin of the Pyrenees and the Alps, has never enjoyed any great reputation for sanctity, and I will not take upon me to assert that he has acquired a much worse name than he deserves. It is very certain that, by his dissolute morals, he lays himself open to calumny, and that the odour he exhales does not symbolise a model of purity. He is the emblem of brutal sensuality. The Greek, Jewish, and Christian religions accord with analogy in this respect. The Greeks were not content with sacrificing a goat to Bacchus, as being one of the vine's enemies, one of the plagues of attractive labour; they disguised their satyrs with the mask and character of the lascivious animal, in order to brand gross and material love with an unmistakeable mark of reprobation, in order to declare their belief that purely sensual passion is degrading to man, and lowers him to the level of the brute.

I am sorry to pass sentence on a poor animal already laden with the sins of Israel; but I cannot find it in my heart to utter a word of excuse for an emblem of lust and moral filth, for an enemy of vineyards and agriculture. I confess that the future prospects of the goat fill me with considerable alarm; for I find no employment for him in

harmony, when leather breeches will suffer an immense reduction in price, in consequence of the suppression of the gendarmerie. The most favourable lot the goat can then expect is to be banished to his native country, for the purpose of repopling the glaciers and rocky precipices, in company with the vigogne, the moulton, and the chamois.

Lascivious, capricious, and easy-tempered, addicted to vagabondage and sorcery, fond of saltpetre, but a good daughter and a good mother at the bottom of her heart, the she-goat represents the thorough-bred gipsy, the smart Esmeralda. Lament if you like, but beware of endeavouring to avert the lot which awaits Esmeralda and the goat. The goat and her family may henceforth find their appropriate place in the colonisation of desert islands and uninhabitable mountains. Under every latitude the goat and the rabbit are undoubtedly the best agents which God has given to man, for deriving some profit from the barren rock.

Prudence forbids my speaking my mind on the subject of the sheep and the lamb, which you see folded there. I have very little esteem for sheep-like people, who submit to be shorn without resistance. Innocence, candour, and resignation under suffering are virtues which I do not desire to see too common in France. It is high time that the lamb, and the poor working man, should cease to play the part of victim. Therefore, mind how you behave yourselves, ye cruel butchers and iniquitous shepherds!

I do not value the tame rabbit in that lutch, either for his flesh or for his habits, which latter are tinged with cannibalism; but I am pleased with his fecundity, his rapid growth, and many other merits—with his low price especially—permitting him to make acquaintance with poor people's stomachs who have no means of tasting butcher's meat. The rabbit is the emblem of the poor labourer who lives by working in quarries and mines, a race which sometimes finds repose at the bottom of its subterranean retreat, but liable to be attacked by a thousand enemies the moment it puts its nose above ground. It is not gifted with foresight, like the hamster and the squirrel, because the wages of the workmen, whom it symbolises, are too low for them to be able to lay by the least fraction against a rainy day. The rabbit sometimes kills its young. Every day, want and profligacy drive the starving workwoman to commit infanticide. This crime, so common in the tribe of rabbits, happens more rarely in the tribe of hares. The reason is, that destitution is more frightful in manufacturing towns than in agricultural districts. The rabbit has made riots, and overthrown cities, according to the account of Pliny. In great towns the poor occasionally indulge in the same amusement, but never in the country, because they are not crowded close enough together, to be able to compute

their own numbers and strength. In Champagne I used to know a gamekeeper who piped rabbits by means of a bird-call, in the same way as is practised with robin red-breasts, and which forced them out of their burrows quicker than the ferret would. The art of piping rabbits was practised in Spain in very ancient times; the verb *chollar* being coined to specify the process, which was also not unknown in Provence.

Next you have a group of stinkards, vermin whom I hold in abomination. Neither the boar nor the stag is a scentless animal, yet no one ever thought of applying the name of stinkard to them. A denomination so gracefully characteristic has been reserved for these lowest of beings, which hiding in some subterranean retreat, and poisoning the air with their odious effluvia, live by dangerless murder and rapine. The polecat—the best known type of the group which I style “cut-throats” and “blood-drinkers”—the polecat, and all the rest of its tribe, have been gifted by the Creator with a membranous pouch, situated close to the tail, and secreting an odoriferous liquid. In the stinkards of our own climate, this odour is nothing worse than repulsive; but in the species of Central America, known under the significant name Mephitica, it is so horribly and unbearably fetid as to suffocate and poison those who breathe it. In that country, there have been cases proved of persons being killed in their beds by the odour of stinkards; and it is sufficient for one of these creatures merely to pass through a granary, a fruit-room, or a cellar, to render every provision in them uneatable, every beverage undrinkable. Charitable souls will learn with delight that the science of military engineering, the noble art of legal destruction, has lately borrowed a wrinkle from the stinkard in the practice of distant poisoning. People in general are not prepared for the surprise which awaits them on the next declaration of hostilities between absolutism and democracy. *Bulletins* will not run in their usual style. Instead of that, we shall read in the *Gazette*, “After two hours’ cannonading, at the distance of fifteen hundred yards, the enemy fled in all directions, abandoning their arms and their cannon, and holding their noses. So complete a victory was never attended with so little bloodshed. The enemy fell, like brimstoned bees, performing the most grotesque and laughable contortions. Nose-witnesses ascertained that the infection from our howitzers was such, that the air was tainted for the distance of several miles. The successes of the day may be in great part attributed to the ingenious precaution which I had taken; namely, to furnish each of our soldiers with a pair of spectacles.”

This blood-thirsty family includes the animals which furnish the finest and the most esteemed peltry; wherefore, stinkard-hunting is an important affair, both in Siberia and in

America. Analogy teaches us the reason, both of the sanguinary disposition which characterises this species, as well as of the insupportable odour which it exhales, and the silkiness and strength of its garment of fur. The blood-drinkers—the *Mustelians* of learned language—are the most sanguinary animals in all creation; because they symbolise thieves in little and murderers in little—empoisoners of provisions and adulterators of drinks—and because the crafty practices of these meanest of industrials, who sprout and flourish on the outskirts of civilisation, cause the death of an infinitely greater number of persons than the cannon and the bayonet. The purveyor for the army or navy, who pares off his profit from the soldier's ration, and the Director of the Algerian hospital, who adulterates the sulphate of quinine, have killed a hundred times as many soldiers as the Arabs, even since eighteen hundred and thirty. I rejoice to learn that nothing of the kind has ever occurred in provisioning the British fleet.

The polecat and its murderous brethren owe to the elasticity of their intercostal cartilages a suppleness of backbone which allows them to insinuate themselves through the narrowest chinks of the dovecote and the poultry-house. An entrance once effected, the villanous brutes bathe in blood, intoxicate themselves with murder, and kill right and left for the mere pleasure of killing. This supple spine and inextinguishable thirst for gore represent the insatiable avidity, profligacy, and astuteness of the usurer, the man of law, the pleader, and the legist, who creep through the smallest chinks of the code—sometimes missing the galleys by the merest hair's-breadth—to penetrate into hard-working households, entwine the poor labourer in their deadly folds, and bleed him till he is as pale as death. The polecat is pitiless; it destroys every individual bird which it finds. Exactly in the same way, the Jew, after drawing the last drop of gold from the veins of his victim, will throw him on a straw bed in prison, regardless of his unhappy family, whom the detention of their head reduces to want, and delivers to the terrible suggestions of hunger. Innocent species—the pigeon, the hen, the pheasant, the rabbit—are the usual victims of the polecat's rage. The weak, the poor city workman, and the humble farm labourer, are the prey of the cheat, the parasite, and the usurer. The remarkable adherence of the hair to the skin, which constitutes the value of fur, symbolises the avarice of men of the law, traffickers in lying words, and dealers in adulterated goods. Nothing can equal the tenacity with which these *mis-rables* hold their ill-gotten wealth. The infected odour exhaled by stinkards is the extortion and stock-jobbing, the assault and murder, which transude from the gangrened body of France, where Jewish influence is paramount.

Would we cure the body social of its infamies, and exterminate the nuisance from our territory? The means of both are one and the same; and, moreover, have the advantage of being exceedingly easy. To heal the wounds of society, and exterminate the polecat, we must substitute fraternity for selfishness, centralism for divergence, universal partnership for piece-meal property. Let us suppress all piece-meal property, which is the golden-egged hen of chicanery, mortgage, and usury; witness the subtle pleader, the sworn interpreter of the code, and the retail dealer in stamped paper, who shuts up shop without any warning. Let us exchange the five hundred miserable huts, which are the pride and glory of civilised villages, into one splendid communal palace, a comfortable club-house for the entire population. Let us replace the five hundred barns, covered with thatch, pierced with holes, and tumbling to pieces, into one vast, united granary, to receive the produce of the commune, and over whose inviolability numberless agents will feel it their office to keep strict watch. Instantly, every one of the noisome vermin which are the ruin of the labourer—polecats, rats, weevils, and so on—will disappear from the world for ever. It is evident that the question of the polecat, and of the vampires of parasitism, is identical; that both these pests have simultaneously invaded the body social; that they issue from the same source, antagonism; and that, the cause ceasing, its necessary effect will also cease. I await the death of the last surviving polecat to deliver a triumphant funeral oration over the grave of the last of thieves.

Now for the fox—a nasty creature, the object, too, of nasty sport. Fox-hunting is only excusable as one means of fox destruction. You English hunt the fox for hunting's sake; and it is a reproach of which you will never clear yourselves. Other beasts you hunt, not for the sport, but to break your necks and practice horse-dealing. Fox-hunting affords no interest at all, and hardly deserves to have a word bestowed upon it.

Young foxes are easily familiarised to the faces and creatures of the house in which they are brought up. The part of our institutions which they most readily fall in with, are our regular fixed hours for eating. I know no chronometer that indicates the precise time of dinner with greater exactness than a fox's stomach. Tame foxes which had regained their liberty, have been known after three months' absence, to return to the farm where they had lived, and always, observe, at dinner time.

A long while ago, I was the proprietor (continued my scientific showman) of a very young fox, a remarkable wag, who was capable of beating a commissary-general in the art of playing tricks with entables. He was my own and my school-fellows' great consolation, during our study of Latin and

Greck. The applause bestowed upon his clever tricks, together with too much self-satisfaction, perhaps, and the intoxication of success, had developed to an extraordinary degree the manifestations of his crafty nature. My mother, who, according to the terms of the Civil Code, was responsible for the acts and deeds of my fox, asserted sometimes, in an undertone, that she might have bought a handsome horse with the sum total of the indemnities which my mischievous brute had cost her for murdered chickens, plundered soup-boilers, and tame rabbits artfully made away with. At last, a price was set upon his head; but who, in our presence, dared to undertake the execution of the sentence?

A kite of courage, when the thing was proposed to him, did not shrink from the enterprise. He was a redoubted bird, the terror of all the cats and poodles of the place, and proudly conscious of fifty victories. He challenged the fox to single combat, and the lists were opened with my consent. The kitchen was the field of battle. The first attack was terrible. Surprised and frightened by the aggressor's impetuosity, Reynard disgracefully turned tail, and sought a retreat in the darkest corner of the room. The bird then pounced upon the enemy's rump, slashing away with all the power of his beak. But that portion of the adversary, the only part he could work upon, was also hairy and invulnerable. Satiated at last with his apparent triumph and the uproarious applause of the delighted public, he left his quarry, perched upon the back of a low chair, and soon was dozing like a gorged buzzard. The spectators, supposing that all the fun was over, discussed the superior gallantry of carnivorous birds over carnivorous quadrupeds; and the debate became so animated, that the actual combatants were completely lost sight of, till a fearful scream re-echoed through the place. We turned and looked, and—heart-rending sight!—the kite lay prostrate on the floor of the arena, beating the air with his dying wing, and contracting his claws in a final convulsion of agony.

How the death-wound had been dealt, I was the only person able to say. It was a feat borrowed from the famous combat of the Horatii and the Curatii. The fox had fled, in order to induce the bird to pursue him, and waste his strength upon his padded buckler. As soon as the kite was tired and had given up the contest, the cunning brute turned his head, observed the position, and measured the distance. Then, darting forward with a terrible bound, which no one foresaw and no one heard, he seized the unsuspecting creature in his mouth, and pierced him through and through with a single bite. The whole affair was the work of a moment. When we looked to see where the murderer was, we perceived him under the kitchen sink, contemplating the maid as she washed

up the dinner plates, like a complete stranger to the tragic event.

Further on, I will show you some creatures which stand as the symbols of literary men. You hear the bell which is ringing at this moment; it announces to them their feeding time. * * * Here the loud sound of some heavy body falling plump between my feet, diverted my attention from the speaker's harangue. I looked on the floor to discover what had occasioned the noise; and there, sure enough, lay a half-open, thick octavo volume, whose aspect was perfectly familiar to me. I stooped to raise it from the ground. On listening for the continuation of my conductor's address, and the sequel remarks on literary animals, the Illuminated Menagerie had entirely disappeared, and I was sitting in my arm-chair in my snug little study, exactly where I ought to have been—namely, on the north coast of France, instead of at Paris, I knew not how.

"*Monsieur est servi!*" shouted a female voice, in a very unusual tone of displeasure. "The dinner has been on the table for ever so long, and everybody is tired of waiting. I have rung the bell till my arm quite aches. The soup, made of a magnificent veal ankle, is now as cold as fountain-water; and the omelette, in which I surpassed myself, dashing it off in a moment of enthusiasm, is no better than a bit of buttered sponge. It is cruel of you, Monsieur Feelsone, to serve me so," continued my landlady as she entered the room. "But, ah! I see the cause of the indifference to meal-times which has lately overclouded your spirit. I behold the reason of the ungrateful return which you make to-day for my kitchen labours. It all arises from that ugly, wicked treatise. In vain I lie awake all night, contemplating a happy combination of dishes; in vain I ransack the waters, salt and sweet; in vain I send emissaries to marsh and wood, all to procure you fish and game. Now-o-days you care no more about them than if they were slices of bread and butter. But if matters are much longer to go on in this way, I shall wish Phalansterianism at the bottom of the sea. M. Victor had a great deal better attend to his patients' maladies, than keep sending to Paris for books by the dozen, to corrupt your mind as well as his own. I shall soon be looked upon as a complete nobody in the house, if comfortable lodging and liberal board are treated as things not worth attending to. Philosophy is to have the upper hand! Worlds of Birds! and Minds of Brutes! I wonder what nonsense will next be thought off! I am sure all your friends are sick of the subject. For my part, if Dubois—"

"Madame Dubois," I calmly answered, "I plead guilty to having fallen fast asleep. But do not be too angry with our books; for I assure you that, if ever you let lodgings in Harmony, you will have a much wider and more honourable scope in which to exercise the culinary

art. We shall then be gifted with a gamut of tastes, as complete as now is our gamut of sounds. For instance, loaves of bread will then be made to answer exactly to each of the savoury notes of the scale. You will be able to compose chromatic sauces, to serve as the variations to diatonic dishes. You will cook a grand pastoral dinner in E flat major, to be followed by an allegro supper in D. That the books, though eccentric, are not bad at the bottom, your own acute judgment shall decide for itself. You are aware, Madame, that women, in France, are not treated with sufficient consideration. They have too little to do; they are kept far too much in the back-ground; they exercise too little influence both in public and private affairs; and are not consulted half often enough about things which concern their sons and their husbands. Well; the writer of this very book proposes to remedy the evil of this completely. Henceforth, instead of gentlemen taking the lead, 'Mrs. and Mr. Smith' will be the polite style. Listen only to one short passage: 'Females in general are the epitome of all that is good and beautiful. Why do men shave their beards if it be not to resemble the feminine type? Woman is the second edition of man, revised and corrected, and considerably embellished.' There, Madame Dubois, what do you think of that?"

"The books are not heretical, after all!" was my answer. "Study is certainly a very improving thing. You and M. Victor have quite a right to cultivate your minds, if you do not neglect your dinner-times. Perhaps, by-and-bye, I may allow the Messieurs D. to peruse a few extracts, if you will make it the effect of your goodness to select the most edifying parts for their instruction—like that which you read just now. Never mind things being cold for once. The soup shall soon be hot again. I'll whip up an omelette to eclipse the first. The roast shall retire into the oven for a moment; and the salad will be the better for a second dressing."

"Bravo, Madame! I am wide awake now. When we pass from Civilisation to Harmony, you shall rule the roast and boiled, in the Communal Palace in which I dwell. For, in that happy state of existence, no work is to be done but labours of love."

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE Long Parliament assembled on the third of November, one thousand six hundred and forty-one. That day week the Earl of Strafford arrived from York, very sensible that the spirited and determined men who formed that Parliament were no friends towards him, who had not only deserted the cause of the people, but who had, on all occasions, opposed himself to their liberties. The King told him, for his comfort, that the parliament "should not hurt one hair of his head." But, on the

very next day, Mr. Pym, in the House of Commons, and with great solemnity, impeached the Earl of Strafford as a traitor. He was immediately taken into custody, and fell from his proud height in a moment.

It was the twenty-second of March before he was brought to trial in Westminster Hall, where, although he was very ill, and suffered great pain, he defended himself with such ability and majesty, that it was doubtful whether he would not get the best of it after all. But, on the thirteenth day of the trial, Pym produced in the House of Commons a copy of some notes of a council, found by young Sir HARRY VANE in a red velvet cabinet belonging to his father (Secretary Vane, who sat at the council-table with the Earl), in which Strafford had distinctly told the King that he was free from all rules and obligations of government, and might do with his people whatever he liked; and in which he had added—"You have an army in Ireland that you may employ to reduce this kingdom to obedience." It was not clear whether by the words "this kingdom," he had really meant England or Scotland, but the Parliament contended that he meant England, and of course this was treason. At the same sitting of the House of Commons it was resolved to bring in a bill of attainder declaring the treason to have been committed: in preference to proceeding with the trial by impeachment, which would have required the treason to have been proved.

So a bill was brought in at once, was carried through the House of Commons by a large majority, and was sent up to the House of Lords. While it was still uncertain whether the House of Lords would pass it and the King consent to it, Pym disclosed to the House of Commons that the King and Queen had both been plotting with the officers of the army to bring up the soldiers and control the Parliament, and also to introduce two hundred soldiers into the Tower of London, to effect the Earl's escape. The plotting with the army was revealed by one GEORGE GOUX, the son of a lord of that name: a bad fellow, who was one of the original plotters, and turned traitor. The King had actually given his warrant for the admission of the two hundred men into the Tower, and they would have got in too but for the refusal of the governor—a sturdy Scotchman of the name of BALFOUR—to admit them. These matters being made public, great numbers of people began to riot outside the Houses of Parliament, and to cry out for the execution of the Earl of Strafford, as one of the King's chief instruments against them. The bill passed the House of Lords while the people were in this state of agitation, and was laid before the King for his assent, together with another bill, declaring that the Parliament then assembled should not be dissolved or adjourned without their own consent. The King—not unwilling to save

a faithful servant, though he had no great attachment for him—was in some doubt what to do; but he gave his consent to both bills, although he in his heart believed that the bill against the Earl of Strafford was unlawful and unjust. The Earl had written to him, telling him that he was willing to die for his sake. But he had not expected that his royal master would take him at his word quite so readily; for when he heard his doom he laid his hand upon his heart, and said, "Put not your trust in Princes!"

The King, who never could be straightforward and plain, through one single day or through one single sheet of paper, wrote a letter to the Lords, and sent it by the young Prince of Wales, entreating them to prevail with the Commons that "that unfortunate man should fulfil the natural course of his life in a close imprisonment." In a postscript to the very same letter, he added, "If he must die, it were charity to reprieve him till Saturday." If there had been any doubt of his fate, this weakness and meanness would have settled it. The very next day, which was the twelfth of May, he was brought out to be beheaded on Tower Hill.

Archbishop Laud, who had been so fond of having people's ears cropped off and their noses slit, was now confined in the Tower too; and when the Earl went by his window, to his death, he was there, at his request, to give him his blessing. They had been great friends in the King's cause, and the Earl had written to him, in the days of their power, that he thought it would be an admirable thing to have Mr. Hampden publicly whipped for refusing to pay the ship-money. However, those high and mighty doings were over now, and the Earl went his way to death with dignity and heroism. The governor wished him to get into a coach at the Tower gate, for fear the people should tear him to pieces; but he said it was all one to him whether he died by the axe or by their hands. So, he walked, with a firm tread and a stately look, and sometimes pulled off his hat to them as he passed along. They were profoundly quiet. He made a speech on the scaffold from some notes he had prepared (the paper was found lying there after his head was struck off), and one blow of the axe killed him, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

This bold and daring act the Parliament accompanied by other famous measures, all originating (as even this did) in the King's having so grossly and so long abused his power. The name of DELINQUENTS was applied to all sheriffs and other officers who had been concerned in raising the ship-money, or any other money, from the people, in an unlawful manner; the Hampden judgment was reversed; the judges who had decided against Hampden were called upon to give large securities that they would take such consequences as Parliament might impose upon them; and one was arrested as he sat in

High Court, and carried off to prison. Laud was impeached; the unfortunate victims, whose ears had been cropped and whose noses had been slit, were brought out of prison in triumph; and a bill was passed, declaring that a Parliament should be called every third year, and that if the King and the King's officers did not call it, the people should assemble of themselves and summon it, as of their own right and power. Great illuminations and rejoicings took place over all these things, and the country was wildly excited. That the Parliament took advantage of this excitement, and stirred them up by every means, there is no doubt; but you are always to remember those twelve long years, during which the King had tried so hard whether he really could do any wrong or not.

All this time there was a great religious outcry against the right of the Bishops to sit in Parliament; to which the Scottish people particularly objected. The English were divided on the subject, and partly on this account, and partly because they had had foolish expectations that the Parliament would be able to take off nearly all the taxes, numbers of them sometimes wavered and inclined towards the King.

I believe myself that if, at this or almost any other period of his life, the King could have been trusted by any man not out of his senses, he might have saved himself and kept his throne. But, on the English army being disbanded, he plotted with the officers again, as he had done before, and established the fact beyond all doubt, by putting his signature of approval to a petition against the Parliamentary leaders, which was drawn up by certain officers. When the Scottish army was disbanded, he went to Edinburgh in four days—which was going very fast at that time—to plot again, and so darkly, too, that it is difficult to decide what his whole object was. Some suppose that he wanted to gain over the Scottish Parliament, as he did in fact gain over, by presents and favours, many Scottish lords and men of power. Some think that he went to get proofs against the Parliamentary leaders in England of their having treasonably invited the Scottish people to come and help them. With whatever object he went to Scotland, he did little good by going. At the instigation of the EARL OF MONTROSE, a desperate man who was then in prison for plotting, he tried to kidnap three Scottish lords, who escaped. A committee of the Parliament at home, who had followed to watch him, wrote an account of this INCIDENT, as it was called, to the Parliament; the Parliament made a fresh stir about it; were (or feigned to be) much alarmed for themselves, and wrote to the EARL OF ESSEX, the commander-in-chief, for a guard to protect them.

It is not absolutely proved that the King plotted in Ireland besides, but it is very probable that he did, and that the Queen did too.

and that he had some wild hope of gaining the Irish people over to his side by favouring a rise among them. Whether or no, they did rise in a most brutal, savage, and atrocious rebellion; in which, encouraged by their priests, they committed such atrocities upon numbers of the English, of both sexes and of all ages, as nobody could believe, but for their being related, on oath, by eye-witnesses. Whether one hundred thousand or two hundred thousand Protestants were murdered in this outbreak, is uncertain; but, that it was as ruthless and barbarous an outbreak as ever was known among any savage people on earth, is absolutely certain.

The King came home from Scotland, determined to make a great struggle for his lost power. He believed that, through his presents and favours, Scotland would take no part against him; and the Lord Mayor of London received him with such a magnificent dinner that he thought he must have become popular again in England. It would take a good many Lord Mayors, however, to make a people, and the King soon found himself mistaken.

Not so soon, though, but that there was a great opposition in the Parliament to a celebrated paper put forth by Pym and Hampden and the rest, called "THE REMONSTRANCE," which set forth all the illegal acts that the King had ever done, but politely laid the blame of them on his bad advisers. Even when it was passed and presented to him, the King still thought himself strong enough to discharge Balfour from his command in the Tower, and to put in his place a man of bad character: to whom the Commons instantly objected, and whom he was obliged to abandon. At this time, the old outcry about the Bishops became louder than ever, and the old Archbishop of York was so near being murdered as he went down to the House of Lords—being laid hold of by the mob and violently knocked about, in return for very foolishly scolding a shrill boy who was yelping out "No Bishops!"—that he sent for all the Bishops who were in town and proposed to them to sign a declaration that as they could no longer, without danger to their lives, attend their duty in Parliament, they protested against the lawfulness of everything done in their absence. This they asked the King to send to the House of Lords, which he did. Then the House of Commons impeached the whole party of Bishops and sent them off to the Tower.

Taking no warning from this, but encouraged by their being a moderate party in the Parliament who objected to these strong measures, the King, on the third of January, one thousand six hundred and forty-two, took the rashest step that ever was taken by mortal man.

Of his own accord, and without advice, he sent the Attorney-General to the House of Lords to accuse of treason certain members of Parliament, who, as popular leaders, were the

most obnoxious to him: LORD KIMBOLTON, SIR ARTHUR HASELRIE, DENZIL HOLLIS, JOHN PYM (they used to call him King Pym, he possessed such power and looked so big), JOHN HAMPDEN, and WILLIAM STRONG. The houses of these members he caused to be entered, and their papers to be sealed up. At the same time, he sent a messenger to the House of Commons demanding to have the five gentlemen who were members of that House immediately produced. To this the House replied that they should appear as soon as there was any legal charge against them, and immediately adjourned.

Next day, the House of Commons send into the City to let the Lord Mayor know that their privileges are invaded by the King, and that there is no safety for anybody or anything. Then, when the five members are gone out of the way, down comes the King himself, with all his guard and from two to three hundred gentlemen and soldiers, of whom the greater part were armed. These he leaves in the hall, and then, with his nephew at his side, goes into the House, takes off his hat, and walks up to the Speaker's chair. The Speaker leaves it, the King stands in front of it, looks about him steadily for a little while, and says he has come for those five members. No one speaks, and then he calls John Pym by name. No one speaks, and then he calls Denzil Hollis by name. No one speaks, and then he asks the Speaker of the House where those five members are? The Speaker, answering on his knees, nobly replies that he is the servant of that House, and that he has neither eyes to see, nor tongue to speak, anything but what the House commands him. Upon this, the King, beaten from that time evermore, replies that he will seek them himself, for they have committed treason; and goes out, with his hat in his hand, amid some audible murmurings from the members.

No words can describe the hurry that arose out of doors when all this was known. The five members had gone for safety to a house in Coleman Street, in the City, where they were guarded all night; and indeed the whole city watched in arms like an army. At ten o'clock in the morning, the King, already frightened at what he had done, came to the Guildhall, with only half a dozen lords, and made a speech to the people, hoping that they would not shelter those whom he accused of treason. Next day, he issued a proclamation for the apprehension of the five members; but the Parliament minded it so little that they made great arrangements for having them brought down to Westminster in great state, five days afterwards. The King was so alarmed now at his own imprudence, if not for his own safety, that he left his palace at Whitehall, and went away with his Queen and children to Hampton Court.

It was the eleventh of May when the five members were carried in state and triumph

to Westminster. They were taken by water. The river could not be seen for the boats on it; and the five members were hemmed in by barges full of men and great guns, ready to protect them, at any cost. Along the Strand a large body of the train-bands of London, under their commander, SKIPPOX, marched to be ready to assist the little fleet. Beyond them, came a crowd who choked the streets, roaring incessantly about the Bishops and the Papists, and crying out contemptuously as they passed Whitehall, "What has become of the King?" With this great noise outside the House of Commons, and with great silence within, Mr. Pym rose and informed the House of the great kindness with which they had been received in the City. Upon that, the House called the sheriffs in and thanked them, and requested the train-bands, under their commander Skippon, to guard the House of Commons every day. Then, came four thousand men on horseback out of Buckinghamshire, offering their services as a guard too, and bearing a petition to the King, complaining of the injury that had been done to Mr. Hampden, who was their county man and much beloved and honoured.

When the King set off for Hampton Court, the gentlemen and soldiers who had been with him, followed him out of town as far as Kingston-upon-Thames, and next day Lord Digby came to them from the King at Hampton Court, in his coach and six, to inform them that the King accepted their protection. This, the Parliament said, was making war against the kingdom, and Lord Digby fled abroad. The Parliament then immediately applied themselves to getting hold of the military power of the country, well knowing that the King was already trying hard to use it against them, and had secretly sent the Earl of Newcastle to Hull, to secure a valuable magazine of arms and gunpowder that was there. In those times, every county had its own magazines of arms and powder for its own train-bands or militia; so, the Parliament brought in a bill claiming the right (which up to this time had belonged to the King) of appointing the Lord Lieutenants of counties, who commanded these train-bands; and, also of having all the forts, castles, and garrisons in the kingdom, put into the hands of such governors as they, the Parliament, could confide in. It also passed a law depriving the Bishops of their votes. The King gave his assent to that bill, but would not abandon the right of appointing the Lord Lieutenants, though he said he was willing to appoint such as might be suggested to him by the Parliament. When the Earl of Pembroke asked him whether he would not

give way on that question for a time, he said, "By God! not for one hour!" and upon this he and the Parliament went to war.

His young daughter was betrothed to the Prince of Orange. On pretence of taking her to the county of her future husband, the Queen was already got safely away to Holland, there to pawn the Crown jewels for money to raise an army on the King's side. The Lord Admiral being sick, the House of Commons now named the Earl of Warwick to hold his place for a year. The King named another gentleman; the House of Commons took its own way, and the Earl of Warwick became Lord Admiral without the King's consent. The Parliament sent orders down to Hull to have that magazine removed to London; the King went down to Hull to take it himself. The citizens would not admit him into the town, and the governor would not admit him into the castle. The Parliament resolved that whatever the two Houses passed, and the King would not consent to, should be called an ORDINANCE, and should be as much a law as if he did consent to it. The King protested against this, and gave notice that these ordinances were not to be obeyed. The King, attended by the majority of the House of Peers, and by many members of the House of Commons, established himself at York. The Chancellor went to him with the Great Seal, and the Parliament made a new Great Seal. The Queen sent over a ship full of arms and ammunition, and the King issued letters to borrow money at high interest. The Parliament raised twenty regiments of foot and seventy-five troops of horse; and the people willingly aided them with their money, plate, jewellery, and trinkets—the married women even with their wedding-rings. Every member of Parliament who could raise a troop or a regiment in his own part of the country, dressed it according to his taste and in his own colours, and commanded it. Foremost among them all, Oliver Cromwell raised a troop of horse—thoroughly in earnest and thoroughly well armed—who were, perhaps, the best soldiers that ever were seen.

In some of their proceedings, this famous Parliament unquestionably passed the bounds of all previous law and custom, yielded to and favoured riotous assemblages of the people, and acted tyrannically in imprisoning some who differed from the popular leaders. But, again you are always to remember that the twelve years during which the King had had his own wilful way, had gone before; and that nothing could make the times what they might, could, would, or should have been, if those twelve years had never rolled away.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. VIII.

McELRATH & BARKER, PUBLISHERS.
Office No. 17 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

WHOLE NO. 183

SLANG.

It has been a pleasant conceit with philosophers and writers to distinguish the successive ages of what, in the plenitude of their wisdom, they call the world, by some metallic nickname. We have had the Golden Age, and the Silver Age, the Age of Iron, and the Age of Bronze; this present era will, perhaps, be known to our grandchildren as the age of Electro-plating, from its general tendency to shams and counterfeits; and, when the capital of the Anglo-Saxon Empire shall be, some hundreds of years hence, somewhere in the South Seas, or in the centre of Africa or interior of China, the age that is to come may be known as the Age of Platina or that of Potassium, or some one of the hundreds of new metals, which will, of course, be discovered by that time.

However, this present age may be distinguished by future generations, whether ferruginously, or auriferously, or argentinally, there can be no doubt that the Victorian era will be known hereafter—and anything but favourably, I surmise—as an epoch of the most unscrupulous heterodoxy in the application of names. What was once occasionally tolerated as a humorous aberration, afterwards degenerated into folly and perversity, and is now a vice and a nuisance. Without the slightest regard to the proprieties of nomenclature, or to what I may call the unities of signification, we apply names to objects, abstractions, and persons stupidly, irrationally, and inconsistently: completely ignoring the nature, the quality, the gender, the structure of the thing, we prefix to it a name which not only fails to convey an idea of what it materially is, but actually obscures and mystifies it. A persistence in such a course must inevitably tend to debase, and corrupt that currency of speech which it has been the aim of the greatest scholars and publicists, from the days of Elizabeth downwards, to elevate, to improve, and to refine; and, if we continue the reckless and indiscriminate importation and incorporation into our language of every cant term of speech from the columns of American newspapers, every Canvas Town epithet from the vocabularies of gold-diggers, every bastard classicism dragged head and shoulders from

a lexicon by an advertising tradesman to puff his wares, every slip-slop Gallicism from the shelves of the circulating library; if we persist in yoking Hamlets of adjectives to Hecubas of nouns, the noble English tongue will become, fifty years hence, a mere dialect of colonial idioms, enervated ultramontanisms and literate slang. The fertility of a language may degenerate into the feculence of weeds and tares; should we not rather, instead of raking and heaping together worthless novelties of expression, endeavour to weed, to expurgate, to epurate; to render, once more, wholesome and pellucid that which was once a "well of English undefiled," and rescue it from the sewerage of verbiage and slang? The Thames is to be purified; why not the language? Should we not, instead of dabbling and dirtying the stream, endeavour to imitate those praiseworthy men of letters who, at Athens, in that miserable and most forlorn capital of the burlesque kingdom of Greece, have laboured, and successfully laboured, in the face of discountenance, indifference, ignorance, and a foreign court, to clear the Greek language from the barbarisms of words and phrases, Venetian, Genoese, French, Lingua Franca, Arabic, Turkish, Armenian, Spanish, Slavonic, Teutonic which, in the course of successive centuries of foreign domination and oppression, had crept into it; and now (though in the columns of base-priced newspapers, printed on rotten paper with broken type) give the debates of a venal chamber, and the summary of humdrum passing events, in the language of Plato and Socrates? These men have done more good and have raised a more enduring monument to the genius of their country, than if they had reared again every column of the Acropolis, or brought back every fragment of the Elgin marbles from Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury.

It is no excuse for this word-sinning of ours to say, that we have learnt a great portion of our new-fangled names and expressions from America. The utterer is as bad as the coiner. It is true that our trans-atlantic cousins have not only set us the example, but have frequently surpassed us in their eagerness to coin new words, and to apply names to things with which they have not the remotest relation. The Americans call New York the "empire city," as if a city—and in

a republic moreover—could be under any circumstances an empire. Another town of cities is the "crescent city," and so fond of the name of city are they, that they frequently apply it to a group of half-a-dozen log cabins and a whisky shop in a marsh, on the banks of some muddy, fever-haunted river. Every speculator in "town lots" (slang again) in the States has founded half-a-dozen such "cities."

In the United States if half-a-dozen newspaper editors, post-masters, and dissenting ministers, two or three revolvers, a bowie knife, a tooth-pick, and a plug of tobacco get together in the bar room of an hotel, the meeting is forthwith called a "caucus" or a "mass meeting." If Joel J. Wainwright blows out General Zebedee Ruffle's brains on the New Orleans levee, it is not murder but a "difficulty." In South America, if a score of swarthy outlaws—calling themselves generals and colonels, and who were muleteers the week before—meet in an outhouse to concert the assassination of the dictator of the republic, (who may have been the landlord of a *renta* or a hide jobber a year ago) the ragged conclave calls itself a "*pronunciamento*."

And touching the use of the terms "monster," "mammoth," "leviathan," how very trying have those misplaced words become! Their violent transformation from substantives into adjectives is the least of their wrongs; the poor harmless animals have been outraged in a hundred ways besides. The monster, I believe, first became acquainted with a meeting in connection with that great agitator, so calm now in Glasnevin cemetery, and whose agitation has been followed by such a singular tranquillity and apathy in the land he agitated. As something possibly, but not necessarily expressing hugeness (for the most diminutive objects may be monstrous) the term of monster was not inapplicable. But in a very few months every re-union of four-and-twenty fiddlers in a row was dubbed a monster concert; a loaf made with a double allowance of dough was a monster loaf; every confectioner's new year's raffle was a monster twelfth cake; we had monster slop-selling shops, and the monster pelargonium drove our old familiar friend, the enormous gooseberry, from the field. Then came the mammoth. An American speculator—who in the days when spades were spades, would have been called a showman, but who called himself a "professor and a tiger king," neither of which he was—had a horse, some hands above the ordinary standard of horseflesh, and forthwith called him the mammoth horse. That obsolete animal the Mammoth being reputed to have been of vast dimensions, gave to the horse this new nickname; but in a short time there started up from all quarters of the Anglo-Saxon globe, from the sky, the earth, and from the waters

under the earth, a plethora of mammoths. The wretched antediluvian beast was made to stand godfather to unnumbered things that crawled, and things that crept, and things that had life, and things that had not. The mammoth caves of Kentucky howled from across the Atlantic. Peaceable tradesmen hung strange signs and wonders over their shop-doors; and we heard of mammoth dust pans, and mammoth loo tables, and mammoth tea trays. Large conger eels, fruits of unusual growth, and chesses made considerably larger than was convenient, were exhibited in back streets at sixpence a head, under the false pretence of being mammoths. If anybody made anything, or saw anything, or wrote anything big, it became a mammoth, that the credulous might suppose the Titans, Anak and all his sons, were come again, and that there were giants in the land. We wait patiently for a plesiosaurus pumpkin, or an ichthyosaurus hedgehog; and we shall have them in good time, together with leviathan lap-dogs, behemoth butterflies, and great-sea-serpent parliamentary speeches.

Brigands, burglars, beggars, impostors, and swindlers will have their slang jargon to the end of the chapter. Mariners too, will use the terms of their craft, and mechanics will borrow from the technical vocabulary of their trade. And there are cant words and terms traditional in schools and colleges, and in the playing of games, which are orally authorised if not set down in written lexicography. But so universal has the use of slang terms become, that, in all societies, they are frequently substituted for, and have almost usurped the place of wit. An audience will sit in a theatre, and listen to a string of brilliant witticisms with perfect immobility; but let some fellow rush forward and roar out "It's all serene," or "Catch 'em alive, oh!" (this last is sure to take) pit, boxes and gallery roar with laughter.

I cannot find much tendency to the employment of slang in the writings of our early humorists. Setting aside obsolete words and phrases rendered obscure by involution, there are not a hundred incomprehensible terms in all Shakespeare's comedies. The glut of commentators to the paucity of disputed words is the best evidence of that. We can appreciate the humour of Butler, the quaintness of Fuller, the satire of Dryden, the wit of Congreve and Wycherly, nay, even the scurrilities of Mr. Tom Brown, as clearly as though they had been written yesterday. In Swift's *Polite Conversation*, among all the homely and familiar sayings there is no slang; and you may be sure, if there had been any of that commodity floating about in polite circles then, the Dean would have been the man to dish it up for posterity. Fielding and Smollett, in all their pictures of life, with all their coarseness and indecency, put little slang into the mouths of their characters. Even Mr. Jonathan Wild the great, who, from his

on and antecedents, must have been a r of slang in every shape, makes but use of it in his conversation. And in *Logue's* epic—that *biographia fugitiosa*—*Beggars' Opera*—we can understand *eatth*, *Filch*, *Jenny Diver*, and *Mat of Mint* without dictionary or glossary. Only man who wrote slang was Mr. Ned I; but that worthy cannot be taken as sample of the polite, or even of the dry conversation of his day.

may be objected to me that although may be a large collection of slang flouting about, they are made use ly by loose, or at best illiterate per- and are banished from refined society. may be begging the question, but I the truth of the objection. If words be found in standard dictionaries, not rised by writings received as classics, or which no literary or grammatical lents can be adduced, are to be called—I will aver that you shall not read ingle parliamentary debate as reported first-class newspaper, without meeting scores of slang words. Whatever may e claims of the Commons' House to tive wisdom, it is as a whole an assembly eated gentlemen. From Mr. Speaker chair to the Cabinet ministers whisper- hind it—from mover to seconder, from blue protectionist to extremest radical, *Harry's New House* echoes and re-echoes lang. You may hear slang every day n from barristers in their robes, at mess table, at every bar mess, at every e commons, in every club dining-room. is, with great modesty and profound esion, I must express my opinion either slang should be proscribed, banished, bited, or that a New Dictionary should mpiled, in which all the slang terms n use among educated men, and made n publications of established character, d be registered, etymologised, explained, tamped with the lexicographic stamp, e may have chapter and verse, mint hall-mark for our slang. Let the new hure contain a well-digested array of the tude of synonyms for familiar objects g about; let them give a local habita- and a name to all the little by-blows of age skulking and rambling about our h, like the ragged little Bedouins about hameless streets, and give them a settle- and a parish. If the evil of slang has a too gigantic to be suppressed, let us at give it decency by legalising it; else, edly, this age will be branded by pos- with the shame of jabbering a broken t in preference to speaking a nervous igned language; and our wits will be ed at and undervalued as mere word- lers, who supplied the lack of humour by gar facility of low language.

a compiler of such a dictionary would no light task. I can imagine him at

work in the synonymous department. Only consider what a vast multitude of equivalents the perverse ingenuity of our slanginess has invented for the one generic word Money. Money—the bare, plain, simple word itself—has a sonorous, significant ring in its sound, and might have sufficed, yet we substitute for it—tin, rhino, blunt, rowdy, stumpy, dibbs, browns, stuff, ready, mopusses, shiners, dust, chips, chinkers, pewter, horsenails, brada. Seventeen synonyms to one word; and then we come to species—pieces of money. Sovereigns are yellow boys, cooters, quids; crown-pieces are bulls and cart-wheels; shillings, bobs, or benders; sixpenny-pieces are fiddlers and tizzies; fourpenny-pieces, joeys or bits; pence, browns, or coppers and mags. To say that a man is without money, or in poverty, some persons remark that he is down on his luck, hard up, stumped up, in Queer Street, under a cloud, up a tree, quishy, done up, sold up, in a fix. To express that he is rich, we say that he is warm, comfortable, that he has feathered his nest, that he has lots of tin, or that he has plenty of stuff, or is worth a plum.

For the one word drunk, besides the authorised synonyms tipsy, inebriated, intoxicated, I find of unauthorised or slang equivalents the astonishing number of thirty-two, viz.: in liquor, disguised therein, lushy, bosky, buffy, boozy, mops and brooms, half-saus-over, fargone, tight, not able to see a hole through a ladder, three sheets in the wind, foggy, screwed, hazy, sewed up, moony, muddled, muzzy, swikey, lumpy, obfuscated, muggy, beery, winery, slewed, on the ran-tan, on the re-raw, groggy, ploughed, cut and in his cups.

For one article of drink, gin, we have ten synonyms: max, juniper, gatter, duke, jackey, tape, blue-ruin, cream of the valley, white satin, old Tom.

Synonymous with a man, are a cove, a chap, a cull, an article, a codger, a buffer. A gentleman is a swell, a nob, a tiptopper; a low person is a snob, a sweep, and a scurf, and in Scotland, a gutter-blood. Thieves are prigs, cracksmen, mouchers, gonophs, go-alongs. To steal is to prig, to pinch, to collar, to nail, to grab, to nab. To go or run away is to hook it, to bolt, to take tracks, to absquatulate, to slope, to step it, to mizzle, to paddle, to cut, to cut your stick, to evaporate, to vamose, to be off, to vanish, and to tip your rags a gallop. For the verb to beat I can at once find fourteen synonyms: thus to thrash, to lick, to leather, to hide, to tan, to larrup, to wallop, to punnel, to whack, to whop, to towel, to maul, to quit, to pay. A horse is a nag, a prad, a tit, a screw. A donkey is a moke, a neddy. A policeman is a peeler, a bobby, a crusher; a soldier a swadly, a lobster, a red herring. To pawn is to spout, to pop, to lumber, to blue. The hands are mauleys, and the fingers flippers. The feet are steppers; the boots crabshells, or

trotter cases, or grabbers. Food is grub, prog, and crug; a hackney cab is a shoof; a Punch's show a schwassle-box; a five pound note is a flimsy; a watch a ticker; anything of good quality or character is stunning, ripping, out-and-out; a magistrate is a beak, and a footman a flunkie. Not less can I set down as slang the verbiage by which coats are transformed into bis-uniques, alpacas, vicunas, ponchos, anaxandrians, and siphonias.

The slang expressions I have herein set down I have enumerated, exactly as they have occurred to me, casually. If I had made research, or taxed my memory for any considerable time, I have no doubt that I could augment the slang terms and synonyms to at least double their amount. And it is possible that an accomplished public will be able to supply from their own recollection and experience a goodly addition to my list. The arrival of every mail, the extension of every colony, the working of every Australian mine would swell it. Placers, squatters, diggers, clearings, nuggets, cradles, claims—where were all these words a dozen years ago? and what are they, till they are marshalled in a dictionary, but slang? We may say the same of the railway phraseology: buffers, switches, points, stokers, and coal bunks—whence is their etymology, and whence their authority?

But slang does not end here. It goes higher—to the very top of the social Olympus. If the Duchess of Dowderry invites some dozen of her male and female fashionable acquaintances to tea and a dance afterwards, what do you think she calls her tea-party? A *thé dansante*—a dancing tea. Does tea dance? Can it dance? Is not this libel upon honest Bohemia and Souchong slang?—pure, unadulterated, unmitigated slang.

The slang of the fashionable world is mostly imported from France; an unmeaning gibberish of Gallicisms runs through English fashionable conversation, and fashionable novels, and accounts of fashionable parties in the fashionable newspapers. Yet, ludicrously enough, immediately the fashionable magnates of England seize on any French idiom, the French themselves not only universally abandon it to us, but positively repudiate it altogether from their idiomatic vocabulary. If you were to tell a well-bred Frenchman that such and such an aristocratic marriage was on the *tapis*, he would stare with astonishment, and look down on the carpet in the startled endeavour to find a marriage in so unusual a place. If you were to talk to him of the *beau monde*, he would imagine you meant the world which God made, not half-a-dozen streets and squares between Hyde Park Corner and Chelsea Bun House. The *thé dansante* would be completely inexplicable to him. If you were to point out to him the Dowager Lady Grimuffin acting as *chaperon* to Lady Amanda Creamville, he would

imagine you were referring to the *petit Chaperon Rouge*—to little Red Riding Hood. He might just understand what was meant by *vis-à-vis*, *entremets*, and some others of the flying horde of frivolous little foreign slangisms hovering about fashionable cookery and fashionable furniture; but three-fourths of them would seem to him as barbarous French provincialisms, or, at best, but as antiquated and obsolete expressions picked up out of the letters of Mademoiselle Scuderi, or the tales of Cribillon the younger.

But, save us, your ladyship, there are thousands of Englishmen who might listen to your ladyship for an hour without understanding half-a-dozen words of your discourse. When you speak of the last *faux pas*, of poor Miss Limberfoot's sad *mésalliance*, of the Reverend Mr. Caudlecup's being "so full of soul," of the enchanting *roulades* of that ravishing *cantatrice* Martinuzzi, of your dinner of the day before being *recherché*, of your *gens* being insolent and inattentive, how shall plain men refrain from staring wonderstruck at your unfathomable discourse?

And when your ladyship *does* condescend to speak English, it is only with a delightful mincingness of accent and a liberal use of superlatives. The Italian singer you heard last night was a "divine creature;" if you are slightly tired or dull you are "awfully bored" or "devoured with *ennui*;" if your face be pale you vow you are a "perfect fright;" if a gentleman acquaintance volunteer a very mild joke he is a "quizzical monster"—a dreadful quiz, he is so awfully satirical; and the comic actor last night was "killing;" and Julie, my child, hand me my *cinaigrette*, and take a shilling out of my *porte-monnaie*, and tell Adolphe to get some *jupubes* for Fido; and, let me see, if I go out in the pilentum to-day, or stay, the barouche (we have a *char-à-lévée* down at our place, Doctor), I will wear my *moire antique* and my *ruche* of Brussels lace, and my *mantelet*, and my *chatelaine*, with all the "charms" Lord Bruin Fitzurse brought me from Dresden, and then we will take a drive into the Park, and I will leave a card to Bojannee Loll's for my next "Thursday," for really my dear "lions" are so scarce now, that even Bojannee Loll will be an acquisition: and so on.

I believe the abominable slang practice of writing P. P. C. on a card of leave-taking, and R. S. V. P. at the bottom of a letter when you wish an answer to it, is gone out of fashion, and I rejoice that it has.

Young Lord Fitzurse speaks of himself and of his aristocratic companions as "fellows" (very often pronounced "faywows") if he is going to drive a four-horse coach down to Epsom Races, he is going to "take his drag down to the Derby." Lord Bobby Robbin's great coat, which he admires, is "down the road." An officer in the tenth hussars is "a man in the tenth;" a pretty young lady is a "neat little filly;" a

which is not a drag (or dwag) is a "cask;" his lordship's lodgings in Street are his "crib," his "dig," he "hangs out" there. His father governor; his bill discount a "old screw," if he refuses to do a "riff" for him. When his friend has his estate, he pronounces it to be "Everything that pleases him is, by Jove!" everything that dis- (from bad sherry to a writ from his "infernal.")

There is the slang of criticism. Literary, artistic, and scientific. Such as æsthetic, transcendental, the "har- the unities, a myth: such phrases (visit *morceau* on the big drum, the rendering of John the Baptist's "keeping," "harmony," "middle "aerial perspective," "delicate "nervous chiaroscuro," and the made use of pell-mell, without the tion to their real meanings, their their real requirements.

The Stage has its slang, both before and the curtain. Actors speak of such a farce being a "screamer," and such a tragedy being "dunned" ed." If an actor forgets his part the stage, he is said to "stick" and e" the actors who may be perform- ing, by putting them out in their "part" has so many "lengths;" "run" so many nights. Belville the country to "star" it. When are forthcoming on Saturday, the "don't walk"—a benefit is a "ben," "sal;" an actor is not engaged to ily or comedy, but to "do the heavy "or "second low comedy," and when of an engagement he is said to be "ollar."

through all grades and professions is this omnipresent slang.

A immense number of new words (being continually coined and disse- throughout our gigantic periodical I conceive, the chief difficulty of the language to foreigners. The want of and competent authority as to what is classical and what merely slang, obsolete and what improper, must be a perpetual tribulation and uncertainty to happy stranger. If he is to take and Walker for standards, a walk- ring Cross to Temple Bar, an hour dre, or an evening in society, will perturbed tympanum with a deluge concerning which Johnson and are absolutely mute. How is the to make his election? Suppose the to Monsieur, or Herr, or Signor dress himself to write, as De Lolme natic on the English constitution.

He were to begin a passage thus:— Lord Protocol was an out-and-out Sir Roddy Tapewax was not such a

flat as to be taken in. He proved the gammon of Lord Protocol's move, and, though he thought him green, did him completely brown." How many young politicians would not think it beneath them to talk in this manner, yet how bitterly the foreign essayist would be ridiculed for his conversational style of composition.

The French have an Academy of Letters, and the dictionary of that Academy, published after forty years labour, nearly two centuries ago, is still the standard model of elegance and propriety in composition and conversation. The result of this has been that every work of literary excellence in France follows the phraseology, and within very little the orthography which we find in the poetry of Racine and Boileau, and the prose of Pascal and Fénelon. And the French has become, moreover, the chief diplomatic conversational and commercial language in the world. It is current everywhere. It is neither so copious, so sonorous, or so dignified as English or German, but it is fixed. The Emperor of Russia or the Sultan of Turkey may write and speak (accent apart) as good French as any Parisienne. But in England, an Englishman even has never done learning his own language. It has no rules, no limits; its orthography and pronunciation are almost entirely arbitrary; its words are like a provisional committee, with power to add to their number. A foreigner may hope to read and write English tolerably well, after assiduous study; but he will never speak it without a long residence in England; and even then he will be in no better case than the English bred Englishman, continually learning, continually hearing words of whose signification he has not the slightest idea, continually perplexed to as what should be considered a familiar idiom, and what inadmissible slang.

To any person who devotes himself to literary composition in the English language the redundancy of unauthorised words and expressions must always be a source of unutterable annoyance and vexation. Should he adopt the phraseology and style of the authors of the eras of Elizabeth or Anne he may be censured as obsolete or as perversely quaint. Should he turn to the Latin tongue for the construction of his phrases and the choice of his language, he will be stigmatised as pedantic or with that grave charge of using hard words. And, should he take advantage of what he hears and sees in his own days and under his own eyes, and incorporate into his language those idiomatic words and expressions he gathers from the daily affairs of life and the daily conversation of his fellow men, he will have no lack of critics to tell him that he writes insufferable vulgarity and slang.

Her Majesty Queen Anne is dead; but for Her Majesty's decease we should have had an Academy of Letters and an Academy

Dictionary in England. There are two opinions in this country relative to the utility of academies; and, without advocating the formation of such an institution I may be permitted submissively to plead that we really do want a new dictionary—if not in justice to ourselves, at least in justice to foreigners, and in justice to our great-grand-children.

A NORMAN STORY.

Nor many evenings ago, when the south-west wind had cooled the atmosphere, I was sauntering with my dog on the top of the cliffs not far from Fecamp, in Normandy. All at once my dog made a halt, pricked up his ears, and uttered a low growl. A few seconds afterwards I perceived in the shade a man who had also stopped on my approach. I called my dog; the man came forward; and, by his cloak lined with sheepskin, I recognised one of those numerous coast-guards, whose duty it is to watch all night long in little hiding-places that are built upon the cliffs, more than three hundred yards above the level of the sea.

"You have got there," he observed, as he laid his hand upon my dog's head, "an excellent companion for the evening. A real Newfoundland," he added, "I once had one like him, but was obliged to part with him. We are no longer allowed to take dogs out with us. To be sure, they would discover a smuggling transaction sooner than we could by ourselves; but they would also, inform us of the visits of our night inspectors, and that would not exactly suit them." While gossiping thus, he gave me to understand that this was his native place; that, although he was not particularly rich, with his salary of six hundred francs a year, he was yet glad to be home again. "And, Monsieur," he continued, "I have not enjoyed that pleasure long. Although I have now been here three days I cannot literally say that I have slept under my family roof; for I have only every fourth night to myself." During the course of this speech, he leaned forward from time to time, and peeped over the edge of the cliff.

"Do you hear anything?" I asked.

"No," he replied; "but I am looking for a grotto about which my mother used formerly to tell me a curious story. The spots on which we have passed the happiest moments of our lives, are old friends whom we are delighted to meet again. Look there—that's the very place." And he pointed with his finger to a cavern in the cliff, which imprinted upon its white side a vast and irregular black spot. I will spare you the relation of the manœuvring which I employed, to induce the coast-guard to tell me his story. We sat ourselves down inside his little hut, and he began:—

"In the first place, Monsieur, I assure you that neither my mother nor myself ever knew

the persons whose history I am going to tell you. The tale was told to my mother, as she told it to me, and as I shall shortly tell it to you.

"A very long time ago, a young man named Louis Morand was sent by his father to Paris, to complete his studies, and to take his Doctor's degree in the Faculty of Medicine. The father died; and the report went about that it was in consequence of grief at his son's ill conduct. However that might be, the youth, who had no great inheritance to expect, simply sent for the papers of his deceased parent, and employed himself one evening in destroying them, and in selecting those that promised to be of use. After the inspection of much that was of no consequence, he came to a bundle which contained letters all in the same handwriting. The very first letter made him extremely anxious to examine the rest, and he read a tolerably voluminous correspondence. They came from a friend who seemed greatly attached to his father. 'Since it is your wish,' he wrote, 'that I should reserve for your son what I desire and am able to bequeath to you, send him to me as soon as he is five-and-twenty; and, if he shows a good disposition, I will undertake to provide for him handsomely. On the other hand, I will take good care not to furnish him with the means of developing a vicious and a malignant character, to the prejudice of those with whom he has to do.' When Louis Morand read the signature, he recognised the name of a man who was reputed here to be a sorcerer and a necromancer. He laughed at first at this offer of protection; but after he had spent, in as bad a way as possible, the trifling amount of money which remained after his father's affairs were settled, he then resolved, under pressure from his creditors and in uncertainty about his future prospects, to try his chance upon new ground, and induce himself to this unknown benefactor, who appeared to have both the power and the will to serve him. He set out on his journey; and, after a troublesome search, arrived early at the necromancer's house. I ought to tell you that this necromancer was perhaps no more a sorcerer than you and I. Probably he was only better informed than other folks, and by means of a few chemical and mechanical secrets, contrived to impose upon the credulity of the vulgar."

At this last word, I looked at the coast-guard with some degree of surprise. "Do you think so?" I said.

"I don't think anything about it," he answered. "What I am now telling you is part of the narrative like all the rest. My mother told it me in that way, and probably that is exactly how she heard it herself. The magician's house was in the midst of a wood on the slope of a hill. When Louis Morand knocked at the door, a little black-faced man came and opened it. His appearance made a deep impression upon Louis. At that time

people were not accustomed to the sight of negroes; and, moreover, the figure and the costume of the slave were altogether strange and fantastic. His entire little person was completely covered with gold and precious stones. On beholding him, Louis took him for a gnome—one of those geni who, in the bowels of the earth, are deputed to keep guard over the treasures there. He inquired for Master Guillaume, trembling all the while to receive an answer; for the aspect of the tiny creature was by no means calculated to inspire confidence. The gnome—I am unable to state exactly whether he was a negro or a real gnome—the gnome introduced him into an immense saloon, where his master was reading by the light of a large fire. Nor can I tell you whether Louis's imagination caused him to see things differently to what they actually were; or whether this fire were supernatural; or whether the effect was produced by ordinary causes; but, to Louis's eyes, the fire was reflected in bright blue light all around the walls of the room.

"The old man's appearance was venerable. He had a long white beard; his silver locks were partially hidden beneath a violet cap; the rest of his costume was equally in keeping with his necromantic reputation. Immediately that Louis was announced, he embraced him and talked about his father with tears in his eyes; and then, after this outburst of feeling, he ordered dinner to be served directly. The repast was of exquisite delicacy; the wines, especially, were most delicious. Louis ate and drank to his heart's content. He afterwards, however, thought he remembered that Master Guillaume, who ate nothing but rice, and drank nothing but water, knitted his brows two or three times when he saw him fill and empty his glass; but the recollection was so utterly vague, that he never could feel quite certain of the fact. 'My son,' said Master Guillaume, 'your father was my dearest friend. His simple tastes and his contempt for earthly things made him refuse to profit by my friendship during the whole of his life. If you are not degenerated from so honourable a parentage, you shall inherit it, according to his wish; and it is no contemptible inheritance that I offer you, as you yourself shall judge by and bye. We will now descend into my laboratory. There, we will talk about it, and I will then see what is to be done for you.'

"Guillaume and Louis then descended, by a dark and narrow staircase, for more than an hour. At the end of that time they found themselves in a large apartment richly hung with purple. It was illumined by lamps that shed a purple light, and gave an extraordinary air to the necromancer's subterranean retreat. Louis was struck with complete astonishment. When they were both seated upon some downy cushions, Master Guillaume pulled a bell, whose golden wire was hidden in one of the folds of the drapery. The

gnome instantly made his appearance. Louis was alarmed at the apparition of the little creature who, in less than a couple of seconds, had passed a distance which had cost them an hour to traverse. The gnome remained standing, awaiting in silence the orders of his superior. 'Zano,' said Master Guillaume, 'there is one thing of importance which I have forgotten. It will perhaps be late when we leave this place; let a couple of partridges be prepared for our supper, one for each of us; but do not put them down to roast until I give the order.'

"After a long conversation, in which Master Guillaume questioned Louis about his past life, his habits, and his tastes, he said: 'My son, in consideration of the friendship which I still bear to your father, even beyond the grave, I will give you whatever you choose to ask me. But I am able to grant you only one single thing; and therefore, think of it carefully beforehand. My power extends no further than that.'—'Master,' replied Louis, 'I have often pondered in my mind which is the most useful thing in life, and I am so thoroughly convinced that the surest and most fruitful source of enjoyment is to be the possessor of a large fortune, that I do not hesitate to ask you for it.'—'So be it as you desire,' the old man replied with gentleness; 'but first allow me to warn you of the dangers which your choice will draw around your head. Men are like ships; they founder the more easily, in proportion as they are heavier laden with wealth. However honourable one may feel one's self to be, it is best to avoid the possession of too powerful and efficacious weapons. The sheep, perhaps, would be as ferocious as the wolf, if its teeth were as strong and sharp as those of its enemy.'—The old man here added a multitude of reflections and examples, which I will not relate to you, because my mother, who probably did not hear a word about them, repeated nothing of the sort to me: only Louis afterwards stated that his aged friend's eloquence was by no means amusing; and that he passed all the time which it pleased Master Guillaume to employ in making his peroration, in thinking of the use he would make of his future riches, and of the pleasures which he was upon the point of enjoying.

"Master Guillaume concluded his long discourse in the very same words with which he had commenced it: 'So be it as you desire. Here is a little casket filled with gold. Whenever it is empty you will come to me, and I will fill it for you again. I shall not trouble you with any questions about the use which you make of your money. I only beg you not to visit me till the contents of the casket are entirely expended. More frequent applications would be a useless disturbance of my favourite pursuits. On the other hand, you have no occasion to board. If I die before you, the casket will continue to fill itself, according as you empty it.' Master

Guillaume then gave him some further counsel—which you might find tiresome.

"Louis came tolerably often to get his casket filled. One day he again fancied that he saw the Master knit his brows. He then thought that perhaps some caprice of the old man might deprive him, at one moment or another, of the wealth to which he had become accustomed; and he determined to make a fresh demand as soon as half the money in the casket was spent, in order to be able to amass a treasure, and render his future career independent of the necromancer's whims. He spent his life in gambling, and in orgies of every description. There was nothing which he did not believe himself permitted to practise; and unhappily, the immense fortune which he had at his disposal converted those who surrounded him into so many slaves, who spared no pains to confirm him in that idea. In his despotic license, he knew no check; and afterwards, cloyed with pleasures which he could not greatly vary, on account of being unable to travel far from the source of his riches, he could find amusement in no other pursuit than in doing mischief to those around him.

"The intimate companion of his debaucheries was a clever and good-natured young man, who although partaking of a portion of his pleasures, did not, on that account, hesitate to blame other parts of his conduct; and who, for that very reason alone, had put himself in danger of incurring Louis's displeasure. An accident changed this discontent into a deep and venomous hatred. Louis had a mistress, who resided a league from this spot; and her house was the usual scene of the riot and debauchery which occupied his life, excepting the moments when he was a prey to ennui. One day, he imagined that he discovered between her and Rechteren certain looks of intelligence, which kindled a burning jealousy in his heart. He did not, however, cease to receive Rechteren in the most friendly manner. But one evening, when they were departing together from the house of— Here the coast-guard hesitated. I waited for some time; and then, fearing that he might have fallen asleep, I made a noise to awaken him. But he was not asleep; only puzzling his brains.

"It is singular!" he said, "that I cannot remember the name of Louis Morand's mistress."

"Substitute some other, then."

"I shall remember it directly. I want to tell you the story exactly as it was told to me.—Her name was Hortense.—As they were leaving Hortense's house together, Louis Morand said to his friend, 'If you will be guided by me, we will take advantage of the ebb tide to follow the path at the foot of the cliffs. We shall see the sun set in the sea.' It is most probable," added the coast-guard, "that Louis Morand made use of some addi-

tional arguments to persuade his companion to go that way; for sunset is not so very uncommon a sight. The sun must set every evening, as long as he rises every morning. It was, as near as may be, at this season of the year, and the moon was at the full. Consequently, it was 'spring tides,' and the tide began to flow at four o'clock. As you would easily perceive if the water was not so high, and as you have most likely observed on other occasions, it is rather a rough and fatiguing task to have to walk over points of rock and pebbles which roll beneath your feet. They were proceeding exactly below the hut in which we are sitting. At this time of day, the tide rises ten fathoms over the spot where their feet were standing. They amused themselves with admiring the sunset, and with gossiping. The wind blew from the north west, and slightly tipped the waves with white. There are people in the world who would spend a whole week in gazing at the sea, without doing anything else. For the last eleven years it has been my principal employment, and I have yet to learn what pleasure it can give them. All of a sudden, Rechteren noticed that for the last hour the tide had been flowing, that the wind was driving the waves before it, and that it would be more prudent to retrace their steps, especially as they had scarcely advanced more than a quarter of a league. But Louis Morand burst out laughing, asked him scornfully if he were afraid, and assured him that in another quarter of an hour they would be walking in the town of Fécamp.

"Very well, then," said Rechteren, "let us proceed."

"But they could only proceed at a very slow rate. It was now almost night; and they incurred every moment the risk of breaking their legs between the rocks. Louis was continually finding some pretext for retarding their progress. Sometimes he pointed out to Rechteren the yellow tint which the sun had left in the west; sometimes he noticed the earliest stars which were making their first appearance in the east. They were still far from the end of their journey, and the sea roared in a menacing tone. Every wave which broke upon the rocks advanced further than its predecessor had done. It now became completely night, and a faint glimmer behind the cliffs announced the rising of the moon.

"Rechteren stopped. 'Louis!' he exclaimed, 'let us return. In half an hour we can retrace the distance which we have advanced; and we do not know how long it will take us to get to the end of our present path. We have not even the moon to guide us. She is hidden behind the heavy clouds which the wind is driving before it from the offing.'

"Return, if you like," said Louis Morand; "for my part, I shall go on."

"I will follow you then," said Rechteren.

And they started again without exchanging another word.

"A few hundred paces further, Rechteren again halted. The pebbles were black beneath his feet, and he stooped to touch them with his fingers. He then perceived that the cause of their blackness was that a wave, somewhat stronger than the rest, had reached the very foot of the cliff, and wetted it. Nevertheless, he made no remark; for, at the point which they had reached, if they were not nearer to Écamp than to their place of starting, they must inevitably be drowned. Another step, and a wave glided forwards, wetting their legs as it broke on the shore.

"Louis, we are lost!" he said. Louis made no reply, but doubled his pace. Rechteren refrained from uttering any reproach; but still it was his companion's obstinacy which had thus endangered both their lives. At last they ran as fast as they could towards a portion of the cliff which jutted out into the sea. Perhaps behind that projecting point they might find a track where it would be possible to climb. But, as soon as they had gained the promontory, the sea burst roaring against the cliff. 'Louis,' repeated Rechteren, 'we are utterly lost!' He tried to measure the cliff at a glance, as well as the night would allow him to do so. Far as his eyesight could pierce the gloom, nothing was to be seen but a wall three hundred feet high, and as upright as the mast of a ship. They hastily ran back again; but from time to time fatigue compelled them to pause and take breath. Rechteren swallowed a mouthful from a flask of spirits; and then they again endeavoured to press forward. In a quarter of an hour, they were once more arrested by the sea, which broke against the cliff. On either side escape was impossible. The space of a couple of hundred feet was all that was left uncovered. Every advancing wave devoured the dry land; and before another half hour could elapse, the place on which they then stood would certainly be six fathoms under water. Rechteren stopped short, and looked right and left at the fast rising tide. Before him was the boiling ocean; behind, the smooth, unbroken cliff.

"This is not the moment to flee like a hare," he said; "still less to give way to despair. We must be resigned to our fate, and await it boldly. Come, Louis; it is all over with us."

"Louis walked a few steps onwards, and climbed a boulder which had fallen from the cliff, and which leaned against it to the height of seven or eight feet above the level of the beach. There, he sat himself down in silence, Rechteren followed him, and stood by his side.

"My good friend Louis," he said, "can you guess what vexes me most in the midst of this terrible catastrophe? It is, that two or three fools of my acquaintance, who have often teased me because I cannot swim, and who have always predicted that I should die

in the water, will conclude their funeral oration over me with an impertinent 'I told him so!' That, I must confess, is a pleasure which I was scarcely disposed to confer upon them." After a moment's pause, he continued: "This is a horrible death! I do not fear to die, but I do fear the pain of dying. Look at those rocky points against which we shall soon be dashed! How frightful is the voice of these roaring waves and this whistling wind! But, however fearful it may be, the awful spectacle elevates the soul, raises a man above himself, and endows him with strength to die becomingly. It is better to meet death in this decided style, than to take the chance of being shot for giving the lie to a fool, who is afraid to fire the bullet which kills you. But Louis, you do not speak a word."

"There was another moment of solemn silence, during which the sea could be heard to be constantly advancing. A wave, crowned with its wreath of foam, came and touched the rock which was their last refuge.

"I have just experienced," said Rechteren, "a final paroxysm of despair and rage; I have been tempted to rush against the cliff, and try to climb it with my nails and fingers." He then added, with a burst of blasphemy, "a cat could not manage to perform the feat! A strange expression," he added, "has escaped my lips; that oath, uttered so near to death, terrifies me. You may laugh if you like, my dear Louis, although you do not seem in a laughing mood; but I feel an irresistible impulse to pray. These voices of the sea and the winds, this death which advances on the foaming waves, all seem to command me to fall down upon my knees." Rechteren then knelt down upon the rock. "It would be very difficult just now," he said, "to remember all the prayers which they taught me in days gone by; but the one I shall make will be as good as any." After a few moments, he arose again. "Louis, do you in turn follow my example. I assure you that it will do you no harm."

"No," muttered Louis.

"You seem to me to be rather in a stupor; I will not arouse you from your insensibility. It is one way, among others, of meeting death, and is perhaps the best thing that could happen to you. Only, if I have offended you in any respect, I now entreat your pardon for it."

"Louis fixed his glittering eyes full upon the countenance of his friend.

"I confess to have injured you with regard to Hortense. But I am dying with coolness. I should wish during the few minutes that I still have to live, to feel as little suffering as possible. Ah, yes! I have it now." And he emptied the spirits which remained in his flask into a little hollow on the top of the rock; then, taking from his pocket the flint and steel which he always carried about him, he set fire to it, and a blue flame soon quivered over its surface. "What a capital

thought!" he exclaimed; "But it is unlucky that we have no sugar here. It would be delightful to drink a glass of punch while we are waiting for the tide to rise enough. At any rate, it will warm my fingers till the sea comes and puts it out. But I shall then have no further need for it."

"Wretch!" said Louis Morand, "do you not see that the waves are breaking against the rock which we have mounted?"

"I see it, as well as you do; and I almost wish that it was all over and ended. For there is a moment coming which frightens me a little. But, Louis, why are you undressing yourself?"

"Why? Because you have confessed your crime, of which I was already aware; because I have brought you up hither to have my revenge. Think, now, of your own and Hortense's perfidy."

"He stepped from the rock; the water was up to his middle. As Rechteren shouted after him, 'Louis! Louis! Do you abandon me thus?' an enormous billow rose above Morand's head. He dived, and reappeared on the other side of the wave, which broke against the foot of the rock. Louis Morand had hard work to swim, plunging under every wave. Rechteren screamed, but he did not hear him; for the sea made a deafening noise, till he got completely away from the breakers. He then turned round. The blue flame was still shining in the darkness of night. A little afterwards, he turned again. The flame was extinguished. Three hours later he arrived at Ficamp."

"Look that way," said the coast-guard, pointing to the grotto which he had already indicated, "if the tide were low I could still show you, by descending to the beach, the hole in the rock, in which Rechteren set light to the flask of spirits."

"Louis related the death of his friend, exactly as suited his own convenience. They had been surprised by the tide; in spite of desperate efforts, he had been unable to rescue Rechteren, and had had great difficulty in saving himself. He ostentatiously mourned the death of the man whom he had murdered; and everybody agreed in praising his excellent heart and his sensibility. But, what he really feared, was the presence of Master Guillaume and his severe and penetrating glance."

"This time he waited till the casket was completely empty before he made up his mind to apply to the sorcerer. At the door, he hesitated, and was very near turning back again; but by repeatedly reminding himself that Master Guillaume had imposed no conditions upon his favours, and that, moreover, he would be sure to be deceived, like other people, by the reports that were current, he took courage, and entered. Master Guillaume, according to custom, filled the casket without speaking a word. But there was something cruelly sardonic in his look; and

when Louis Morand offered his hand as usual on entering, the master did not offer his in return. Louis retired, pale and horribly agitated; the master had evidently refused to take the hand of a murderer. An ironical smile had for a moment contracted his lips. Louis had everything to fear. Not only might he soon cease to receive any further supply of money from the sorcerer, but it was probable that his punishment would not end there. He was more than three months without daring to present himself again; and he spent all that time in the most serious anxiety. He had exhausted all the pleasures which the neighbourhood could offer him. Like the goat, which, after having cropped the grass within the circle which the length of its tether allows it to traverse, crops it again as short as velvet, and then lies down in discontent, so Louis, satiated with his past enjoyments, lived a life of worn-out dulness."

"A fearful thought entered his mind. It fixed itself there, and took firm root. It completely occupied him by night and by day. He turned it over, and arranged his plans in his head; all his difficulties vanished, all his dangers were over. As soon as everything was prepared for the execution of his project, he went to the house of his aged friend. When Zano opened the door for him to enter, he rushed upon the negro, enveloped his head in his mantle to smother his cries, and handed him to some men who carried him away. Then, followed by his accomplices, he proceeded, pistol in hand, to Master Guillaume's chamber, where they bound him hand and foot. 'Louis Morand,' asked the sorcerer, 'what is it that you want of me?'

"No one answered. Louis was left alone with the master, to whom he said, 'Deliver up all the treasures you possess.'

"Louis Morand," replied the Master, "you have made too bad a use of the wealth I have already bestowed upon you, for me to be guilty of such an act of madness as to feed your vices any longer. With what you have hitherto received, you have only turned out foolish and wicked; if you were in possession of my hidden treasure, your vices would become crimes, and your wickedness would increase with the means of indulging it."

"Meanwhile, Louis's attendants searched the house, from the roof to the cellar. They returned to say that they could not find the value of ten crowns altogether. Then they carried the old man away, and shut him up in a prison which Louis had contrived and built. It was a tall tower, lined inside throughout with plates of polished iron. Here, they told him, he should be starved to death; and here he lay, enduring the dreadful pangs of hunger and thirst, for six days."

"Towards the evening of the sixth day a voice was heard, and Louis Morand's face appeared at one of the windows. He employed

every means his imagination could suggest to induce the sorcerer to deliver up his treasures. Master Guillaume was inflexible. He hungered and thirsted, three days more. Louis Morand appeared at a window; the Master threatened him with the vengeance of Heaven. Louis Morand replied by an insulting smile, and urged him to give up his treasures. Master Guillaume wrapped his head in his mantle, and went to sleep. Next day, Louis Morand appeared again.

"In the name of Heaven," the Master faintly cried, "do not kill, in such a cruel way, an old man who never did you anything but good!"—"Give me, then, your treasures," said Louis Morand. The old man bowed his head without replying. Louis disappeared. That night Master Guillaume did not sleep. He prayed, without being able to calm his spirits. He called Louis Morand. Louis Morand appeared.

"My son," he said, "what have I done, to be condemned to die such a horrible death? Have pity on my white hairs! Have pity on your father's friend! Spare my life; if you refuse that, at least shorten the torments I suffer."—"Give me, then, your treasures," repeated Louis. "Mercy! mercy!" cried the old man. But Louis constantly replied, "Give me your treasures!"

"At last, Master Guillaume pulled a golden bell. A thick vapour rolled before Louis's eyes. With the vapour, the prison disappeared. Louis beheld the sorcerer sitting opposite to him in his velvet chair, which he had never quitted. He also found himself in precisely the same position he had occupied when the necromancer said to him, "So be it, as you desire." The golden bell was still vibrating within the purple drapery. The illusion, the effect of the sorcerer's art, was at an end. Zano entered.

"Zano," said Master Guillaume, "put down only a single partridge to roast for supper."

OLD BONES.

Nor many years ago there were discovered by some labourers who were digging in the gravel in front of St. John's College, Oxford, some "giant's bones." They were carefully placed in a wheel-barrow, and trundled off to the Professor of Geology, who had the reputation in that town of giving the best price for all old bones. The discoverers presently returned to their fellow workmen, with information that the doctor had decided the bones to be, not bones of giants, but of elephants; and that he had given them (although there was no brag about it in his windows) two sovereigns more per pound than they could have obtained at any other house.

But how came an elephant to have been buried in the middle of the street? The oldest inhabitant at once decided, that

although the doctor had as usual his own book-learned theory, the elephant was one that had died in Mr. Wombwell's menagerie when it was being exhibited in Paradise Square, long, long, ago.

This was an elephant, however, that had lived before the days of Wombwell. Long before King Alfred had laid the foundation stone of University College, or the Fellows of St. John's had begun to enclose the nightingale-haunted groves of Bagley Wood, did this elephant, in company with others of his class, fearing no proctor, roam over the tract of land on which the undergraduate now lounges, looking about to see how he may spend paternal moneys. Times are changed, and we ought to be thankful for it. Great would be the annoyance suffered by the white-throated M. A., who in eighteen hundred and fifty-three should suddenly have his ideas disarranged by the apparition of that great leviathan on the top of Heddington Hill. There is no danger of that now; it is certain that those elephants are dead and gone, but at the same time it is not less certain that they died and went the way of their flesh in the neighbourhood of Oxford; and not about Oxford only, but throughout nearly the whole of England. In the streets of London the teeth and bones of elephants are frequently turned up by the pick-axes of men digging foundations and sewers. Elephants' teeth have been found under twelve feet of gravel in Gray's Inn Lane. They have been found too at a depth of thirty feet. In digging the grand sewer near Charles Street, on the east of Waterloo Place, Kingsland, near Hoxton, in eighteen hundred and six, an entire elephant's skull was discovered containing tusks of enormous length, as well as the grinding teeth. In the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, there are some vertebrae and a thigh-bone of an enormous elephant, which must have been at least sixteen feet high; these bones are in the most delicate state of preservation. They were found at Abingdon in Berkshire, about six miles from Oxford.

Near the same place—namely, at Lullam—during the digging of a gravel pit, not very long ago, there were found some "giant's bones," that were indeed human, and must have belonged to a man of considerable size. This discovery made a sensation at the time; and, to quiet the agitation and the scandal raised thereby, a coroner's inquest was held in due form over the skeleton, ending in a verdict, honestly arrived at by twelve true and lawful Berkshire men. Upon subsequent examination by competent authorities, the mysterious skeleton was pronounced, most decidedly, to be that of an old Roman, who had been buried with all his arms and military accoutrements near the camp to which he had probably belonged, and of which the remains are still to be seen on the two hills called the Dorchester Clumps. Little did his

comrades think when covering him up with gravel, how their departed friend would be disinterred and "sat upon."

With the elephant's bones found at Abingdon were mixed fragments of the horns of several kinds of deer, together with the bones of the rhinoceros, horse, and ox; showing that those creatures co-existed with the elephant, and that they formed a happy family. There were carnivorous races also then existing. We have only to go further down the Great Western Railway from Oxford, and, getting out at the Weston-super-Mare station, ask the way to Banwell Bone Caves. There may be found evidence enough of the former existence of more savage and rapacious animals than elephants or deer. The caves are situated at the western extremity of a lofty grass-coloured range of hills. The hills contain ochre, calamine (carbonate of zinc), and lead. Some years ago, when sinking a shaft into them, caves were discovered, and the quantity of bones then brought to light excited as much surprise among the learned as among the unlearned.

The principal cavern is about thirty feet long, and there is a branch leading out of it thirty feet further. Of course it is quite dark, and visitors must carry candles. The visitor must take heed that he keeps his candle alight; no easy matter, for the water comes down pretty freely in large heavy drops from the stalactites above. By help of the light there are to be seen bones, bones; everywhere bones.

They are piled up against the wall; they stick into the floor; they fill up recesses, in the most fantastic shapes. Here a candle is stuck in the eyeless socket of a skull: there John Smith, London, has inscribed his name in letters of hyænas' teeth. We are invited to rest halfway upon a seat composed of horns and leg bones. They may be handled by the most fastidious; having lost all traces of corruption for some ages past. Yonder deer's bone was picked, perhaps, by the teeth in this huge hyæna's skull; and as for the hyæna himself he died of a good age—that his teeth tell us. His tough body, after death, may have been dainty dinner to the bear whose monstrous skull is employed as the crown and summit of the monument of old bones raised in the cave in honour of a learned bishop—the Bishop of Bath and Wells. When the caves were first discovered, in eighteen hundred and twenty-six, it was he who took every means in the most laudable manner to preserve them and their contents intact. Mr. Beard was appointed curator, and he has arranged in his own house a fine collection of all the best specimens that have been found below.

To Mr. Beard I went, and by him I was most hospitably welcomed. His museum displays a very fine collection of the remains of the ancient British Fauna. The bones of the bear claimed first attention, and especially

one large bone of the fore leg, which measured at the joint seven inches round; being larger than the corresponding bone in any known species of ox or horse. It is quite evident that the inhabitants of the bone caves lived before the times of King Edgar the wolf-destroyer—for the museum contained wolves' bones in abundance. Fine patriarchal old wolves they must have been that run upon them. Many a fine old English deer, all of the olden time, they must have run down and devoured on the Mendip hills, their cry resounding through the valleys and over the dales where now the screaming whistle and the rush of the express train startles timid sheep, who live in a land where their great enemy exists only as a fossil.

Then, again, in those old days there were foxes living in a country that contained no hounds, who ground down their teeth to the stumps that are exhibited in Mr. Beard's pill-boxes, and died of sheer senility. Glorious to foxes were the good old times, and the poor little mice that lived then, as we see by the contents of other boxes, had their bones crunched.

MOONRISE.

A MAN stood on a barren mountain peak
In the night, and cried: "Oh, world of heavy
gloom!
Oh, sunless world! Oh, universal tomb!
Blind, cold, mechanic sphere, wherein I seek
In vain for Life and Love, till Hope grows weak
And falters towards Chaos! Vast, blank Down!
Huge darkness in a narrow prison-rooin!
Thou art dead—dead!" Yet, ere he ceased to speak,

Across the level ocean in the East
The Moon-dawn grew; and all that mountain's
side
Rose, newly-born from empty dusk. Fields,
trees,
And deep glen-hollows, as the light it creased,
Seemed vital; and from Heaven born and wild
The Moon's white soul looked over lands and
seas.

MOLDO-WALLACHIA.

BEYOND railways, beyond diligences, beyond post-chaises, out of the track of travellers, but full in the high road of conquest from the north to the south, lie the sister provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, which, for shortness some are accustomed to designate as Moldo-Wallachia. Their names have become notorious of late by taking place in the vocabulary of political writers and speakers; but it may be doubted—certain vague statistics set apart—whether in most men's minds any ideas at all are connected with them. When we talk of Paris we picture to ourselves the Place de la Concorde or the Boulevards; an allusion to Berlin implies a recollection of Under the Linden Trees; to Naples of the Strada de Toledo; but who thinks of the Plo de Moghchoya at mention of Bucharest, or has any

associations whatever with Curt d'Argis and Kimpolongo? Let us try to connect a few images, a few forms, a few colours, with these words. This is the best way to extend our sympathies in that direction.

Moldo-Wallachia is little more than a huge farm, giving employment to some three or four millions of labourers. It is not, however, a farm laid out on the principles of Mr. Meehi, but an eastern backwoods farm, very vast and straggling; here and there cut up by patches of original desert and extents of primitive forests, made rugged by spurs of mountains and watered by boisterous rivers, navigable for the most part only by fallen trees. These rivers flow from the Carpathian mountains, which divide the country to the northward from Austria, and fall into the Danube, which divides it from Turkey. There is a kind of postern-gate to the East, ill-closed by the Pruth, a river that has often been mentioned this year. In neither of the Principalities are there many roads worthy of the name. The cities, villages, or farming stations, are generally connected only by tracks and bridle-paths.

The geological construction of Moldo-Wallachia is essentially volcanic. Its mountains contain many craters frequently in a state of eruption. Sulphur and bitumen are plentiful. In some parts little spurts of liquid metal are seen, from time to time, breaking from the schistous rocks, flowing a little way like melted lead, and then condensing to the hardness of iron. In various places, of late years, miniature volcanoes have been known to start up from the ground and flame bravely away for a few days amidst corn-fields and pasturage. The Pruth river, in certain parts of its course, becomes tepid or hot, or even boiling, according as it flows or not over subterranean galleries of fire. Earthquakes are frequent. It is not long since nearly the whole of the city of Bucharest was destroyed—Pö de Mogoeböya, and all. The shock was felt whilst the principal inhabitants were at the theatre listening to one of the dramas of Victor Hugo. Many persons perished, and an immense amount of property was of course lost. In the countries, however, that are subject to these epileptic fits of Nature, such accidents are quickly forgotten and their consequences repaired. They serve, indeed, the purpose of revolutions or sanitary bills in more civilised lands. Bucharest, at any rate, like Paris and London, has been induced to widen its thoroughfares and improve the build of its houses.

A great part of Moldo-Wallachia, especially towards the mountains, is clothed in forest. In few countries are beheld more magnificent oaks; and travellers talk of having seen thousands with trunks rising straight more than eighty feet without branches. Mingled with these splendid trees, or covering the higher slopes with their dull verdure, are enormous firs, that would delight the eye of

the ship-builder. Besides these, there are elms and beeches of prodigious size, with wild pear trees and senna, maple, cherry, and yew trees, with many others. All these grow in a tangled mass—grow or fall together, beaten down by the tempest or uprooted by rushing inundations. "In the low country the millet has no more husk than the apple has rind in the high," says the Wallachian proverb, to picture the fertility of the country. Its vast plains, indeed, are covered in the season with splendid crops; of which those who travel to Galatz can say something. These districts are counted now, as they have always counted, among the granaries of Europe. It is worth remarking, that a young French gentleman, who has studied political economy, has lately recommended the Moldo-Wallachians to neglect the culture of the ground and take to the manufacture of cotton cloths, in order to escape from the commercial tyranny of perfidious Albion. The mysteries of supply and demand, however, the definitions of value, and the influence of tariffs, do not lie in our way at present. We are not going to discuss what is a pound, but to explain what is the Wallachian substitute for a railway. Before visiting or describing a country in detail, it is good to know what means of locomotion it possesses.

If you are not particularly pressed for time, which no one ought to be in that part of the world, it is best to use the great waggon called the Kerontza, which resembles the vehicles in which the burly boors of the Cape sleep and smoke in their journey from one kloof to another. It is of solid construction, and well roofed with leather. A large family, with all their luggage and paraphernalia, even their cocks and hens, may travel in it; and perhaps there could be no more romantic way of spending six months than in jolting about in one of these lumbering chariots amidst the plains and forests of Wallachia. The people of the country generally go from place to place on foot, or mounted on horses, buffaloes, or oxen. Asses are little used; those humble quadrupeds being treated with the same unchristian contempt as in most other European countries. Asia and Africa are their paradise. Among the Boyards, however, it is fashionable to make use of what is called a Karoutchor, a kind of vehicle peculiar to the country, and which we sincerely hope may ever remain so. As a traveller has already remarked, it holds a position in the scale of conveyances, a little above a wheelbarrow and a little below a dungcart. It is, properly speaking, a trough, a box without a cover, three feet long, two feet wide, and two feet and a half high. It rests, of course without the intervention of springs, upon the axles or beams; and is poised upon four wheels made of solid wood, more or less rounded by means of a hatchet. Perhaps Boadicea's war-chariot was something of the make of a karoutchor. Not a single nail

enters into its composition. The harness is as primitive as the vehicle. To a single shaft, generally with the bark on, eight, ten, or twelve horses are fastened by means of long cords, with collars at the end through which the heads of the beasts are passed. Three surijions or postillions mount three of the horses without saddles, without stirrups, and without bridles; and these are all the preparations made to travel express in Wallachia.

If you have courage enough to undertake this mode of progression, you present yourself to the Aga or the Ispravnick of the city you inhabit, and inform him of your desperate intention, and also of the place you want to reach, the day on which you wish to set out, and your address. This information is set down upon a piece of paper, which it is necessary to show to each post-master on the way. The chief formality, however, consists in paying the whole fare in advance—a precaution probably taken because there exist so very few chances of your arriving safely at the end of your journey, and because it would not be decorous to exact payment from a dead traveller.

When the fatal moment has arrived, and you have said adieu to your friends and made your will, the karoutchor comes dashing up to your door; and it is considered wisest, if you really intend to travel, to leap in without taking a moment to think of the consequences. The Ispravnick has given a thought to your comfort. You will find an armful of hay, not very sweet, it is true, to sit upon; and whilst you are arranging it underneath you, the chief surijion will utter his "all right" in the shape of a savage cry, as if he were about to whirl you to the infernal regions, will crack his enormous whip, and thus give the signal of departure. Off you go—with a frightful jerk and an ominous hop of all the four wheels at once; for they have not yet got used to go round. They will get into the habit one by one, never fear. You feel the necessity at once of clutching hold of the edge of your abominable post-box, as an awkward rider seizes hold of the pommel of his saddle. The neighbours shout out a long farewell, or look commiseratingly at you, as if you were going to be hanged; ruthless boys laugh at your deplorable countenance; and the postillions yell like mad. Thus you arrive at the gates of the city, exhibit your passport—shame preventing you from getting out—submit probably to the last extortion you will suffer in this life; and rush into the open plain.

Now the three postillions begin to show themselves in their true character. You have already had some ugly suspicions. They are not postillions. They are demons. They are carrying you away, soul and body, to their great master. As soon as they have the wide horizon of plain and forest around them, they begin to scream with delight,

and to exhibit their infernal joy under a false pretence of singing. The first in rank sets up a discordant rhythmical howl, sometimes as gay as the psalms on a witch's sabbath, sometimes as dreary as the shrieks of ghosts disturbed in their midnight evolutions. Then the others join in in chorus, and you would assuredly stop your ears if your hands were not fully employed in holding on. Meanwhile, these wretches accompany their screams with the most furious gesticulations, wriggling their bodies into all manner of postures, leaning now this way, now that, lashing furiously the herd of wild animals that is bounding under them; and giving, indeed, every additional proof that is necessary of their supernatural character.

Once you have set out, you feel yourself reduced to a most miserable state of insignificance. You are utterly forgotten. The surijions think of nothing but their songs and their horses. They have not even a glance to spare for the karoutchor. On they go, whether there be a road or not, caring only to swallow so many miles in the least possible space of time. The tracks in the African deserts are often marked by the bones of camels that have fallen under their burdens; those in Wallachia are marked by the bones of madmen who have undertaken to travel post. But the surijion cares not for—notice not—these lugubrious mementoes of former journeys. He skips lightly over them all. Ravines, torrents, ditches, patches of brushwood, are dashed through with railroad rapidity. The horses seem to take delight in this infernal race. They too forget that they have anything at their heels, and struggle desperately which shall be foremost. A steeple chase is nothing to it. If you are a very bold man, the excitement keeps you up for half an hour; but then alarm rushes into your soul. Not one of the postillions deigns to turn his head. He is not there for conversation. He has nothing to say to you. As to stopping, or going slower, or not going quicker, the idea is absurd. At length, in all probability, a wheel breaks, the trough falls over, and the traveller is shot off into some deep hole, with a broken leg or collar-bone, and is thankful that he is not quite killed. Still on goes the karoutchor, rendered lighter by this slight accident; and it is only on reaching the next relay, that the surijions turn round and perceive that they have lost a wheel and their passenger. Peace be to his manes—his fare is paid.

The distinguishing characteristic of Moldo-Wallachia being the absence of cities, travelling is not very prevalent among the people. It is true that each principality possesses nominally a capital, and that Bucharest and Jassy contain a considerable agglomeration of inhabitants. Both these places, however, though they exhibit some tendencies to civilisation—though they put on fragments of French

costume as the savages put on the inexpensibles of Captain Cook—are little better even now than vast villages. The true life of the Danubian provinces is in the country—in the plains that stretch from the banks of the Danube towards the Krappacks and Dneister—out amidst the fields where grew, probably, the corn which made the bread we, sitting here at breakfast in London, have this day eaten—out into the forests that furnish the wood with which Constantinople is built—out into the districts where men live like moles in the earth, and where you may ride over the roofs of a village without suspecting its existence, unless your horse stumble into a chimney hole.

If Moldo-Wallachia possessed a proper government, and were insured against the dangers of conquest, it would probably produce ten times the amount of grain it now produces. The cultivated fields, so far from succeeding one another in unbroken succession, are loosely scattered over the country, and divided by patches of forest and waste land, and sometimes by vast extent of marsh. They are allowed to lie fallow every other year from the want of a proper system of manuring. The seed time is generally in autumn; but if a short crop is feared, an inferior quality of grain is sown in other lands in the spring. Six oxen drag a heavy plough, which makes a deep furrow. Every year, as in a new country, virgin tracts are brought under cultivation to replace others, which have been wilfully abandoned, or have been ruined by violent inundations of the Danube, or its tributary torrents. These newly-conquered fields are first planted with cabbages, which grow to an enormous size, and are supposed to exhaust certain salts which would be injurious to the production of wheat, of barley, of maize, of peas, of beans, of lentils, and other grain and pulse. Maize was first introduced into these countries in the last century, and yields prodigious returns.

The Danubian provinces are familiar to the Englishman chiefly as corn-growing countries; but we must repeat, in order to leave a correct impression, that great portions of them are still clothed in primeval forest. Patriots, taking this fact to be a sign of barbarism, insist that the wood-lands are every day giving way to cultivation, and pride themselves on the fact; but a grave Italian writer, who seems to fear that some day the world will be in want of fuel, deplors this circumstance, and attributes it to what he considers an extravagant, absurd, and almost impious use of good things granted by Providence, namely, the custom of paving a few of the principal streets, or rather kennels, of Jassy and Bucharest with wood. The worthy man, however, might have spared himself the anxiety which this hideous waste appears to have created in his mind. There is no danger that Moldo-Wallachia will soon be deforested, and the sentimental, perhaps, will

rejoice in this fact, when they know that the vast seas of foliage which form the horizon of the plains and roll over the mountains are inhabited by prodigious colonies of nightingales. In no place in the world are there found so many of these delightful songsters as in Wallachia. In the months of May and June it is considered to be one of the greatest enjoyments that man can taste, to go out by moonlight and listen to the concert of nightingales, swelling full and melodious above the rustling of the leaves, and the rattling of small water-courses. Benighted travellers often stop their waggons by the side of some forest-lake that spreads over half a glade, on purpose to listen to this marvellous music, and then after having feasted their ears for a while, give the order to march, upon which, amid the clacking of whips, the shouts of the drivers, and the creaking of the wheels, all those sweet sounds are stilled, and you are brought back as it were from fairy-land to the country of Boyards, serfs, and gipsies.

Let us suppose the reader to be wending his way according to this primitive style, through one of the vast plains that stretch westward from the Dimbowitza. If it be summer there is little danger, even after midnight, from the wolves; and the bears remain up amidst the krappacks. You may, therefore, jolt along in safety, unless you happen to deviate into a morass, or upset into one of the crevices, which so frequently occur. It is pleasant to travel by night on account of the great comparative coolness of that time; but nothing can exceed the delight of moving leisurely along in the early hours of the morning, when the air is full of grey light, and the skies are covered by flights of birds on the look out for a breakfast; when bustards go rustling through the underwood, when partridges start up from the dewy grass and take semicircular flights to get out of the way of the intruders, and when awkward storks are seen perched upon boughs watching for serpents and other reptiles to take home to their young. The sunrise in those districts is wonderfully fine, clear, and red. Once the winter season passed the weather is balmy and agreeable, except in the afternoon, when the fierce heat shrivels the vegetation, and causes the traveller to droop. This is why the dark hours, or those which usher in the day, are preferred for travelling; and if you are out in the plains at that time, you are sure to hear the discordant creaking of wheels approaching or receding in different directions, just as in the enchanted forest to which Don Quixote was taken by the humorous (and not very amiable) hospitality of his ducal hosts.

The approach to a Wallachian village in these wild regions is remarkable. On emerging perhaps from a sombre wood, along the skirts of which hang white patches of morning mist, you dimly see signs of cultivation, fields of maize or wheat and beds of cucumbers and

cabbages. So you begin to have thoughts of eggs and poultry, and leap out of your slow-moving waggon and push on, expecting, if you are quite a novice, to descry comfortable looking cottages; and it may be the steeple of a village church. Whilst you are gazing ahead in this vain expectation, a slight breeze wafts a strong odour of smoke around you, and looking attentively you see a few blue ringlets coming up from the ground just in front. Presently some slight elevations may be distinguished, scattered over what appears to you a patch of rough grass land, and now and then a wild-looking figure rises mysteriously, flits along a little way, and then drops into the earth. These are Moldo-Wallachians making their morning calls. You have stumbled upon a village or rather upon a human warren. The houses are mere holes dug in the ground, with a roof composed of long poles, which are covered with earth and thatched with the grass that naturally grows. This style of living was adopted by the people of these unfortunate countries for the sake of concealment from the marauders, to whose inroads they have always been subject on every side.

The villages are dug as far as possible from any line of route ordinarily used. They rarely contain more than a few hundred inhabitants, and are subject to a tax, the amount of which is fixed according to the supposed number of the houses. For example, a village set down as containing a hundred dwelling places, has to pay four hundred piastres. The Ispravnick, or governor of the district, receives a list of villages from the treasury, with the sum required from each affixed, and sends an agent to inform the people of their liabilities. It often happens that a village is set down as containing more or less houses than it really does. If there is a greater number, that is to say, if the estimate of the treasury is under the mark, the peasants collect in a public meeting to discuss in what proportion each is to benefit by the mistake. At these meetings they shout, quarrel, and even fight. But though wounds and death sometimes occur, nothing ever transpires before the tribunals. It is a family quarrel in which no stranger interferes. When matters are settled the head man of the village collects the various items of the tax, and carries the sum to the agent, who has no call to meddle otherwise in the matter. But if, as often happens, the village contains fewer houses than are set down, the peasants collect and nominate a deputation entrusted with the duty of representing the overcharge in the proper quarter. If they cannot obtain redress they often abandon their houses or holes, and separate and pass into neighbouring parishes and districts, leaving their old dwelling places entirely deserted. After a little time, of course, taxation pursues them in their new retreat. In this way the population remains unsettled, and we never meet with what in other countries would be

called rising towns. It is calculated that in the two principalities there are about five thousand boroughs and villages, most of them of the character we have just described. However, on the mountains, the houses are above ground, and are not disagreeable in appearance or uncomfortable to live in. Near most villages may be seen long granaries, if they may be so called, of peculiar construction. They are often about three hundred feet in length, six feet high, and three or four feet wide, and are made of open trellis work. In them the maize is thrown, and being dried by the wind is preserved, when necessary, for several years. It is, on this account, that the cargoes of maize from Galatz are seldom or never injured on the passage, whilst those from Egypt and other places, being shipped whilst yet half-dried, often corrupt on the way.

ACCOMMODATION FOR QUIDNUNCES.

Quid nunc? "What now?" or, "What's the news?" is a question that can be answered more readily by the multitude in provincial towns than in the Metropolis. About two years ago we called attention to the fact that London was in one respect left behind by Liverpool and other towns:—we had no Penny News Rooms. Attempts, more or less vigorous, to supply that want, have since been made in divers quarters of the town, and they appear to have succeeded more or less according to the greater or less degree of vigour that has been thrown into their management. The harvest gathered by each speculator seems to have been pretty well proportioned to the capital and labour spent. External signs of prosperity are, to be sure, very delusive. Yet, setting up our opinion only upon them (having watched the growth of London Penny News Rooms—still infant phenomena not able, it would seem, to run alone), we are able to report of them that they are growing in health and strength.

The first attempt towards the supply of penny news was made, in an unpretending way, by some newsvendor, who announced in his window that the papers might be read for a penny on his premises. Having the raw article passing through his hands in the way of business, it became easy for him to establish a reading-room in his back parlour, if he did not believe that the practice tended to reduce the number of newspaper buyers, and so damage his trade. Very few such attempts were made. We know at this date only of two. They are impromptus differing from the reading-rooms planned with deliberation as improvisation differs from poetry. The first Penny News Room, more deliberately established, is situated in Cheap-side. So far as the system is concerned, it is not a fair experiment, inasmuch as it probably was not established with a view to the profit that would

be extracted from itself alone. It is subsidiary to an eating-house and tavern. It is not on that account the worse conducted, and no one who visits it is made to feel that he is bound to supply body and mind together. The dignity and independence of the entrance penny are in no degree impaired. It admits to a perusal of all the daily morning and evening papers properly arranged on stands, and to the file of back numbers both of them and of the leading weekly journals for the last six months. The weekly papers are on stands in a second room, a story higher. There is also a very good representation of the provincial press. There are scarcely any foreign papers, and the quarterly reviews and monthly magazines may indeed be kept, but they must be asked for especially. The rooms are very well conducted, and we have always found them crowded on the first floor with readers of the day's news; respectable, determined, active quidnuncs, bent upon ascertaining how the world wags in the least possible time, and being off again about their daily business. These liberally established News Rooms are, in fact, a variation upon the ordinary dining-room, in which a moderate supply of newspapers is provided for the satisfaction of the diners. In those you dined and had the opportunity of looking at the papers; in these you look at the papers, and, if you please, can dine.

I am not quite sure whether the second Penny News Room was not the one established in Holborn or Oxford Street by a teacher of languages, who has always a class in course of being formed on very cheap terms; and who has also a penny-a-volume library of cheaply printed French novels and other works. The chamber used is the front room on the first floor, unusually domestic in its proportions and in furniture. It is carpeted, and, in winter, there was always a good fire burning in an open parlour grate, under the cover of a domestic mantel-piece. The penny taker sits at a small table near the door. There is a low table in the middle of the room, and there are about a dozen, more or less, cane-bottomed chairs sprinkled about. The French books occupy a series of shelves on one wall: and, as a gentle hint to the news-readers that they are not to help themselves to these books, a cordon is drawn across the room, isolating a little *sanctum sanctorum*, in which the philologist and his staff rule over the penny-a-volume library. The table is supplied with a number of daily newspapers, and a selection of weekly journals. There are also one or two French newspapers; of monthlies and quarterlies the supply is scanty and uncertain. About this room there are rarely so many as a dozen quiet persons quietly seated, quietly reading. They are evidently not City men. They are in no hurry. They are only interested in Russia and Turkey, and in the Cab Question, like ordinary news-readers, and not in the Capel

Court or Lombard Street sense. They prefer that News Room to more prosperous establishments (one of which stands nearly opposite), although it contains fewer papers, because it contains also fewer men. They simply wish to look over the day's news in peace; to read about the world in a snug nook withdrawn from all its bustle. The philologist exactly caters for their wants.

There is another quiet, but somewhat more business-like News establishment in the Strand apparently under the auspices, of a photographer, whose frame is hung out at the door. It occupies two rooms on the first-floor and includes not only the Penny News Room, but other desirable accommodations for the public. A letter may be written there, pen and ink, paper and envelope being furnished for a penny. Letters may be addressed there and are taken and delivered to the enquirer at the charge of a halfpenny: for some such charge use may be made of a washing-room.

That the public is really disposed to support a Penny News Room when a man is found who throws his mind into its management, has been proved, in the case of an establishment in Oxford Street, which appeared to be under the management of a stationer in a small way of business; or some one who had superadded stationery to his news trade. I entered his shop door, and found the proprietor boxed up in a little place measuring four feet by three, more or less. Out of that four feet by three shop a sort of wicket gate gives admission to the News Room—a place scarcely equal in size to the rooms of the photographer or the philologist: and yet much more abundantly supplied. How so much paper and print could be spread open in such a space was a marvel. There were six morning newspapers (two copies of the Times), three evening papers, thirty-two weekly journals and newspapers, about the same number of country newspapers, twelve Irish and Scotch papers, twelve foreign newspapers, and sixteen monthly and quarterly publications. Every number of all of these was supplied on the day of publication; and there was such an embarrassment of riches that one was nearly smothered in paper. The readers sat or stood or screwed themselves up as they might; they knocked each other's heads, and trod on each other's toes, and jolted each other's elbows, from sheer want of space; and, when the gas was lighted and the room filled with evening readers, (there was always an escape of gas flavouring the air,) oh, the temperature! There was a degree of discipline—probably connected in some degree with that paucity of space—quite rigorous. The daily papers were framed up against the wall, the weeklies and provincials were placed on two tables, the Irish and Scotch were poked into a little corner, the pamphlets and miscellanies were placed in portfolios, while the monthlies and

quarterlies were boarded—not technically but literally; for each was strung to a wooden board, from which the reader was requested in no wise to remove it. Regular visitors were accustomed to observe a constant work of improvement going on in those rooms. The number of periodicals and papers increased—from French and German journals we got on to Spanish—new means of establishing order and providing a place for everything (so that any journal might at once be found) were always being brought into play. The conductor of that room never was satisfied that he had brought it to perfection. It filled well, and attracted many foreigners. At the little wicket the foreigner was courteously told in French, Italian, or German that he had to pay a penny on entrance.

Suddenly one day this well-ordered room fell into confusion. Although it had given no previous signs of decline or fall, it was manifestly suffering the throes of dissolution. Presently it died out. But it died in Oxford Street only to be resuscitated in Holborn, in a spacious and well-appointed saloon behind a tailor's shop. The shop in Oxford Street became devoted to pure stationery, and a dash of the tailoring business was thrown into the News Room for a change. Whether we are to regard the tailor as the grand promoter of the undertaking, or the lessee of the premises who reserves a privilege of advertising himself freely among the news-readers, we do not know. We are not bound to acknowledge any impertinent suggestions of a connection existing between penny news and guinea trousers. The News Rooms behind the tailor's shop are large, commodious, and well supplied. The grand step made by the old News Room in the course of its resuscitation was the introduction of the practice of filing a large number of the journals, both metropolitan and provincial. A certain amount of success or capital is necessary before the proprietor of a News Room can file the journals he receives instead of selling them. A body of filed papers will, however, be found in the end to form the most substantial basis of profit for any establishment of this kind. It should be a place supplied with ample means of reference as well as of daily current information. So far, therefore, the resuscitated News Room is improved. It is improved also in breadth of house-room. The papers, British and foreign, are also, we believe, not less liberally supplied than under the old *régime*. With more space, however, has come less scrupulous attention to the necessity of neatness and order, and a busy visitor may by chance waste ten minutes in the endeavour to find any particular journal that he may wish to see among the confused mass of papers on the table. We are certain, however, that if the business has not changed hands, this objection will soon vanish.

In all these rooms, except perhaps the

smallest, there are provided Directories, Court Guides, Railway Guides, maps of London, Law Lists, and other books of common reference. In the case of such books, it is convenient for every one to know where they can at any time be seen. In most of the rooms—we have already instanced one—letters are taken in for strangers or subscribers. In all of them letters can be written. There should be also, as in the Strand establishment, lavatories and other accommodation for the pedestrian in London streets. There are half a dozen little wants, the ministering to which can very fairly be made part of the machinery of the Penny News Room.

Penny News Rooms prosper very well in our northern towns, and there is no reason why they should not abound in London. Peel's Coffee-house in Fleet Street, Deacon's in Walbrook, and the Chapter Coffee-house, have become famous as coffee-houses for the files of papers that they keep. They have supplied admirably in their way, but still inadequately, a part of the great want which is now forcing the Penny News Rooms into existence. When we first broached the subject, we referred to the example more especially of Paris; and any reader who refers to what we then said,* will find that we have hitherto been by no means too bold in our ventures. While we are timidly grafting news upon philology, photography, or tailoring, in Paris the *Salons de lecture* exist of the highest character. Abundance of French, English, German, Italian, Dutch, Spanish, and American newspapers; reviews, magazines, and other periodicals; globes, atlases, and maps; a handsomely-bound collection of classical and popular literature; spacious windows letting in a flood of light by day, and shaded and chastened gas-light for use in the evening; embossed maps on the walls and writing conveniences on the tables; green velvet sofas and divans; large mirrors and elegant decorations—all available at a charge of four sous or twopence per day. As we then also stated, there are no less than four hundred of these reading-rooms in Paris; and if the reader should feel no desire for the luxuries of velvet and mirrors, he could find abundance of establishments to which the rate of admission is two sous or one penny.

Heartily wishing prosperity to those who have established, or may hereafter establish, well-conducted Penny News Rooms, we turn now to an allied subject of still greater interest and importance. An attempt is being made in Westminster to set on foot, under the shadow of the Abbey, Reading and Refreshment Rooms for working people. Penny News Rooms are frequented by all classes: but chiefly by those who are comparatively well to do. The introduction of refreshments

* Household Words, Vol. III. p. 81.

into them would defeat their purpose and destroy their character. The Reading and Refreshment Rooms for working people are designed to supply in the best possible way the particular wants of a class. The first room of the kind ever opened is in Edinburgh, where it was established about a year ago. There are now in that city several others. They are opened at five o'clock in the morning, and provide at that hour coffee or comfortable breakfasts for many a man who used to commence work with a glass of whisky. Thousands of working men, wanting refreshment, go to a public-house because they scarcely know what else to do. To take the case of Westminster—in which district it is proposed that the first London rooms of this kind shall be established—there are in the neighbourhood of the Abbey great numbers of work-people employed upon the new Victoria Street, many of whom come from a distance and are compelled either to bring food with them and eat it in the open air, or to retire into the public-houses. Two large public-houses have been in fact created for their use. Why not create something more desirable? Every one who is acquainted with that strange and ever widening London boundary of bricks and mortar, among which workmen are for ever stirring, and out of which houses are for ever rising, knows how the public-houses are built out in the fields at regular distances, in anticipation of the work-people who presently will swarm about them. Why not set on foot the practice of providing in a better way for the comfort of respectable and steady workmen, who accept now unwillingly the tap-room as a necessary but most undesirable kind of accommodation?

The Reading and Refreshment Rooms for working people, which it is thought desirable to found in those and other localities, are by no means intended to diffuse teetotalism. They should supply meals on any scale within the workman's means; he will require generally roast or boiled meat for his dinner, and he will in most cases like a glass of beer. There is no reason why, with a few obviously reasonable precautions, anything that is comfortable within the limits of moderation should be denied. There are in London some few cheap lodging-houses for the work-people, in which they can get a good dinner, including beer, for sixpence, and a woman who has kept such a house for some years allows that she makes fifty per cent. on her whole outlay. Contenting themselves with a more reasonable return for their investments the founders of Refreshment and Reading Rooms for working men could easily provide at a cost within the means of every industrious man a place in which during the intervals of labour he could wash, if he pleased, eat and drink, and obtain rational intellectual amusement.

We trust that the promoters of the scheme

at Westminster, and of all cheap News Rooms, will succeed in their good work, and stimulate to exertion many active imitators.

A RUSSIAN STRANGER.

AN illustrious stranger made his appearance in London in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one. He was not entirely unknown; the jewellers, and the lapidaries, and the dealers in articles of *verré* had long appreciated him, and by them he was recognised as a valuable acquaintance; but to the world at large his very existence was scarcely known. When he made his first appearance in a polished green jacket, the inquiry ran around—who is he; what is his name; whence does he come; and how does he make his jacket? It was found that his name was Malachite; that he belonged to a Russian family; and that his jacket, like that of a harlequin, was a patchwork of pieces placed edge to edge. Still there were anxious queries put forth—What is malachite? and we have reason to believe that among the millions who made their first acquaintance with this foreigner in the year named, there is a very notable per-centage who could not and cannot yet answer this question. And yet it deserves to be answered, as we may soon see.

One very strange circumstance connected with malachite is, that it is not a stone or a marble of any kind; it has neither lime, nor clay, nor flint, nor sand in its composition—nothing which can be considered as a necessary or integrant part of stone or marble or alabaster. It is a salt. A sore puzzle this will be to those (and their name is legion) who recognise salt only as a condiment to be added in little crumbles to savoury mouthfuls; but the learned chemists have a way of applying the term salt, which it is worth while to know. When an acid is combined with a metal, or the oxide of a metal, or an alkali, or an earth, the compound becomes a salt—the chemists say so, and therefore of course it must be so. Now the delicate white granular substance which we can buy for daily use at three pounds for a penny, and which we should be perfectly willing to buy at a shilling a pound if we could not obtain it for less, is a salt because it is composed of muriatic acid and the alkali soda (or more strictly chlorine and sodium); and by the same token malachite is a salt because it consists of carbonic acid and oxide of copper. We need not carry our chemistry further than this; suffice it to say that malachite is really and truly carbonate of copper. There may be, and are other forms of carbonate of copper; but malachite is believed to acquire its remarkable and beautiful appearance by being formed in drops, a sedimentary deposit analogous to stalactite and stalagmite. It is supposed by Sir Roderick Murchison that the carbonate was once a liquid, and that it gradually solidified by slow dropping—just as is

the case at the petrifying dripping well near Knaresborough. Every mass of it seems to have been grouped round a centre, in more or less concentric layers; and according to the varying richness of the solution at different times, so do the concentric-layers exhibit a lighter and darker tint of green. A beautiful theory is this; for it explains not only the globular or rounded form of the masses, but also the rich play of green tints observable in all specimens of malachite.

It is a necessary consequence, or rather a necessary preliminary, that ores of copper should exist near the localities whence malachite is obtained; for it is a solution of the carbonate of metal which produces the gem (if malachite may be called a gem, which it almost deserves to be). It is not disseminated in large masses, like a metallic ore; it seems rather to have trickled into clefts and cavities, which determine its dimensions. Rarely can a piece be obtained weighing so much as twenty pounds. It is softer than marble, very much heavier, brilliant in its lustre, and almost silky in the delicate gleam of its green streaks; yet these qualities are marred by the extreme difficulty of working it. Fragile and yet obstinate, it sorely tries the patience of the workman. A Russian, however, is accustomed to patience; and he has conquered in his time more obstinate things than malachite.

Another curious circumstance connected with malachite is, the extremely limited number of spots where it has been found. Siberia and Australia are nearly the only two which can be named. In Australia the discovery has been very recent; but in Siberia malachite has long been known. Until within a few years, the largest mass obtained weighed about a hundred poods, (a pood equals thirty-six English pounds); it was obtained from the copper-mine of M. Tourchaninoff, at Goumecheff (oh! these Russian names), and is deposited in one of the National Museums. But this has been beaten into insignificance by a recent discovery, to which are due the magnificent specimens of malachite brought to England. The Messrs. Demidoff, of St. Petersburg, are the owners of some copper mines in the Ural mountains; and while the miners were in search of the metallic ore, they on one fortunate day lighted upon a mass of malachite, weighing not less than three thousand poods. The miners were able to detach this in one block, and they then met with another thousand poods weight, filling up clefts and crevices in the surrounding rock. What a treasure this; considering that a fair specimen of malachite will bring fifteen shillings per English pound! There is supposed to be a still larger deposit of malachite near the spot whence this mass was obtained: precious nuggets (albeit green) which may by and bye put money into the pockets of the proprietors.

But like other treasures, malachite requires

the hand of man before it becomes practically valuable. The large masses crumble in the air, generally into pieces of two to four pounds weight; and the question arises how to work so very brittle a material. It is not altogether a new art; for museums and royal palaces, in many parts of Europe, contain specimens of inlaying or veneering with malachite. But when Messrs. Demidoff made their grand discovery, an incentive was given towards the adoption of larger mechanical appliances. They determined to establish a manufactory of their own at St. Petersburg, which they placed under the care of M. Leopold Joffriand, who left no means untried to obtain a mastery over the material, and make it applicable to ornamental purposes. How he succeeded in his task, the malachite doors at the Crystal Palace testified; and what difficulties he has had to surmount, the following details will show.

In the first place, then, it must be borne in mind that the malachite is used, not in mass, but as a thin veneer. The pieces are cut by saws into veneers varying from a quarter to a twelfth of an inch in thickness. To effect this the block is cemented upon a carriage which has a traversing motion along a little railway; and the malachite is kept forcibly pressed against the edge of a vertical circular saw; fine sand and water are continually applied to the cut, until the slice of malachite is at length severed from the block. Thus is the block sliced away, not quite so quickly but much more carefully than the housewife's quartern loaf. Where a curved surface is to be covered with malachite, the saws for cutting the veneer are bent to a corresponding curvature; and an extremely delicate and precarious process of cutting then ensues.

The slices being cut, their junction into uniform plane is the next point attended to. Here the most unwearied attention is called for. In every piece of malachite, the dark and light streaks of green form graceful curves, varying infinitely in appearance. Now, it would not satisfy an artistic eye to see pieces joined together edge to edge without any reference to varying tints of the surface; there would be a mottled, confused, indefinite jumble of bits of curves and bits of tints. The workman, consequently, selects his pieces with especial reference to their streakings, and combines them edge to edge in such a way as to carry out somewhat like a principle of design—not stiff and formal, but just sufficient to satisfy the eye by a kind of intelligibility of arrangement. This is very difficult to accomplish, on account both of the smallness of the pieces and the variation of their shape. Every little fragment has its edges cut by means of a copper wheel. For each joint there must be two or three little copper grinding wheels employed, one to give the convexities or protuberances to one edge, and the other to impart the concavities or depress-

sions to the other edge. It is in these joinings that M. Joffriand has made the most marked improvements. Before the establishment of the manufactory at St. Petersburg, all malachite veneering had straight edges to the separate pieces, and very little attention was paid to the veins or markings; but the curved joinings now afford many facilities for producing elegance and symmetry in marking.

The fixing of these numberless little pieces upon the ground-work which is to support them is not so difficult an art as those which precede it; but still it requires great care and attention. This ground-work or substratum may be stone or marble; but it is generally iron or copper. The malachite is cemented down piece by piece, each in its proper position. Small interstices are left here and there, which are afterwards filled up with green breccia—plaster coloured with powdered malachite, and speckled with minute fragments. When the whole is filled up, the surface is ground with sand, to bring it to a proper level; and after this it is polished.

Those who remember (and few will forget) the gorgeous malachite productions in the Russian department at the Crystal Palace will be able to form some faint conception of the difficulties entailed in their execution. Every pound of malachite becomes reduced by weight to half a pound by the time it has reached the form of veneer, and further reduced to a quarter of a pound by the waste unavoidable in adjusting and fitting. The veneered surface thus assumes a value of about three guineas a pound; and as there are at least two pounds and a half to the square foot, this gives a value of seven or eight guineas for a square foot of malachite veneer, for material alone, irrespective of the value of the labour bestowed upon it.

Some of the churches in St. Petersburg are said to have fluted columns of malachite, which present an exquisitely beautiful appearance; but nothing ever seen out of Russia has ever equalled the wonderful productions which were sent over to us in eighteen hundred and fifty-one. There were transmissions of this remarkable material from a few other quarters. Thus, a Derbyshire firm, accustomed to works in gems and stones, prepared marble slabs with a surface of malachite; and a South Australian firm showed that the celebrated Burra Burra copper mines are capable of yielding fine malachite; and a Prussian firm exhibited a beautiful silver casket with four tablets of malachite; and some of the mining companies of Russia exhibited masses of the substance just as they had been obtained from their rocky bed. But all these sank into insignificance before the gorgeous productions of the Messrs. Demidoff. Who can forget the chimney-piece, and the round, and oval, and

square tables, and the chairs, and the tazza, and the vases, and the pedestals, and the clock, and above all, who can forget the doors? These doors, suitable for the folding-doors of a grand saloon, and measuring together about fourteen feet in height, by seven in width, were made of metal, covered with malachite veneer about a quarter of an inch in thickness—much thicker than is ordinarily used. The cement with which the veneer was fastened to the metal was made with fragments of the malachite itself, so as to correspond with it in colour. It was stated by the Messrs. Demidoff that those two doors employed thirty men upwards of a year to fit, finish, and polish the malachite veneer! One almost feels inclined to ask whether, after all, they were worth so much labour; but this is a delicate politico-economico-æsthetico-social question, which must not hastily be answered. The malachite productions altogether were valued at the large sum of eighteen thousand guineas.

Such is this illustrious Russian stranger—malachite. When the name was scarcely known in England, there was another analogous substance well known to our jewellers and wearers of jewels—turquoise. It is curious to trace the points of resemblance between them. Both occur in small portions mostly rounded, imbedded in other rocks. Both owe their colour to copper. Both can with care be cut, and both receive an exquisite polish. The chief difference is, that while the one presents various tints of rich green, the other has a delicate blue or greenish blue colour. As the malachite admirers have, almost to this day, been much in doubt whether malachite ought to be considered a stone; so was turquoise for many years a mystery; it being a matter for speculation not only what it is, but whence it comes. Some persons thought that turquoise is a sort of fossil ivory tinged with copper; while others stoutly maintained its claim to the rank of a true mineral. There appear, indeed, to be different kinds of turquoise, owing their blue colour more or less to the presence of a little copper; and it is supposed that some of the specimens which contain phosphoric acid are bones or teeth of animals, mineralised by the effects of a turquoise solution. Be this as it may, the Turks and Persians are amazingly fond of turquoise; they wear it as a gem in diadems and bracelets; they employ it as an adornment for the hilts of swords and the handles of knives; and they value it as an amulet or talisman. It is near Nishapore, in Persia, that the true turquoise is chiefly found. It is generally attached in small pieces to porphyritic rock, at some depth below the surface of the ground; but sometimes it seems to have bubbled out from the rock in the form of little beads or pimples; while, at other times, the blue turquoise matter pervades the fissures of the rock in the form of

veins. It thus becomes evident that turquoise has either been at one time liquified like malachite, or has been in a molten state by heat. The mines belong to the Shah, and he farms them out to the villagers who dig for the turquoise. The produce is either sold to travelling merchants who come to the villages, or it is sent for sale to Meshed. The lapidaries in that city cut and polish the turquoise, and bring it into the various forms fitted for ornamental use; and the gems thus made find their way, by means of the merchant caravans, to Herat, Candahar, Turkey, Bokhara, and other countries. Such at least used to be the case when Mr. Baillie Fraser travelled and wrote; but Persia is such an out-of-the-way place in these our railway days, that it is difficult to know what is doing there at present. We have Shylock's authority that a turquoise, especially if given by Leah to a bachelor, is worth a "wilderness of monkeys;" but notwithstanding this indefinitely large valuation, turquoises are much less known in Europe than in the East. Whatever may be the analogies between the green Russian and the blue Persian, however, there is this difference—the malachite is used as a veneer, and the turquoise is not.

TRUST AND NO TRUST.

I MEET my friend Claypaw once or twice in the year, commonly in Cheapside; now and then at a friend's house. When we meet he shakes hands with me in a formal friendly way, and looks round the corner of me for the bits of shirt that ought to be apparent at my elbows. They ought to be, but are not yet apparent; and Claypaw is, I fear, disgusted at the slowness with which I proceed towards the verification of his prediction. For Claypaw is a practical man, a man who knows the world, and he has booked me for a fast coach on the road to ruin. I am all that he is not; if he, therefore, dubs himself with justice practical, I must be fantastical. Nevertheless I feed, and clothe, and house myself, take care of Mrs. Green, and lay by some provision for the future. Missing, no doubt, many a pound, I hit upon a good deal of pleasure: life is, indeed, much pleasanter to me than Claypaw finds it. Claypaw, should this meet your eye, you will know that it is the writing of your cousin Phineas Green, whose wife and seven children ought long since to have rubbed all the nap out of his coat; Green, the unpractical man, the theorist—and here he beards you.

At the bottom of my worldly theorising lies—as you know, Claypaw—the firm belief that men and women are, in the main, good fellows; and that because I happen never in my life to have seen A. B. (one of the eight hundred million, the pleasure of whose acquaintance it has been unfortunately impossible for me to make) I have no right to

set A. B. down as untrustworthy, fence about when I hold communication with A. B., or expect from A. B. any injury whatever. You, Claypaw, tell me that by this theory I lay myself open to be cheated right and left, that I have been already seriously bitten once or twice, and that I shall get a bite that will be fatal presently. I am at issue with you there.

Of course I do not mean to propose that, in the present state of the world, men should let any large stake depend too lightly on the assumed credit of a stranger. Let it be granted that I should not think it theoretically proper to place the key of Mrs. Green's pantry in the hands of the aforesaid A. B., without receiving from some X. Y. Z. of known respectability assurance that A. B. also was worthy of respect. Such proper assurance could be sought in no distrustful spirit. In all smaller matters I am theoretically disposed until I see reason to the contrary to take any man's good will and honesty at once for granted.

Again, I should say that I approve heartily of every business arrangement or strict habit of oversight, which makes it difficult for a dishonest action to escape discovery, because in that way temptations to crime are much lessened; and though we may be in the main good folks, we are in grain also peccable. We ought not to trust one another with our eyes shut. Let us work cheerily; but let every man have sense enough to know when an undue advantage has been taken of his confidence. We need not bite and ring every coin we touch, and we may take to ourselves, now and then, a bad one unsuspectingly; but we ought, nevertheless, as a rule, to know the look of a bad shilling. Let us deal so with men in worldly intercourse.

Before I show you by examples, my dear cousin, how it is that I am not yet threatened, I must lay down as an abstract principle another of my theories which you regard, I know, as a finger-post to shame. I attempt no mystifications, make no struggle to surround myself with false appearances, let every man know fairly and freely so much of my ways, means, or opinions, as it may profit him—not me—to be acquainted with, and take my chance. You tell me that, as I get no such candour in return (so, at least, you believe), I expose all my weak points to people prompt to take advantage of them, throw away my armour to fight men who come against me harnessed cap-a-pie. If you be right, Claypaw, and if I do (as I don't live in a state of daily battle among folks who have thrown truth aside, I think the fact must be that they have cast off their armour, not I mine).

Those are my two main theories, practical friend. I am for a path through bright light and free air, you for a burrow underground. I would be a lark; you would be a mole. I

walk with my neighbour arm-in-arm as a friend, you follow with an eye upon his pockets. As a man of business you reply that the mole turns up and stores up many a treasure, but that the lark finds neither worms nor earthnuts in the empty sky. Also that I get no butter for my parsnips from the soft words of my neighbour, while it is you only who know how to get at his purse. It is for me to starve, for you to fatten. But you see, Claypaw, I do not starve.

That brewery transaction. There, you think, you have me on the hip. Didn't I go and invest all my capital in partnership with a stranger whom I took to be an honest man, but who turned out to be a scamp? Didn't I get involved? Wasn't I forced to borrow? Didn't I narrowly escape bankruptcy? Didn't I incur obligations that were for years a drag upon my after life; hadn't I to eat bread for years when I was earning cake? And wasn't that enough to sicken me of putting confidence in man? Mr. Claypaw, to all your first questions, yes; but to your last, emphatically no. That brewery transaction is the source of half my belief in the goodness of humanity.

When I was a young man and wrote poetry, my heart was shattered three several times—once by Polly Bacon, aged eleven—but her whom once I loved the most, I soon forgot I had loved at all. My ill-fated heart next became an abandoned urn on account of Mary Louisa Johnson, who was too like a dream of Heaven to be merited by me, and went to a school at Tonbridge Wells, from which she went to an aunt in Ireland for the holidays. My breast then thrilled before the look of Marin Susannah, but before I was nineteen years old I sang on account of her, in the spirit of a poet who in those days was a favourite of mine,

"Away! away! my early dream,
Remembrance never must awake:
Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?
My foolish heart, be still, or break!"

It would not be still, and it broke. Now while so many breakages were going on within me, I was not at all contented with the world. It was a great abstraction. Something very hard and very cold. My soul began with an S for summer, the world with a W for winter. They were opposites. It never occurred to me that the world in which I sulked was a great universe of souls.

How I despised money! The pelf for which men sold themselves, the calf they worshipped, when was not even I a much more proper calf for them to honour? That men with money comforted their parents in old age, fed and instructed children; that it represented physical existence, and that the struggle for it was ordained in Heaven as a method of developing society, of widening the human intellect, of testing, exercising

strengthening the virtues that are in us, I never then so much as dreamed. I said that men kept their hearts locked up in their cash-boxes, and called the search for gold a species of slavery, compared it to forced toiling in the mines. For then I was too young to see what some have never yet discovered, that out of the active honest struggle, even for the gold we sneer at, ought to come the health and freedom of the spirit; that the mind so labouring and putting forth all its resources and its strength, is as the body that becomes athletic by good honest toil in the free air; that the mind with few desires to carry it abroad is as the body locked in jail, or growing cumbrous and unwholesome in the hermit's cell. If money be loved, not for itself, but for its uses (truly they suffer who misuse it), I have begun now to think that it lies at the root not only of all commerce, all civilisation, but that it gives rise to nine-tenths of all the strong and active virtue in the world, as truly as ever it can have been said to beget nine-tenths of all the vice.

Now, my dear cousin, I got these very theoretical opinions out of my unlucky brewery transaction. I had sung about the Hollow World, and the false tinsel that made up the triumphs on its stage. Thereafter I made my debut in it and broke down. But I was not hissed. The little bark of my fortunes after I had launched it was unfortunately boarded by a pirate who hung out false colours; I was allured, plundered, taken in tow for a short time, and cut adrift. But so adrift I found that the ships on the high seas were not all pirate vessels, and that their captains were not dead to the requirements of a vessel in distress.

I know, my dear Claypaw, your distaste for metaphorical statements of all kinds. I beg, therefore, to inform you plainly that I had reason to feel the Hearts, with a capital H, of business men beating quite warmly, often under formal letters three lines long, that began with "Mr. Phineas Green, Sir," and ended with "obedient servants, Firm, Brothers, and Co." I found that so long as any Firm, Brothers, and Co. felt satisfied that Mr. Phineas Green, Sir, was trying no experiments of tactics with them, they met truth with trust, candour with liberality and kindness. Some there were who went selfishly to work, but I found the world on the whole, though I had such bad luck in it, warm to the bone. Though nobody would do my own work for me, and supply my purse out of his own coffers, I expected that from none. But I found reason to expect and did receive from A. B., from C. D., from E. F., and from a whole alphabet of strangers, a full return for all frank trust that I was taught to put in them. With very few exceptions, I had only to believe men good and find them so. Cousin Claypaw, should the Bank of England ever break, and should you ever

tumble to the bottom of the hill that you are diligently mounting with no help but your own staff, of course you will not sit lamenting at the bottom, but let me advise you not again to work your way up in proud silence. You may get on faster, but, believe me, the climbing is much pleasanter when cheerful talk beguiles the way, when you are ready to let any fellow-traveller hold out a hand to help your efforts where the hill is steep, and not less ready to stand still and lend a pull yourself when it is wanted. You may get on faster with your iron pole, but it is my theory that you would get on better if you went in company with flesh, and blood, and bone. Your distrust may be very practical, my worldly doctrine may be very theoretical, but I abide by the belief that there are more hands in the world ready to help a man than fists ready to knock him down.

Now, my dear cousin, if my theory be worth a farthing, can you tell me why there should be any need for all the trouble that we take about what are called, very properly, appearances? If the appearance correspond to the reality, there will be no need to see about its manufacture. It would be waste study, indeed, to take thought of what we should do to make a globe seem to be round. If the appearance be at variance with truth, we make it to our hurt and damage; always to the damage of our comfort, often to the damage of our worldly prospects which, in such cases, can be looked after in no thoroughly straightforward way. You practical men think much about appearances, and may get profit out of them: to me, as a theoretical man, they would be fatal. It is not the lark's wish or interest to seem to be a parrot.

I know that a great deal of the struggle for appearances—as, for example, the desire to live behind the largest possible brick frontage, though one must rob a lodger to obtain the means of doing so—comes oftener of weakness than dishonesty. I know, also, that any man who is disposed to carry out my theories, will find it, seen even from its own point of view, the most complete mistake. The world does not respect people for seeming what they are not—it generally finds out sooner or later what they are. On the contrary, let any one of my sect of theorists defy comment by showing himself undisguisedly for what he is, and the poor cowards of appearance-makers will be the first to respect him for his courage, and to wish that they could be as bold themselves. He may go about with a true seeming of poverty, but he will find it less despised than the false seem-

ing of wealth. A man who desires friends and neighbours in their intercourse with him as a matter of courtesy to take for granted that he is what he is not, pitches a false key, strains the voices of his companions, and converts good-nature itself into a daily system of pretences. He throws his whole social position just so much out of joint as to create petty discomfort everywhere, and beget petty distrusts. Nor was this all—as most people know—sheer nonsense. Nobody worth listening to will tell you that he regards his friends in any proportion whatever to the amount of brick-work and upholstery surrounding them. When I was first married to Matilda Jane I could have said, "My income makes it proper that I should assume a certain social status."

But there were the brewery debts. Very well. I made no secret of them, attempted no seemings, lived on a little, and maintained really a better and sounder social status among the very same friends that I should have had dancing quadrilles, if I had thought that necessary, in a drawing-room. Between five and nine years ago my first three children, Matilda Maria, Phineas Ernest, and Victoria Regia, though I had then (but for the brewery) an ample income, went without nursemaids in their infancy. To save their mother's arms, I carried them about constantly myself under a fire of eyes from London neighbours. It was an honest thing to do, and so I did not mind the look of it. Now the conventional principle in my neighbours and those people whom I met caused them at first to reflect that "it looked so to see a gentleman carrying a child in long-clothes down a public street." Deeper than the conventions lay another feeling, which suggested that it was no very bad or queer thing after all to see an infant in its father's arms; and that the public, which is made up wholly of fathers, mothers, and children, had no reason to be scandalized. It was not. On the contrary, I found new friendships made the faster, and old friendships made the firmer for all such proofs of resolute adherence to my worldly theories. Paulina Matilda, our last child, lies now in the arms of a nursemaid, born to a house deficient in no reasonable comfort.

Are you now able to understand how it is that the world, my dear Claypaw, treats me as a friend, and why it is of no use to you to look round at my elbows? You may predict my ruin as a theorist; nevertheless my coat will remain whole, I think. Let us shake hands, therefore, more warmly than next time we meet.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. VIII.

McELRATH & BARKER, PUBLISHERS.

Office No. 17 SPRING STREET, NEW YORK.

WHOLE No. 184.

FRAUDS ON THE FAIRIES.

We may assume that we are not singular in entertaining a very great tenderness for the fairy literature of our childhood. What enchanted us then, and is captivating a million of young fancies now, has, at the same blessed time of life, enchanted vast hosts of men and women who have done their long day's work, and laid their grey heads down to rest. It would be hard to estimate the amount of gentleness and mercy that has made its way among us through these slight channels. Forbearance, courtesy, consideration for the poor and aged, kind treatment of animals, the love of nature, abhorrence of tyranny and brute force—many such good things have been first nourished in the child's heart by this powerful aid. It has greatly helped to keep us, in some sense, ever young, by preserving through our worldly ways one slender track not overgrown with weeds, where we may walk with children, sharing their delights.

In an utilitarian age, of all other times, it is a matter of grave importance that Fairy tales should be respected. Our English red tape is too magnificently red ever to be employed in the tying up of such trifles, but every one who has considered the subject knows full well that a nation without fancy, without some romance, never did, never can, never will, hold a great place under the sun. The theatre, having done its worst to destroy these admirable fictions—and having in a most exemplary manner destroyed itself, its artists, and its audiences, in that perversion of its duty—it becomes doubly important that the little books themselves, nurseries of fancy as they are, should be preserved. To preserve them in their usefulness, they must be as much preserved in their simplicity, and purity, and innocent extravagance, as if they were actual fact. Whosoever alters them to suit his own opinions, whatever they are, is guilty, to our thinking, of an act of presumption, and appropriates to himself what does not belong to him.

We have lately observed, with pain, the intrusion of a Whole Hog of unwieldy dimensions into the fairy flower garden. The rooting of the animal among the roses would in itself have awakened in us nothing but

indignation; our pain arises from his being violently driven in by a man of genius, our own beloved friend, Mr. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. That incomparable artist is, of all men, the last who should lay his exquisite hand on fairy text. In his own art he understands it so perfectly, and illustrates it so beautifully, so humorously, so wisely, that he should never lay down his etching needle to "edit" the Ogre, to whom with that little instrument he can render such extraordinary justice. But, to "editing" Ogres, and Hop-o'-my-thumbs, and their families, our dear moralist has in a rash moment taken, as a means of propagating the doctrines of Total Abstinence, Prohibition of the sale of spirituous liquors, Free Trade, and Popular Education. For the introduction of these topics, he has altered the text of a fairy story; and against his right to do any such thing we protest with all our might and main. Of his likewise altering it to advertise that excellent series of plates, "The Bottle," we say nothing more than that we foresee a new and improved edition of Goody Two Shoes, edited by E. Moses and Son; of the Dervish with the box of ointment, edited by Professor Holloway; and of Jack and the Beanstalk edited by Mary Wedlake, the popular authoress of *Do you bruise your oats yet*.

Now, it makes not the least difference to our objection whether we agree or disagree with our worthy friend, Mr. Cruikshank, in the opinions he interpolates upon an old fairy story. Whether good or bad in themselves, they are, in that relation, like the famous definition of a weed; a thing growing up in a wrong place. He has no greater moral justification in altering the harmless little books than we should have in altering his best etchings. If such a precedent were followed we must soon become disgusted with the old stories into which modern personages so obtruded themselves, and the stories themselves must soon be lost. With seven Blue Beards in the field, each coming at a gallop from his own platform mounted on a foaming hobby, a generation or two hence would not know which was which, and the great original Blue Beard would be confounded with the counterfeits. Imagine a Total abstinence edition of Robinson Crusoe, with the rum left out. Imagine a Peace edition, with the

gunpowder left out, and the rum left in. Imagine a Vegetarian edition, with the goat's flesh left out. Imagine a Kentucky edition, to introduce a flogging of that 'tarnal old nigger Friday, twice a week. Imagine an Aborigines Protection Society edition, to deny the cannibalism and make Robinson embrace the amiable savages whenever they landed. Robinson Crusoe would be "edited" out of his island in a hundred years, and the island would be swallowed up in the editorial ocean.

Among the other learned professions we have now the Platform profession, chiefly exercised by a new and meritorious class of commercial travellers who go about to take the sense of meetings on various articles: some, of a very superior description: some, not quite so good. Let us write the story of Cinderella, "edited" by one of these gentlemen, doing a good stroke of business, and having a rather extensive mission.

Once upon a time, a rich man and his wife were the parents of a lovely daughter. She was a beautiful child, and became, at her own desire, a member of the Juvenile Bands of Hope when she was only four years of age. When this child was only nine years of age her mother died, and all the Juvenile Bands of Hope in her district—the Central district, number five hundred and twenty-seven—formed in a procession of two and two, amounting to fifteen hundred, and followed her to the grave, singing chorus Number forty-two, "O come," &c. This grave was outside the town, and under the direction of the Local Board of Health, which reported at certain stated intervals to the General Board of Health, Whitehall.

The motherless little girl was very sorrowful for the loss of her mother, and so was her father too, at first; but, after a year was over, he married again—a very cross widow lady, with two proud tyrannical daughters as cross as herself. He was aware that he could have made his marriage with this lady a civil process by simply making a declaration before a Registrar; but he was averse to this course on religious grounds, and, being a member of the Montgolfian persuasion, was married according to the ceremonies of that respectable church by the Reverend Jared Jocks, who improved the occasion.

He did not live long with his disagreeable wife. Having been shamefully accustomed to shave with warm water instead of cold, which he ought to have used (see Medical Appendix B. and C.), his undermined constitution could not bear up against her temper, and he soon died. Then, this orphan was cruelly treated by her stepmother and the two daughters, and was forced to do the dirtiest of the kitchen work; to scour the saucepans, wash the dishes, and light the fires—which did not consume their own smoke, but emitted a dark vapour prejudicial to the bronchial tubes.

The only warm place in the house where she was free from ill treatment was the kitchen chimney-corner; and as she used to sit down there, among the cinders, when her work was done, the proud fine sisters gave her the name of Cinderella.

About this time, the King of the land, who never made war against anybody, and allowed everybody to make war against him—which was the reason why his subjects were the greatest manufacturers on earth, and always lived in security and peace—gave a great feast, which was to last two days. This splendid banquet was to consist entirely of artichokes and gruel; and from among those who were invited to it, and to hear the delightful speeches after dinner, the King's son was to choose a bride for himself. The proud fine sisters were invited, but nobody knew anything about poor Cinderella, and she was to stay at home.

She was so sweet-tempered, however, that she assisted the haughty creatures to dress, and bestowed her admirable taste upon them as freely as if they had been kind to her. Neither did she laugh when they broke seventeen stay-laces in dressing; for, although she wore no stays herself, being sufficiently acquainted with the anatomy of the human figure to be aware of the destructive effects of tight-lacing, she always reserved her opinions on that subject for the Regenerative Record (price three halfpence in a neat wrapper), which all good people take in, and to which she was a Contributor.

At length the wished for moment arrived, and the proud fine sisters swept away to the feast and speeches, leaving Cinderella in the chimney-corner. But, she could always occupy her mind with the general question of the Ocean Penny Postage, and she had in her pocket an unread Oration on that subject, made by the well known Orator, Nehemiah Nicks. She was lost in the fervid eloquence of that talented Apostle when she became aware of the presence of one of those female relatives which (it may not be generally known) it is not lawful for a man to marry. I allude to her grandmother.

"Why so solitary, my child?" said the old lady to Cinderella.

"Alas, grandmother," returned the poor girl, "my sisters have gone to the feast and speeches, and here sit I in the ashes, Cinderella!"

"Never," cried the old lady with animation, "shall one of the Band of Hope despair! Run into the garden, my dear, and fetch me an American Pumpkin! American, because in some parts of that independent country, there are prohibitory laws against the sale of alcoholic drinks in any form. Also; because America produced (among many great pumpkins) the glory of her sex, Mrs. Colonel Bloomer. None but an American Pumpkin will do, my child."

Cinderella ran into the garden, and brought

the largest American Pumpkin she could find. This virtuously democratic vegetable her grandmother immediately changed into a splendid couch. Then, she sent her for six mice from the mouse-trap, which she changed into prancing horses, free from the obnoxious and oppressive post-horse duty. Then, to the rat-trap in the stable for a rat, which she changed to a state-coachman, not amenable to the iniquitous assessed taxes. Then, to look behind a watering-pot for six lizards, which she changed into six footmen, each with a petition in his hand ready to present to the Prince, signed by fifty thousand persons, in favour of the early closing movement.

"But grandmother," said Cinderella, stopping in the midst of her delight, and looking at her clothes, "how can I go to the palace in these miserable rags?"

"Be not uneasy about that, my dear," returned her grandmother.

Upon which the old lady touched her with her wand, her rags disappeared, and she was beautifully dressed. Not in the present costume of the female sex, which has been proved to be at once grossly immodest and absurdly inconvenient, but in rich sky-blue satin pantaloons gathered at the ankle, a puce-coloured satin pelisse sprinkled with silver flowers, and a very broad Leghorn hat. The hat was chastely ornamented with a rainbow-coloured ribbon hanging in two bell-pulls down the back; the pantaloons were ornamented with a golden stripe; and the effect of the whole was unspeakably sensible, feminine, and retiring. Lastly, the old lady put on Cinderella's feet a pair of shoes made of glass: observing that but for the abolition of the duty on that article, it never could have been devoted to such a purpose; the effect of all such taxes being to cramp invention, and embarrass the producer, to the manifest injury of the consumer. When the old lady had made these wise remarks, she dismissed Cinderella to the feast and speeches, charging her by no means to remain after twelve o'clock at night.

The arrival of Cinderella at the Monster Gathering produced a great excitement. As a delegate from the United States had just moved that the King do take the chair, and as the motion had been seconded and carried unanimously, the King himself could not go forth to receive her. But His Royal Highness the Prince (who was to move the second resolution), went to the door to hand her from her carriage. This virtuous Prince, being completely covered from head to foot with Total Abstinence Medals, shone as if he were attired in complete armour; while the inspiring strains of the Peace Brass Band in the gallery (composed of the Lambkin Family, eighteen in number, who cannot be too much encouraged) awakened additional enthusiasm.

The King's son handed Cinderella to one of the reserved seats for pink tickets, on the

platform, and fell in love with her immediately. His appetite deserted him; he scarcely tasted his artichokes, and merely trifled with his gruel. When the speeches began, and Cinderella wrapped in the eloquence of the two inspired delegates who occupied the entire evening in speaking to the first Resolution, occasionally cried, "Hear, hear!" the sweetness of her voice completed her conquest of the Prince's heart. But, indeed the whole male portion of the assembly loved her—and doubtless would have done so, even if she had been less beautiful, in consequence of the contrast which her dress presented to the bold and ridiculous garments of the other ladies.

At a quarter before twelve the second inspired delegate having drunk all the water in the decanter, and fainted away, the King put the question, "That this Meeting do now adjourn until to-morrow." Those who were of that opinion holding up their hands, and then those who were of the contrary, theirs, there appeared an immense majority in favour of the resolution which was consequently carried. Cinderella got home in safety, and heard nothing all that night, or all next day, but the praises of the unknown lady with the sky-blue satin pantaloons.

When the time for the feast and speeches came round again, the cross stepmother and the proud fine daughters went out in good time to secure their places. As soon as they were gone, Cinderella's grandmother returned and changed her as before. Amid a blast of welcome from the Lambkin family, she was again handed to the pink seat on the platform by His Royal Highness.

This gifted Prince was a powerful speaker, and had the evening before him. He rose at precisely ten minutes before eight, and was greeted with tumultuous cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. When the excitement had in some degree subsided, he proceeded to address the meeting: who were never tired of listening to speeches, as no good people ever are. He held them enthralled for four hours and a quarter. Cinderella forgot the time, and hurried away so when she heard the first stroke of twelve, that her beautiful dress changed back to her old rags at the door, and she left one of her glass shoes behind. The Prince took it up, and vowed—that is, made a declaration before a magistrate; for he objected on principle to the multiplying of oaths—that he would only marry the charming creature to whom that shoe belonged.

He accordingly caused an advertisement to that effect to be inserted in all the newspapers; for, the advertisement duty, an impost most unjust in principle and most unfair in operation, did not exist in that country; neither was the stamp on newspapers known in that land—which had as many newspapers as the United States, and got as much good out of them. Innumerable ladies answered the

advertisement and pretended that the shoe was theirs; but, everyone of them was unable to get her foot into it. The proud fine sisters answered it, and tried their feet with no greater success. Then, Cinderella, who had answered it too, came forward amidst their scornful jeers, and the shoe slipped on in a moment. It is a remarkable tribute to the improved and sensible fashion of the dress her grandmother had given her, that if she had not worn it the Prince would probably never have seen her feet.

The marriage was solemnized with great rejoicing. When the honeymoon was over, the King retired from public life, and was succeeded by the Prince. Cinderella, being now a queen, applied herself to the government of the country on enlightened, liberal, and free principles. All the people who ate anything she did not eat, or who drank anything she did not drink, were imprisoned for life. All the newspaper offices from which any doctrine proceeded that was not her doctrine, were burnt down. All the public speakers proved to demonstration that if there were any individual on the face of the earth who differed from them in anything, that individual was a designing ruffian and an abandoned monster. She also threw open the right of voting, and of being elected to public offices, and of making the laws, to the whole of her sex; who thus came to be always gloriously occupied with public life and whom nobody dared to love. And they all lived happily ever afterwards.

Frauds on the Fairies once permitted, we see little reason why they may not come to this, and great reason why they may. The Vicar of Wakefield was wisest when he was tired of being always wise. The world is too much with us, early and late. Leave this precious old escape from it, alone.

TRIBUNALS OF COMMERCE.

In France, Germany, Spain, Portugal and Sweden, men of commerce have obtained, since generations past, tribunals other than of law, by which their differences are amicably and speedily adjusted. No sooner has a dispute arisen than the disputants present themselves to one of these friendly councils; which does all that a court of law could do, except delay, and a great deal which no legal tribunal could accomplish. These councils are at once special juries and judges. In Paris they are composed of a president, ten judges, and sixteen assistant judges, selected from the commercial inhabitants of the district, who sit in sections so arranged that each member performs duty twice within fifteen days. Their labours are discharged gratuitously; they take cognizance not only of all commercial disputes but of bankruptcies.

The leading feature in the proceedings of

these councils is despatch. So simple are the forms of procedure that a decision is, in most cases, obtained immediately. The utmost time allowed for defendant to appear in court is twenty-four hours, whilst in certain cases requiring urgent decision the president can command the appearance of those concerned within an hour, if his messengers can find them. The cases are conducted and defended by the disputants themselves, the interference of attorneys being disallowed; only a few "licenciates," well acquainted with the commercial law of the country, are permitted to assist in expediting cases through the courts. That business in these places is wonderfully facilitated will be evident when I mention that no longer ago than eighteen hundred and forty-eight several hundred suits were disposed of in one day before the council of the Seine. Of course this could only be done by weeding out all extraneous matters, by rigorously conforming to the known usages of commerce, and by having several judges sitting at the same time.

The bankruptcy section of this commercial tribunal had been not less actively engaged. It is on record that, between the years eighteen hundred and thirty-six and eighteen hundred and fifty—that is to say during fifteen years—not fewer than six hundred and sixty-four thousand five hundred and sixteen decisions had been given: which is an average of forty-four thousand three hundred and one judgments in each year.

I would, however, remark that it is not only in expediting proceedings that the tribunals of commerce of the Continent are so valuable: they sift matters of a technical character with a degree of accuracy which no amount of legal acumen could pretend to; simply because the men composing them are intimately acquainted with the details and usages of every day commercial life. The reader may possibly have some very faint idea of the singular technicalities which occasionally beset and bewilder both counsel and judges; but there are few readers who have any distinct conception of the difficulties, the blunders, the absurdities, the mischief entailed by lawyers undertaking to conduct and judges to decide upon matters pertaining strictly to trade, manufactures or science.

The rapid strides made by art-manufacture, by chemistry applied to industry, by science in relation to our most ordinary requirements, have materially increased the conflict of interests amongst the commercial part of the community, and the range of knowledge necessary to unravel the intricacies of commercial and manufacturing disputes. Each year the learned in mere law are bewildered, judges are perplexed, and suitors are disgusted with the necessity which compels men of law to wade through statements and arguments on topics which are as intelligible to them as one of Southey's poems would be to a red Indian.

Imagine for a moment the position of counsel employed to defend a suit involving some delicate chemical invention, or a subtle point of science. The man of law, although a good Latinist, would nevertheless be at his wits' end to understand one single iota of the atomic theory, to fathom the mysteries of free and latent calorific, or to probe the depths of the "*Pharmacopœia Londinensis*," with its terrific array of Subacetates, Protocarboates, and Supersulphates.

About seven years since I was interested in some valuable improvements in electric telegraphs, and applied for protection for them by Letters Patent. I was opposed by one of the great electrical Professors of the day, on the ground that my invention was neither more nor less than an infringement of his own patented discoveries. Counsel had of course to be engaged on both sides; and, inasmuch as the points in dispute were of a specially scientific character, my barrister underwent several most severe drillings, in the hope that I should enable him to argue my case. Never shall I forget the bewilderment and annoyance he suffered in his anxious endeavours to master the distinctive technicalities of the electric science. How he floundered amongst negative poles, and positive currents; how he impaled himself upon the points of "contacting needles." He would have given a dozen new silk gowns to have mastered but one half of what I vainly endeavoured to drum into his mind and memory. Was it indeed possible that in a few short hours he could be expected to comprehend the inner difficulties of a science which had occupied my time and anxious thoughts for years?

As a scientific forlorn-hope, I took my counsel to my laboratory; and set the model-telegraph in action in his presence. I soon found, however, that I was making matters worse instead of better. The complicated apparatus, the labyrinth of wires, the maze of chemical terms, the entire novelty of the scene, completely scattered from the lawyer's brain the small conception he had previously formed of the process. It was in vain that I discoursed upon the "metallic circuit;" he shook his head and intimated that that was a circuit of which he was not a member. The mention of "battery" he connected in some way with an assault case; and, when I endeavoured to explain the nature of "lateral metallic contacts," it was clear that he imagined I was alluding insidiously to his fees. Nor was my opponent's counsel in any better plight. The judge was still more puzzled with the conflicting claims, and so completely blended the two opposing inventions in one heterogeneous whole, that in the depth of his chaotic bewilderment he decided on doing that which under a wholesome state of things should have been done in the first instance; he referred the case to a practical and scientific arbitrator; thus in fact, at once constituting

a most competent Tribunal of Commerce in the person of Professor Faraday.

It is true that in certain cases a special jury is formed, composed of men supposed to be particularly versed in the matter in hand; yet, although that very expedient demonstrates the desirableness of practical tribunals, the special jury is too often hampered and perplexed rather than aided by the laboured pleading of learned counsel; who deem it their duty to talk for a certain time very wide of the subject. In these cases, too, the matter resting virtually with the jury, the judge—who cannot and does not attempt to form any opinion apart from theirs—becomes a mere automaton.

It is not long since a circumstance occurred in connection with one of these special jury cases, which bears so strongly upon the point I am anxious to illustrate, that I cannot refrain from relating it. Like my own case, it was a contested point of patent-right; the invention being a machine of peculiar construction and application. As usual, counsel floundered dreadfully amidst cog-wheels, sockets, pinions, pistons, bearings, coupling-boxes, and cranks. The special jury had to depend entirely upon the witnesses to form the faintest judgment on the merits of the competing machines.

When counsel had finished torturing the principal witness for the plaintiff, the foreman of the jury—a thoroughly practical and shrewd man of the world—requested him to be so good as to repeat carefully his description of the plaintiff's machine; in order that he might commit it to paper, and thus prevent any misconception. The witness complied; and on the completion of his details, he was told that as he had been a long time in the witness-box he would not just then be called upon to hear the paper read over to him, but that it should be done on his being called up for re-examination. The chief engineering witness on the other side was requested, in a similar manner, to detail most minutely the several parts of his employer's machinery; and, having done so, was in like manner desired to stand on one side for the present; the foreman taking down his words also. Further evidence was taken; and eventually the two engineers were recalled separately, when the foreman of the jury, having read over the accounts of the two distinct machines, asked each of them if they felt positive that the description therein given was a true and full explanation of their respective employers' inventions. They felt no sort of hesitation in declaring that they did so most completely.

The foreman then addressed the Court, and begged it to observe as a means of testing the value of the evidence they had just received, that he had read the description of the defendant's machine to the plaintiff's witness, and that of the plaintiff to the defendant's witness, and that they had thus

both sworn to their opponent's specification. No doubt if they had been left to tell their respective stories in their own way, without the worrying of counsel, they would not have been confused, and would have given clear and distinct evidence. The case was eventually decided upon the personal inspection of the opposing machines by the members of the jury, who thus, after all, acted the part of Tribunals of Commerce.

I remember another circumstance which still more forcibly illustrates the folly of flinging every dispute into a court of law when a reference to a tribunal of practical men would arrange the difference on the moment, and for the merest shadow of costs. A City merchant had purchased a number of cases of foreign goods,—I believe macaroni. Many, on being weighed and examined, were found to be no more than half full. A hole was discovered in these cases, and much of the macaroni had been bitten to pieces, so that there could be no doubt but that the damage had been caused by mice. But who was to bear the loss? Certainly not the purchaser, who had bargained for full cases and sound macaroni. The importer declared that the mice must have attacked the goods while on the wharf in Thames Street; it being impossible his agents abroad should have shipped the animals along with the goods. On the other hand the wharfinger protested that there was not such a thing as a mouse to be found upon his premises; which he had been at great cost to have made mouse-tight.

Each party was resolute. The case was placed in the hands of "eminent lawyers," and there was every prospect of somebody having to pay handsomely in addition to the value destroyed by the mice. By great good luck the two disputants encountered each other one day on 'Change; and, happening to relate the matter with some bitterness to a third person, they were assured by him that, if they chose, they could settle the affair in ten minutes between themselves, by only taking a common-sense view of the case. He pointed out to them the certainty that the direction in which the mice-holes were gnawed would clearly indicate whether the animals had entered the boxes whilst lying on the wharf, or whether they had been imported in them; which might have occurred from the boxes having been left open at the port of shipment after packing. The intruders could not have got in during the voyage; for, except in a few coasting vessels, mice are never found, as they have insuperable objections to sea-sickness. The whole question was;—did the mice eat their way into the boxes or did they eat their way out of them? If they were Italian mice, packed in with the macaroni, which had eaten their way through the case for air, the holes would be gnawed and jagged within, and smooth without; if they were English mice, with a taste for macaroni which deal boards could not baulk, the out-

side of the holes would bear the marks of teeth, and the inside would be smooth. The matter appeared so simple, when viewed in this light, that both parties agreed to adjust their dispute by the appearance of the holes in the cases. They did so with a ten minutes of that time; and not only saved hundreds of pounds, but preserved their former friendly feeling, which, had the law-suit gone on, would no doubt have been completely at an end.

A thousand similar instances could be adduced to demonstrate the soundness of the views entertained by those who are at the present moment using their best exertions to promote the formation of Tribunals of Commerce in this country. Commercial differences, and many others of a similar character, cannot be met by the common law of the land: they require something more than a mere definition of legal rights for their proper adjustment. Even were it always possible for lawyers to conduct and decide upon such cases, the delay involved is frequently much more damaging than the costliness of the proceedings: often indeed so ruinous that a commercial man will prefer submitting to any amount of injustice rather than be involved in the delay, the vexations, and the spoliation of a law-suit. A case which was heard and argued at no more remote period than this last August is well worthy of attention; inasmuch as it does something more than support the arguments, already strong, in favour of practical common sense tribunals for practical common sense cases. It shows how completely the most eminent men of science, the most accomplished students, the deepest philosophers, may differ upon a point of practical chemistry or geology. The trial took place in Edinburgh, before the Lord president and a jury, as to whether a certain mineral substance found in certain lands in Scotland was or was not coal. It appeared that the plaintiff had leased some land to the defendant on certain terms of royalty, for the purpose of digging for coal. The latter had succeeded in turning up very large quantities of a black inflammable substance richly impregnated with hydrogenous gas, and, as such, very valuable for gas-works, although not so suitable for ordinary fuel. The speculation became, in consequence, unexpectedly remunerative to the workers; and mortifying in proportion to the proprietor, who, beholding the huge mine of wealth opened by others on his land, brought the action to try whether—as the right he had leased away was solely and exclusively the exploitation of coal—the substance dug up by the lessees was, or was not, coal; for, if not coal, they had no right to it. The plaintiff, therefore, by his counsel maintained that the mineral worked by the defendant was not coal; and, although he was not prepared to say what it really was in ordinary language, he called a legion of professors of

geology and mineralogy, of microscopists and miners, to declare that it was shale, clay, bituminous earth—anything in fact but coal. A geologist took his hammer, and averred on his reputation as a professor, that it had no appearance of coal. The chemist took his crucible and his blow-pipe, and he too insisted, on the word of a philosopher, that it did not burn like coal, and did not leave the ashes of coal. The microscopist applied a powerful lens, and had no sort of hesitation in avowing the absence of all traces of those cellular and vegetable tissues which existed in all coal; consequently, it could not be coal. The miner declared that *he* had never seen any coal similar to that worked by the defendant, and that, therefore (modest man) it was absurd to call it coal.

So much for the science of the plaintiff. The defendant had a still larger array of philosophy on his side; and a host of men, equally known in the scientific world, did declare, on their reputations as geologists, chemists, and microscopists, that the substance in dispute had all the characteristics necessary to make it coal; that in short it was most decidedly, unequivocally, and beyond dispute coal, and nothing but coal.

The array of evidence presents a curious illustration of the fallacies of science in the nineteenth century, and is quite worth quoting. Professor A. declared that it burnt precisely like coal: Professor B. protested in plain English that it did not. Professor A. stated that he found it to contain only six per cent. of fixed carbon: Professor B. had found ten per cent. of carbon in it; while Professor C. met with sixty-five per cent. of carbon. Professor A. stated that the mineral was a bituminous shale: Professor B. asserted that it contained the merest trace of bitumen. Their duel being over, Professor C. found that no degree of heat would cause it to yield bitumen. Professors A., B., C., and D., declared positively in full chorus that it possessed no signs of an organic structure. On the other side, Professors E., F., G., and H., avowed much more positively, that it had a most unmistakable vegetable organisation, with perfect traces of woody fibre, cellular tissue, and every other characteristic of the best Wall's End. Professor I. found that it had no fixed carbonaceous base, but its base was earthy matter: Professor K. discovered on the contrary that the base was decidedly carbonaceous, with very slight traces of earth. Professor I. could obtain nothing like coke from it, and he had tried very hard too; whilst Professor K., with scarcely an effort, had obtained forty-one per cent. of coke from it!

Now, I take it, that there is no need of an acquaintance with chemistry or geology—no necessity for fathoming the constituents of bituminous shales, carbonaceous bases, cellular tissues, &c., to arrive at a due appreciation of the absurd and anomalous position

in which science was here placed. The evidence of a Newcastle coal viewer adduced before a properly constituted Tribunal of Commerce would have settled the case in five minutes.

Setting these considerations aside, we arrive at a powerful argument for the establishment of tribunals; which, by a mere effort of common sense and common justice, will save the pockets of disputants, the time of public officials, and moreover save men of science from humiliating exhibitions. The coal case was given in favour of the defendant and lessee; and, so far, justice was doubtless served, for according to a straightforward and honest interpretation of words, a black inflammable substance dug out of the earth which gives forth inflammable gas, remains coal, until a new special word be given to it; and even then it must and will always belong to the genus Coal. Had the dispute been brought before a commercial tribunal the technicalities of science would not have been called to their aid—they would have contented themselves with an examination of the true purport of the lease by which the defendant held the mines, and whether the mineral in question was or was not what is popularly and generally known amongst business men as a coal, without reference to any scientific distinctions or legal quiddities.

The agitation in favour of "Tribunals" was commenced in the City of London about two years since. It has gone on with some degree of success; although far from sharing that countenance which it richly deserves. There are conflicting interests at work. Strong prejudices and legal opposition have hitherto stood in the way. Thanks, however, to the zeal and public spirit of one man, the tide of public opinion has begun to set in favour of the movement. The adhesion of nearly all the Chambers of Commerce throughout the provinces testify how keenly men of business feel the incubus of the law in their daily operations, and the result of strong convictions on the subject has been the adoption of petitions to both Houses of Parliament praying that a committee may be appointed for the purpose of inquiring into this most important subject with a view to legislating thereon.

Such a committee would assuredly bring to light some curious and forcible testimony in favour of what is now asked, and there is no reason why Tribunals of Commerce may not be as readily formed in this country as elsewhere. The machinery may be so simple, the expense so trifling, that it is difficult to conceive any real objections to their formation. A council of merchants, bankers, and others accessible to the trading and manufacturing community at all times and in the speediest manner, would undoubtedly prove a welcome boon. The suggestion of a stipendiary judge with a sound legal education and training,

instead of a purely commercial president may be well worth consideration. The legal element would perhaps be an essential ingredient in such a Court. Our complaint is, that it at present overrides and swamps every other good element. Sagacity in seizing the corns of evidence and separating it in an instant from the husk; skill in combining scattered points of testimony; acuteness in detecting discrepancies, and in harmonising varieties of evidence seemingly discordant but really in unison, are only to be found in a "legal mind."

BUCHAREST.

THE name of Bucharest has of late become familiar in our mouths, and meets our eye in the corner of every newspaper. Political writers, and geographers call it a capital, and it certainly is the chief place, the seat of Government of the province of Wallachia. But it does not rise to our notions of a capital; being in reality nothing but a huge village scattered upon a plain on both sides the Dimbowitz at about thirty-seven miles of direct distance from the confluence of that river with the Danube; and two hundred and eighty miles west-north-west of Constantinople. The space it covers is enormous; and, when seen from a distance, it suggests ideas of prosperity—even of splendour. This is the case with most Oriental cities. They dazzle from afar; but, as you approach, their beauty vanishes; just as, in the mirage, imaginary forests, lakes, and islands dwindle, on near inspection, into tufts of sunburnt grass.

If you wish to have the pleasure of contrast, you must approach Bucharest from the north, and come suddenly to the edge of the eminence where stands the principal church, sometimes called the Cathedral. The whole extent of the city is visible from this vantage ground, and three hundred and sixty-five steeples, seeming architectural in the distance, shoot up and flash above the houses and gardens. Let the time be the bright beginning of spring. The sky overhead has not a speck; except that here and there may be seen, slowly soaring, some hundreds of those huge vultures which serve as the scavengers of Eastern cities. The scene is one of exquisite beauty. The houses cluster far down on the banks of the river, nowhere unaccompanied by trees, and then scatter away on either hand, seemingly without lines; for where they appear to end, and the forest to begin, there may always be discovered other roofs and other white walls gleaming amidst the foliage. On the plain to the right several intensely green oval expanses are sharply defined. These are marshes on the edges of which the Zigans or gipsies dig in search of tortoises, which they bring to the market to sell. To the east, the country is covered as far as the eye can reach

with vast forests of larch, pine, and oak trees. Beyond the city the yellow fields of maize set sharply off from verdant pasturages, or are intersected by streaks of ground covered with reeds and patches of brushwood. Altogether the impression is produced, especially on one who has just traversed the rugged defiles of the Krappack Mountains, that this is an opulent city—a city of merchants and monks, such as one has read or dreamed of.

Enter. Its grandeur is not overwhelming. You come up to a hedge of prickly artichokes, which some German topographers—fresh from descriptions of Choczin—have called the lines of Bucharest; and a single great beam is, or was (for this refers to ante-Russian times) drawn up by a pulley to admit you. Beyond, you find a semi-circular little place bordered by huts, with a few trees scattered here and there. A vague idea suggests itself to the European traveller that this is the spot where the maidens of the neighbourhood come out to dance when daily work is done. But he is soon undeceived; for his waggon at once sinks axle-deep into black mud, and his horses or oxen begin to splash and struggle ineffectually. What may be the social reasons why every entrance of Bucharest is stopped up by a bog we do not exactly know. Some say it is for the convenience of the custom-house officers; who, if they happen to be asleep, are certain that no travellers can go stealthily in our out. After a nap they are sure to find half-a-dozen waggons sticking fast in the mud, from which they cannot be extricated except by several additional beasts brought for that purpose. It is true that in the hot season this mud is changed into grey dust, and is consequently more easy to cross; but there is no travelling at that time of year. We must observe that both the custom-house officers and the police, who invariably accompany them, at Bucharest, although inquisitive, are generally polite, and when they commit extortion, do it in a gentlemanly manner, that proves them to have received the influence of French civilisation.

Nothing can be more trivial than the prevailing style of architecture in Bucharest. A native will tell you that it is not worth while to build fine houses, because earthquakes would probably shake them down; otherwise, he adds, London and Paris would be left far behind. There is a great deal of good humoured provincial pride in these excellent Wallachians. The houses are all, or nearly all, of one story, generally standing separate and are surrounded sometimes by gardens; sometimes by expanses of rough ground. The materials are bricks and wood roughly whitewashed, which has an unpleasant effect in summer. The glare they occasion accounts for the fact that the people always go about with their eyes puckered up as if they had just laid aside spectacles. Here and there rise

mean-looking churches; something in the Byzantine style, each with two, three, or even four steeples, in which the eastern traveller misses the elegance of the minaret. The bells are not hung in these steeples, but upon a cross-pole supported by two uprights in front of the door, so that on church-going days, which frequently occur, a couple of moustachioed ringers dressed in sheep-skin may be seen dangling from the rope, and at a distance may be supposed to be undergoing the extreme sentence of the law. There are nearly a hundred churches, but not one contains anything worthy of description, except, perhaps, that on the eminence to the north of the town. It was founded by Saint Spiridion, bishop of Erivan, in Armenia, and like all Greek churches, has the form of a cross. At first sight it resembles a fortress, and is in fact so built that it could serve for that purpose. The interior is decorated with paintings which are no doubt admired—in Bucharest; and there is a balustrade around the sanctuary, richly gilt and covered with mouldings and arabesques, executed with some taste.

Of late years, especially since the great fire, there have been built a good many houses, which are called palaces. At a little distance they appear not inelegant, being surrounded by colonnades or fronted with porticoes; yet the pillars are nothing but lengths of pine trees covered with stucco. Here and there attempts at a frieze with plaster-of-Paris bas-reliefs peep out. Within, there are tolerably fine apartments fitted up curiously, half in the French and half in the Eastern style, with arm-chairs and divans, tables and small carpets to sit upon, books of caricatures and long pipes. In the same room may sometimes be seen a lady dressed from the first shops in the *Chausée d'Antin* and her husband, a wealthy Boyard (landed proprietor) with a long beard, clothed in a *kufan*.

Let us not yet, however, seek the shelter of a roof. We have something more to say about the streets, which are of various degrees of width; sometimes diminishing to mere alleys and sometimes spreading as broad as Portland Place. A few are paved roughly with stones placed, or rather thrown carelessly upon the ground. It would have been better had the people of Bucharest stuck to their wooden pavements, for as it is, their best streets sometimes resemble the bed of a mountain torrent. The name for streets is *ponti* (bridges); which, when laid with transverse logs of wood, they really are. But now at certain seasons they are channels without bridges. At various places regularly every spring when the snow melts, the earth gives way and sinks into great holes, which the people are compelled to fill up with straw and faggots. It never seems to have occurred to any one that a foundation was required for the paving-stones.

The older streets are still covered with long beams of wood placed crosswise, under which water and mud collect undisturbed. They are not fastened with any pretence of care; and, when a carriage passes on one side of a street, it sometimes weighs down the end of a plank and casts the unfortunate passenger who may happen to be at the other end into the air. The people near him begin to laugh; but, when the plank goes down, a splash of black mud covers them from head to foot and changes their merriment into rage and disgust. In winter, a depth of three or four feet of snow paves the street. It is rapidly trod into a hard mass, mixed with stones and dirt. Then they appear clean and smooth and the sledges go whirling to and fro. But spring comes on and when the thaw commences, neither horse nor man can proceed. Hundreds of galley-slaves are turned out, under task-masters armed with whips, to clear away the snow which rapidly degenerates into mud. Instead of removing it outside the town they pile it against the walls of the houses, which are therefore in some places half concealed by heaps of dirt, consisting of the sediment which has been left after the snow has melted. The streets are converted then into so many slimy kennels.

The bazaars of Bucharest are not interesting or well supplied. A few shops of semi-European appearance contain articles of French manufacture, but they are flanked by stalls in the native style; that is to say, recesses with great shutters that open upwards to form a projecting roof during the day-time. As usual, in the East, each trade has a little street to itself. There is, for example, the street of the *Leipsikani* or traders from Leipsic; the street of the money-changers; the street of the fiddlers, and above all the street of the *Kofetars* or sweetmeat-dealers. In some quarters the streets are bordered by lofty wooden palings, behind which the huts are concealed. It is here that strangers go to see the dances of the *Zigans* in perfection.

But we must not forget the *Po-de-Mogochoya*. This is the principal promenade of Bucharest. It crosses the town nearly from one end to the other, with a mean breadth of thirty feet. Here in the afternoon, or rather in the evening—for the hour becomes more fashionable as it grows later—may be seen a very curious spectacle. The *Boyards* are out to take the air; every one in his carriage, his *droski*, his sledge, or his tandem. They do not move gently along, but take that opportunity to show the mettle of their horses. It seems to be one of their objects to drive all pedestrians out of the street: as for their accommodation no foot pavement exists. The ground is almost always covered with mud and pools of water. About four o'clock some impatient Wallachian dandy comes dashing down. Immediately quiet

people, who cannot afford a vehicle, begin to disappear. Those who are obstinate prepare to take refuge on the mounds that extend along the walls of the houses. The precaution is in vain, for the mud splashes up to the roofs on either hand, and prudent housewives shut their windows. Presently another young Boyard whirls into the street. By tacit consent a race is at once begun. A third competitor appears. Then a fourth. At length dozens, hundreds, of various kinds of vehicles join in; all moving at terrific speed, backward and forward, as if they were running desperate races for enormous stakes. Some may drop off, but others come to increase the whirl and confusion, and the hurry-scurry continues until long after the crazy lanterns are lighted. This is the best time to see the Po-de-Mogochoya in, what the fashionables of Bucharest are pleased to call its glory. From the roof of the hotel, kept by M. Louzzo, this thoroughfare resembles a vast trench, at the bottom of which lights are flashing to and fro with immense rapidity. Besides the trampling of the high stepping horses, and the rattling of the wheels, there rises on the air a continued shout; for the coachmen, getting excited in their work, urge on their horses with half-savage cries, or jeer one another; whilst their masters occasionally put their heads out of window and roar a salutation to some passing acquaintance. Accidents rarely occur, which seems a miracle. At about nine o'clock every one goes home to coffee and whilst, and the streets are entirely deserted, save by a band of some fifty policemen, who patrol in various directions, and by some hundreds of private watchmen, called, from the cry they use, *Quiné Acilo* (who goes there?).

It must be admitted that Bucharest is rapidly improving. In a few years our description will no longer apply; that is to say, if the development of civilisation be not checked by the continued presence of a foreign army, and the interference of rival despotisms. It would not be doing justice to the Wallachians if we omitted to mention, that all the classes which are accessible by position to education, have been, for some years past, animated by an extreme desire of improvement. Two distinct influences are at work: that of Russia, which is accepted by necessity; and that of France, which is chosen from taste. The Wallachian ladies, especially, import their ideas and their bonnets from Paris, and we have known some whose elegance and refinement, both of manners and of mind, could not be surpassed in Belgravia, or the Faubourg St. Germain. They have besides a certain simplicity of character that exhibits itself now and then in charming simplicities that only render them more fascinating. The fault into which they are most liable to fall, is affectation. They are sometimes ashamed of the very quality that gives the charm

to their character, and escape into extravagance to avoid what they fear may be called rusticity.

It is not long since the people of Wallachia, nobles and peasants, were amongst the rudest and most uncouth people in Europe. Nearly all their improvement dates from this century. Fifty years ago, the children of the richest Boyards were brought up in almost a wild state, in company with the servants and slaves of the house; who were for the most part Zigans, who took pleasure in teaching them their own vices. The little instruction that existed, comprised a knowledge of the Greek language, which was made fashionable by the Court of the Zanariate Hospodars. A kaloyer, procured from some convent for the purpose, became part of the family, and whilst teaching his language, contrived to infiltrate a few notions principally on theological subjects. Some stiff old Boyards resisted this Hellenic influence; but as a general rule, all the upper classes spoke Greek. In the last century the services of the church were celebrated in the Slavonic language, which neither the clergy nor the people understood; but afterwards they were translated into Wallachian or modern Greek. At present, the French language has been very generally introduced, and it is rare to find a respectable person who cannot speak it. In most houses there is a library of French literature, and it is worth observing that the Belgian pirates are looked upon with distrust and contempt: every one prides himself on having the best Paris edition. Since, indeed, the final emergence of Wallachia into the quasi independence in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-four, praise-worthy efforts have been made, especially in Bucharest, to supply all classes with means of education.

We cannot say, however, that as a general rule the class of Boyards is very far advanced. To understand their real state and position, the knowledge of a few details is necessary. As in many countries of the east, the population of Wallachia is practically divided into four distinct castes, the limits of which are divided by social and political, not religious prejudices. Above the Zigans come the peasants; and then the merchants and the Boyards. This last word means a fighting man or warrior, and is now used as a title. Those who bear it are all landed proprietors, and indeed nearly the whole country is divided between them and the religious congregations. In old times, they lived scattered through the whole province on their estates like our feudal barons; but they now congregate in the capital and leave the charge of their property to stewards. When we speak of the influence of foreign civilisation on Wallachian society, we allude to this congregation of more or less wealthy landowners whose means and position allow them to indulge in luxury and to cultivate refinement.

A great many Boyards have now thrown aside the old kaftan and adopted our elegant costume. A Bucharest dandy is wretched if not well supplied with patent leather boots and fine kid gloves. He has also an exaggerated fondness for eye-glasses and spectacles; watch-chains, rings, and everything in fact that he supposes to be the outward sign of civilisation. As in the case of the Levantines who ape European manners, the young Wallachians sometimes fall into the mistake of supposing that there cannot be too much of a good thing, so that their toilette is often overdone. In fact a great portion of their faculties are expended in bringing their appearance into agreement with some ideal pattern of elegance, that is to say, some French exquisite fresh from the Boulevards des Italiens, who has passed that way in search of emotions. The satirical say that it became the fashion in Bucharest to yawn, because a certain dandy Count, attached to the French consulate, was addicted to that habit. However, we must hasten to remind the reader that it is not necessary to go to the banks of the Dimbowitza for empty-headed dandies; and to add that there exists in Wallachia, a nucleus of intelligent, well-educated, and high-spirited young men, who will probably at some future time exercise a great and decisive influence on the fortunes of their country. Let them not be offended at our good-humoured notice of the absurdities of some amongst them—for, in common with thousands of Englishmen, we have felt for the sufferings of their country, and earnestly wish them better times.

We have already noticed the recent introduction of European ideas. There was much to reform. Within this century there have been committed acts in that country which rival all the horrors that have been related of more eastern parallel. The princes were cruel to the Boyards, the Boyards to the peasants. In eighteen hundred and two a man's feet were cut off for irreligion; and in eighteen hundred and twenty-one unmentionable horrors were perpetrated. Frequently, up to a very recent period, the Boyards used to exercise, with arbitrary ferocity, the right of life and death over their serfs and slaves. The punishments in use, both amongst them and the agents of authority, were strange and barbarous. One of the principal was the deprivation of sleep, which is now often applied in other countries of the East, especially Egypt. The patient is forced to remain upright by blows, and sometimes by wounds, until he drops from sheer exhaustion.

These are disagreeable subjects. Let us run away from them into the country. There is a place called Baniassa, about a league from Bucharest, where ladies and gentlemen go in fine weather to breathe the fresh air and enjoy the verdure of the fields, the

perfume of the shrubs and flowers, and the pleasant shade of the trees. The wood is a succession of arcades, in which you sometimes meet a peasant dressed in his sheep-skin tunic; sometimes a pretty woman dangling her parasol in her hand and listening to the soft things which a dandy in plaid pantaloons is whispering into her ear. The only objection to this otherwise charming spot is that it is too artificial. It is the Richmond or the St. Cloud of Bucharest, and contrasts curiously with the vast larch-woods beyond. There in reality can be admired the beauties of nature; and we would advise all those who are a little disappointed with the well-regulated beauties of Baniassa to push on over the semi-cultivated plain towards the confines of the hill-covered forests.

Besides, they may meet with a little adventure like that which once occurred to a gentleman, who was going in the country, but who learned more in one night about its manners than, if unfavoured by accident, he might have done in a month. He had proceeded about a couple of miles from Baniassa, when suddenly there came a burst of mingled screams and laughter from a grove near at hand; and, whilst he was considering what this might import, there rushed forth a crowd of youths and maidens pursued by another crowd, some armed with thongs, others with rods, both of which were used with good effect. Our traveller checked his horse and looked on in amazement, fancying himself suddenly transported back into the times of the Monades and Bacchanti. The girls had their black hair floating wildly over their shoulders, and were dressed simply in a sort of polka bordered with fur that reached only to their knees. They wore leather sandals, and as they ran the strings of beads and ornaments of metal on their necks, arms, and ankles jingled loudly. At first the spectator imagined that this was mere sport; but a maiden who passed right before his horse's head received such a lash from a vigorous pursuer that she turned round with tears in her eyes and an imprecation on her lips.

The traveller thought his path had been crossed by the inmates of a madhouse; and when the last of the group had disappeared in the distance, proceeded on his visit to the forest. A little way on he came up with a man walking briskly along; he recognised in him the servant of one of his friends, and remembered that he could speak French. He asked for an explanation of what he had seen.

"That," said the man, "is the marriage of my cousin. They have begun the ceremony rather early, so that I miss my share."

Mr. Smith (the wayfarer) was puzzled. He had travelled in many countries, but had never seen the nuptial benediction administered at the end of a thong. Being of a

mythological turn of mind, he tried for an allegorical explanation, but could make nothing of it. He was quite convinced of one thing, however; that the girl who had received a lash under his eyes would carry the mark to her grave. Shame prevented him at first from frankly pursuing his inquiries. He did not like to show his ignorance. However, he at last mustered up courage to say, "Which was the bride?"

The man, who had no conception that marriages could be celebrated in any other manner, did not take notice of the absurdity of this question; but went on to explain the whole affair. From his eloquent description it appeared that as soon as the parents have consented to the union of their daughter with a young man who has asked for her hand, a certain day near at hand is fixed. Long engagements are unknown. There is no legal contract, the blessing of the priest supplying the place of everything. On the morning of the eventful day four of the bride's female friends come early, and dress her out for the ceremony. A tightly-fitting jacket, or polka, is first put on, often, we are sorry to say, without any of those intermediates, known under the generic name of linen. Over this is thrown a loose woollen tunic that entirely conceals the form; whilst an impenetrable veil is wrapped round the head. The chief feature of the bridal costume, however, is a heavy crown of tall black feathers placed upon the head, resembling the plumes of a hearse. Thus accoutred, the bridesmaids take the hand of the bride, and lead her slowly like a victim to the altar. On the way the procession, which is often very numerous, stops from time to time, for her to distribute alms to the poor. At the door of the church she shakes off her companions; and it is a point of etiquette that she should walk, as Mr. Smith's informant expressed it, in the attitude of a saint, to the seat prepared for her near the altar. Here the bridegroom meets her; a few prayers are read, their forefingers are hooked and joined during the pronouncement of the blessing, they kiss the back of the Papa's hand, and are told that they are man and wife.

Once escaped from the church a scene of confusion ensues. The bridegroom takes his bride by the hand, and runs back with her towards his house, pursued by her parents, and friends, who pretend to try and overtake them. Not succeeding, and not desiring to succeed, they turn upon the relations of the bridegroom, and revenge upon them the loss they have suffered by blows and stripes. Sometimes this singular retaliation is inflicted in the evening, during the supper, by the father and mother of the new wife; but oftener it becomes a romp among the young people, who take this opportunity to revenge themselves with impunity for any indignity they may have suffered. Probably the

maiden, whose sufferings Mr. Smith deplored, had atrociously jilted her pursuer, and deserved her punishment. Resistance, let us add, is forbidden; but immunity may be purchased by a jar of sulphured wine or a flask of arakee.

Mr. Smith arrived at the village, situated on the skirts of the forest, just as a couple of szigoms, armed with fiddles, were beginning to strike up a merry tune. Instead of proceeding at once to the country house of Prince Plikza, where he was to pass the night, he determined to alight and look on. At first, indeed, he had some intention of asking the young lady whose whipping he had witnessed to dance a quadrille with him; and it would have been amusing to see our stiff countryman, with a shirt-collar sticking halfway up to his eyes—for we Englishmen adhere to this national feature in costume wherever we go as religiously as the Chinese do to their tails—bobbing up and down by the side of a lithe maiden, agile as a fawn. A tight jacket trimmed with fur served to display the symmetry of her figure. But it was not a quadrille that was danced; and Mr. Smith, being an indifferent waltzer and not comprehending the mazes of the other dances, felt quite unable to shine in that sort of exhibition.

He was told that neither among the szigoms nor the peasants is the marriage tie very much respected. The morals of the country are certainly relaxed. Better things might be expected, he thought, of the *Boyards*; but an hour's conversation that evening at supper enlightened him. We are sorry to confirm his testimony. Russian communication has corrupted good manners. The story of Beppo was not very long ago repeated here under peculiar circumstances. A husband went away from his young wife for a year. On his return he found her married again. She had procured by some means a legal separation during his absence. He expostulated, and brought the matter before the law courts. Grave judges pondered on the case, a verdict was given for the wife, and the plaintiff-husband was non-suited with costs!

STARLIGHT IN THE GARDEN.

THE Garden (by its ivied walls inclosed)
Beneath the witching of the night remains
All tranced and breathless; and, in dreams reposed,
The white-walled house, with blinded window-panes,
Glimmers from far like one vast pearl between
The clustering of its dark and shadowy green.

A night in June; and yet 'tis scarcely night,
But rather a faint dusk—a languid day,
Sleeping in heaven—the interfluent light
Of Even and Morning, met upon one way;
And, all about the watchful sky, a bloom
Of silver star-flowers fills the soft blue gloom.

Silence and odorous dimness, like a ghost,
 Possess this ancient garden utterly:
 The grass-plots smile beneath the starry host;
 The trees look conscious of the conscious sky;
 The flowers, inspired in sleep, and dew, and
 balm,
 Seem holding at their hearts an infinite calm.

Even the old brick wall—that with the sun
 Of many years has ripened like a fruit,
 In streaks of softened yellow, red, and dun,
 With broiery of gold lichens, that strike root
 In arid fissures—wears a face of rest,
 Like one who blesses all things, and is blest.

The empty vases on the terrace-walk,
 The path-ways winding underneath the trees,
 The moon-white fountains that ago stir and talk,
 The ivy's dark and murmuring mysteries,
 And all the pale and quiet statues, seem
 Half shrouded in some bright and filmy dream.

There is a soul to-night in everything
 Within this garden, old, and green, and still:
 The Spirit of the Stars, with noiseless wing,
 Glides round about it.—and his odours fill
 All things with life; but most of all the flowers,
 Close shut, like maidens in enchanted towers.

The sweet breath of the flowers ascends the air,
 And perfumes all the starry palace-gates,
 Climbing the vaulted heavens like a prayer:
 The quickly answering star-light penetrates
 Between the close lids of the flowers, and parts
 Its way, and thrills against their golden hearts.

"Oh, bright sky-people!" say the flowers, "we
 know

That we must pass and vanish like a breath
 Whenever the sharp winds shall bid us go;
 And that your being hath no shade of death,
 But floats upon the azure stream of years,
 Lucid and smooth, where never end appears.

"And yet—oh, pardon the bold thought!—we yearn
 In love towards your distant orbs; and we
 Have quivered at your touch, and sighed to burn
 Our lives away in a long dream of you.
 Oh, let us die into your light—as hues
 Of sunset lapse, and faint, and interfuse!

"Out of the mystery of the formless night
 We woke, and tumbled into life's strange dawn,
 And felt the air, and laughed against the light;
 And soon our fragile souls will be withdrawn
 Like sighs into the wide air's emptiness:
 Yet sometimes of new life we dream and guess.

"Millions of blossoms like ourselves, we feel,
 Have dashed before austere Eternity,
 And twined about the year's fast running wheel,
 And dropped, and faded to the quiet sky.
 We are as dew in noon; yet we aspire,
 Moth-like, towards your white, ethereal fire."

And the stars answer—"There is no true death;
 What seems to blight the green earth like a
 curse
 Is but a shade that briefly flattereth,
 God-thrown upon the luminous universe,
 To quench the too great splendour. Therefore,
 flowers,
 Your souls shall incense all the endless hours.

"Within the light of our unsetting day
 Your withered blooms shall waken, and expand
 More fair than now when set in earthly clay,
 Fast ripening to the grave in which ye stand.

The tender ghosts of hues and odours dead
 Are as the ground on which our nations tread."

At this, the flowers, as if in pleasure stirred,
 And a new joy was born within the sight:
 The wind breathed low its one primeval word,
 Like some most ancient secret on its flight;
 And Heaven, and Earth, and all things, seemed to
 kiss,
 Love-lost in many mingling sympathies.

THE GREAT SADDLEWORTH EXHIBITION.

LAST week my friend, Miss Clytemnestra Stanley, asked me to go with her and her sister, Miss Cordelia, to the Saddleworth Great Exhibition, and to have a day's holiday upon the moors to gather bilberries. As I am rather proud of Miss Clytemnestra's regard, I felt flattered by her invitation, to say nothing of wishing to see the Exhibition, of which I had heard wonders. One fine day last week we started early, to have a long day before us. The railway would have taken us within half a mile of the place, but we preferred going in our own conveyance—a light butcher's cart, drawn by a mare of many virtues, but considerably more spirit than was desirable.

Clytemnestra and her two sisters are dealers in fish and game; fine high-spirited women, who live by themselves, and scorn to have the shadow of a man near them. They have lived together for years. Miss Cordelia was taught to groom the mare and stable it down when she was so little that she had to stand upon a stool to reach its neck. She is grown a fine tall young woman now, and nobody to look at her would suspect that she can not only groom her horse, but build a stable with her own hands if need be. They are three very remarkable women, but they would require an article all to themselves. How they came to be christened such magnificent names is a mystery I never was told.

Well, we started with many injunctions from the eldest sister to take care of ourselves. Miss Adeliza seemed to consider us as giddy young creatures who would be sure to get into mischief—and she could not go along with us, as she had to attend to the scaling of a fine cod and the boiling of a peck of shrimps—after stuffing an armful of cloaks into the cart behind us, and enquiring whether we had recollected to take money enough, she allowed us to depart, watching us all the way down the street. Clytemnestra drove. She was accustomed to it.

"The Saddleworth district," as it is called, lies on the confines of Yorkshire and Lancashire. The high road runs along the edge of a deep valley, surrounded on all sides by a labyrinth of hills, the ridges forming a combination of perspective which seems more

like the clouds at sunset, than things of solid land. Above the high road, along a steep embankment, is the railway, and the hills rise steep on the other side of it. The railway, with the electric telegraph, the high road, the canal, and the river, all run side by side within the breadth of a hundred yards of each other. The country is very thinly populated, and except when the mills are loose, there is an oppressive sense of loneliness. At every turn the hills shut out the world more and more, until it seems a wonder how we ever got here, or how we are ever to get out. The road is not level for a yard together, and every step brings us deeper amongst the hills. It is an intensely manufacturing district, the streams from the hills making a splendid water power. Magnificent cotton mills, looking more like palaces than places of industry, with beautiful villa-like residences at short distances from them, belonging to the proprietors, are to be seen in all directions, in the most picturesque situations, and often in places where it would seem impossible for a mill to stand. These mills, as well as the residences, are built of white stone, and are five or six stories high, with tall spire-like chimneys; they are all full of costly machinery. Clusters of grey stone cottages for the work-people are scattered about; but neither the mills nor the cottages seem to take up any room, nor do they break the loneliness and silence of the scene. The amount of capital invested within a compass of six miles round Ashton and Stayley Bridge is something wonderful.

We passed through the village of Mossley, which seems cut out of the rock, and is inhabited entirely by work-people—"hands" as they are called. One small village rejoices in the name of "Down-at-the-bottom," another is called "Herod," consisting of scattered houses, above our head and below our feet. The changing shadows on the hills and the deep clear purple mist that filled the valley, did not hinder the view, but gave it a strangely solemn aspect. No human life or human bustle seemed able to assert itself—the silence of nature swallowed it up. Our plan was to go to "Bills o' Jacks," about three miles from Saddleworth, dine there, and then walk across the moor to the Exhibition.

Gradually all signs of human life disappeared, and after ascending a steep hill, overhanging a precipice without any parapet wall to keep us from falling over, we came upon a wild tract of moorland, with steep crags towering high above our heads, and huge blocks of grey rock lying about, like masses of the solidest masonry overthrown; not a habitation in sight, only the hills shutting us in more closely than ever. It looked the very spot where a murderer might take refuge to hide himself. A sharp turn and a sudden descent brought us to a little wayside house of entertainment lying

in a hollow under the high road, and not to be seen before. This is Bills o' Jacks, a place of great resort, in spite of its loneliness. Some years ago it was the scene of a ghastly murder. An old man and his son lived there together. It was then, as it is now, a wayside inn, and was their own property: it had been in their family for generations. The son was married, and had two children, but he did not live with his wife, as he had a romantic attachment to his father, and would not live away from him. They kept no servant. One day the son went out to buy some flour and groceries. Some acquaintance in the town asked him to stay a while and rest. He said, "No; he had met some Irish tramps on his road, going towards their house, and he was afraid the old man might be put about with them—he must make haste home to help him." The next day people calling at the house found the son lying just within the doorway with his head all beaten to pieces, and the things he had brought home with him saturated with blood. He had been killed, apparently, as he entered. The old man was lying dead upon the kitchen hearth, covered with frightful wounds. The murderers have never been heard of; and now, most likely, never will be. The house still belongs to the same family.

The first person we saw on our arrival was the widow of the son, now an old woman, but erect and alert. She was extremely kind and friendly; but I fancied that she looked as if she had seen a horror which had put a desperation between her and the rest of the world. She lives with her son and his wife; the son a handsome, sensible-looking man, and his wife the very ideal of a comely matron—calm, kind, sensible, with mellow beauty; she seemed to spread a motherly peace and comfort around her. There was much bustle going on, for parties of country holiday-makers were there; but nothing seemed to disturb her calm hospitality. She was very fond of Clytemnestra and her sisters, whom she had known for years, so that our coming was hailed with delight. The best of everything was set before us to eat, and though I could not suppress a shudder at finding myself on the very spot where the old man had lain, yet as the kitchen looked bright and cheerful, and no traces of the tragedy were visible, I tried not to think of it.

After dinner, we set off over the hill-side, which was in full bloom with the heather. Numbers of children and country people who had come from many miles round were swarming amongst the rocks, picking bilberries for sale. It was a lovely day and a lovely scene. As far as the eye could reach there was not a habitation in sight; a deep valley lay at our feet, and across it were the hills rising in long ridges, the breaks in them disclosing further ridges of other hills

beyond, and again beyond those, forming a singular series of perspective distances, over which the deep blue shadows shifted and varied continually. It was hard to believe that such a thing as a town, or any congregation of human dwellings had there an existence, and it was certainly a most unlikely locality in which to seek for an Exhibition.

After descending the hill, at the foot of the rock called "Pots and Pans," we saw a little island of stone houses lying away before us, in the hollow of some hills, which rose in an amphitheatre above them. This was the village of Saddleworth; and, after a quarter of an hour's further walking across some rough fields, we had reached the end of our journey. Saddleworth is two straggling streets of shops and cottages; the ground so abrupt and irregular that the back door of one house will be often on a level with the top story of another. It is chiefly inhabited by the work-people of the neighbouring mills. A railway station has, within the last few years, brought it into the direct line from Manchester to Leeds.

Exmurus, in great letters over a door, told us we were before the object of our search. Ascending a dark, narrow, wooden staircase, we paid our shillings on the topmost step, and found ourselves standing plump face to face with the wonders of the place. I felt curious to see the sort of people who would be gathered in that out-of-the-world spot. They were not "mill-hands," but quite a different class; people who, most likely, had cloth looms of their own at home—for in Yorkshire there is still very much of this domestic manufacture going on. The men buy their yarn, get it dyed for them, and weave it up in their own houses. They then take the web of cloth on their shoulders, and either go with it about the country to sell it, or else take it to the Cloth Hall at Leeds or Huddersfield, and dispose of it there on market-day. There was something touching in the good-humoured stupidity with which they looked upon the objects they had never seen before, and the intelligent greeting they gave to whatever was familiar.

The Exhibition had no specific feature; but, in the care and taste with which the various objects were arranged, it gave evidence that those who had presided over its getting up had not grudged trouble. The articles had chiefly been contributed by families connected with the district, who must have dismantled their houses and drawing-rooms of some of their most valuable adornments; and this gave a certain spirit of good intention and kind heartedness to the whole affair, which was the real charm of it. The object, I was told, is to recruit the funds of the Mechanics' Institute, which (as is no wonder) are in a very languishing state. The first room contained several plaster casts and busts of every

species of phrenological development—great men, murderers, and criminals of every degree; and there was also the cast of that unhappy youth with the enlarged head, who seems to have been sent to die of water on the brain for the especial interest of science; for his effigy is to be seen either cast or engraved in all places where the "human skull divine" is treated of. Clytemnestra was much attracted to this room by the bust of Sir Isaac Newton, and the anatomical preparation of a horse's head; but the real interest of the party was not excited until we entered a room where there were some cases of stuffed birds, not very rare ones; but such as may be seen in England. Here the little girl whom we had brought with us from Hills o' Jacks, came beaming up with the exclamation that "she found some real moor-game in a glass case, and a fox, that looked as if he was alive!" This sharp, bright little child of twelve years old—who had lived on the moors all her life, and had never been further from home than to Ashton, which to her seemed a great metropolis—took no sort of interest in the pictures, and bronzes, and statuettes, and other fine things, but greeted the objects she knew, with a burst of enthusiasm. The only novelty she seemed to care about, was an ostrich egg, which she spoke of just as the people in the Arabian Nights' spoke of the roc's egg. Clytemnestra—an excellent judge of game—pulled me to come and look at some lovely ptarmigans, and the most beautiful grouse she ever saw. Certainly they were excellently well preserved and stuffed; but amongst so many novelties I did not expect they would have attracted one who sees grouse professionally every day of the season: I suppose it was like recognising the face of a friend in a strange place.

One room was filled with electrical and philosophical apparatus. A crowd of people were looking at them as if they had been implements of sorcery; whilst one, a placid, good-natured countryman was preparing to be "electrified;" his "missus" sitting by with an air that seemed to say he deserved whatever he might be bringing on himself.

In the machinery-room there were a few beautiful models: a knitting-machine in full force, which turned out beautifully knitted grey stockings: and a sewing-machine, which was even a greater innovation than the other. This appeared to be an attractive room. There were some tolerable pictures, which the people admired when the subjects were things they understood or had seen before—whatever was absolutely new, nobody appeared to care about. A hall was fitted up with curious old furniture, carved cabinets, old armour, tapestry, &c.—all arranged in a very tasteful manner—whilst an organ or seraphine, which was constantly played, made this the centre of attraction. Articles for sale were laid out in the centre of one room, and a collection of

what some think curiosities, and others rubbish, was arranged along one side of the room. Amid the medley of carved ivory boxes, Chinese mandarins, and black-letter books, one pair of curiosities elaborately labelled attracted me; the shoe and patten of a certain Mrs. Susannah Dobson, or some such name, the daughter of her father and mother, whose names were inscribed. She died—the label told us how many years ago, and also that a monument to her memory had been erected in her parish church! the old lady was doubtless a notability in her day, and we saw how people walked in pattens when they were ingenious inventions.

By this time we had gone pretty well through the Exhibition, and prepared to retrace our steps over the rocky moor. That strange wild district seems to lie apart from all the world, but in some of the scattered cottages, there are histories going on, beside which the incidents in a French novel are tame. There are men and women, too, who go about looking quite rough and natural, who have had incidents in their past lives that one would have thought must inevitably have wrecked any existence for ever—but it seems that fancy goes for a great deal in these matters. The matter-of-fact prosaic manner in which I was told some of the most startling incidents one could well listen to, astonished me even more than the things themselves. When we once more reached Bills o' Jacks, we had only time to have tea; for the evenings soon begin to close in, and our road home was not made for travelling in darkness. Our return home did not seem likely to be as successful as our coming out; for the little jade of a mare—who had had nothing to do but eat corn and enjoy herself—chose to be excited at finding herself in a strange place, and to be startled by the sound of the falling water, and began to plunge and dance in a way that Clytemnestra called playful. She made as many excuses for her as a mother might for a spoiled child; but the two facts remained—that I was a rank coward and that the road for the first two miles was down a hill that was awkward enough when we came up it in the morning. So Cordelia good-naturedly walked with me to the bottom; although I am sure it must have tried the patience of both sisters to see me frightened at what they did every day. When we were once more fairly seated in the cart, I was told that the mare had been kept without work and on an extra allowance of corn for three or four days, "in order that she might be quite fresh for us." It was ungrateful of me, but how thankfully would I have changed her for a sedate cart-horse without any imagination, and with much less corn! The lights were gleaming on the hill sides as we passed along, and the dusk had long set in before we arrived home, and found Adeliza looking anxiously up the street

for us, for she had begun to feel some misgivings about our capabilities of taking care of ourselves. She had a comfortable supper ready for us, and when she had heard our adventures, she declared, with an emphatic shake of her head, that the little Jezebel of a mare should go through a course of hard work before she trusted her to go anywhere without her again.

Thus we accomplished one object of our expedition. We had seen the Great Saddleworth Exhibition; but the pranks of the mare had prevented us from bringing home a single bilberry.

DEAD RECKONING AT THE MORGUE.

On the island of the city of Paris, stands the Palace of Justice, with its numerous courts of law and echoing Hall of the Lost Footsteps (*Salle des Pas perdus*); its near and necessary neighbour, the Prison of the Conciergerie, once vomiting indiscriminately into the guillotine-cart crime and innocence; the Holy Chapel, that marvel of Gothic architecture; the great flower market, which, with its rival on the Place de la Madeleine, supplies all Paris with *bouquets*; the Prefecture of Police, where strangers must go or send, if for no other purpose than to have their passports indorsed; the great cathedral of Notre Dame, alone worthy of a pilgrimage; the hospital of the Hôtel Dieu, always dedicated to humanity, and once called by that name, when the virtue was scarce in Paris; and, not the least curious, though, to the majority of sight-seers, perhaps the least agreeable, the Morgue or "dead-house."

Why the Morgue is so designated, few except philologists can tell. According to Vaugelas, *morgue* is an old French word signifying face; and it is still used to express consequential look or haughty manner reflected from the countenance. In former times there used to be a small lobby just within the entrance to all the prisons, which, in France, was called the *morgue*; because it was there that the gaolers examined the *morgue* or face of each prisoner before he was taken to his cell, that he might be recognised in case of attempted evasion. At a later period, it was these ante-chambers that the bodies of such as were found dead in the streets or elsewhere, were exposed, for recognition, to the gaze of the public, who peeped at them through a wicket in the prison door. In Paris, the general place of exposure was in the lower gaol or *morgue* of the prison of the great Châtelet, and the principal regulations to be observed in giving effect to the measure were set forth in a police ordinance of the ninth of the month *Floréal*, in the year eight, which means the twenty-eighth of April, eighteen hundred, as follows:—

As soon as a corpse was brought to the lower gaol, it was to be exposed to public

view, with all the respect due to decency and propriety, the clothes of the deceased hanging beside it, and it was thus to remain for three days. In case of the body being recognised, those who identified it were to make their declaration before the magistrate of the quarter, or the nearest commissary of police, and he having furnished the necessary paper, the prefect of police would give an order for the delivery of the remains and their interment in the usual manner. Those who claimed the corpse were expected, if it was in their power, to pay the expenses attendant upon finding and exposing it, and were allowed to have the clothes and other effects found upon the deceased. All the reports relating to the bodies taken to the lower gaol as well as the orders of interment, were to be inscribed in a register kept for that purpose at the prefecture of police; and a similar book was to be kept at the lower gaol itself, in which, day by day, were to be inscribed the admission of dead bodies, their appearance, the presumed cause of death, and the date of their removal. When fragments of a corpse were fished out of the Seine, those who discovered them were to give intimation of the fact to the nearest commissary of police, who was to take the same steps with regard to them as if the body had been found entire.

This ordinance remained in force for four years; but it being then thought advisable to have a building expressly devoted to the exposure of the dead, the present Morgue was constructed close to the north-eastern extremity of the bridge of St. Michel, on the *Marché Neuf*. No change took place in the regulations above cited, nor has any material alteration been made in them since the promulgation of the original ordinance.

The establishment of the Morgue was particularly intended to apply to that class of persons, respecting whose habits of life and place of abode it was difficult to obtain such information as would enable the authorities to register their deaths in a proper manner; and the object which the administration hoped to attain by the institution, was that of universal identification. This has never been altogether possible, but great progress has been made towards it. For instance, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty, the proportion of bodies recognised was not more than four out of ten, while at present they amount to nine-tenths of the whole number exposed; with this material addition that, whereas the bodies formerly remained for the full period prescribed by law, and sometimes even exceeded it, the average time within which recognition now takes place is little more than twenty-four hours.

This information, with what will further be detailed, was communicated to me in a very businesslike, and I had almost said, a very pleasant manner, by Monsieur Baptiste, the intelligent *greffier* or clerk of the Morgue.

No "mysterious disappearance of a gentleman," or lady, such as with us produces an advertisement in the *Times*, was the cause of my "looking in" one fine sunny morning while on my way, by the route which most people take, to *Notre Dame*. I was simply passing along the *Marché Neuf* when, from the open door of a wine-shop, three or four men in blouses, accompanied by a woman, suddenly rushed out, and exclaiming loudly, "Ah! it is he then!" ran hastily across the street and dashed into the Morgue. I had often glanced, with an involuntary shudder, at the cold-looking vault-like building, and had always hurried onward; but on this occasion a feeling of curiosity made me pause. I asked myself who it was that had excited the sudden emotion which I had just witnessed? and, as I put the question, I found I was proceeding to answer it by following those who I had no doubt were the relatives or friends of some one newly discovered.

Passing through a wide carriage gate, I entered a large vestibule, and, turning to the left, saw before me the *Salle d'Exposition*, where so many ghastly thousands, the victims of accident or crime, had been brought for identification after death. It was separated from the vestibule by a strong barrier, which supported a range of upright bars, placed a few inches apart and reaching to the ceiling, and through the interstices everything within could be distinctly seen; this barrier ran the whole length of the chamber, dividing it into two nearly equal parts. It had need to have been strong, if the grief of all who pressed against it had equalled the passionate sorrow of the woman who now clung to the bar in her frenzied eagerness to clasp the dead. I soon learnt, from her own sobbing voice, that it was her son. The facts attending his exposure were of every-day occurrence: he had been fished out of the Seine, and there he lay, livid and swollen; but, whether he had accidentally fallen into the river, or had committed suicide, there seemed to be nothing to show. So at least it appeared to me; but the mother of the drowned man—he was under twenty, and she herself had scarcely passed middle age—thought otherwise; for every now and then she moaned forth a female name, which the friends who stood beside her endeavoured to hush, and from this I inferred that the deceased had probably acted under one of those impulses of jealousy which, when it does not seek the life of a rival, resolves to suppress its own. But, come by his death how he might, the identification was complete, and defeated as he was, his mother found the sad task no difficulty. Indeed, the manner of exposure offers every facility for recognition. The clothes are hung up over the corpse in such a manner that they can be readily recognised. The body itself is placed on a dark slab, slightly inclining towards the spectator, with the head resting upon a sort of desk or

low black covered with zinc; so that the features are clearly to be seen beneath the light, which comes in from windows high up in the wall behind the corpse. There is a tap in the wall for turning on water, which runs off by a small gutter at the foot of the slab. This is all.

It was only after extreme persuasion that the mother of the deceased suffered herself to be led away from the Morgue to her dwelling opposite. One of the party remained behind. He, too, had identified the body as that of his cousin; and, upon his declaration, the *greffier* proceeded to draw up the document, which was to be taken to the commissioners of police before the body could be removed from the building, although it was now withdrawn from the *salle d'exposition* and placed in another apartment. Perceiving that I lingered in the vestibule after the departure of the cousin, Monsieur Baptiste accosted me, and civilly conjectured that, as I was alone, perhaps it would afford me some "amusement" to see that part of the building which was not usually shown to the public. He placed himself entirely at my disposition. I accepted his courtesy with many thanks; and, having crossed the vestibule, he opened a door on the right hand, and introduced me into the office over which he presided. "Here," he said, with a slight flourish of his hand, "all the important forms attendant upon the several entries and departures were filled up by himself—a function which, he knew he need not assure me, was a highly responsible one. To discover a dead body," he added, "was a sufficiently simple process—to daguerreotype it in pen and ink was another. Even if that *salle d'exposition* did not exist, Monsieur, here," he exclaimed, tapping an enormous folio with brazen clasps, "could be seen, in my own handwriting, all the proofs necessary for establishing a secure identification."

I ventured to suggest, with humility—for I was a stranger in Paris—that some impediment might be offered to this mode of giving general satisfaction, in the possible fact that the relations of at least one-half of the unfortunate people whose bodies were taken to the Morgue might not be able to read.

"Then," replied Monsieur Baptiste, undauntedly, "I would read my description to those poor people."

Of course, it was not for me to doubt the skill of the worthy little *greffier*, but I could not help fancying from a certain recollection of the portraiture of passports—that it was quite as well the hall of exposure and identification *did* exist. However, I made no comment upon Monsieur Baptiste's triumphant rejoinder, and we passed on.

Apart from a little pleasant personal vanity I found Monsieur Baptiste a very intelligent companion. From the office he conducted me to the *salle d'autopsie* (dissecting-room), in which were two dissecting tables, one of them

supplied with a disinfecting apparatus, communicating with a stove in an adjoining apartment. Beyond this was the *remise* (coach-house) containing the waggon-shaped hearse, which conveyed to the cemetery—without show, and merely shrouded in a coarse cloth—such bodies as were either unclaimed or unrecognised. The next chamber was called the *salle de lavage*, or washing-room. It was flagged all over and supplied with a large stone trough, in which the clothes of the persons brought in were washed; it served also for sluicing the bodies. Similarly flagged throughout was another apartment, the *salle de degagement*, or private room, situated between the *salle de lavage* and the *salle d'exposition*, where temporarily deposited on stone tables—out of the reach of insects, from whose attacks they were protected by a covering of prepared cloth—lay the bodies of those who had been identified, such as were in too advanced a stage of decomposition to admit of recognition, and such as were destined for interment. The last apartment in the Morgue that remains to be noticed, but which I did not enter, was the *combles*, a sort of garret, in which that one of the two attendants slept, whose duty it is to pass the night on the premises; his sleep being very frequently disturbed by fresh arrivals.

"And how many admissions take place in the Morgue, in the course of the year?" I inquired of Monsieur Baptiste.

"Faith," replied he, shrugging his shoulders, "of one kind or other, there is scarcely a single day without something fresh. Observe, Monsieur, they do not come in regularly. Not at all. Sometimes we are quite empty for days; and then, again, we are crowded to such a degree as scarcely to be able to find room for all that arrive. In the extremes of the seasons—the height of summer and the depth of winter—the numbers are the greatest. But if Monsieur is curious to know the precise facts, I shall have great pleasure in informing him."

Thereupon Monsieur Baptiste invited me once more to enter his office; and, having accommodated me with a seat, he appealed to the brazen clasped volume to correct his statistics, and communicated to me the following particulars.

The Morgue, he said, was supplied not only from the forty-eight *quartiers* into which Paris is divided; but received a considerable share from the seventy-eight *communes* of the *banlieue*, or townships within the jurisdiction of the capital; from the *communes* of Sèvres, Saint Cloud, and Meudon; from Argenteuil, Saint Germain, and from other places bordering on the river. The average number per annum amounted to three hundred and sixty-four, which Monsieur Baptiste arranged as follows: including the separate fragments of dead bodies, which he rated at eleven entries, there were brought, he said, thirty-eight children pro-

maturely born, twenty-six that had reached the full term, and of adults two hundred and thirty-eight men and fifty-one women. He divided the two last into four categories. Of secret homicides, there were the bodies of three men and two women; of such as had died from sickness or very suddenly, thirty-four men and eleven women; of the accidentally hurt where death had supervened, sixty-six men and four women; and of suicides, the large number of one hundred and thirty men and thirty-five women.

I remarked that the disproportion between the sexes was much greater than I had imagined; indeed I had rather expected that the balance would have inclined the other way.

"If Monsieur would permit me," said the polite Baptiste, "I would cause him to observe that men have more reasons for committing suicide than women; or, if this be disputed, that they are less tenacious of existence than the other sex, who understand that their mission is to bear. A woman's hope, Monsieur, is almost as strong as her love, often they are the same. But a man! before the face of adversity he turns pale; the pain of the present is intolerable to him; in preference to that, he severs ties which a woman shudders to think of breaking. A woman never forgets that her children are a part of herself; a man frequently considers them a mere accident."

"But, after all," I remarked, "the sum total which you have named appears to me not enormous, considering the extent of Paris and its dependencies, the number of its inhabitants, and," I added, after a short pause, "the impressionable character of the people."

"That observation would be perfectly just," returned Monsieur Baptiste, "if all who met with violent deaths in Paris were transported to the Morgue. But the fact is different. Those chiefly—I might almost say those only—are brought here, whose place of abode is unknown in the quarter where they are found. The persons accidentally killed at work, a proportion of those who are run over or injured by animals, the victims of poison or charcoal, or hanging, or duels, have for the most part a fixed residence, and to bring them to the Morgue for identification would be unnecessary. Even such as try the water, and they furnish the majority of cases (this act being the least premeditated), have homes or the dwellings of friends or masters to which they are conveyed by witnesses of the deed. It is the solitary, homeless suicide, who in the middle of the night leaps from the parapet of the bridge, and is found in the meshes of the *filets des morts* (the dead-nets) that comes to this establishment. That this is a fact the general returns officially declare; for the number of drowned persons who are exposed in the Morgue are only one-sixth of those whose remains are taken to their

own dwellings; and this proportion is exceeded in most of the other cases."

I ventured to suppose that where everything was so methodically ordered, some approximation as to the cause of the numerous suicides—the last scene of which was witnessed in the Morgue—had been arrived at in the establishment. Monsieur Baptiste told me I was right. Diligent inquiry, voluntary information, and conjecture based upon long experience, had, he believed, arrived very nearly at the truth, and these conclusions were thus set forth.

Taking one hundred and sixty-nine for the annual aggregate, the number of men who committed suicide in a state of insanity or delirium, was twenty-two; of women eight. On account of domestic trouble, the numbers were eighteen and six; of drunkenness, fifteen and two; of misery, thirteen and four; of disgust of life, eleven and three; of disappointed love, ten and three; of misconduct, eight and two; of incurable maladies, eight and one; dread of judicial investigation, seven and one; embezzlement and defalcations, six and one; while on account of causes that could not be ascertained or guessed at there remained sixteen men and five women.

It appeared from what Monsieur Baptiste further stated, that self-activity in procuring the means of death was much greater in the men than the women.

"A woman, Monsieur," said the *greffier*, "when she has made up her mind to die, chooses the speediest and most passive form of self-destruction. Shrinking from the thoughts of blood, she seldom employs firearms or a sharp instrument—these are a man's weapons; for those who shoot themselves, we have ten men and only one woman; by the knife three men alone; it is merely on the stage that a woman uses the dagger. In suffocation by the fumes of charcoal—the easiest death known—the women exceed the men, the numbers being three and two; in cases of drowning, the general proportion holds twenty-six women and ninety-seven men selecting that mode of death. Sixteen men and two women hang themselves, four men and three women throw themselves from high places, two men end their lives by poison; and in this way, Monsieur, the sum total is made up."

"I have," I said, "but one more question to ask now. What is the period of life at which suicide is most frequent?"

"A man's tendency to shorten his days," replied Monsieur Baptiste, "is principally developed between the ages of twenty and fifty; it is strongest in woman before she reaches thirty, diminishes from that age to forty, subsides still more within the next ten years, revives again for another decade, and then becomes almost extinct. Old men become weary of life towards its close much oftener than women. In that *saïte d'exportation* I have seen in one year the white hairs

of four men of eighty, more or less; but of aged women never more than two. Ah, Monsieur, the Morgue is not a very gay place to live in, but it is a great teacher."

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

I SHALL not try to relate the particulars of the great civil war between King Charles the First and the Long Parliament, which lasted nearly four years, and a full account of which would fill many large books. It was a sad thing that Englishmen should once more be fighting against Englishmen on English ground; but, it is some consolation to know that on both sides there was great humanity, forbearance and honour. The soldiers of the Parliament were far more remarkable for these good qualities than the soldiers of the King (many of whom fought for mere pay without much caring for the cause); but those of the nobility and gentry who were on the King's side were so brave, and so faithful to him, that their conduct cannot but command our highest admiration. Among these were great numbers of Catholics, who took the royal side because the Queen was so strongly of their persuasion.

The King might have distinguished some of these gallant spirits, if he had been as generous a spirit himself, by giving them the command of his army. Instead of that, however, true to his old high notions of royalty, he entrusted it to his two nephews, PRINCE RUPERT and PRINCE MAURICE, who were of royal blood, and came over from abroad to help him. It might have been better for him if they had stayed away, since Prince Rupert was an impetuous hot-headed fellow, whose only idea was to dash into battle at all times and seasons, and lay about him.

The general-in-chief of the Parliamentary army was the Earl of Essex, a gentleman of honour and an excellent soldier. A little while before the war broke out, there had been some rioting at Westminster between certain officious law students and noisy soldiers, and the shopkeepers and their apprentices, and the general people in the streets. At that time the King's friends called the crowd, Roundheads, because the apprentices wore short hair; the crowd, in return, called their opponents Cavaliers, meaning that they were a blustering set, who pretended to be very military. These two words now began to be used to distinguish the two sides in the civil war. The Royalists also called the Parliamentary men Rebels and Rogues, while the Parliamentary men called *them* Malignants, and spoke of themselves as the Godly, the Honest, and so forth.

The war broke out at Portsmouth, where that double traitor Goring had again gone over to the King and was besieged by the Parliamentary troops. Upon this, the King proclaimed the Earl of Essex and the officers

serving under him, traitors, and called upon his loyal subjects to meet him in arms at Nottingham on the twenty-fifth of August. But his loyal subjects came about him in scanty numbers, and it was a windy gloomy day, and the Royal Standard got blown down, and the whole affair was very melancholy. The chief engagements after this, took place in the vale of the Red Horse near Banbury, in Wiltshire, at Brentford, at Devizes, at Chalgrave Field (where Mr. Hampden was so sorely wounded while fighting at the head of his men, that he died within a week), at Tewkesbury (in which battle LORD FAULKLAND, one of the best noblemen on the King's side, was killed), at Leicester, at Naseby, at Winchester, at Marston Moor near York, at Newcastle, and in many other parts of England and Scotland. These battles were attended with various successes. At one time the King was victorious; at another time the Parliament. But almost all the great and busy towns were against the King; and when it was considered necessary to fortify London, all ranks of people, from labouring men and women up to lords and ladies, worked hard together with heartiness and good-will. The most distinguished leaders on the Parliamentary side were HAMPDEN, SIR THOMAS FAIRFAX, and above all, OLIVER CROMWELL, and his son-in-law IRETON.

During the whole of this war, the people, to whom it was very expensive and irksome, and to whom it was made the more distressing by almost every family being divided—some of its members attaching themselves to the one side and some to the other—were over and over again most anxious for peace. So were some of the best men in each cause. Accordingly, treaties of peace were discussed between commissioners from the Parliament and the King; at York, at Oxford (where the King held a little Parliament of his own), and at Uxbridge. But they came to nothing. In all these negotiations, and in all his difficulties, the King showed himself at his best. He was courageous, cool, self-possessed and clever; but, the old taint of his character was always in him, and he was never for one single moment to be trusted. Lord Clarendon, the historian, one of his highest admirers, supposes that he had unhappily promised the Queen never to make peace without her consent, and that this must often be taken as his excuse. He never kept his word from night to morning. He signed a cessation of hostilities with the blood-stained Irish rebels for a sum of money, and invited the Irish regiments over, to help him against the Parliament. In the battle of Naseby, his cabinet was seized and was found to contain a correspondence with the Queen, in which he expressly told her that he had deceived the Parliament—a mongrel Parliament, he called it now, as an improvement on his old term of vipers—in pretending to recognize it and to treat with it; and from which it

further appeared that he had been long in secret treaty with the Duke of Lorraine for a foreign army of ten thousand men. Disappointed in this, he sent a most devoted friend of his, the EARL OF GLAMORGAN, to Ireland, to conclude a secret treaty with the Catholic powers, to send him an Irish army of ten thousand men; in return for which he was to bestow great favours on the Catholic religion. And when this treaty was discovered in the carriage of a fighting Irish Archbishop, who was killed in one of the many skirmishes of those days, he basely denied and deserted his attached friend, the Earl, on his being charged with high treason; and—even worse than this—had left blanks in the secret instructions he gave him with his own kingly hand, expressly that he might thus save himself.

At last, on the twenty-seventh day of April, one thousand six hundred and forty-six, the King found himself in the city of Oxford, so surrounded by the Parliamentary army who were closing in upon him on all sides, that he felt that if he would escape, he must delay no longer. So, that night, having altered the cut of his hair and beard, he was dressed up as a servant and put upon a horse with a cloak strapped behind him, and rode out of the town behind one of his own faithful followers, with a clergyman of that country, who knew the road well, for a guide. He rode towards London as far as Harrow, and then altered his plans, and resolved, it would seem, to go to the Scottish camp. The Scottish men had been invited over to help the Parliamentary army, and had a large force then in England. The King was so desperately intriguing in everything he did, that it is doubtful what he exactly meant by this step. He took it, anyhow, and delivered himself up to the EARL OF LEVEN, the Scottish general-in-chief, who treated him as an honourable prisoner. Negotiations between the Parliament on the one hand and the Scottish authorities on the other as to what should be done with him, lasted until the following February. Then, when the King had refused to the Parliament the concession of that old militia point for twenty years, and had refused to Scotland the recognition of its Solemn League and Covenant, Scotland got a handsome sum for its army and its help, and the King into the bargain. He was taken by certain Parliamentary commissioners appointed to receive him, to one of his own houses, called Holmby House, near Althorpe, in Northamptonshire.

While the Civil War was still in progress, John Pym died, and was buried with great honour in Westminster Abbey—not with greater honour than he deserved, for the liberties of Englishmen owe a mighty debt to Pym and Hampden. The war was but newly over when the Earl of Essex died, of an illness brought on by his having overheated himself in a stag hunt in Windsor Forest. He, too, was buried in Westminster Abbey, with great

state. I wish it were not necessary to add that Archbishop Laud died upon the scaffold when the war was not yet done. His trial lasted in all nearly a year, and, it being doubtful even then whether the charges brought against him amounted to treason, the odious old contrivance of the worst kings was resorted to, and a bill of attainder was brought in against him. He was a violently prejudiced and mischievous person, had had strong ear-cropping and nose-slitting propensities, as you know, and had done a world of harm. But he died peaceably, and like a brave old man.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WHEN the Parliament had got the King into their hands, they became very anxious to get rid of their army, in which Oliver Cromwell had begun to acquire great power; not only because of his courage and high abilities, but because he professed to be very sincere in the Scottish sort of Puritan religion that was then exceedingly popular among the soldiers. They were as much opposed to the Bishops as to the Pope himself; and the very privates, drummers, and trumpeters, had such an inconvenient habit of starting up and preaching long-winded discourses, that I would not have belonged to that army on any account.

So, the Parliament being far from sure but that the army might begin to preach and fight against them now it had nothing else to do, proposed to disband a greater part of it, to send another part to serve in Ireland against the rebels, and to keep only a small force in England. But, the army would not consent to be broken up, except upon its own conditions; and when the Parliament showed an intention of compelling it, it acted for itself in an unexpected manner. A certain cornet, of the name of Joice, arrived at Holmby House one night, attended by four hundred horsemen, went into the King's room with his hat in one hand and a pistol in the other, and told the King that he had come to take him away. The King, was willing enough to go, and only stipulated that he should be publicly required to do so next morning. Next morning, accordingly, he appeared on the top of the steps of the house, and asked Cornet Joice before his men and the guard set there by the Parliament, what authority he had for taking him away? To this Cornet Joice replied, "the authority of the army." "Have you a written commission?" said the King. Joice, pointing to his four hundred men on horseback, replied, "that is my commission." "Well," said the King smiling, as if he were pleased, "I never before read such a commission; but it is written in fair and legible characters. This is a company of as handsome proper gentlemen as I have seen a long while." He was asked where he would like to live, and he said at Newmarket. So, to Newmarket he, and Cornet Joice, and the four hundred

horsemen, rode; the King remarking in the same smiling way, that he could ride as far at a spell as Cornet Joice, or any man there.

The King quite believed, I think, that the army were his friends. He said as much to Fairfax when that general, Oliver Cromwell and Ireton, went to persuade him to return to the custody of the Parliament. He preferred to remain as he was, and resolved to remain as he was. And when the army moved nearer and nearer London to frighten the Parliament into yielding to their demands, they took the King with them. It was a deploring thing that England should be at the mercy of a great body of soldiers with arms in their hands, but the King certainly favoured them at this important time of his life in reference to the more lawful power that tried to control him. It must be added, however, that they treated him, as yet, more respectfully and kindly than the Parliament had ever done. They allowed him to be attended by his own servants, to be splendidly entertained at various houses, and to see his children—at Cavesham House, near Reading—for two days. Whereas, the Parliament had been rather hard with him, and had only allowed him to ride out and play at bowls.

It is much to be believed that if the King could have been trusted, even at this time, he might have been saved. Even Oliver Cromwell expressly said that he did believe that no man could enjoy his possessions in peace, unless the King had his rights. He was not unfriendly towards the King; he had been present when he received his children, and had been much affected by the pitiable nature of the scene; he saw the King often; he frequently walked and talked with him in the long galleries and pleasant gardens of the Palace at Hampton Court, whither he was now removed; and in all this risked something of his influence with the army. But, the King was in secret hopes of help from the Scottish people; and the moment he was encouraged to join them he began to be cool to his new friends, the army, and to tell the officers that they could not possibly do without him. At the very time, too, when he was promising to make Cromwell and Ireton noblemen, if they would help him up to his old height, he was writing to the Queen that he meant to hang them. They both afterwards declared that they had been privately informed that such a letter would be found, on a certain evening, sewn up in a saddle, which would be taken to the Blue Boar in Holborn to be sent to Dover; and that they went there, disguised as common soldiers, and sat drinking in the inn-yard until a man came with the saddle, which they ripped up with their knives, and therein found the letter. I see little reason to doubt the story. It is certain that Oliver Cromwell told one of the King's most faithful followers that the King could not be trusted, and that he would not be answerable if anything amiss were

to happen to him. Still, even after that, he kept a promise he had made to the King, by letting him know that there was a plot with a certain portion of the army to seize him. I believe that, in fact he sincerely wanted the King to escape abroad, and so to be got rid of without more trouble or danger. That Oliver himself had work enough with the army is pretty plain, for some of the troops were so mutinous against him, and against those who acted with him at this time, that he found it necessary to have one man shot at the head of his regiment to overawe the rest.

The King, when he received Oliver's warning, made his escape from Hampton Court, and, after some indecision and uncertainty, went to Carisbrooke Castle in the Isle of Wight. At first, he was pretty free there; but, even there, he carried on a pretended treaty with the Parliament, while he was really treating with commissioners from Scotland to send an army into England to take his part. When he broke off this treaty with the Parliament (having settled with Scotland) and was treated as a prisoner, his treatment was not changed too soon, for he had plotted to escape that very night to a ship sent by the Queen, which was lying off the island.

He was doomed to be disappointed in his hopes from Scotland. The agreement he had made with the Scottish Commissioners was not favourable enough to the religion of that country, to please the Scottish clergy, and they preached against it. The consequence was, that the army raised in Scotland and sent over, was too small to do much; and that, although it was helped by a rising of the Royalists in England and by good soldiers from Ireland, it could make no head against the Parliamentary army under such men as Cromwell and Fairfax. The King's eldest son, the Prince of Wales, came over from Holland with nineteen ships (a part of the English fleet having gone over to him) to help his father, but nothing came of his voyage, and he was fain to return. The most remarkable event of this second civil war was the cruel execution by the Parliamentary General, of SIR CHARLES LUCAS and SIR GEORGE LISLE, two gallant Royalist generals, who had bravely defended Colchester under every disadvantage of famine and distress for nearly three months. When Sir Charles Lucas was shot, Sir George Lisle kissed his body, and said to the soldiers who were to shoot him, "Come nearer, and make sure of me." "I warrant you, Sir George," said one of the soldiers, "we shall hit you." "Aye?" he returned with a smile, "but I have been nearer to you, my friends, many a time, and you have missed me."

The Parliament, after being fearfully bullied by the army, who demanded to have seven members whom they disliked given up to them, had voted that they would have

nothing more to do with the King; on the conclusion, however, of this second civil war (which did not last more than six months) they appointed commissioners to treat with him. The King, then so far released again as to be allowed to live in a private house at Newport in the Isle of Wight, managed his own part of the negotiation with a sense that was admired by all who saw him, and gave up, in the end, all that was asked of him—even yielding (which he had steadily refused, so far) to the temporary abolition of the bishops and the transfer of their church land to the Crown. Still, with his old fatal vice upon him, when his best friends joined the commissioners in beseeching him to yield all those points as the only means of saving himself from the army, he was plotting to escape from the island; he was holding correspondence with his friends and the Catholics in Ireland, though declaring that he was not; and he was writing with his own hand that in what he yielded, he meant nothing but to get time to escape.

Matters were at this pass when the army, resolved to defy the Parliament, marched up to London. The Parliament, not afraid of them now, and boldly led by Hollis, voted that the King's concessions were sufficient ground for settling the peace of the kingdom. Upon that, COLONEL RICH and COLONEL PRIDE went down to the House of Commons with a regiment of horse soldiers and a regiment of foot; and Colonel Pride, standing in the lobby with a list of the members who were obnoxious to the army in his hand, had them pointed out to him as they came through, and took them all into custody. This proceeding was afterwards called by the people, for a joke, PRIDE'S PURGE. Cromwell was in the North, at the head of his men, at the time, but when he came home, approved of what had been done.

What with imprisoning some members and causing others to stay away, the army had now reduced the House of Commons to some fifty or so. These soon voted that it was treason in a king to make war against his parliament and his people, and sent an ordinance up to the House of Lords for the King's being tried as a traitor. The House of Lords then sixteen in number, to a man rejected it. Thereupon, the Commons made an ordinance of their own, that they were the supreme government of the country, and would bring the King to trial.

The King had been taken for security to a place called Hurst Castle: a lonely house on a rock in the sea, connected with the coast of Hampshire by a rough road two miles long at low water. Thence he was ordered to be removed to Windsor; thence, after being but rudely used there, and having none but soldiers to wait upon him at table, he was brought up to St. James's Palace in London, and told that his trial was appointed for next day.

On Saturday, the twentieth of January, one thousand six hundred and forty-nine, this memorable trial began. The House of Commons had settled that one hundred and thirty-five persons should form the Court, and these were taken from the House itself, from among the officers of the army, and from among the lawyers and citizens. JOHN BRADSHAW, serjeant-at-law, was appointed president. The place was Westminster Hall. At the upper end, in a red velvet chair, sat the president, with his hat (lined with plates of iron for his protection) on his head. The rest of the Court sat on side benches, also wearing their hats. The King's seat was covered with velvet, like that of the president, and was opposite to it. He was brought from St. James's to Whitehall, and from Whitehall he came by water, to his trial.

When he came in, he looked round very steadily on the Court, and on the great number of spectators, and then sat down: presently he got up and looked round again. On the indictment "against Charles Stuart, for high treason," being read, he smiled several times, and he denied the authority of the Court, saying that there could be no parliament without a House of Lords, and that he saw no House of Lords there. Also that the King ought to be there, and that he saw no King in the King's right place. Bradshaw replied, that the Court was satisfied with its authority and that its authority was God's authority and the kingdom's. He then adjourned the Court to the following Monday. On that day, the trial was resumed, and went on all the week. When the Saturday came, as the King passed forward to his place in the Hall, some soldiers and others cried for "justice!" and execution on him. That day, too, Bradshaw, like an angry Sultan, wore a red robe, instead of the black one he had worn before. The King was sentenced to death that day. As he went out, one solitary soldier said, "God bless you, Sir!" For this, his officer struck him. The King said he thought the punishment exceeded the offence. The silver head of his walking-stick had fallen off while he leaned upon it, at one time of the trial. The accident seemed to disturb him, as if he thought it ominous of the falling of his own head; and he admitted as much now it was all over.

Being taken back to Whitehall he sent to the House of Commons, saying that as the time of his execution might be nigh, he wished he might be allowed to see his darling children. It was granted. On the Monday he was taken back to St. James's, and his two children then in England, the PRINCESS ELIZABETH thirteen years old, and the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER nine years old, were brought to take leave of him, from Sion House, near Brentford. It was a sad and touching scene, when he kissed and fondled these poor children, and made a little present of two

diamond seals to the Princess, and gave them tender messages to their mother, (who little deserved them, for she had a lover of her own whom she married soon afterwards) and told them that he died "for the laws and liberties of the land." I am bound to say that I don't think he did, but I dare say he believed so.

There were ambassadors from Holland, that day, to intercede for the unhappy King, whom you and I both wish the Parliament had spared; but they got no answer. The Scottish Commissioners interceded too; so did the Prince of Wales, by a letter in which he offered, as the next heir to the throne, to accept any conditions from the Parliament; so did the Queen by letter likewise. Notwithstanding all, the warrant for the execution was this day signed. There is a story that as Oliver Cromwell went to the table with the pen in his hand to put his signature to it, he drew his pen across the face of one of the commissioners who was standing near, and marked it with the ink. That commissioner had not signed his own name yet, and the story adds, that when he came to do it, he marked Cromwell's face with ink in the same way.

The King slept well, untroubled by the knowledge that it was his last night on earth, and rose on the thirtieth of January, two hours before day, and dressed himself carefully. He put on two shirts lest he should tremble with the cold, and had his hair very carefully combed. The warrant had been directed to three officers of the army, COLONEL HACKER, COLONEL HUNKS, and COLONEL PRAYER. At ten o'clock, the first of those came to the door and said it was time to go to Whitehall. The King, who had always been a quick walker, walked at his usual speed through the Park, and called out to the guard, with his accustomed voice of command, "March on apace!" When he came to Whitehall, he was taken to his own bedroom, where a breakfast was set forth. As he had taken the Sacrament, he would eat nothing more, but at about the time when the church bells struck twelve at noon (for he had to wait, through the scaffold not being ready) he took the advice of the good Bishop Juxon who was with him, and eat a little bread, and drank a glass of claret. Soon after he had taken this refreshment, Colonel Hacker came to the chamber with the warrant in his hand, and called for Charles Stuart.

And then through the long gallery of Whitehall Palace, which he had often seen light and gay and merry and crowded, in very different times, the fallen King passed along, until he came to the centre window

of the Banqueting House, through which he emerged upon the scaffold, which was hung with black. He looked at the two executioners who were dressed in black and masked; he looked at the troops of soldiers on horseback and on foot, who all looked up at him in silence; he looked at the vast array of spectators, filling up the view beyond, and turning all their faces upon him; he looked at his old Palace of St. James's; and he looked at the block. He seemed a little troubled to find that it was so low, and asked "if there were no place higher?" Then, to those upon the scaffold, he said "that it was the Parliament who had begun the war, and not he; but he hoped they might be guiltless too, as ill instruments had gone between them. In one respect," he said, "he suffered justly, and that was because he had permitted an unjust sentence to be executed on another." In this he referred to the Earl of Strafford.

He was not at all afraid to die; but he was anxious to die easily. When some one touched the axe while he was speaking, he broke off and called out, "take heed of the axe! take heed of the axe!" He also said to Colonel Hacker, "Take care that they do not put me to pain." He told the executioner, "I shall say but very short prayers, and then thrust out my hands"—as the sign to strike.

He put his hair up, under a white satin cap which the bishop had carried, and said, "I have a good cause and a gracious God on my side." The bishop told him that he had but one stage more to travel in this weary world, and that though it was a turbulent and troublesome stage, it was a short one, and would carry him a great way—all the way from earth to Heaven. The King's last word, as he gave his cloak and the George—the decoration from his breast—to the bishop, was this, "Remember!" He then kneeled down, laid his head upon the block, spread out his hands, and was instantly killed. One universal groan broke from the crowd; and the soldiers, who had sat on their horses and stood in their ranks immovable as statues, were of a sudden all in motion clearing the streets.

Thus in the forty-ninth year of his age, falling at the same time of his career as Strafford had fallen in his, perished Charles the First. With all my sorrow for him, I cannot agree with him that he died "the Martyr of the people;" for the people had been martyrs to him and his ideas of a King's rights, long before. Indeed I am afraid that he was but a bad judge of martyrs; for he had called that infamous Duke of Buckingham "the Martyr of his Sovereign."

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. VIII.

McELRATH & BARKER, PUBLISHERS.

OFFICE NO. 11 SPADUE STREET, NEW YORK.

WHOLE NO. 185.

THINGS THAT CANNOT BE DONE.

Nothing flagrantly wrong can be done, without adequate punishment, under the English law. What a comfortable truth that is! I have always admired the English law with all my heart, as being plain, cheap, comprehensive, easy, unmistakable, strong to help the right doer, weak to help the wrong doer, entirely free from adherence to barbarous usages which the world has passed, and knows to be ridiculous and unjust. It is delightful never to see the law at fault, never to find it in what our American relatives call a fix, never to behold a scoundrel able to shield himself with it, always to contemplate the improving spectacle of Law in its wig and gown leading blind Justice by the hand and keeping her in the straight broad course.

I am particularly struck at the present time, by the majesty with which the Law protects its own humble administrators. Next to the punishment of any offence by fining the offender in a sum of money—which is a practice of the Law, too enlightened and too obviously just and wise, to need any commendation—the penalties inflicted on an intolerable brute who maims a police officer for life, make my soul expand with a solemn joy. I constantly read in the newspapers of such an offender being committed to prison with hard labour, for one, two, or even three months. Side by side with such a case, I read the statement of a surgeon to the police force, that within such a specified short time, so many men have been under his care for similar injuries; so many of whom have recovered, after undergoing a refinement of pain expressly contemplated by their assailants in the nature of their attack; so many of whom, being permanently debilitated and incapacitated, have been dismissed the force. Then, I know that a wild beast in a man's form cannot gratify his savage hatred of those who check him in the perpetration of crime, without suffering a thousand times more than the object of his wrath, and without being made a certain and a stern example. And this is one of the occasions on which the beauty of the Law of England fills me with the solemn joy I have mentioned.

The poems I have of late been singing within myself on the subject of the determi-

nation of the Law to prevent by severe punishment the oppression and ill-treatment of Women, have been echoed in the public journals. It is true that an ill-conditioned friend of mine, possessing the remarkably inappropriate name of Common Sense, is not fully satisfied on this head. It is true that he says to me "Will you look at these cases of brutality, and tell me whether you consider six years of the hardest prison task-work (instead of six months) punishment enough for such enormous cruelty? Will you read the increasing records of these violences from day to day, as more and more sufferers are gradually encouraged by a law of six months' standing to disclose their long endurance, and will you consider what a legal system that must be which only now applies an imperfect remedy to such a giant evil? Will you think of the torments and murders of a dark perspective of past years, and ask yourself the question whether in exulting so mightily, at this time of day, over a law faintly asserting the lowest first principle of all law, you are not somewhat sarcastic on the virtuous Statutes at large, piled up there on innumerable shelves?" It is true, I say, that my ill-conditioned friend does twit me, and the law I dote on, after this manner; but it is enough for me to know, that for a man to maim and kill his wife by inches—or even the woman, wife or no wife, who shares his home—without most surely incurring a punishment, the justice of which satisfies the mind and heart of the common level of humanity, is one of the things that cannot be done.

But, deliberately, falsely, defamingly, publicly and perseveringly, to pursue and outrage any woman is foremost among the things that cannot be done. Of course it cannot be done. This is the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three; and Steam and Electricity would indeed have left the limping Law behind, if it *could* be done in the present age.

Let me put an impossible case, to illustrate at once my admiration of the Law, and its tender care for Women. This may be an appropriate time for doing so, when most of us are complimenting the Law on its avenging gallantry.

Suppose a young lady to be left a great heiress, under circumstances which cause the general attention to be attracted to her

name. Suppose her to be modest, retiring, otherwise only known for her virtues, charities, and noble actions. Suppose an abandoned sharper, so debased, so wanting in the manhood of a commonly vile swindler, so lost to every sense of shame and disgrace, as to conceive the original idea of hunting this young lady through life until she buys him off with money. Suppose him to adjust the speculation deliberately with himself. "I know nothing of her, I never saw her; but I am a bankrupt, with no character and no trade that brings me in any money; and I mean to make the pursuit of her, my trade. She seeks retirement; I will drag her out of it. She avoids notoriety; I will force it upon her. She is rich; she shall stand and deliver. I am poor; I will have plunder. The opinion of society. What is that to me? I know the Law, and the Law will be my friend—not hers."

It is very difficult, I know, to suppose such a set of circumstances, or to imagine such an animal not caged behind iron bars or knocked on the head. But, let us stretch elastic fancy to such an extreme point of supposition. He goes to work at the trade he has taken up, and works at it, industriously, say for fifteen, sixteen, seventeen years. He invents the most preposterous and transparent lies, which not one human being whose ears they ever reach can possibly believe. He pretends that the lady promised to marry him—say, in a nonsensical jingle of rhymes which he produces, and which he says and swears (for what will he not say and swear except the truth?) is the production of the lady's hand. Before incapable country justices, and dim little farthing rushlights of the law, he drags this lady at his pleasure, whenever he will. He makes the Law a screw to force the hand she has had the courage to close upon her purse from the beginning. He makes the Law a rack on which to torture her constancy, her affections, her consideration for the living, and her veneration for the dead. He shakes the letter of the Law over the heads of the puny tribunals he selects for his infamous purpose, and frightens them into an endurance of his audacious mendacity. Because the Law is a Law of the peddling letter and not of the comprehensive spirit, this magistrate shall privately bribe him with money to condescend to overlook his omission (sanctioned by the practice of years) of some miserable form as to the exact spot in which he puts his magisterial signature upon a document; and that commissioner shall publicly compliment him upon his extraordinary acquirements, when it is manifest upon the face of the written evidence before the same learned commissioner's eyes in court, that he cannot so much as spell. But he knows the Law. And the letter of the Law is with the rascal, and not with the rascal's prey.

For, we are to suppose that all through these years, he is never punished with any

punishment worthy of the name, for his real offence. He is now and then held to bail, gets out of prison, and goes to his trade again. He commits wilful and corrupt perjury, down a byeway, and is lightly punished for that; but he takes his brazen face along the high road of his guilt, uncrushed. The blundering, babbling, botched Law, in splitting hairs with him, makes business for itself; they get on very well together—worthy companions—shepherds both.

Now, I am willing to admit that if such a case as this, could by any possibility be; if it could go on so long and so publicly, as that the whole town should have the facts within its intimate knowledge; if it were as well known as the Queen's name; if it never presented itself afresh, in any court, without awakening an honest indignation in the breasts of all the audience not learned in the Law; and yet if this nefarious culprit were just as free to drive his trade at last as he was at first, and the object of his ingenious speculation could find absolutely no redress; then, and in that case, I say, I am willing to admit that the Law would be a false pretence and a self-convicted failure. But, happily, and as we all know, this is one of the things that cannot be done.

No. Supposing such a culprit face to face with it, the Law would address him thus: "Stand up, knave, and hear me! I am not the thing of shreds and patches you suppose. I am not the degraded creature whom any wretch may invoke to gratify his basest appetites and do his dirtiest work. Not for that, am I part and parcel of a costly system maintained with cheerfulness out of the labours of a great free people. Not for that, do I continually glorify my Bench and my Bar, and, from my high place, look complacently upon a sea of wigs. I am not a jumble and jargon of words, fellow; I am Principle. I was set up here, by those who can pull me down—and will, if I be incapable—to punish the wrong-doer, for the sake of the body-politic in whose name I act, and from whom alone my power is derived. I know you, well, for a wrong-doer; I have it in proof before me that you are a forsworn, crafty, defiant, bullying, pestilent impostor. And if I be not an impostor too, and a worse one, my plainest duty is to set my heel upon you—which I mean to do before you go hence.

"Attend to me yet, knave. Hold your peace! You are one of those landsharks whose eyes have twinkled to see the driving of coaches and six through Acts of Parliament, and who come up with their dirty little dog's meat carts to follow through the same crooked ways. But you shall know, that I am something more than a maze of tortuous ins and outs, and that I have at least one plain road—to wit, the road by which, for the general protection, and in the exercise of my first function, I mean to send you into jail."

keeping; fifty thousand Acts, and a hundred thousand Caps, and five hundred thousand Secs, notwithstanding.

"For, Beast of Prey, above the perplexed letter of all Law that has any might in it, goes the spirit. If I be, as I claim to be, the child of Justice, and not the offspring of the Artful Dodger, that spirit shall, before I gabble through one legal argument more, provide for you and all the like of you, as you deserve. If it cannot do that of itself, I will have letter to help it. But I will not remain here, a spectacle and a scandal to those who are the breath of my nostrils, with your dirty hands clinging to my robe, your brazen lungs misrepresenting me, your shameless face beslaving me in my prostitution."

Thus the Law clearly would address any such impossible person. For this reason, among others not dissimilar, I glory in the Law, and am ready at all times to shed my best blood to uphold it. For this reason too, I am proud, as an Englishman, to know that such a design upon a woman as I have, in a wild moment, imagined, is not to be entered upon, and is—as it ought to be—one of the things that can never be done.

LANNA TIXEL.

UNDER a stiff hollybush cut like a dragon, the chief glory in the garden of her father the Burgomaster, little Lanna Tixel lay with her face to the grass, sobbing and quivering. Ten minutes ago she had passed silently out of her father's sick chamber with a white face and eyes large with terror; she had fled through the great still house into the garden, and fallen down under the dragon to give way to an agony of something more than childish grief. Poor little Lanna! Sheltered by the prickly wings of that old garden monster, she had wept many a time for the loss of a pale, blue-eyed mother, who had gone from her to be one of the stars; but that was a grief full of love and tenderness, that led to yearnings heavenward. She lay then grieving with her tearful eyes fixed on the blue sky, watching the clouds or wondering which of the first stars of evening might be the bright soul of her saint. Now she had her face pressed down into the earth—her father was on his death-bed; but there was something wilder in her agony than childish sorrow. In the twilight the green dragon seemed to hang like a real fiend over the plump little child that had been thrown to it, and that lay cowering within reach of its jaws.

So perhaps thought the sallow-faced Hans Dank, the leanest man in the Low Countries and yet no skeleton; who, after a time, had followed the child down from the sick chamber and stood gravely by, lending his ear to her distress. He might have thought so, though he was by no means imaginative, for he had facts in his head that could have,

by themselves, suggested such a notion. "Lanna!" said Steward Dank, as quietly as though he was but calling her to dinner. "Lanna!" She heard nothing. "Your father asks for you." She rose at once, with a fierce shudder, and Mr. Dank led her indoors by the hand.

Burgomaster Tixel was the richest and most friendless man in Amsterdam. He loved only two things, his money, and his daughter, and he loved both in a wretched, comfortless and miserably jealous way. He was ignorant and superstitious, as most people were in his time—two or three centuries ago. If he could live to-day, and act as he used to act, he would be very properly confined in Bedlam.

He lay very near death in a large room, gloomy with the shadows of evening and hung with heavy tapestries. Mr. Dank led Lanna to his side. "You will conquer your fear, darling," said the Burgomaster, with a rattle in his harsh voice. "If you have loved me I prepare for you a pleasure. If you have not loved me, if my memory is never to be dear to you—be punished."

"O father!"

"You are too young to think—but twelve years old—it is my place to think for you, and Dank will care for you when I am gone, because, dear, it is made his interest to do so. When you know the worth of your inheritance you will not speak as you have spoken. You are a child. What do you know?"

"She knows," said Mr. Dank, in a dry matter-of-fact way, "the value of a father's blessing."

"True," said the Burgomaster, glaring at the child; the signal lights of the great rock of death on which he was fast breaking to pieces, glittered in his eyes. "True, Lanna. Your obedience is the price of my last blessing."

"I will obey you," she said, and he blessed her. Then the little girl fell in a great agony of fear over his hand crying, "O father, I should like to die with you!"

"That is well, darling," said the Burgomaster. "Those are tender words."

He made her nestle on the bed beside him and then put an arm about her: pressing her against his breast. "Now," said he, "let the priests come in!" and the last rites of the Church were celebrated over the Burgomaster, while his little daughter remained thus imprisoned. And the dead arm of the Burgomaster, when his miserly and miserable soul was fled, still pressed the little girl to his dead heart.

Eight years after the death in Amsterdam of Burgomaster Tixel, there was born at Blickford, in Devonshire, the first and last child of Hodge Noddison, a tiller of the soil, with a large body, a hard hand, and a heart to match it. He was not naturally a bad fellow, but he was intensely stupid (as hand-labourers in those days usually were) for want

of teaching; and so through sheer stupidity he was made callous, obstinate, and cruel. He beat his wife every day more or less; amused himself on holidays with brutal sports, and very much preferred strong drinks to the coarse bread then eaten by the poorer classes in this country. Noddison had been twelve years married and had only recently been blessed with a child, solely in consequence of the aid of some scrapings from the tooth of a crocodile, mixed with a little hedgehog's fat and eaten off a fig-leaf.

One May evening Hodge Noddison was rolling home by the field path from a rough drinking party at the Bull Inn near Blickford, when the fat ribs of the fattest man in Devonshire came in his way, and he was not sober enough to see reason why he should not pummel them. To work he set with such drunken exasperation, that he belaboured his victim too frantically to find out that he was driving, as fast as he was able, the life out of the tyrannical Dutchman whom he called master; the dreadful old Dank, upon whom at that time, himself, his wife, and his first-born were dependent for bread. The fat old foreigner roared and screamed and belaboured with pain to such an excess, that his cries flew over the blossoms of the blackthorn hedge from the ditch in which he was lying, and reached the ears of Mrs. Noddison. Out she flew; and found Dank, although not seriously hurt, lying insensible behind the hedge. Noddison's wife had time to discover what deed had been done, and to take counsel, with herself, before law and vengeance knocked at the door of their miserable shed.

They lived in a sort of grotto made by a rude heap of stones piled together on the edge of a great moor. There was a piece of muddy water close by, known to the Blickford people as Nick's Pond, in which it was the custom of the place to drown all the black kittens that were born, and through which all the black cats of the parish had gone down to perdition years ago.

Mrs. Noddison got her husband home with difficulty, and commenced maturing her plans. It was quite evident that he would not get any work again on the Dutch farm, and she did not mind that, for the estate was not in good repute among the neighbours; it was also evident that he would be required to go to jail if he could not escape the constables. How should he do that when he had his liquor to sleep off, and was already snoring at full length on the earthen floor? Her good man might be carted off to safety; but she had no cart, and he was much too heavy to be carried pick-a-back. There was no chimney up which he might be thrust; there was, of course, no cupboard; for indeed there was not so much as a second room in the fine old cottage where they dwelt, all of the olden time. There was the straw they slept upon; but there was not enough of that to

cover him. Besides, if there had been chimneys, cupboards, or whole waggon loads of straw, how could they conceal a man who snored so mightily?

Mistress Noddison, living in a lone place, had no near neighbours to whom she might run for counsel; great was her joy, therefore, when Goody Fubs happened to come in, late as it was, with the bit of frog's bile, which she had promised and vowed as a godmother should be her present to the baby. A most precious remedy against all mundane ills.

"Do you think, Goody, it would put my husband out o' harm?" Mrs. Noddison added to her question an exceedingly long narrative. Mrs. Fubs responded with long maledictions on the Dutch; and wished to know what right foreign wenches had eating up the corn in Devonshire. Mrs. Noddison didn't so much mind the wench; she was a bit mad to be sure; but if, as folk said, the heretics were out in her own country, and the powers of evil were let loose, and there were burnings, and quarterings, and cannon roarings, perhaps she was no fool to have come to Devonshire for peace and quiet. For herself, too, she was free enough of money and pleasant enough.—"When she is not possessed," said Goody Fubs. The gossips then proceeded to discuss how far the evil one had power over Lanna Tixel, who had a queer stare betimes about the eyes and wandered about unseemly and—Holy Mary! what was that?

A white figure flitted, like a phantom, by the open door. The two women looked out together. It was she of whom they talked. It was Lanna. When the moon shone out from among the flying clouds they recognised her, hurrying along like one pursued.

They came in and shut the door, and fastened it, and shook their heads at one another. Goody Fubs presently drawing a long breath hoped the Dutch witch might not be off to meeting. She looked, said Mistress Noddison, as if she had a mighty way to travel before midnight. A loud knocking at the door aroused them, and its clumsy fastenings were almost in the same instant burst open. The women overlooked Hodge altogether; justice he had not. No lamentation hindering, he was a once bound wrist and ankle and dragged, grunting like a pig, to jail.

On the same evening, but somewhat earlier, before the night clouds had begun to flock into the sky, a young English soldier, captain of a regiment, had ridden from the stables of the manor house, leaving the squire, his father, comfortably coiled under his own dinner table, and had galloped down the lane between the hedges full of May blossom, to pay a visit to his neighbours of the Grange, known commonly as the Dutch Farm. He saw from his saddle over the hedge-top how Hodge Noddison was helping his unsteady homeward walk by steering with his cudgel,

Moreover, he was not sorry presently to see the portly frame of Mr. Dank, surmounted by his very saturnine and ugly face, moving towards him, with his back turned to the Grange. The soldier greeted Dutch Dank with unwonted cordiality as he rode by, whispering to himself, "Lanna will be alone."

The Dutch Farm answered to its title; Cuypp might have painted scenes out of it. The Grange itself had a trim, closely shaven aspect; and, on a wide smooth lawn that stretched before the windows of the house, there were yew and box trees cut into fantastic shapes of cocks and men, and even fishes: one tree, a large hollybush, was being clipped and trained into the form of a green dragon with expanded wings. There were no fragrant flower-beds or pleasant bowers; there was nothing gayer than a clump of guelder roses and laburnums near an open window.

At the window Lanna sat and saw the soldier coming. She was a girl of twenty, lovely as a girl can be who has a colourless face. She had a great wealth of brown hair, and had also large blue wondering eyes. She knew that she looked well in a white dress, and she, in some odd, boding way, expected Captain Arthur—the young soldier, in his father's neighbourhood, went by his Christian name—she was, therefore, dressed in white.

"Dear lady, you have never before looked so pale," he said.

The captain's horse was soon tied by its bridle to the hollybush, and Lanna, hurrying out upon the lawn, expressed her regret that Mr. Dank was absent. Yet, since she loved Captain Arthur—the first man who had taken pains to win her heart—with all the ardour of a young girl who is fatherless and motherless; who lives exposed to daily check and chill; in whom a flood of repressed feeling has for years been accumulating, she could not have regretted much the absence of the watchful steward. Captain Arthur was no genius, as Lanna would have known had she been ten years older, but he was in a passion of what they call love, with Lanna. And he had persisted in it, notwithstanding much that he had heard. He did not care if it were true, as the old squire swore, indignantly, that she bewitched him with her glances. To say that of a young lady is now a very pretty album phrase. Then it conveyed coarser imputations than can decently be specified. Lanna, holy as an angel in her maiden's heart, guessed her friend's love, and wished to hear it spoken.

Captain Arthur did not disappoint her wishes. He spoke boldly out. When he would have placed the trembling girl upon a bench erected close under the clump of guelder roses, she looked at him, and said with a quivering face that would not lend itself to an attempt at smiles, "Let us sit under the dragon." So they did sit under the dragon; and there the captain made an

end of speaking and left off so confident of her answer, that, while she remained fixed as the statue of a listener, he must needs turn from the main theme to ask her why her humour favoured that extremely ugly hollybush, and why she must pronounce his sentence under such a canopy. Lanna broke out into a wild fit of sobbing; Captain Arthur comforted her clumsily; but suddenly she became calm.

"Here," she said, "is best; I shall talk to this dragon when you are gone. We had such a dragon that knew my secrets at home. If you would know my secrets this is a good tree for you to be under. Here is your horse close by within reach. Should the wish suddenly seize you to leave me alone and forlorn, you have but to mount and fly."

The captain moved restlessly; did she mean to confirm the worst suspicions of the parish before answering his question? "I have no right to say what I should say to you," he began, "but there is an odd question I would if I dare"—He stopped suddenly—the stars of evening were coming out, and Lanna looked up at them.

"Help me, mother!" she cried; and Captain Arthur, running his thoughts on in the old groove, remarked that she demanded help of mother somebody, and (a suspicious fact) did not cry, "Help me, God!"

"I cannot let my heart loose, or answer you any question that takes so much hesitation to ask," Lanna said, "until you know the terrible condition by which torment is prepared for any man who marries me."

The captain shrank from her side, and looked up with a shudder at the wings of the green dragon under which they sat enshadowed.

"There is a doom upon me," Lanna murmured; "and it is I, now, who am waiting to be sentenced."

The captain had risen, and was stroking nervously his horse's mane.

"Yet it is no great thing," Lanna continued, "that it should so much affright me. You are a man, and perhaps may laugh at it, and teach me to laugh at it with you." Still she spoke in a reckless, hopeless way, and Captain Arthur was more shocked than he had been before.

"Leave your horse but for one minute," Lanna said, "and come into the house."

The captain wavered for a little while; but there was yet love—or his sort of love—manfully wrestling in his heart with superstition. He followed Lanna through the rambling passages of the great house, lit dimly by the twilight out of doors. With a key taken from her girdle she opened way for him into a room, over the floor of which he walked some steps and instantly turned back in affright, and meeting her on the threshold, with uplifted hands and an imploring face, he pushed her from him with a heavy hand, mounted his horse and galloped away.

She reeled; but the blow gave no pain to her flesh. It seemed to her that but an instant passed before she heard the rapid gallop of his horse. The first impulse she obeyed was absurd; she followed him. If she had told her story more methodically it could never have affected him so much, although it would no doubt have ended in his quitting her. She must explain all, or what would he think? But Captain Arthur galloped as though he were pursued by somebody not quite so innocent as Lanna Tixel. A few minutes of running through cool evening air, caused that first impulse to die out.

Then she sat down under the blossoms of a Maythorn hedge, picking industriously at its leaves; and so she sat in a long reverie, till the moon rose, and she heard groans of which she had not earlier been conscious. At the same time she saw, behind the opposite hedge, a face covered with blood, which she took to be a dead face. It was the living face of Mr. Dank, who had returned to sense after his thrashing. She could not go home to rest. Terrified and vexed in spirit she fled, looking like a shrouded corpse herself, towards the moor, and then it was that she interrupted the gossips' learned conversation.

"And how does the frog's bile act?" asked Mrs. Noddison. "That," said Goody Fubs, "I quite forgot to ask, I had it from a gossip who is dead. No doubt it must be eaten." Mrs. Noddison was not at all comfortless over the departure of her husband. Free he would earn nothing, after his last evening's work. He might as well therefore be fed in jail. Her skin too would be the sounder for a rest. The baby was just one of those puny squalid things that used to perish by thousands in the wretched huts of a fine old English peasantry, all of the olden time. Mrs. Noddison was full of mother's care about it. Goody Fubs was full of neighbourly advice, and very eloquent upon the subject of her nostrum, a black fetid mess containing nobody knows what.

While the two gossips talked, the flying clouds let fall a flying shower. Lanna was still on the moor, and the sudden rain recalled her to a sense of her position. She was out, she recollected, at a strange hour. It must be at the earliest ten o'clock, an hour later than bed-time. Lanna turned homewards, though there was no place so terrible to her as home.

"Well then, if you will hold the child," said Goody Fubs to Mistress Noddison, "I'll give it the remedy, and then it never shall know harm again in this world." "Amen, Goody, and thank you." When the child felt the frog's bile in its throat it began to scream mightily and choke, but the stuff nevertheless was swallowed. At that instant, as Goody stated afterwards, the rain suddenly ceased to patter on the shingles. The child screamed more and more. It went into convulsions. The hut door had been left open, and indeed

almost broken to pieces by the constables. A white figure glided by. "Avo Maria!" groaned old Goody Fubs, not to be heard through the screaming of the child, "there's Lanna Tixel!" The child's face was black. The fierceness of the screaming caused Lanna to turn back, and stand irresolutely in the doorway, ready to enter and bring help if she were able. Goody Fubs made a great cross with her fingers over her own wrinkled forehead, and then flew at the delicate cheeks of Lanna with her nails. Lanna fled again, followed by loud shrieks from Mrs. Noddison; the child's voice was gone, it lay dumb in a dead struggle.

"O, the bile!" moaned Mrs. Noddison.

"The witch!" groaned Goody Fubs.

The two or three domestics living in the Grange were in attendance on the barber surgeon, busy, Lanna found, with Mr. Dank, who had been waylaid and beaten, as she understood. She knew then that it was no ghost she had seen, and, pitying his condition, though he was no friend to her, she tended by the steward's bedside half the night through, after she had paid a visit to her secret chamber. His bruises were not serious, the cut upon his head had been bound up, he had been comfortably shaved, had been bled in the arm, and had received an emetic. His case therefore promised well, and towards morning the surgeon left him quietly asleep, and recommended Lanna to retire, at the same time suggesting that she should bathe her swollen nose with vinegar, and take a powder, for she seemed to have had a very ugly fall.

Lanna slept heavily for a great many hours, and in the morning found that Mr. Dank, though very much weakened, was not confined to his bed: he was up and out, gone to encounter Noddison in a formal and judicial way before the squire and his brother justices. Lanna, with aching heart and throbbing nose, and a wide border of black round one of her blue eyes, endeavoured to go through her usual routine of duties. In the course of the day they took her into Blickford.

Two little boys at play in a ditch about a quarter of a mile out of the village, leaped up when they saw her coming, and scampered on before as fast as they were able, shouting her name aloud. They had been put there as scouts or look-out men, and had beguiled their time while on their post with pitch and toss. Lanna understood nothing of that, and could not at all tell what it meant, when a turn in the road brought her in sight of the first houses in Blickford, and she saw the whole village turning out with brooms to meet her. Goody Fubs advancing as the village champion, struck the poor orphan with her broom, and then throwing away the weapon, grappled with her. Men threw stones at her, women pressed round, grappled together and fought for the privilege of pinching her or pulling at the rich locks of

brown hair that Goody their leader had set floating.

"Nick's Pond!" was the cry. The young foreign witch must be tried by water—innocent if she drowned, and guilty if she swam. In a wild and terrible procession of the whole population of the village, with the children screaming and dancing joyously about in the excitement of a witch-ducking, Lanna was dragged to the moor, where Mistress Noddison flew from her cottage as a tigress from her lair, and tore the flesh and garments of the witch, and showed her the dead child. Mounted constables were hurrying in the direction of the riot, but they only came in time to drag the wretched girl out of the pond into which she was thrust, and they came not to protect but to arrest her. There was fresh evidence, some of the men hinted to the villagers, and a most aggravated case against her. She was therefore carried to the round-house, and spent the next thirty hours, half suffocated, and looked up with very filthy people.

Then she was brought out on one of the last and finest days of the merry month of May, and taken into the presence of the justices, with Squire Claufe at their head, who had long been of opinion that she had bewitched his son by wicked arts, and now was sure of it. The case was then gone into.

It was shown that on a certain evening Hodge Noddison maltreated the companion of the accused, a foreigner named Hans Dank, who it was now ascertained had secretly made his escape out of the neighbourhood, and had gone no one could find out whither. It was presumed that she received instant information from some imp of the deed that Noddison had done, for she was out in the direction of Noddison's house before any human tidings could have reached her. It was proved that Noddison was cast into a deadly lethargy, during which the witch was seen flitting about upon the moor before his door, and that immediately after she had vanished Noddison was taken by the constables. It was proved that in further punishment of Noddison, the accused Lanna Tixel did by her arts throw his only child into violent convulsions, during which she again appeared at the door and gazed in upon the child with her large blue eyes, immediately after the infliction of which gaze it died. It was shown also that the rain ceased when she appeared, and that Goody Fubs lost a young porker, and suffered more than usually from her rheumatism on the day that she assisted at the ducking of the wicked woman.

These revelations were not necessary to induce Captain Arthur to appear against the wren who had practised on him with her arts. He proved that when he had been drawn by her devices—especially, he thought, by her large eyes—to declare love towards her, she, believing that she had him in her toils, confessed to him in plain words that she had a familiar in the shape of a dragon or a hollybush with

which she often talked, and that it was acquainted with her secrets. The dragon on the lawn was, therefore, part of her enchantment, and it was natural to consider that the strange figures of cocks and fishes to be seen on the Dutch farm, though they looked like box, and yew, and holly trees must be really and truly demons. The captain further proved, that being in some trouble, and sobbing, the witch called for help upon a certain Mother Somebody, he did not catch the name, because she, the said witch, sobbed while she was speaking.

In answer to a question from the bench he said that it was not "Mother of God." "She further," he said, "ventured so far as to tell me that I was to marry upon the condition of suffering eternal torment." (Here a thrill ran through the whole assembly). "She told me that she herself was doomed, but that it was a light matter, and that we might laugh at it together."

During this revelation Lanna fainted. She showed no trace of her former beauty, for no change of dress or means of cleanliness had been provided for her since she was taken from the filthy pond, and she appeared to have caught some kind of fever in the round-house. When she recovered she was compelled to stand up that her face might be seen during the rest of the examination. Her house had been searched. A white object was brought through a lane made in the shuddering crowd, and suddenly presented before Lanna. She was seized with violent hysterics. It was the waxen image of a corpse robed in its graveclothes: an exact effigy of the dead body of her father.

"She took me to a room," said Captain Arthur, "in which lay this image. I thought it had been taken from the grave, and felt at once that she was one of the worst kind of witches. I see now that it is made of wax."

While Lanna remained still insensible a learned priest stood forward, and gave evidence that the use of these waxen images by witches was well known. They were the figures of men to whom they wished evil. The witches moulded them and caused them to waste slowly, and as the wax wasted, so wasted the victim's flesh. They also pricked and stabbed them, and when they did so the true flesh felt every hurt that was inflicted. This was undoubtedly the image of some person whom the witch Tixel had killed by her enchantments.

The learned justices then waited until Lanna was so far recovered that she could be made to speak: pains being taken to expedite her recollection of herself by means not altogether free from cruelty. She said, however, very little. There was no escape for her, she said, and she desired none. She had lived too long. But she wished Captain Arthur to reflect upon the words she had used, and hear now, if he would, the story she designed to tell him.

She was ordered to address the court, and

did so, Captain Arthur being present. "That image was the doom I spoke of. It is the image of my father as he lay dead when, if I might, I would have died with him. He was superstitious, as you all are who accuse me here to-day of witchcraft. He was jealous of my love, and wished to be remembered by me daily when I had his wealth. I would have rejected that, for his desire was horrible to me. But next on the peril of losing his blessing, I was made to promise that, wherever I lived, I would preserve the effigy of my dead father, every day eat my dinner in its presence, and every night kiss it before I went to rest. I was a child then, and a terror seized me which I never have been able to shake off. I have not dared to disobey. Hans Dank was my father's steward, who was privy to it all, and who was made by will my guardian and inquisitor. Let him prove that I speak truth in this. There is one thing more which concerns me little now. My father thought that while the image of his body lasted, the body itself would remain whole in the tomb, awaiting mine that was to be placed beside it. Then our dust was to mingle. He was a superstitious man, as you are superstitious men. I shall be burnt; you will defeat his wishes. That is the truth which I wish Captain Arthur now to hear. My mother died when I was four years old. I am friendless; and there is no one but the man who offered me his love for whose sake I care whether or not I die disgraced."

The squire was very wroth at these allusions to his son, and said, when she had made an end of speaking, "Witch, you know truly what will be your end. If your accomplices were indeed here, he could not save you, but you can have no support from him, because, knowing his guilt, he fled when he first heard that these proceedings would be taken. For your tale, by which you artfully endeavour to mislead my son, it cannot serve you. It touches in nothing what has been proved against you in the case of the Noddisons, your victims. With what mysterious designs you caused this dreadful image to be made, and kept it secretly within your house, we cannot tell, nor does it concern us very much to know. The meaning of the image we know well, and we know also," said the squire, with a malicious grin, "to what good use it can be put. Truly it will be a fine thing to save faggots in the burning of a witch so worthless."

And the law took its course, and solemn trial led in due time to solemn sentence, and Lanna Tixel, with the fatal waxen effigy bound in her arms, was made the core of a great holiday bonfire, which enlivened the inhabitants of Blickford. When the wax caught, the blaze made even babies in their mothers' arms crow out, and clap their hands with pleasure.

A brilliant ending to this very pleasant story of the good old times! They are quite

gone and never will come back again. And so, nothing is left for us to do but to regret their memory, we puny men, we miserable shams.

AIR MAPS.

IN a former number of this work we gave a short account of the new science of Submarine Geography, by means of which it has been shown that the great undulatory beds of the oceans may be as accurately mapped for all practical purposes of navigation, as are the mountains and valleys of our own dry earth. In that paper we dwelt upon the deep-sea soundings which had been carried on by the Government of the United States, and of some of the more immediate results of the knowledge thus acquired.

Current-charts and maps of the hills and valleys of Old Ocean formed but one portion of the labours of our persevering brethren across the Atlantic. A most important feature in their scientific proceedings was so to track the winds met with in the navigation of the highways of the seas, as to be able to lay down with tolerable accuracy a complete chart of the various currents of the atmosphere in every part of the world, at all times of the year—in short, to construct a huge Air Map.

The proceedings of the American Government since that paper was printed may be learned by what transpired at a public meeting convened, a short time ago, in the Merchants' Room at Lloyd's for the purpose of receiving a communication from Lieutenant Maury of the United States Navy, in reference to the co-operation of British commanders with those of America in carrying on a series of atmospheric observations.

Already a knowledge of the hitherto unnoticed variable winds have enabled navigators to shorten their voyages to some parts of the world by fully one-third of the usual time, and in a few instances to one-half. In speaking of the growing importance of our intercourse with the Australian Colonies, Lieutenant Maury expressed his belief that in a very few years the run to and from Australia from this country would be accomplished by ordinary good sailing vessels in one hundred and forty days, instead of, as at present, one hundred and eighty to two hundred days. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the shipowners, merchants, and mariners should take a deep interest in them. Time has ever been considered as money, and surely this was never more truly the case than at the present moment, when electric telegraphs, high-pressure locomotives, and improved screws are doing all that electricity, steam, and iron can do to annihilate space, and bring distant places together. It is thus looking, however, to shortening the voyage to and from the other side of the globe no new and costly mechanical appliances

are needed, no novel motive power is thought of, not a new rope is required, not an extra square yard of canvas is asked for—all that is needed is a thorough knowledge of the winds at sea, so that the navigator may, by avoiding such of them as are adverse to him, make use only of those which are in his favour.

In so far as this practical, matter-of-fact end is arrived at, the man of the world will of course feel warmly interested in the inquiry. But the sympathies of the student of science are not less enlisted on the same side, for he will by such means gather together many new and beautiful facts serving to illustrate the economy of Nature in some of her grandest operations. Without a doubt it will be through a knowledge of the world of winds that we shall arrive at an understanding of many phenomena at present but guessed at. The course and duration of the air-currents will explain the fertility or sterility of many large tracts of country. The direction of the winds will go far to account for the luxuriant growth of particular plants in particular localities. The winds will be found to be the great ministers of good throughout the surface of this globe, carrying on their invisible wings precious gifts yielded up by Ocean to fertilize and beautify the earth in far distant places, and by a still wider and higher influence so to equalise the ever-recurring disturbances of temperature, moisture, electricity, as to fit the world for the life and health of the many species—animal and vegetable—which exist upon its varied face.

"Fickle as the wind" is not an inapt adage, when applied to the local character of the winds. But looking at the general course of the air-currents over the ocean, if we follow the many wind-roads which stretch across the deep, we shall see that, so far from possessing any features of instability, the circulation of the atmosphere about us is fully as regular and well-defined, as are the motions of the earth itself and the other great bodies of our system. In fact, the winds are a part of that wondrous and beautiful whole which was called forth when "He measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and comprehended the dust in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in the balance." Long before modern science had told us anything concerning atmospheric phenomena, an inspired writer promulgated the whole system—"The wind goeth towards the south, and turneth about unto the north: it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits." This passage really indicates what has been passing in the world of winds since earth was created. The aberrations of air-currents upon land are but the eddies and offsets of the great atmospheric tides caused by geological irregularities, just as we find dead water and whirlpools amid the largest rivers.

The winds must no longer be regarded as types of instability, but rather as ancient and faithful chroniclers; we have but to consult them intelligently to gather from them great natural truths.

In order to learn the course of ocean currents, investigators have long been in the habit of casting into the sea, bottles, labelled and marked, so that on these being found cast ashore at remote places their course might be made known to the world. What man does with the waters Nature accomplishes unasked with the air: she strangely places tallies and marks upon the wings of the wind in certain parts of the globe, by which the philosophers in a distant country may recognise the same wind, and so trace it in its path over ocean and over land.

The sirocco, or African dust, which in spring and autumn has long been observed falling in the vicinity of the Cape de Verdes, Malta, Genoa, Lyons, and the Tyrol, was believed to have been brought from the great sandy deserts of Africa by the prevailing winds coming from that quarter, and the theory appeared plausible enough. Men of science were, however, not content to take this supposition as it stood, and thanks to recent improvements in the construction of microscopes, one persevering philosopher, Ehrenberg, has been enabled to ascertain the precise nature and consequently the original source of this supposed African dust. His examinations have demonstrated that this rain-dust does not belong to the mineral, but to the vegetable kingdom; that it consists not of earthy particles finely divided, but of minute infusoria and organisms whose habitat is not Africa, but South America, and that too in the region of the south-west trade winds. The professor was not content with examining one specimen; he compared the "rain-dust" gathered at the Cape de Verdes with that collected at Genoa, Lyons and Malta, and so closely did they all resemble each other that they might have been pronounced as taken from one spot. Nay, more than this, one species of infusoria, the *eunotia amphyois*, has often been found in this dust with its green ovaries, and therefore capable of life. That this dust could not have come from Africa is evident from its hue, which is red or cinnamon colour, whereas the sands from the great African deserts are all white or greyish.

Carrying this inquiry still further we shall by its means arrive at a key to the entire system of atmospheric currents. We have said that the rain-dust falls in the spring and autumn: the actual time has been at periods of thirty or forty days after the vernal and autumnal equinoxes. It requires no argument to demonstrate that these minute particles of organic matter must have been lifted from the surface of the earth, not during a rainy season, but at a period when

everything in the vegetable kingdom was parched and dry, and consequently in a fit condition for being carried aloft and whirled through the upper realms of air on the wings of the wind.

If we examine the seasons of the various parts of the great South American continent, we shall find that the tract of country which suffers most severely from the tropical drought at the period of the vernal equinox is the valley of the lower Orinoco; which is then parched and burnt with intense heat. Its pools are dry, its marshes and plains arid; all vegetation has ceased; the great reptiles have buried themselves deep in the sands; the hum of insect life is hushed, and the stillness of death reigns through the valley.

In the autumnal equinox we find a similar state of things in the upper Orinoco and the great Amazonian basin. It is precisely at these times that all vegetable matter is in the fittest, impalpable, and feather-light condition for being lifted up and carried away, and it is precisely at such periods of the year that these regions are visited by terrific gales, whirlwinds, and tornadoes; which, sweeping over their lifeless, death-like plains and basins, raise up vast clouds of microscopic organisms and bear them away with lightning speed to be rained down in remote countries, chroniclers of the great wind-roads of the world.

It is quite evident from what has been here stated, that for these "organisms" to be carried from south-west to north-east, immediately opposite to the course of the prevailing surface winds of those regions, there must be other upper currents performing this work. This is the case, and in stating it to be so, we arrive at a solution of the whole secret mechanism of the atmosphere: we learn how it is that "the wind goeth towards the south, and turneth about unto the north."

We on shore find the wind frequently veering about from point to point of the compass, often blowing in opposite directions during a few hours. Not unfrequently we are visited with strong gales of wind, lasting for a day or more, and then followed by heavy falls of rain and calms. Yet such winds, in comparison with the general system of atmospheric circulation, are but eddies of the main current. They have no more effect in deranging or disturbing that system than the showers which they bring with them have in altering the course of the Gulf stream or other ocean currents.

Let us see, then, what this general atmospheric system is. On either side of the equator, commencing at a distance of some few degrees from it, we find a zone of perpetual winds extending to about thirty degrees north and south. These blow constantly in similar directions as steadily and perpetually as the tides of the Thames flow and ebb, and are

called from the directions whence they come the north-east and south-east trades. These winds are constantly travelling from the poles, north and south, to the equator. Their spiral or curved motion is accounted for by the rotation of the earth on its axis from west to east. If, using the language of Lieutenant Maury, we imagine a particle of atmosphere at the north pole, where it is at rest, to be put in motion in a straight line towards the equator, we can easily see how this particle of air coming from the pole, where it did not partake of the diurnal motion of the earth, would, in consequence of its *vis inertia*, find, as it travels south, the earth slipping under it, as it were, from west to east, and thus it would appear to be coming from the north-east, and going towards the south-west: in other words, it would be a north-east wind. A similar course is followed by the wind coming from the south pole towards the equator. Now as these two winds are known to be perpetually flowing from the poles, it is quite safe for us to assume that the air which they keep in motion must return by some channels to their former places at the poles, otherwise these winds would soon exhaust the polar regions of their atmosphere, and piling it up, so to speak, about the equator, would cease to blow for the want of a fresh supply of air.

Looking at it in this light it has been assumed, and proved almost to a certainty, that there exist far above these trade-winds other and counter currents of air returning to the poles as rapidly as they are flying from it. In short that above the south-east trade there is a north-west wind, and above the north-east trade a south-west wind perpetually blowing. We have already told how Nature has so wonderfully and beautifully placed tallies on the wings of the latter, by means of the microscopic infusoria raised from the Orinoco and Amazon valleys, and doubtless this first outlining of the new Air Map will, in due course, be filled up in other parts of the world by certain indications of the true course of the upper strata of air returning towards the south pole.

Believing that these phenomena are actually in operation, we will endeavor to show more in detail the course of the "wind roads" of the world, and to do so by again making use of Lieutenant Maury's illustration of a single particle or atom of air, representing the entire volume.

We will start from the north pole, in company with our fellow atom, and here we find by some agency not yet understood that we are travelling southwards in the upper regions of the atmosphere, and not along the surface of the world, until we reach about the parallel of thirty north latitude, in the vicinity of the Canary Islands. Here we meet with a similar supposed particle, travelling also in the upper atmosphere the return journey towards the pole.

The two adverse particles press against each other with their entire force, and being of equal power, produce an equilibrium or accumulation of dead air. This is the calm belt of Cancer.

From under this belt or bank of calms, two surface currents of wind are ejected; one towards the equator and, from the cause already assigned, taking a south-westerly course as the north-east trade wind; the other towards the pole, as the south-west passage wind. These winds, coming out as they do at the lower surface of this calm region, must come from above by means of downward currents, just as we may suppose a vessel of water filled from the top by two streams flowing in from opposite directions and flowing out from two openings below in contrary channels. In support of this downward theory of the air, we find the testimony of Humboldt who tells us (as others do) that in this calm region, the barometer stands higher than it does to the north or south of it.

Not the least interesting feature of this journey of the winds, is the fact that the currents of air thus forced out from the lower surface of this calm belt, are not those which were previously travelling in the contrary direction: the wind from the pole does not sink down and return northwards as a surface wind; it has yet a long journey before it, a journey given to it to perform, by infinite wisdom, for wise and beneficent purposes: it has yet to go towards the south before it turneth about unto the north. The particle of air in company with which we have travelled thus far, makes its way by some mysterious agency—believed to be electrical, and indeed all but proved to be so by Faraday's recent discoveries—across this calm zone, but at the same time downwards, and appears on the surface going southerly as the north-east trade wind: it cannot pass along in the upper air, for there is another similar particle wending its way back to the pole, having performed the allotted circuit which this one fresh from the north is about to make.

As the north-east trade, our particle journeys until near the equator, where it encounters a similar particle as the south-east trade. Here, at this place of the equatorial meeting, there is another conflict and another calm region, as all those who have made a voyage to the south know full well. The consequence of this encounter of the two typical particles is similar to that which took place at the calm belt of Cancer, but is brought about in a different manner.

The great heat of the sun near the equator, added to the presence of the two conflicting winds one against the other, causes them to ascend, and once more crossing the belt of calms, they make their way still in their onward course; the northern particle, with which we will suppose ourselves still in com-

pany, taking an upper course, until, arrived at the zone of Capricorn, between twenty and thirty degrees of south latitude, it encounters the southerly breezes, and this time descending comes out at the lower surface on the opposite side of the calm region, and makes its way to the south pole as a surface wind. Entering the polar regions obliquely, it is pressed against by similar particles coming from every meridian, and as it approaches the higher latitudes, having less space to move in, it flies along more rapidly and more obliquely, until it, with all the rest, is whirled about the pole in a continued circular gale: at last, reaching the great polar vortex, pressed up on every side, it is carried upwards to the regions of atmosphere above, whence it commences again its circuit, and journeys back to the north as an upper current, thus fulfilling its allotted task of turning about unto the north. It now passes back over the same space, but this time its path is altered; where it was before an upper current it is now a surface wind, and *vice versa*.

Having thus pictured the wind-roads across our Air Map, we will proceed to point out the reasons for believing them to be the actual paths travelled on day by day, from year to year, in the great world of air.

It will be necessary to bear in mind the following facts, since they form the groundwork on which our structure of reasoning will be built. In the northern half of the globe land greatly predominates over water; the southern half of the world being chiefly occupied by the ocean. Nearly all the great rivers of the world are to be found north of the equator; whilst south of the line there is but one large stream, the Plata, the Amazon being in the equatorial region and receiving half its supply from the north and half from the south. In South Africa there is no river of any moment, and the rivers of Australia are insignificant.

The main source of supply for the waters of these rivers is of course to be found in the clouds, which furnish it in the shape of rain. The clouds derive their supply from the ocean, whence vapour is raised by evaporation. "All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence they came thither they return again." This is precisely what is taking place daily. If the winds did not take up from the sea large quantities of vapour, and store it in the clouds for distribution when wanted, the sea would "be full," with all these gigantic streams passing into it; yet it is never full.

The facts here given appear at first sight anomalous, but on examination they will be found to speak in favour of the theory previously advanced as to the wind-roads. The all but riverless countries of Southern America, South Africa and Australia are situated in the midst of the largest expanse

of ocean, with surface winds blowing over them that have swept the face of the waters for many thousands of miles, and which must at their temperature be heavily loaded with vapour. Yet these winds furnish no supplies of rain sufficient to form any rivers of magnitude. Those lands are almost riverless.

On the other hand the winds which blow over the gigantic rivers of the northern hemisphere—the mighty streams of America, Russia, India and China—have all traversed but little of ocean, their way from the equator has chiefly been over dry land, whence they could raise up little if any moisture. Whence then is it that countries with comparatively so little water about them should receive so copiously of rain, whilst those in the very heart of the seas are devoid of any such supply?

To take up surface water and hold it in suspense the air must be at a high temperature; to part with it again in the shape of rain its temperature must be considerably lowered. The only winds which, by reason of the temperature, can perform this lifting process, are the Trades on either side of the equatorial region. In their course over the vast body of waters, they become highly charged with vapour. On their meeting at the zone of equatorial calms they rise, reach a cooler atmosphere, and consequently become expanded and part with some of their moisture; and hence we hear of such extraordinary falls of rain in these regions as that sailors have actually taken up buckets of fresh water from the surface of the ocean during one of these down-pourings. But the winds only part with a portion of their load; the south-east trade lifts itself and its load of aqueous vapour high above the surface, and coursing on towards the north in the contrary direction of the north-east trade below, becomes gradually cooled on its way, and as it cools parts as gradually with its vapours in the shape of rain.

In like manner the north-east trade that rose as an upper current at the equator to take its way to the south, performed also its task of evaporation, but to a far less degree. Coming from the regions of the north, it is a cold wind, and therefore not in a condition to raise up vapour until it be near the equator, consequently it has but little to precipitate in the shape of rain, and hence we find the lands of the south so devoid of rivers. Were it to be otherwise than thus, were the south-east vapour-loaded winds to traverse the surface of the earth in their northerly career, they would not part with their moisture where most needed by reason of their high temperature, but would deposit the whole when arrived in the frigid zone, where least needed.

Again, if this south-east wind when it rose up was turned back in its course, and instead of passing over to the northern hemisphere

to water these vast regions of dry earth, pursued a southerly career, its stores of rain would be spent over very small tracks of earth and over immense regions of water. It is clear, therefore, that no other system than that which it is now believed is the course of the winds could be productive of the great benefits which we receive from them. The southern hemisphere may be likened to an enormous boiler, the northern to a huge condenser, by means of which all the moisture in the world is dealt with for distribution.

The one exception of the Rio de la Plata to the absence of large rivers in the south, serves equally to prove the theory. If the reader will refer to a map of the world, he will perceive that the north-east trade-wind which is lifted at the equator, passes as an upper current of precipitation over the sources of the Plata, must have crossed the equatorial region in about one hundred degrees west longitude, and, therefore, having come from the north-east, must have traversed some thousands of miles across the Atlantic, and then meeting in its southerly career with the lofty Andes, become forced up by them into still higher regions of cold, draining in its ascent the last drop of moisture from those mountains to supply the solitary river of the south.

In like manner, a reference to the map will show that the north-east wind which traverses the great Sahara of central Africa, is flung up at the equator, and thence passes over South Africa in a south-westerly direction, leaving no rain in that riverless country. Again, the same trade which sweeps the sterile, rainless steppes of Chinese Tartary, crosses the line to the southward of Ceylon, and thence takes its vapourless way over the great Australian continent, where also there are no rivers of any size.

There is a remarkable circumstance connected with whirlwinds at sea, or cyclones as they are termed, which goes far to confirm this theory of our Air Map. In the northern hemisphere, all these circular storms revolve from right to left; in the south they revolve from left to right; and these are precisely the courses indicated by the present theory, which the various currents of atmosphere take at the two poles in their return circuits.

We have thus given the main features of the great wind-roads of this earth, as laid down by Lieutenant Maury. There are, however, many lesser tracts—small footways, as it were—diverging from the main trunk roads of the atmosphere, which taking their course and strength from the varied surface of the land follow irregular, and, as yet, but little known directions. It is to these, and to the confirmation of what is already believed to be the case, that the attention of nautical observers is wished to be directed, so that, in the course of time, by the united

efforts of British and American navigators, we may be enabled to fill up the many blank and uncertain spaces in our great Air Map.

GONE!

I HAVE the letter yet, Minnie,
You sent the very day
That gave your first-born to your arms,
And I was far away.
I saw through every trembling line
How precious was the boy,
How pleasure shook the weakened hand
That wrote to wish me joy.

Of all thy mother's little ones,
The plaything and the pet,
Poor children, lovingly they come
To rock the cradle yet;
And, knowing not how sound his sleep,
All arts to wake him try.
Alas! from so much love, Minnie,
To think that he should die!

Look at the small pure hand, Minnie,
So motionless in mine,
I used to let it, soft and warm,
About my finger twine.
And as it fastened in my heart
That slight uncertain hold,
Its touch will linger on my hand
Till my hand too is cold.

Our bridal day: that summer day!
Dost thou remember now?
Joy's blossoms were unsullied then
As these about thy brow.
Thank God! I have my fair bride still;
And, by thy loving eye,
Thou wouldst not give me up, Minnie,
E'en that he might not die.

A Heaven of safety and repose;
Ah! should we wish him back
From its clear lights and thornless flowers
To tread life's dusty track.
Think what a radiant little one
Shall meet us by-and-by.
And yet that he should die, Minnie—
Alas, that he should die!

BAD LUCK AT BENDIGO.

ARRIVED at Melbourne on the nineteenth of September, I took an early opportunity of distributing my pile of letters of introduction. Found, that although addressed by influential people to influential people, they were altogether valueless. Influential friends in England were at that time showing no mercy to the Melbourne people, who received a great many more draughts upon their courtesy than it was possible for them to honour.

I agreed then to join a party of my fellow passengers, and try fortune's temper with them at the diggings. All the tools and implements which my new friends had brought from London being buried at the bottom of

the ship's hold, we were told that some days must elapse before they could be disinterred. As for myself, I had taken out only a knapsack and a sea chest. If I ever were to make the trip again I should take only a knapsack. Not meaning to be detained for an indefinite time we resolved, bold Layards that we were, to institute some excavations on our own account. We set to work therefore at once, and had no lack of curious discoveries. Barrels of flour, casks of stout, bags of sugar, bales of slops, butts of water, bundles of spades, we dragged and hauled about, meeting with a little of everything except the things we wanted. After lighting an unlawful lantern, and exploring all the crannies, we at last saw, at the bottom of a well dug through the other merchandize, a cart. We hoped it was our own, and after several hours' labour, during which we moved, among other articles, a grand piano in a case, we came down cleverly upon it. "Just you let that air cart alone, will you?" Truly we had no right to touch it, for it was not ours. More hours' labour, and at last we got our property together; ours, because I had bought my share in it. The cart had been brought out, in the innocent belief that horses were to be bought at about fifteen pounds each. The price of a horse we found was about seventy pounds. One we learnt also would not be enough; two would be required, and they would very likely be both stolen before the week was out. Tools of all kinds which we had brought from the other end of the world were to be bought at the diggings, from men leaving, at a trifle less than the common London price. Nobody carried picks and shovels out from Melbourne with him. The best thing we could do we did; put everything into a sale, and so got rid of all encumbrance.

The only thing we did not sell, of all our London importations, was a tent, which we proposed sending to the diggings by a carrier. After a search through the town which cost us a whole day, we at last found a carrier starting to Bendigo—our destination—who for the moderate sum of eight guineas, engaged to take charge of 'our gold-diggers' home.

The next morning we were up betimes, had an early breakfast, and equipped ourselves in marching order. Each of us strapped on a belt, containing a revolver, an axe, and a knife; each carried on his shoulders a knapsack and blanket, and slung by his side a haversack with bread, meat, and a can for water. So furnished, off we started. The transition from town to bush is very abrupt, and in a few minutes we seemed to have passed all traces of civilisation. We halted at midday, and dined. After an hour's rest strapped on our "swag" again and went our way. At sunset we found ourselves in a rough-looking country, abounding with volcanic boulders, and very scant of trees.

There was a clump of them to be seen on our right, and as a supply of wood is very necessary for judicious camping, we selected that clump as our lodging for the night. On reaching it we found it to be located upon very swampy land, and promising a bed infested with a new kind of jumper—not with fleas, but frogs. Frogs were hopping about there by tens of thousands.

We had not yet been broken in to all that sort of thing; we minded frogs, and therefore I suggested that we should be careful to pick out the highest and the driest spot. We did so, and then having thrown the knapsacks from our aching shoulders, cut down wood with our axes and kindled a bonfire, which we set to roar against the trunk of a fine tree. Thereupon we made ourselves some tea in our tin pots, and sat down upon our knapsacks to a hearty supper. While munching we were accosted by three horsemen, stock farmers, on their way home. They cheered us with the information that if we were bound for Bendigo we were not on the right track, at the same time pointing out Mount Macedon in the distance (a hint afterwards important to us), by which they said the road wound; then wishing us luck they rode off.

To have gone astray in the wood like the famous babies was no great luck, but it consoled us that we could be savage; London savages. We took to forest life, as boys to cricket. First, we cut down about a cart-load of wood and built it into a heap near the fire, for use as fuel. Then, with the bushy ends of the branches, we formed about ourselves a sort of hedge to keep the wind off. Within our enclosure we arranged that each should watch in turn for two hours during the night; that is to say, from eight o'clock till daybreak. I lay down on the ground, head on knapsack, hand to pistol, feet to fire, and in three minutes was sound asleep. At two o'clock I was roused to take my watch, and found the stock of wood exhausted and the fire low; so I took my axe, and kept myself awake by hacking away at the trees in the dark—a good savage amusement—splashing about, ankle deep in water, because I could not see to pick my steps. There is a wild charm after all about a night bivouac, of which a man must be a dullard if he is not sensible. I grew to like it. But for the scandal I should now be glad to quit my house in Camberwell of nights, and go to bed by a bonfire set alight under the lamp-post. I used never to tire of watching the fitful flame that embraced the tree, against which it was always kindled, killing it with kisses; of the dimly defined trunks that formed our chamber wall, and against which hung our havresacks; of the wild firelit figures of the sleepers, with their arms in readiness; and, of the silence, broken only by the wind that moaned in the dim forest. So we enjoyed our first night in the

bush. At daybreak I aroused our party; and, after a refreshing wash in the next puddle, we had breakfast, and resumed our journey.

Noonday halt and evening camp were the same for several days. Our route lay through a picturesque country, with many signs of volcanic origin. On the evening of the fourth day we camped at the bottom of a dell, by the side of a pleasant running stream, among enormous fragments of volcanic stone. Towards the middle of the night it rained heavily. The rain awoke me, but as it could not be turned off by any tap I knew of, I lay still. After a short time I heard a low conversation between two of my companions. They were uncomfortable. Very much so. They did not like it. Our meat was all gone, and nothing remained but a few biscuits. When they also were gone we might be starved to death. Goaded by such horrible thoughts I heard them conspiring how they would return to Melbourne. Day broke; and during breakfast (which consisted of a biscuit each) they broached to me their plot. I asked them, Did they want to go back for umbrellas? As for provisions, it was certain that we must soon come upon some flocks of sheep, when we could buy one and eat it. Finally, I declared that I meant to go on, that I was willing to wait two hours in our camp while they tried about for mutton; but if they did not, by the end of that time, return to me, I should go on alone. I had—each of us had—three biscuits; I would put myself upon a biscuit a day; and there was no fear but that within three days I should meet with something eatable.

They consented to this plan, and off they went. When the two hours were fully up I climbed on to the highest boulder for a parting look after my comrades, and fancied that I saw them in the distance; fired my pistol, and was answered by another. I then waited. They came back unsuccessful, very sulky; moreover, they had been scurrily used. Seeing a man at a distance they had gone up to him to ask for food, when he savagely presented a pistol, threatening to shoot them if they did not keep their distance. The stranger had no food to spare for them, and did not know where they could get any. Now, it happened that during the absence of my friends I had been thinking, and had come to the resolve, that if compelled to travel by myself, I would abandon the tracks, which are the marks left by the carts going to the diggings. These tracks often wind very circuitously to avoid the hills; and I saw no reason why, guided by a pocket compass and an excellent map of the colony that I had with me, I should not try for a straight cut across the country. Mount Macedon, a known point, was visible in the distance, and I calculated that if I crossed the chain of mountains, of which Macedon forms part, I

a N.N.W. direction, I should save many miles of journey. All this I stated to my comrades; and, after much discussion, it was agreed that we would try the adventure of a dash into the pathless country.

So we did; and, after crossing solitary plains, arrived by night at hills covered with dense wood. We supped upon half a biscuit each, and in the morning breakfasted upon the other half. Then, with angry stomachs, we resumed our march. It would be difficult to convey an idea of the intense labour and fatigue we next experienced. For miles after miles our course lay across mountains heavily timbered, overgrown with thick tangled underwood. Of level open ground there was literally not an acre; the base of one mountain joined to the base of the next, with a quagmire always at the point of junction. At the top of each mountain, as well as at the bottom, the compass was referred to, and there were bearings taken. Mountain after mountain we had scaled, frequently obliged to cling with both our hands, and pause to pant for breath at every few steps. How often, on arriving at the summit of some height, we looked eagerly forward, hoping to see an expanse of clear, level ground! But no, there was ever another mighty barricade to climb over, and our limbs ached and our stomachs hungered at the sight.

Once through an opening in the forest, I caught sight of Mount Macedon, and calling my companions pointed it out to them. On examining the compass we found that our course was exactly true. By that discovery they got a little confidence.

We had been, for a long time, forcing our way through the tangled underwood to the top of one particular mountain which, from the bleached skeleton of a sheep that we found on the top, I claimed my right, as a pioneer, to call Mount Skeleton. When we did reach the top of that mount we were utterly exhausted, and for some time totally unable to go any farther. Flinging ourselves on our backs, panting for breath, and all of us black as sweeps (from contact with the trunks of the trees, blackened by bush fires) we were too tired to speak or stir, and lay stretched out as motionless as though we ourselves had been, or were about to become skeletons. Flocks of brightly coloured birds danced in the air about us, screaming, perhaps a wake; and the laughing jaguar (commonly called jackass) with his loud Ha, ha, ha! seemed to consider our predicament the happiest of jokes.

Suddenly a report was heard, quickly followed by another, and another. Something mortal that way came. Forgetful of fatigue up we started, and made off in the direction of the sound. Down the side of the mountain we went, plunging through the underwood, heedless of pain, and came at last upon a stockman driving a team of bullocks. He told us that we could get meat, flour, and

other necessities, at a station a few miles further on; that we were right for Bendigo, and had saved twenty miles by our short cut. So, bidding him good day, we pushed on for the station. There we told the owner what we wanted, and he led us into a large, rough, wooden building like an English barn; but instead of corn in it, there were commodities of all kinds; the place was a general store. The farmers in the interior, when they sell their wool, lay in at such places a sufficient stock of everything they are likely to want for a year. We each bought flour and a quarter of mutton. That is the smallest quantity sold; and, during the heat of the Australian summer, it is generally half thrown away, for it becomes covered with maggots a few hours after it is killed. Ours was a hot summer experience, and I may state generally that we were obliged to eat our meat either before the warmth of life was out of it, or else with more life in it than might be palatable to anybody nice about his dinner.

Next day we resumed our journey, which still lay through forest. In a few hours we came upon an extensive encampment, and found that it was composed of some sixty emigrants on the way to the diggings. They complained sadly of the difficulty they had in finding enough food for so many; had no compass among them, and had lost their way repeatedly since they first came into the wood. It was the famous Black Forest, in which, as we journeyed on, we passed several other parties going up to Bendigo. It was wretched work for horses there, and bullocks; numbers of them lay like camels in the desert, dead by the roadside. The tracks were ploughed up to the very axles. Frequently a dray would be bogged, and it would be the work of sixteen oxen fastened on to extricate it. At other times the road on a hill side was so shelving, that there were ropes fastened to one side of the dray, and held by men, to prevent an overturn.

We had been eleven days in the Black Forest, and were growing tired of its scorched trunks. It is a notorious place for bush-rangers, who come and go with a strange suddenness. Of this we had an instance. We had halted at mid-day, and were deep in the mysteries of cooking, when a horse's head was laid affectionately on my shoulder. I felt for my pistol, and turning round, faced a bold horseman, quite of the Claude du Val school. He was mounted on a blood mare, wore long riding boots of polished enamelled leather, had a Colt's revolver in his belt, another pair in his holsters, and a green veil hanging from his broad straw hat. The long lash of a handsomely mounted stock whip was coiled elegantly in his hand. Probably he came to reconnoitre; but as he found us too well armed for his purpose, he simply asked the usual question, "Had we seen any

bullocks!" to which we replied No, and asked in return where we could buy meat. He directed us to a station and rode off. Not one of our party had seen his approach until he was close upon us. Had we not been well armed (we took care to let him satisfy his mind on that point), we should certainly have been attacked.

Then we had an odd parody upon shopping in the bush. We saw by public advertisement upon a paper, nailed against a tree, like the boots of Bombastes, that meat and flour were to be sold hard by. The place indicated was a station, situated on a gently rising ground, around which ran a clear stream. As there was no bridge to be seen, I volunteered to leap across the water, and bring back supplies for all our party. So I did. The building, when I reached it, proved to be of the rudest kind. The walls were of hewn planks, clumsily nailed together, having crevices between them wide enough to let the hand through; the floor was of beaten clay. There were no flowers planted there, and no attempt whatever had been made to give an air of comfort to the place. Yet I learned that the owner and his family had been residing in that shed for sixteen years. I went with the dairy-woman to an outhouse for provisions. She was very independent, and on my politely expressing a preference for another joint instead of the one she wished to sell, I was told that there was my beef, and that I might take it, or leave it, she did not care which. A coarse joint being better than no meat, I decided of course to take it, and also bought some flour, paying sixpence for the pound of each. I asked whether there was not a bridge by which I could return; she said there was a small one on the other side for their own use, but that it would not suit them to build bridges for strangers. I was glad to leave the scornful lady and return to my companions; but they, during my absence, had been walking on by the side of the stream. I shouted to them and they stopped; but when I came up loaded with my meat and flour, I found the stream between us rather more than could be taken at a leap; the only way of crossing for a stranger was to wade through it. So I put down the flour upon the grass, and walked into the little river, meat in hand. The water rose to my chest, but I soon crossed, and handing up the meat went back to fetch the flour, which also was brought over safely. Now, I think a little competition would have rubbed the rust off those uncivil shopkeepers. And who knows that there may not be a very Oxford Street of shops fifty years hence, across that hill; for we were there getting to the verge of the Black Forest, and soon after quitting it, the country became more open, and we met more travellers. Tents for the sale of provisions, were set up at short intervals, and all fears upon the score of provender were at rest. On the last night's

camp, before entering Bendigo, I felt a desire to wash the linen frock and trousers which I had worn during the journey, for I had noticed what appeared to be a nice pool of water close at hand. I took, therefore, my piece of soap, put on my other suit of clothes out of my knapsack, and set off. Down went "my wash" beneath the crystal surface; but oh! woe was me when it came up again, converted into a thick lump of green slime. Rinse it off I could not, for the whole pool was a fraud, a trick of Nature played on the unwary traveller. The top of the water was indeed clear, but underneath it was a museum of aquatic botany. Naturally disconcerted, I set to work with my knife to scrape off the mass of specimens that I had thus collected, and next morning had to squeeze the clothes into my knapsack, streaky, smeary, and damp, a lump of linen most ridiculous and lamentable.

After we had been fourteen days on the journey through the wood as aforesaid, we reached Bendigo. Pits, tents, and people gradually became numerous. On each side of the dusty path the earth was turned up, and there were miners at work; stores of goods were exposed for sale. We inquired our way to the Commissioner's camp, in order that we might be ready to get our licences in the morning, for we had no mind to lose time, and having taken up a satisfactory position, flung off our loads like pilgrims, with our progress ended, and so camped at last within our golden city.

In the morning our first care was to seek the tent of which the carrier had taken charge. We could not find it; we never did find it. The carrier had taken our eight guineas, and remained charged with the tent into the bargain. He would not burden us again with it, good man. We also looked about for second-hand tools, and of these we found that there were plenty to be had, at reasonable prices. Having made our purchases, and taken out our licences, we went back to our location, voting ourselves worthy of a holiday for the remainder of the day. That over we set to work, and dug four holes. After delving down to a depth of about six feet, the water came into our holes, and we came out of them. We found this to be a common accident, numbers of pits being rendered useless by the underground springs. Shifting our operations we sunk four holes more, and were busy in them for some days. The ground was obstinately hard, being a burnt clay, and every shovel full of earth that we threw out could be thrown out only after it had been loosened by the pickaxe. We had built a hut of boughs to shield us from the mid-day sun; the days were very hot, but the nights dreadfully cold. One night while we were asleep a heavy rain set in, which lasted until morning. The boughs, of course, afforded no protection; we and our blankets were soon dripping wet; the camp

fire was extinguished, and the ground around us a complete lake district. If there was anything that my companions particularly hated it was rain, for their umbrellas were unfortunately left in London. It occurred to me that our best course was to build a hut which should be quite as sound as an umbrella. This was proposed and agreed to; we arranged to work at the pits and the hut alternately. We had by that time come to the bottom of one pit about twenty feet deep, without getting anything more satisfactory out of it, than if we had gone out to dig on Putney Common. Therefore we set to work on fresh holes.

After a time we wanted flour, and one evening, after our day's work was finished, I, and another of our party went to purchase it. Knowing how quickly darkness succeeds sunset there, we walked as fast as we could to the store, which was about two miles distant. Having made our purchases, we returned, but were soon unable to see the path. The light had faded into darkness, and the intricacy of so many paths as there were winding among the excavations, puzzled us completely. To make matters worse, we did not know how to describe the position of our camp. The nearest known point was the Commissioner's station, and our hut was a mile distant from it. We certainly could lie down where we were, and wait until morning, but as we could not camp down properly, for want of blankets, axe and matches, we did not like the option.

After spending some time over experimental trips, we spied a camp fire, and went up to it to ask of the inmates, at any rate, could they be so kind as to tell us the way to the Commissioner's? On our approach two bull-dogs, chained to a stake, sprang forward and almost choked themselves in their attempt to get at us. They were Bendigo watchmen. I knew an unfortunate man out late at night, who, passing on his way between two tents, was seized by the dogs belonging to them, and had his flesh nearly torn from his bones before he was rescued. Well, when we had told our story, a man very kindly said that he would go with us himself, and show us the way on: just as he might have done in London. Setting out again at a sharp pace, he led us along a path, still winding between deep pits that were dug on either side. I was congratulating myself on our escape from a great risk of being lost among them, when, stepping on what appeared to be dry, level ground, I sank down, in an instant, to my chest. As I was altogether vanishing I shouted out, and our conductor, turning round, had time to catch my hand. There was no time lost, and I was just struggling out, as my companion, who followed closely at my heels, went in behind me. We pulled him also out, and although it was but a dirty joke, we could not help laughing at our own condition. We were both encased in a thick coating of wet

clay, nearly up to our necks; for we had sunk into a worked out hole, which had been filled up with the wet refuse of other pits. We had become a pair of plaster images, and only wanted an Italian boy to put us on a board, and sell us as Greek slaves.

In a few minutes more we came to the Commissioner's, and our guide repeating his regret for our misfortune took his leave. Left to ourselves, we again tried to find the way to our hut, crossing and recrossing in different directions. At last, when it was nearly midnight, we gave up our search as hopeless. But what could we do? We could not lie down in night-dresses of wet clay, and we could light no fire. I proposed that we should go to the police camp at the Commissioner's, and ask leave to lie down by the fire there until morning. The suggestion was approved, and, ascending the hill on which their watch-fires blazed, we considerably surprised the police force by the extraordinary appearance of two plaster casts in search of a bed. Leave to rest was of course readily granted, but there was no spare blanket or horsecloth with which we poor images might cover ourselves. We lay down by the fires, cold to the bones, or the wires, if we were really casts. Then one of the sentinels (a good fellow), with an oath declaring that he could not see men in such a state, took off his great-coat and placed it at our disposal. We thanked him heartily, stripped off our wet clothes, and covered ourselves over with it.

In spite of my fatigue I could not sleep: sometimes the wind would come rushing and eddying, now driving the flame almost over us, and the next minute taking all the warmth out of our marrow. The scene around, too, was very novel and exciting to the fancy. Out of the wall of gloom, beyond the glare of the fire, tall military figures, well-armed, came and went, frequently stopping to examine us—as if they thought of buying us—with some degree of curiosity. At half-hour intervals, a sentinel close to our ears called out in a loud voice, "Number one—all's well!" which was immediately answered from a distant spot, by "Number two—all's well!" Then Number three, and, lastly, Number four vouched for the well-being of their respective posts. And so that long night passed. At the first dawn of morning I jumped up, and as the plaster on my clothes had set quite hard, I began banging them upon a log close by. This knocked it off, and knocked up my companion, who soon followed my example. A fine cloud we raised together, in which we were both concealed, as though we had been really heathen gods, Cupids or Apollos made of other stuff than plaster. Before leaving, we each offered to the good-natured sentinel some money as a return for his kindness, but he positively refused it, nor could we prevail upon him to accept anything more than a hearty shake of the hand, as we bade him a cordial good-bye. With the light came a release from our

difficulties, and in a quarter of an hour we regained our own abode.

Our hut then occupied the whole of our spare time. The framework was composed of the trunks of trees, which we felled, and lopped, and fixed in the earth, fitted with ridge poles and rafters, and across which we stretched a tarpaulin. The sides were filled in with turf sods, set in wet clay. There only remained the two ends to complete. At this stage of our career my companions became disheartened. There was no success in digging. The work was very severe, the discomfort was excessive, and we had to support ourselves entirely with the money we had brought out with us: the prices of all kinds of food (and that none of the choicest) being enormous. At last one of our men declared his intention of abandoning the diggings altogether. He should go back to Melbourne. Off he went. A few days more of hard work, and no pay, ate up the patience of the other two, and they also departed, urging me very much to go with them. I steadily refused, because I had determined to give my undertaking a fair three months' trial.

Left alone with my own thoughts at the other side of the world, I was amused, and perhaps now and then touched by the aspect of shiftlessness and incompleteness that belongs to a community, consisting almost wholly of men. I was standing one day in the forest talking to some men, whose beards of many months' growth, bronzed complexions, and rough dress, gave them a savage appearance, when, suddenly, a lady on horseback (probably the wife of the Commissioner), followed by a servant, appeared. All conversation instantly ceased, and we followed her with our eyes until the last flutter of her riding habit was lost amongst the trees. On her disappearance one of the men, with a deep gasp, as if he had not breathed for the last few minutes, exclaimed, "Ah, a sight like that does a man good."

I was left quite alone, but even that did not discourage me, as I considered that if the toil was greater, so also might be the reward. I continued at work as before; but, although I found gold, it was in such small quantities, that, as an Irishman said, it would take a ton of it to weigh a pound. One evening, soon after my companions had left, I went to the store to buy a camp oven, which I brought home with me. It was very rusty, but I thought it would bake none the worse for that. After washing myself I went to bed. In about an hour the palm of my left hand (which was covered with broken blisters, from the constant use of the axe) began to ache very much; the pain increased fast, and in the morning my hand was very much swollen. From bad, it rapidly increased to worse, and at the end of the week my hand and arm run together into one unsightly mass. The rust had acted on my blistered fingers. The pain was agonising, it allowed

me no rest day or night. Not only was I unable to work, but I could scarcely dress myself, or cook. The slightest movement gave me increased pain. At the end of a fortnight the inflammation came to a head, and no less than five openings formed; four in my arm, one in the palm of my hand. Those who have never been in Australia can form no idea how rapidly under its hot sun inflammation advances. Since I had no one to bring me the least help, the fever became aggravated. Sometimes I was nervously at work for three quarters of an hour trying to get a fire, sitting on a log and blowing it with one hand, whilst the pain in the other was distracting me. Then perhaps, just as I thought that I had coaxed a few sparks into action, a great gust of wind rushed in from the unfinished end of my hut, killed them entirely, and dispersed their ashes. I know what utter desolation is, since I have tasted illness thus alone in the backwoods. Scarcely able to dress myself (indeed I was obliged for several nights to lie down in my clothes, being unable to get them off), and quite deprived of power to use my axe, I could but make a fire with the small sticks blown down from the trees, which I gleaned from the ground, wandering about like an old woman for the purpose. Through the open ends of my hut, clouds of dust came whirling. The commonest necessary I had to fetch for myself, however high the fever, from a distance; and the water, which it cost me much trouble to procure, was of the colour of pea-soup. I was obliged to drink it, and also to use it with my tea. All that I could do for myself, as a physician, was to apply bread poultices (requiring for the purpose one half-quarter loaf three times a day, at a daily expense for the three loaves of seven-and-sixpence), together with warm fomentations. One night I lay down as usual, having bathed my wounds, applied fresh poultices, clean bandages, and finally wrapped a clean kerchief over all. Next morning at daybreak I took off the bandages, and who cannot understand my horror on perceiving that the wound in my palm was alive with maggots. Some one of the blowflies, of which there were millions about, had during the night crept in through the linen folds and done the mischief. I remained for a few moments stupefied at the sight—almost cast down into complete despair. Oh for a familiar hand or voice at that moment! However, the necessity for exertion soon made itself felt, and hastening my fire to boil the water, I sat down on a log, penknife in hand, and cut the maggots out; then I fomented the whole wound with boiling water. Happily I succeeded in the work of extirpation. I was afraid lest the corruption might have penetrated to the bone, in which case I should have attempted the amputation of my hand, for travelling to Melbourne in any such condition was impossible.

For six weeks I led this life, which would have tried Robinson Crusoe; confined to my hut, except when I was obliged to go out to purchase necessities, counting the flight of time by the course of the sun by day, and of the moon by night. I dared not leave to go down to Melbourne, as my wounds required incessant care, and water was not always to be had upon the journey. I dreaded mortification, but at last the wounds closed. I resumed the spade, but found my hand unable to sustain the shock of digging. I then determined to quit Bendigo. Disposing of all my tools for half the amount they cost me, I packed up my knapsack, sewed my money under my arms, filled my haversack with bread and meat, and so bade farewell to the golden soil.

It was most necessary that no time should be lost on the journey, as if I had any relapse upon the road I should be worse off than ever. I was of course very much weakened and reduced. My face, which, two months before, had become copper-coloured from the exposure to the sun and air, was almost white. Loaded with the impediments essential to bush travel, I started on Tuesday at noon, and camped outside Melbourne on Friday night, having walked in three days and a half one hundred and thirty miles, of which the greatest part lay through hilly and forest country. I completely wore down both my shoes and stockings to the ground. Several times I was obliged to stop, when I found a stream, and wash my feet, which were very painful, and became encased with dirt and blood. A pair of socks, that I bought at a store in the way, were cut to pieces by the end of the day because my shoes afforded them no shelter. At one time during my journey I had to rub on for twenty-four hours without tasting food. I had taken the wrong track in the Black Forest, and so missed the lush inn where I had hoped to replenish; and having finished my last biscuit on Thursday morning, it was not until two o'clock on Friday that I ate anything more.

After getting into Melbourne, I spent nearly a whole day in hunting through the town to get a lodging. What I at last did get was a room containing nothing but a bare mattress, a cane chair, and an empty box for table. For the use of all this, and food, I was to pay two pounds a-week. Money would scarcely purchase vegetables or fruit, of which I was in great need. My landlady sent all over the town to get me a cabbage for my dinner, but not one could be procured for any price. The governors of the hospital at that time were indeed advertising for some one to contribute a few cabbages for the poor patients. The diggers' diet prevailed very much, perforce, in Melbourne: mutton, damper and tea. The miserable accommodation I have just described was in a few days taken from me, the owner wanting

the room for himself; so I then camped in Canvas town until I finally returned to England.

THE GIPSY SLAVES OF WALLACHIA.

ALL travellers who have journeyed from Zemlitz on the Danube to Bucharest, agree in painting the country they are obliged to traverse in the most sombre colours. Once out of sight of the lines of trees that border the Danube, you enter upon an interminable dismal plane, with a level horizon that surrounds you like a circle, of which you are ever the centre. There are no objects behind, to mark your progress by their gradual disappearance; there is nothing ahead, to encourage you on; no mountains of blue rising higher and higher, becoming substantial as you advance, breaking up their long line into peaks and valleys bristling with crags or clothed in forest. If you would know that you are in motion, you must look upon the ground beneath your feet and see the pebbles and plants pass slowly backwards as your waggon moves sleepily on, or whirl dimly by as the karoutchor pursues its mad career. In winter time, an additional dreariness is given to this desert by the absence of the sun, which is hidden from view by one vast cloud stretching from horizon to horizon, low down, so as almost to resemble a mist just risen from the earth. Here and there, a few slight elevations, a foot or two high, indicate the presence of an underground village. At various distances, tall poles rise into the air, marking the positions of wells, around which the sky is speckled by flights of crows and vultures. Now and then you meet parties of peasants clothed in sheepskin, and wearing prodigious moustachios, wandering across the level. At night the only sound is the wind whistling through the low bushes, occasionally bringing to the ear the reports of a volley of musketry fired by some party of travellers who amuse themselves in this martial way.

It is not uncommon in crossing these sad plains to come upon groups of wild-looking individuals, black as Ethiopians, scantily covered by old rags, stepping jauntily out, waving their arms, nodding their heads, rattling fragments of songs, and clattering together as they go the blacksmith's tools which they bear upon their backs. Further on, perhaps, when night has fallen, an hour or two after these odd-looking people have gone ahead of your waggon (they take two strides for one of your oxen) the ground ahead will probably become spangled as with glow-worms; and presently a sort of whirlwind of strange sounds, half song, half shout, will be borne by the night breeze, to mingle with the buzz of your own caravan, and the creaking of the wheels. You have come upon a village, an encampment, a burrow of gipsy troglodytes (dwellers in caves), who are either

sitting around the remains of the fires they have lighted to cook their evening meal, or, with open doors or traps, by the light of a candle stuck in the ground, are engaged in smoking red clay or cherry-wood pipes, and drinking the harsh wine of the country.

These people are of the most humble and most unfortunate section of the Wallachian people, the Zigans, who of old formed a flourishing little state, paying tribute to the Greek empire, but who are now reduced to a condition of abject slavery. Their history is most obscure, and it is not with certainty known whence they came or by what steps they descended to their present level. It seems certain, however, that they belong to the same family of wanderers who are known in Egypt as *Gaynas*, in Hungary as *Zingari*, in Germany as *Zigeuner*, in Spain as *Gitanos*, in France as *Bohemians*, and in England as *Gipsies*. Their own traditions derive them from Syria, whence they were transported in the eighth century, by one of the Greek emperors, to Thrace. On account of some peculiarities in their manners, perhaps of some strange forms of doctrine, they seem to have become detested and despised by neighbouring nations, and especially by the Mohammedans. When the Turks penetrated into their territory, instead of merely requiring tribute from them, they attacked them with fury, dispersed them, hunted them down like wild beasts, and condemned those to perpetual servitude whose lives they spared. In this persecution they were encouraged by the Christians: who shared, indeed, the greater part of the newly made serfs among themselves. It is estimated that at present there are more than twenty-three thousand Zigan families in Moldo-Wallachia, comprising about a hundred and fifty thousand souls. A certain number of these belong to the State, which employs them in mines and public works; whilst the others are divided among the monasteries and the Boyards. Some of these latter possess as many as five or six thousand, engaged in part in the most laborious works connected with their estates, in part let out upon hire. They sell or exchange them at certain fixed periods of the year, bringing them like cattle to market; until lately, they treated them with such severity that they not unfrequently drove them to suicide. Many Boyards of humane character now grant a semi-liberty to their Zigans, allowing them for so much a year to go about as they please, seeking for work, and retaining the produce of it. Once every spring, the half-enfranchised slave must make his appearance and pay his tribute. Sometimes, also, he brings an instalment of his own price, and thus manages by degrees to free himself. An industrious man may earn his liberty in ten years; but this unfortunate race has been so brutalised by long suffering, and is so addicted to every kind of debauchery, that very few succeed in rescuing themselves from bondage. Amongst

the Boyards of the present day there are a good many whose copper complexion, white teeth, and general cast of countenance, evidently prove them to be descended from Zigans.

The physical constitution of this unhappy people is strongly marked. The men are generally of lofty stature, robust and sinewy. Their skin is black or copper-coloured; their hair, thick and woolly; their lips are of negro heaviness, and their teeth as white as pearls; the nose is considerably flattened, and the whole countenance is illumined, as it were, by lively rolling eyes. All, without exception, wear beards. Their dress consists commonly of a piece of tattered cloth thrown carelessly around them: perhaps an old bed-curtain given by some master, or a blanket that has gone through every degree of fortune, until it has been rejected by the scullion.

As is the case in many savage tribes, the women are either extremely ugly or extremely handsome. Most of the Zigana are beautiful up to the age of twenty; but, after that time, they suddenly shrink and shrivel, change colour, bend, and lose the lightness of their step, as if an enchanter's wand had changed them from youth, admired and wooed, to dishonoured old age. The dress of these women is peculiar, consisting generally of nothing but a tight tunic or bodice made of sheepskin, and scarcely reaching to the knees. It leaves their legs, their arms, and their necks bare. Over their heads the most coquettish throw a white veil, and some few indulge in leather sandals. As ornaments they wear earrings of brass filigree, necklaces of paras strung upon a slender thong, and a variety of metal bracelets. The children go naked up to the age of ten or twelve, and whole swarms of girls and boys may sometimes be seen rolling about together in the dust or mud in summer, in the water or snow in winter—like so many black worms. As you pass by, a dozen heads of matted hair and a dozen pairs of sharp eyes are raised towards you, and you are greeted with a mocking shout, which alone tells you that the hideous things are your fellow-creatures.

In fine weather the Zigan is a very independent being. He sleeps in the open air, in the forests, in the fields, in the streets of the towns—anywhere, in fact, where he can find a place to lay his head. However, it is their custom, for the summer season, to erect little sheds of canvas, of straw, of branches, or of mud; whilst in winter they scratch deep holes in the earth, which they roof with reeds and turf. Their furniture is surprisingly simple, consisting of an old kettle, a few two-pronged forks, and perhaps a pair of scissors, a poignard, and a gourd to hold brandy, or arakee—to the use of which this race is particularly addicted. When they have stowed these articles in their holes, or under a shed, they call the place their home,

the youth goes to the father of the girl he has chosen, and, after some attempts at politeness—as offering a pipe, or praising the size of the old gentleman's beard—comes straight to the point, and proposes himself as a son-in-law. Few questions are asked, few conditions made. Unless there be some important objection, the young lover receives permission to call his comrades together, and build a hut during the course of the night to receive his bride. The very next day he requests his mother to prepare a full pot of porridge, and then repairs to the dwelling—a hole six feet square, or perhaps a tent of branches—where the maiden of his choice, dressed in her sheepskin tunic, with a veil borrowed from a neighbour, is modestly crouching in a corner. He takes her by the hand and leads her to where his family is collected. The oldest man of the tribe is there by appointment, encouraged by a fee of a few handfuls of porridge, and hastily mutters a few words by way of blessing. This is the whole ceremony, if, indeed, the great feed that follows be not more worthy of that name; and thus the Zigans continue from generation to generation. We are sorry to be obliged to add that both women and men are, as a rule, exceedingly debauched.

MR. GULLIVER'S ENTERTAINMENT.

JAMES GULLIVER respectfully submits to the attention of a discerning public the following detail of facts, upon which he proposes to found, during the approaching winter season, a new public entertainment. It is James Gulliver's firm determination not to gull the public, and he therefore frankly states that in obtaining from the conductor of Household Words an introduction into the majestic presence of the English people, it is his hope that he may not only save himself a large outlay in posters, but receive money instead of paying it for the insertion, in that widely circulated journal, of the following advertisement.

For many years James Gulliver has watched the growth of popular intelligence and taste in England and America, and has endeavoured to keep pace with it. New York and London are no longer to be amused with the inexhaustible bottles and mysterious cards of the professed conjuror. Mysteries must be real to satisfy the age. To fetch a guinea, the exhibitor must raise a ghost. To fetch a crown, it is requisite at least that J. G. should in sober seriousness produce evidence of having discovered as much as his distinguished forefather Lemuel. The ground, however, being already occupied, so far as concerns the discovery of a new people entitled Lilliputians, two of which are now being exhibited in London, and there being not much hope for a rival show of Brobdignagians, James Gulliver has sought in new

directions, and has happily succeeded in obtaining the distinguished aid of the late Mr. Lucian, of Samosata, near the Euphrates, in the production of an exhibition which he flatters himself will be more surprisingly agreeable than anything yet seen in London.

Very recently a young man of business having had occasion to consult the spirit of a deceased partner on the subject of an error made by him while living, in the transfer of some entries from the waste book, was surprised by the statement of Miss Fraude, the medium, that an old school-friend desired to speak with him. It proved to be the Greek satirist Lucian, who spoke by raps as follows: "Get a room for me. My time is come again, I also have travelled." My friend asked, "What do you mean?"—Answer: "Aztec Lilliputians."

Question. Did you ever see them?—Answer by one rap, meaning No.

Q. What do you mean, then?—A. I have seen stranger things.

Q. You refer to your History of your Wonderful Travels?—A. Yes.

Q. They have been often imitated, are you envious of any imitator?—A. Yes.

Q. Of whom, of Munchausen?—A. No.

Q. Of Lemuel Gulliver?—A. No.

Q. Of Velasquez?—A. Yes. Get a room for me.

Q. You want to exhibit and to tell your story?—A. Yes.

Q. But you said when living that your tale was false, and that it was meant as a caricature of the ridiculous tales palmed upon the world by Fesias, I think, in his History of the Indies, and by Sambulus in his account of the wonders of the ocean; do you mean now to affirm that it was not invented?—A. It is true enough, I promise you. Get a room for me.

Q. But can you produce anything for us to stare at in corroboration of your story?—A. Get a room for me.

The young man of business, looking at the matter very properly in a business point of view, had a short conversation with Miss Fraude, and then applied to the above-named James Gulliver, who has since, in association with the expert medium, had various communications with the said spirit of Lucian, under whose direction he has organised the following programme of an entertainment, which will include not only a constant series of the sounds, but also of the smells proceeding from spirits, together with a phantom panorama, and the production of a great number of amazing things.

The introduction of smells into the entertainment has been suggested by Lucian himself, to whom at a recent *séance* it was pointed out that, in a book published by the Chancellor of Killaloe a year or two before spirit rapping became popular, it was affirmed as a result of certain reasoning that the souls of men lie in the gases which escape from their

Endymion after this offered to Lucian letters of naturalisation as a Lunatic, which he declined, but of which a copy was taken; and a copy of the said letters of naturalisation will be presented to every gentleman or lady who shall have paid ten shillings for admission to the front seats at the proposed entertainment.

Quitting the Lunar Island, Lucian and his friends sailed for a long way, touching only at the morning star to take in water. At last they came to the capital of the Land of Lamps, where they stopped for a night, having lamps lighted everywhere about them. On the next day they came down by a city in the clouds, and after four days descended again gently to the sea, which they found calm. Unluckily, however, they soon got among big fishes, whereof one had teeth like steeples and was fifteen hundred leagues in length of body. Into the mouth of that whale the ship rushed as into a whirlpool, and was carried safely down the creature's throat. At first it was all dark inside, but when the whale came to gape and let the light in there was visible a world of other fish, with carcasses of men and bales of merchandise, anchors and masts of ships. Towards the middle also there was earth with mountains, made probably by the quantity of mud which the great monster had swallowed. On the land there was a forest, thirty miles in compass, among the trees of which herons and halcyons were flying. After some days, Lucian and six of the crew went inland and discovered a small temple built to Neptune, heard also the barking of a dog, and saw smoke at a distance. So they were led to an old man and his son, who said that they had lived there miserably for seven-and-twenty years. There was no lack of food, but there was great trouble with the natives, more especially the pickled-men, who have the face of a lobster and the body of an eel. One of these pickled-men will be included among the curiosities belonging to the entertainment. As the natives of all kinds, although numerous, had no arms but fish-bones, it was determined by Lucian and his fellow sailors to make war upon them; and so Lucian was engaged in his second war, of which also a graphic account will be given, illustrated by a heavy rain of fish-bones, which will fly like hail across the room, to represent the arrows of the pickled-men, the carinochiers, the crab-tritons, and other wild monsters against whom that war was waged.

Lucian and his companions having lived in this way for more than a year and a half, it happened, on the fifth day of the ninth month

at about the second gaping of the monster—who gaped once every hour, and so enabled them to reckon time—that they heard a vast noise without, and creeping up to those parts of the fish which, lying near its mouth, were thinly inhabited, being made swampy by the constant overflow of water, they saw the outer sky and water, and a great combat of giants about the stealing by one party of a herd of dolphins. They were themselves, however, unable to escape, and though they afterwards dug a tunnel six hundred paces long through the creature's side, yet they could find no outlet. Then it occurred to them to fire the forest on the island; and so cause his death. It burnt for seven days before it made the monster cough and choke a little; then, however, he began to gape more dully and grow sick and faint. On the eleventh day they perceived by the smell of him that he was dying, and propped open his mouth with long beams, that they might not be shut in and lost entirely. Then after the three days' labour they launched their ship safely again into the open sea.

So sailing on they found nothing unusual until they got into a sea of milk—cups of the milk will be handed round—whereon the Princess Tyro, daughter of Salmonæus, governed an Island of Cheese. Plates of the cheese will be distributed. Continuing their way over the Atlantic, they arrived finally at the Isle of the Blessed, governed by Rhadamanthus. There the corn grows in little loaves, needing neither to be ground, kneaded nor baked; the inhabitants sit outside their city upon beds of flowers in the Elysian fields, and have meat blown to them by the winds, while crystal trees droop over them, producing for fruit glasses of all sorts, which are no sooner plucked than they are full of wine. A tankard plucked from one of these trees, full of spiced sack, will be sent round among the visitors as a loving cup, and it will at the same time be made to rain over the whole room slices of meat and drops of gravy. While the company assembled are enjoying this, a grand tableau of the Elysian fields will be displayed in a blaze of green light, and so the entertainment will be brought triumphantly to a conclusion.

James Gulliver respectfully submits that the above programme promises an amount of novelty and excitement that has never yet been provided, either in London or New York, to the lovers of the marvellous. He begs, therefore, to entreat that the same favour may be shown to him that has been already so liberally bestowed on other exhibitions similar in their design.

"Familiar in their Mouths as *HOUSEHOLD WORDS*."—CHAMBERS.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. VIII.

McELRATH & BARKER, PUBLISHERS.

Office No. 11 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

WHOLE No. 186.

AFRICAN ZEPHYRS.

You think this article is to be sentimental—a pastoral, or a fairy tale—because it treats of the Zephyrs of the south? You never made a greater mistake in your life. My Zephyr has no relationship with either Eurus or Boreas. Though he possibly is not wise enough in his generation to be able to say that he knows his own father, he still does not in the least pretend to be one of the sons of Æolus. Like Figaro, he is perfectly indifferent whether you take him for the offspring of a god or a demigod—of an emperor, a duke, a pope, or a cabman. It is sufficient for him to be a Zephyr. His native place, of course, is Paris; or, if not born in the metropolis of France, a sojourn there has long since naturalised him. He is quite as much at home in the army, with drums and trumpets, corporals and sergeants, bayonets fixed, and cap cocked on one side. These Zephyrs, therefore, are not in the least afraid of balls and yatagana, want and hardship, long marches, heat, hunger, and bad quarters. It was they who supplied the heroes of Mazagran. They are beings whom you can neither hate nor praise; creatures for whom you reserve in the corner of your conscience a grain of indulgence and half-a-dozen excuses.

To write in intelligible language, Zephyrs is a nickname given in Algeria to a corps which is recruited from the entire body of the French army. These select and admired individuals are all gay fellows, endowed with that free and independent spirit which does not square with vulgar ideas of discipline. Artists and geniuses of original talent scorn drill. High-flyers, they soar above routine. *Voler* is a verb in the French language, meaning both to fly and to steal. Grammatically speaking, therefore, theft comes as naturally to Zephyrs as flight. Many of these ingenious gentlemen can count on their fingers as many days of punishment as of actual service. And punishment, be it long or short—be it an hour's imprisonment or ten years at the galleys—does not reckon in the term of military duty which the State requires from every conscript. Penitence ended, the old standing debt has still to be paid. The ranks of the Zephyrs are also increased by soldiers who are drafted from a

less pure source than a regimental place of arrest. With this miscellaneous and doubtful class, battalions have been formed, officially known as the light battalions of Africa. But the nickname of the canteen and the battlefield has prevailed, and has spread the favourable reputation of those whom every one now calls Zephyrs. The nickname, however, for those who bear it, is, in fact, no nickname. It is a title of which the light gentry are exceedingly proud, and which they take every pains to merit. It is not a little that will daunt a fellow who wishes to be thought a genuine Zephyr.

Descriptions in natural history are easy, because a duck is a duck, and a pig is a pig; but Zephyrs are not to be driven up in a corner, and dashed off in half-a-dozen strokes. They all bear a general resemblance; and yet there are not two of them alike. Their uniform is at first the same as that of other soldiers, except that a little hunting-horn on their white buttons replaces the number of their regiment, which they are now thought unworthy to bear; but they disguise their dress with remarkable success. Look closely, and you will soon see something to remind you of the rooted animosity which the Zephyr cherishes against discipline and regimentals. Observe that cap more rumpled than worn with having been so often dashed passionately on the ground. There cannot be a shadow of doubt that some extra-regulation repairs have been made by its proprietor, and have given it a more coquettish and comfortable shape. Sometimes the peak, by means of a clever cut, slopes downwards towards the eyes to shade them from the sunbeams. Sometimes it stands up in pert defiance, that the wearer may confront the skies. In France the military stock is commonly called "the pillory." It is not so in Algeria; for the Zephyr, when he has not lost it, generally carries it in his knapsack. The Zephyr has the art of wearing with grace even those ugly and vast great-coats, for which, when the army tailor made them, he took measure of the sentry-box. Draping it artistically to conceal a rent, and showing the lining by cross-buttoning, he converts it into more than a civilised garment; it is a dressing-gown of the newest style. The Zephyr's trowsers' fashion has

also its peculiar stamp. In them he has the skill to combine a madder-red cloth uniform with an article of clothing more in harmony with the exigencies of a tropical climate. The hybrid pantaloons consist of cloth, as high up as the skirts of the coat; but, after this externally visible zone, there commences a much more extensive region of linen, borrowed from army sacks, or from the remnants of some old worn-out tent. When the coat is buttoned up nothing unusual is even suspected. But to see the Zephyr battalion in action storming a breach, they look like wiry, energetic beings disguised in tatters that never belong to them.

However fallen the Zephyr may be, you will always find in him one unfailing motive impelling him towards good and towards evil. Vanity, pride, the love of glory, if you will (there being many different sorts of glory) is his mainspring of action, and his guiding-star. The Zephyr, unequal to a consistent line of life, is still susceptible of the most generous transports, and capable of the most heroic and brilliant actions. He would willingly sacrifice his life to obtain a trophy from the enemy. He would risk his neck, ten times over, to steal a fowl from a native hut. He is greatly influenced by surrounding circumstances. Danger elevates the most degraded soul. But the bright side of our aerial heroes, on which they shine with undisputed splendour, is their joyousness and hilarity. Their spirits flow on with inexhaustible wit, passion, and sometimes even madness. Their industrial talents know no bounds. Happy, ye officers, who command such troops; if the lash had not so often to be used. Beware, even, of too much of it. In action a Zephyr has been known to put a bullet into the back of his commander's head, coolly remarking to his next door neighbour, "He made a little too free with me; it's my turn now to make free with him. When he feels the lead he'll merely say, 'Those confounded Arabs have done for me!'" But use your Zephyrs decently, and they will furnish you with every assistance you can want;—a valet-de-chambre for yourself, a first-rate head-dresser to curl your wife's hair, a watchmaker, a farce-writer, a painter, a nurse-maid, and, thanks to the suck-bottle, even a nurse. These various talents are displayed either in so many separate volumes, or all are bound up in one single copy. Does there exist a cocoa-nut which a Zephyr cannot transform into a trinket?—a wisp of straw which will not, in his hands, become a useful piece of furniture?—a scrap of white and pink paper which is not soon converted into a hand screen, a cocked hat, or a pin basket? And you, celebrated iron wire, what is it that a Zephyr cannot make with your metallic threads, from a gun-pick to a suspension bridge?

The Zephyrs were the gentlemen who sold the police-station. Shortly after the capture

of Bougie, a few of these happy rogues, in consequence of some extempore fantasia, had been imprisoned in a native house recently abandoned by its Arab owner. For want of better gymnastic exercise they counted to a garret window, to enjoy the pure and intellectual pleasure which the mere sense of sight affords. They soon perceived an honest compatriot who had followed in the train of the expedition, looking out for a place wherein to exercise the trade which flourishes wherever the European plants his foot—the profession St. Crispin delights to patronise. To question him about his plans, and to tell him to use a little strength against the outside of the door while they lent a helping hand within, was the work of a very few seconds. "You want to hire a shop, my friend? Take our advice at once, and buy one. That is the only certain method of contriving to get off without paying rent. Never fear; your countenance pleases us. We are the conquerors and masters here. Come, we won't be too hard upon you. You shall have all this freehold property for a mere nothing—twenty francs, say. The only trouble you will put us to is to move a little further up the street. Here, you know, we are quite at home."

Two hours afterwards an officer going his rounds, found the innocent purchaser installed, and cobbling away with an easy conscience. The Zephyrs had made use of their wings and were flown. But at that very moment the sound of wine-impaired voices fell upon his ear. A group of men with torn uniforms, and eyes veiled by bruised eyelids, made their appearance at the corner of the street. The gentle Zephyrs, having spent the twenty francs, were returning home under arrest.

Not long after, a horrible sirocco was blowing at the same place. Who on earth could help being thirsty? At noon eight of the most knowing sylphs presented themselves to a Bougie-merchant. Their serious, almost military attitude, their ropes and wooden shoulder-yokes which are used for carrying various burdens, all seemed to intimate that an actual order had been given. One of them addressing the master of the house, said that the superior commandant requested a cask of wine, the same as the last which he had received. The party took charge of their precious load, and departed in the same deliberate style. A few days afterwards the wine-merchant asked the commandant how he liked the last wine he had sent for.

"Wine! what wine?"

"The wine I gave the men of your battalion, who said they were sent to fetch it for you."

"You delivered a cask of wine to those fellows? Then you furnish me with the solution of an enigma, which I have in vain been endeavouring to comprehend. It has happened that for two days past every man who goes up to the fountain just outside

the walls of the town, either stops there entirely or comes back drunk. I could not in the least make out how the Gouraya water had acquired such an unusual property. Follow me, we may perhaps be in time to save a remnant of your property." The two speakers, guided by a line of reeling Zephyrs, passed through the gates of Bougie, and reached the neighbourhood of the three fountains. Several drunken snorers, stretched at length on the battle-field, like Curiatii whom wounds had betrayed to the vengeance of the conqueror, indicated the path to a thicket of pomegranates and aloes interwoven with clematis. In the midst stood the enormous wine-barrel upright, and with its head staved in. Four men lying close by, in attitudes that were more than picturesque, kept sleeping guard round the empty tomb, in which, however, they had buried their senses.

A couple of Zephyrs, in a forward state, were strolling arm-in-arm through the low quarters of Algiers, thinking more about the privileges of beauty than of those of rank and epaulettes. In fact, they had completely forgotten the latter. A superior officer happened to pass. The youths were so intently occupied in staring at a brown and bright-eyed face which peeped through a little square upper window, that they each forgot to touch his cap. The officer stopped, and asked the Arcadian nearest to him, in a tone which sounded roughly interrogative, "Don't you know politeness, sir?"

The questioned Zephyr, without the least embarrassment, gravely turned to his companion, and said, "Gauthier, do you know Politeness?"

"No," replied Gauthier innocently. Then turning again to the officer, he formally clapped his heels together, stretched his left arm along the seam of his trousers, and deliberately declared, with his open right hand to the peak of his cap, "Not known in the battalion, Commandant!"

The Zephyr sometimes enters the service of science, and turns science to his own private profit. For instance, the Oran Zephyr will procure you fossil fish which he finds in the marl by industriously searching and splitting the strata. But, if his labour prove unfruitful or the order given be too heavy to fulfil, he will nevertheless furnish you with all the species by means of sardines, red herring skin, and a little strong glue. It is said that a Zephyr was the only person who could supply an erudite and zealous naturalist with the ratel of the Atlas, mentioned by Sallust and by the learned Doctor Shaw. This Atlas ratel bore a great resemblance to the common rat, except that his nose terminated in a little proboscis, and his tail was nearly a quarter of an inch shorter than it should have been. This excessively rare specimen of a race now almost extinct was at once the joy of the purchaser and the finder, who had

simply deprived one of his prison companions of a morsel that could be well spared, to graft the superabundant part, by means of a little incision, on the roof of his nose.

Another scientific Zephyr, to avoid coming to a *nonplus* in a difficult moment, contrived to take advantage of the mania which urges so many people in Algeria to form large collections of insects. An officer at bivouack, perceiving, at the twilight hour, a hand which, after discreetly raising the curtain of the tent, was inquisitively taking a turn under the cloak that served him for a pillow, jumped up, and caught a Zephyr in the fact of a search which was somewhat more than suspicious. "What are you doing there, you villain?" he shouted, beside himself with rage.

"I, captain? I was feeling for *coleoptera*," An extremely probable time and place for beetle-hunting!

If you have the slightest taste for eccentric dishes, a Zephyr is the purveyor to stock your larder with an ever-varied supply of game. To-day you have a fillet of gazelle, to-morrow a quarter of porcupine. Hedgehog, hyæna, jackal, tortoise, and lion, will all be sure to figure on your bill of fare. There is no occasion to trouble yourself about cats, and dogs, and trunkless rats. You will get all those by hundreds. In a town where the Zephyrs had lately arrived the public treasury was exhausted by the payment of a trifling bounty intended to encourage the disappearance of rats. Their skill was too much even for the rats of Algeria, the most knowing rodents in the world.

In more than one town, and in more than one camp, the Zephyrs have managed to organise theatres, which were in no respect inferior to those of the mother-country. The most remarkable fact is that the best supported parts were those of interesting heroines and dashing coquettes, kindly undertaken by beardless members of the corps! It is inconceivable what industry and talent have been displayed on these exciting histrionic occasions. The Zephyrs devoted themselves, body and soul, to the accomplishment of the mighty work. Scenery, costumes, and properties were produced by magic. Nothing stopped the ardent Zephyr, not even the humble office of prompter. One day, at Orleansville, a lieutenant-general arrived to inspect the division. The fountains were to spout their best in honour of his presence, and the theatrical performance had not been forgotten. Nevertheless, previous to the hour of amusement, the inspection of the troops demanded some attention. The roll-call was first strictly read; but to the astonishment of the lieutenant-general inspecting, only a single private of an entire Zephyr regiment mustered, and he had to answer for all the rest. "Gauthier?" shouted the orderly.

"Here."

"Jobinel?"

"Not here. Hairdresser at the theatre."

"Falempin?"

"Walking gentleman in the comedy."

"Grimplin?"

"Heroine in the tragedy."

"Sansbarbe?"

"Grisette in the farce."

"Potauver?"

"Scene-painter."

"Then is your theatre the Grand Opera?" asked the general.

"Very nearly, General."

"And you mean to show me that?"

"Certainly, General, the theatre is a part of the army which you have to inspect."

In the evening, by the light of a brilliant chandelier, the inspector applauded the graces of the Zephyrs, who, elegantly perfumed, curled and gloved, in the guise of charming *Parialemes*, played out their plays to the great entertainment of the divisional general inspecting.

But after the vaudeville, comes the tragedy; the great piece treads on the heels of the little one. The farce will then follow, to make us forget Melpomene's dagger and poison-bowl.

The scene is changed; the theatre is forgotten. The merry chorus is heard no more. We have passed beneath the cold and humid vaults of one of the ancient Spanish buildings. There are no external apertures; no daylight enters that sombre mass of stone. The ceilings sweat an icy water, which falls drop by drop, like tears from the eye whose briny source is being exhausted by sorrow and long continued want. Having passed through some doors of incredible weight and thickness which swing heavily on their rusty hinges, we enter a narrow dungeon excavated in a damp and chilly soil; although beneath a glorious sky, which is ever tinged with blue or gold. Through the veil of a grey and gloomy twilight which is never pierced by a ray of sunshine, we perceive two men crouching opposite to each other on the ground, and holding in their hands cards. What are they saying?—"Hearts! clubs!"

"Trumps! The game is mine!"

"I have lost again!" the other replies. Then, stretching towards his adversary one of his three remaining fingers, "There, cut away!" he shouts. The door unexpectedly opens.

We were then in the fort of Mers-el Kebir, whither insubordination and crime had conducted a pair of Zephyrs. Isolation and the stings of conscience, soon became insupportable to such excited spirits. The worst of the two had pocketed a pack of cards, his only misall. They first tried hard to find amusement in contests which soon were found insipid. What could they play for, who possessed nothing?—nothing which could give value to the victory? They had nothing there, except their own persons. But one's person is a sort of property; and it is possible, too, to ven-

ture it. The craving for excitement, and the dread of vacant hours, made them mutually chance the loss of a finger, to be cut off by the winner at five points of *courte*. The loser was about to suffer mutilation, when the door opened to admit the serjeant who acted as the turnkey of the prison. Shocked at such an atrocious bargain, he forbade the performance of the sacrifice. But, as soon as the serjeant's back was turned, the gamblers chose another stake. The loser was to murder the interloper who had prevented the payment of a debt of honour. The loser kept his word, and they were both executed for the murder of the serjeant.

We will now have a peep at more cheerful scenes; for many a Zephyr has the art of employing, in merry mood, the hours which he is obliged to spend in a dungeon, or at the bottom of the *silos*. Silos are dull places of retirement. They are a sort of enormous cisterns in which the Arabs store their grain. When, during oppressive heats, the first culprit descends to the bottom of the vast amphora, a sensation of coolness refreshes him for a moment. The change is rather agreeable than otherwise, and the arrival of a companion in misfortune gives him an equal additional pleasure. But soon three, four, and five new prisoners are added; and, before long, air, which can only enter at the upper orifice, begins to run short. Mutual assistance is necessary to mount each other's shoulders, and they have to transform themselves into a living ladder to enable each to take in a stock of air at the hole, to last until his turn to breathe comes round again. Meanwhile continued jokes and laughter burst forth from the various human rounds of the ladder. It is wonderful that such an amount of hardship and trial does not suggest to them Franklin's idea; to turn honest and respectable men, at the most successful piece of roguery they can play.

Tattooing is a grand pastime during captivity. The battalion has its regular professors of engraving upon human skin, who never stir without their instruments about them, carefully treasured in proper cases. What delight is theirs to find a new recruit, a blank page of white paper, upon whose fair and virgin surface they can exercise their decorative talent. In order that every customer may be suited to his taste with an emblem to fix upon his chest or his arm, they convert themselves into vast pattern books, entirely covered with specimens. Many an admiring amateur, excited by the beauty of these pictures on living vellum, has allowed subjects to be punctured on his skin, which he would afterwards thankfully get erased, even by means of a red-hot iron. We were once acquainted with a Zephyr-lad, whom we never knew by any other name than the one he had punctured upon his forehead. This unfortunate boy commenced his career by taking a spite against the number which

was drawn when, at twenty years of age, the day of conscription arrived for chance to decide whether he was to go for a soldier or not. Fatal number One replied in the affirmative. The slight success he met with in his new career, his punishments, his transit to the Battalion of Zephyrs, were all attributed to the malign influences of that hated and cursed unit. So, during a melancholy fit, believing it useless to struggle against fate, he turned the evils that awaited him into a subject of pride and boasting. As a final mode of defying destiny, he had tattooed, from temple to temple, "Unlucky Number One." The ice once broken he did not stop; and his whole body soon swarmed with choice engravings, like Punch and the Illustrated London News combined. It is impossible to describe the contents of this truly curious museum; for at least half the subjects are unmentionable. From the hands, covered with red and blue rings, you passed to the wrists, decorated with cameos. On his arms were daggers threatening hearts that burnt with an ever-equal flame, and were encircled by the motto, "Death to faithless woman!" Then came names entwined, and full-length portraits. On the shoulders were a pair of spinach-seed (officer's) epaulettes, with the three stars of lieutenant-general; a cross of the Legion of Honour on the heart; an enormous crucifix on the middle of the chest; and, lastly, the Order of the Garter, tattooed at exactly the spot which it ought to occupy on a knight's leg. Meanwhile the day arrived when Unlucky Number One ceased to be a Zephyr. He was snatched away to the altar. It would be curious to know what soft-hearted woman took pity on this miscellaneous gallery. Perhaps she afforded another instance of severely punished female curiosity.

The Zephyrs have contrived to raise auxiliaries among quite a noble kind of recruits. At Bougie, the service of the place compelled that the ground should be reconnoitred every day, up to the edge of a certain ditch; which ditch had been hollowed out to prevent cavalry from advancing too near, and from retreating too abruptly after a surprise. This reconnoitring duty was seldom performed without several Arab shots being fired from the opposite thicket, to the disturbance of the morning walk, and sometimes the sudden death of the walker. The Zephyrs determined to train some dogs to take part in the sport; since it proved so dangerous to the sportsmen themselves. They, therefore, reared some fierce Arab puppies, of a species nearly related to the wolf and the jackal, with whose merits they became acquainted in the course of their adventures. As the little Mussulman dogs grew up they were fed and caressed by the red-legged Zephyrs. They imbibed a strong affection for their masters, who taught them, by a very simple method, to entertain a profound

aversion for the costume of the indigenous population. As the pupils' dinner-hour approached, a Zephyr clad in a burnous, or Arab cloak, treated them all with a hearty good beating; after which his comrades, in their ordinary costume, overwhelmed them with kindness and fed them liberally. Such a mode of education produced its fruit. The full-grown dogs entertained such an aversion to the Arabs, that any who ventured within their reach would instantly have been torn to pieces. These dogs were afterwards perfect wonders; beating the woods and hunting the thickets, marching fifty paces in front of the column; and, not content with indicating the presence of danger by pointing at any hidden enemy, furiously joined in the attack whenever a skirmish or engagement took place. At a later period the organisation of these brute allies was officially recognised. Every *blockhaus* (outpost) had three or four dogs, who were included in the effective forces of the garrison, and who were supplied with regular daily rations. One of them, whose thigh had been amputated in consequence of a gunshot wound, enjoyed for several years the honours of superannuation. Her position, nevertheless, was not purely honorary; for she still, in spite of her infirmity, continued to supply the state with valiant defenders.

In the midst of the varied excitements of African life, the Zephyr's thoughts will occasionally recur to the day when he is to return once more to the land of France. That day is not merely the moment of liberation; it is the concentration of liberty itself. For a long time past, he has lived in complete ignorance of furloughs, Sundays, and holidays. His dream, against the day of departure, is to purchase a uniform of his original corps, from which his pranks have banished him; to exchange the hated bugle button for the button displaying the number of his original corps. If he belonged to the cavalry the expense would be beyond his hopes; but for infantry the thing is possible. There is nothing, therefore, that he will not do to amass the trifling sum which will enable him at least to change his buttons. For he would not like to return home with the marks of disgrace upon his coat. At this last epoch, at the approach of the metamorphosis, the most wasteful spendthrifts are suddenly seized with the love of economy and of gain.

A monkey, the property of a friend of mine, once procured us the acquaintance of a Zephyr. The introduction took place thus:—One day, the Zephyr, melting with perspiration, and apparently quite out of breath, rushed into the middle of a *café*, holding my messmate's monkey in his arms. "Lieutenant," he gasped, "I've caught your monkey, who had got loose. He had already reached the *blockhaus*, and was going to desert to the Arabs. Luckily, I seized him just in time. I had a devilish hard chase after him, though!" These words, uttered with charming

simplicity, while the orator, cap in one hand, was wiping his dripping forehead with the other, could not fail to draw forth a thankful reply, partly expressed in words, partly in silver.

Three days afterwards, Mustapha broke out of bounds again. The same recompense was given for his recovery, but not without some feeling of suspicion. But, when the fugitive's ransom was a third time claimed, and Zephyr after Zephyr took his turn in the monkey-hunt, my friend declared from the balcony of his window, that he would do nothing for the future in behalf of so expensive an animal, and begged the battalion to be informed that he would no longer consider himself answerable for any debts which Mustapha might henceforth contract. Mustapha's rope was broken no more. The cunning mine was countermined.

The first author of this clever trick (which would have been perfect if plagiarists had not vulgarised it), was thinking about his return to France. He had escaped from the dangers of the late assault of Constantine; and he did not forget the horrors of the *Barrière de la Villette*, and of the gate of St. Denis. He thought, above all, about his lancer's uniform, which he anxiously desired to sport once more. He commenced a search then, if not with the hope of finding the special articles of brilliant costume, at least of picking up the money to buy them with. After a two hours' absence, he returned to his captain. "Captain, will you have the kindness to take care of some money till I leave, for fear I should spend it at the canteen?"

"What is all this? Whence have you stolen it?" said the captain, surprised at the amount.

"I have not stolen it at all, Captain. It belongs to me honestly. And I have earned it."

"In what way?"

"I am going to tell you. You know that on the other side of the breach, the rocks are precipitous. Some men and women tried to escape from the siege that way, by means of a cord. The cord broke, and the fugitives were killed upon a jutting point. Said I to myself: People who try to make their escape generally take money with them; so I fastened a rope round my waist, and persuaded my comrades to let me down. I hunted right and left in the pockets of the wretches, and found the money you see here." It was enough to make one giddy, only to look up from below to the face of the rock down which the Zephyr had to slide.

Meanwhile, the certainty of having a uniform did not cool his ardour for treasure-hunting. Believing that the house of the captain, whose servant he was, contained hidden valuables, he spent the whole day in taking off the locks of the uninhabited chambers. They consequently found their way to

a Jew, who purchased the produce of the locksmith's labours. A few days after finishing the bolts and bars, he sold to the same Israelite a heap of wheat, which ought by right to have gone to the State. For every sackful he carried by night he received from his friend a five-franc piece. "The State," he interpreted, meant "himself." It is easy, from this, to comprehend that in a town taken by storm, the Zephyr is not scrupulous on whose property he lays his hands.

At last the Zephyr, in his much-coveted uniform, finds himself on the way to France. He bestows a passing smile of gratitude on the *café chantans* at Marseille; but his heart is fixed no longer there. If Mazagan, luckily, was included in his career, he will proudly wear the decoration of honour; and this star of glory, while absolving him from the past, will probably guarantee his future prospects. Otherwise he may perhaps turn out the most turbulent blackguard to be found in his quarter, or the most thorough rogue that infests his village.

However, he will have his campaigns to relate, and three or four handsome scars to show. A pair of dark and expressive eyes, moved by his narrative, may perhaps subdue his untameable character. Will Hercules spin at the feet of Omphale? The case is just as likely as not. Hymen will finish the conquest. Our Zephyr, while dutifully rocking the cradle, will thank Heaven that all has ended so well, and pray that his babes may be like—their mamma.

A SPLENDID MATCH.

Mrs. CHESTERTON won the day. She was a good manager and a careful mother, and understood the tactics of society to a nicety. The Crawfords and the Macclesfields, the Thorntons and the Parkinsons were utterly beaten, and their colours lowered. Mr. Fitzgerald, of Ormsby Green, had proposed; and Mrs. Chesterton shed tears as she consented that he should marry her dowerless Eveline to his ten thousand a-year.

"For you know, Mr. Fitzgerald—you must know by your own love—that I am making a most painful sacrifice for my darling's happiness. If it were not that she loves you so much—the fond, foolish child!—I do not think that I could part with her. But she has fixed her whole heart on you. What can I do but make the sacrifice of all that I have left me now on this earth to love,"—(a retrospective sob for General Chesterton, who departed this life fifteen long years ago)—"and ensure her happiness at the expense of my own? No, Mr. Fitzgerald! I am not a selfish mother. Take her, since you love her and she loves you, and God bless you both!"

Mrs. Chesterton wept afresh. As she sobbed, Eveline entered the room. Her round, dimpled, waxen cheeks were flushed. She saw her mother, with the lace pocket-handkerchief

to her face, and she rushed to her, throwing herself on her knees beside the chair; and, caressing her gently glanced all the time, as if by stealth, at Mr. Fitzgerald; then, lowering her eyes suddenly when they saw that his were fixed broad and wide upon her.

"Poor, dear child!" said Mrs. Chesterton, smoothing her hair, with a glance and a gesture that demanded Mr. Fitzgerald's admiration. It was very pretty hair, glossy bright and golden, and worthy of the time, labour and expense bestowed on it; for Eveline's hair cost her almost as much as her feet.

"Ah, Mr. Fitzgerald!" continued the mother, sighing, "what a treasure I am giving into your hands! May you value it as you ought, and guard it as carefully as her mother has done."

"What is the matter, mamma? What do you mean?" demanded Miss Eveline in an agitated voice. She raised her eyebrows and opened her large blue eyes with a look of wonder that was perfect.

"Dear innocent creature! She at least has never speculated on this moment! Oh Mr. Fitzgerald—Charles, if I may call you so," added the lady, with a sudden expansiveness of manner, such as people have on the stage when, *apropos* of nothing, they seize each other's hands and look into each other's faces sideways, "what have you not escaped in those Crawford and Macclesfield girls; and what have you gained in my sweet Eveline! Do you think they would have been as innocent as this dear guileless child?"

"Agnes Crawford is a very good girl," Charles said, in a voice that was a strange mixture of timidity and boldness. "I don't think she was either a flirt or a schemer."

"Perhaps not," the lady replied hastily; "Agnes may be an exception to her family."

"But what does all this mean, mamma?" again inquired Eveline; seeing an angry spot beginning to burn on her lover's cheek, which she was half afraid might burn through the marriage contract.

"It means, my love," answered Mrs. Chesterton, calling up her broad bland smile in a moment, "that I have interpreted your wishes and spoken from your heart. I have promised your hand where you have given your love, naughty child!"—tapping her cheek—"to our dear Charles Fitzgerald—your future husband, and my beloved son."

"Charles—Mr. Fitzgerald!" said Eveline. "O, mamma!" she added, hiding her face.

Charles was intoxicated with joy; and, encouraged by a sign from Mrs. Chesterton, took the little hand which lay buried beneath the ringlets poured out on the mother's lap. He pressed it nervously. With a strong grasp, it must be confessed, and awkwardly.

"O! how he hurts me—the clumsy man!" muttered Eveline, disengaging the mangled member, as if from bashfulness, and plunging it among her mother's interlaced fingers.

Her rings had made a deep indentation and a broad red mark on her tender little fingers, and Mrs. Chesterton saw that she must have suffered a great deal. However, she gave her an expressive admonition with her knee, which said plainly, "Don't mind a little pain—it is well bought." And Eveline abandoned her small fair hand again to her maladroit lover, who squeezed it even more unmercifully while pouring forth a flood of love and happiness, and childlike security in the bright promises of the future that made Eveline yawn behind her handkerchief; driving her at last to count verses on her fingers.

"If this is love," she thought, "love is a horrid bore. O, when will he have done! How tired I am! How I wish that Horace Graham would come in. This little man would be obliged to be quiet, then, and go away."

Charles all the time was in the seventh heaven; believing he had carried up his *fiancée* with him, seated on the same golden garment of love with himself. As he did not suspect, he understood nothing of the ennui of sated ambition, which a keener vision would have read in every word and gesture of the girl, and tortured the heart which, he believed, he was enrapturing by the passionate babble of his unanswered love. It was very late before he gave the first threat of going away, and much later before he had gained sufficient moral courage to fulfil it. And even then he lingered till the girl was in despair; telling her in a very doleful voice—half-sobbing himself—"Not to weep; he would come very early to-morrow!"

Eveline did almost cry from weariness. And, when Mrs. Chesterton said, in dressing-gown and curl-papers, with the air of a workman at supper or a cabinet minister after dinner, with the peculiar satisfaction inspired by repose after labour—"I give you joy, my dear! Ten thousand a year, and only a mother with a mere jointure, charged on the estate. And I have heard that old Mrs. Fitzgerald has a heart-disease"—Eveline's only answer was, "Ten thousand a year dearly paid for too, mamma. As you would say yourself if you were going to be married to half an idiot!" Then, tearful and pouting she went to bed to dream of waltzes and polkas with Horace Graham, and to act imaginary scenes of tempest and storm with Charles.

Charles Fitzgerald, good and amiable as he was, did in truth almost justify Eveline's harsh expression from his excessive weakness of character and tenuity of intellect. He was one of those credulous, generous, kind-hearted beings who are the chartered dupes of the world. A man who thought it a sin to believe any kind of evil, no matter of whom or what; who denied the plainest evidence if condemnatory, and who interpreted the most potent fact of guilt into so much conclusive proof of innocence: a man who could not receive truth, and who did not require it; but

who was contented to slumber away his days on optimist fallacies and rose-water possibilities; a man without nerve or muscle, weak, amiable, and womanly. His temperament was nervous; his habits shy; his manners reserved. He had a dislike that was almost abhorrence for society, and a desire that was almost a mania for solitude and a rural life of love.

Mrs. Fitzgerald was at breakfast at Ormsby Green, when she received a letter from her son, announcing his intended marriage with Miss Chesterton, "the only child of a deceased General Officer; a Lady as remarkable for her Beauty as for her Virtue," he said, with a nervous flourish among the capitals. The letter was written very affectionately and respectfully; but gave not the most distant hint of compliance with the mother's views, should they be opposed to the marriage. On the contrary, the energetic determination expressed under different forms throughout three pages and a half "of making his adored Eveline his own at the earliest possible opportunity," showed no present intention of reference to Mrs. Fitzgerald in any way. He neither asked her advice nor waited her concurrence; but in every line that passionate doggedness of a weak mind which admits no second opinion and requires no aiding counsel. Mrs. Fitzgerald's heart sank within her. She had heard of the Chestertons, and dreaded them.

However, as Charles had asked her to the wedding, and as Eveline had enclosed a short note also—written on pink paper with violet-coloured ink—Mrs. Fitzgerald determined on seeing the bride herself before she allowed presentiments to degenerate into prejudices.

"But Charles is so very very weak!" she thought, "I have always dreaded his falling into the snares of a family of schemers; and few, none indeed, except some rare nature like that of Agnes Crawford, which could see and love his goodness in spite of his mental defects, would marry him except for his money. But such women," she further thought, with a sigh, "do not write with violet ink on pink paper scented with patchouli; and they do not write such a hand as this."

Mrs. Fitzgerald determined to go to London, where the Chestertons lived in a pretty little cottage at Brompton, to judge for herself, by knowledge rather than by fear; anxious and willing to prove herself in the wrong, and hoping to be self-convicted of injustice. When she arrived, she was obliged to confess that everything in the house was arranged with consummate taste, and that Mrs. Chesterton was a well-bred woman, of the gay, worldly, party-giving kind; of the well-fitting sick gown and family lace cap kind; of the kind that delights in veils; and revels in flounces, and wears numerous ends of ribbon floating in all directions; of a fashionable, talkative, and clear-headed kind; a very different va-

riety of English gentlewoman to the grave matron who came from her country seat like some old *châtelaine* of romance, and who looked on the modern world with her deeply set grey eyes—grave with the wisdom of nature—as a sage might watch a child's game beneath the trees. She was struck with Eveline's extreme beauty. Yet the shallow nature, vain, artificial, and unloving, was evident as well. A dark shadow spread out before her when she saw standing before her eyes the future wife of her beloved son. Long times of pain and disappointment were woven in with every breath and gesture of the girl. A small, light, childish thing, with large blue eyes, and long bright hair; a figure perfect in its proportions and a complexion dazzling in its waxen bloom; a damsel with false, fair words, and with caressing ways. She knew what the future must bring; she saw the wreck beating against the treacherous sands, and watched the precious freight of love and trust sentered to the waves of despair. She knew that Eveline would bring only anguish to her home, and she set herself to endeavour to avert it.

But remonstrances were useless. Charles was bewitched, and his mother's warnings only irritated him. He asked her coldly, "What fault she found with Miss Chesterton, that she should thus endeavour to make him forfeit his plighted honour?"

"A want of stability of character," began Mrs. Fitzgerald.

"How proved, Mother?"

"Too evident to require any proof. It is proved by every word and look."

"You find it perhaps in her beauty?" continued Charles. "Does this evident instability of character, which you have seen at a glance in your first short interview, lie in her eyes, because they are blue and bright; or in her hair, because it is fine and glossy? Is it in her small hands or in her tiny feet? for I don't think you know her well enough yet to judge by anything but externals. You have not probed her mind very deeply."

The young man's tone was hard and dry, his manner defiant, and his eyes angry and fixed. Mrs. Fitzgerald had never heard such an accent from her son before. She was shocked and wounded; but her tears fell on desert sand.

She applied herself to Eveline. She spoke of her son's virtues, but she spoke also of his weakness; and asked the girl "if she had weighed well the consequences of her choice—if she had reflected on her life with a nervous and irritable man; self-willed and unable to accept argument or persuasion." Eveline tossed her head and said, it was "very odd, that Mrs. Fitzgerald, his mother, should be the only one to speak ill of dear Charles; that, indeed, he was not weaker than other people; and as for being irritable, nothing could be more amiable than he was."

to her. She thought that if people only knew how to manage him, and cared to give way to his little peculiarities—and we all have peculiarities—he would be quite a lamb to live with! She added also, “that she saw through the motive of Mrs. Fitzgerald’s advice, which was to get a rich wife for her son.”

The attempt was hopeless. Between folly and knavery the sterling worth and honesty of the mother fell dead, and all that she had done was simply to embroil herself with both her son and her daughter. Things went on without her consent pretty much as they would have done with it, and of all the party she was the only one who suffered. The wedding-day came amidst smiles and laughter from all but her. Even Eveline merged her personal distaste for Charles in her gratified ambition, and Mrs. Chesterton was more pseudo-French, and dressy than ever. Eveline looked undeniably lovely. The church was crowded with the Chestertons’ friends, all saying among themselves, “How beautiful she is!” a few, such as Horace Graham of the Guards, adding, “and what a fool she is marrying;” or, “by Jove, what a life she will lead that muff!”

After the honeymoon—that prescribed season of legal bliss—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fitzgerald came back to London. She, radiant with smiles and happiness, at escaping from the tedium of her country life; where she had been bored to death; where she had yawned all day, and where she had slept when she was not yawning. He, saddened to think that his green lanes must be abandoned, his evening walks in the moonlight in the wood forgone, and his young dream of quiet happiness exchanged for the turmoil called pleasure. Yet when in town he found another pleasure in the happiness of Eveline. For he had been obliged to confess to himself that she was often sad and melancholy in the country; and now it was such a pleasure to see her dimpling smiles and hear her merry laugh again. He said she had got tired of Ormsby Green, because she was away from her mother—she wanted to see her mother; dear child! she had never left her before; and it was a very sweet and natural feeling in her, and he loved her all the more for it.

When they arrived home—Mrs. Chesterton’s cottage answering that purpose for the present—the first person they met was Horace Graham, looking more handsome and impudent than ever. He had called in by chance, he said; and hearing that “Mrs. Charles” was expected, he had stayed just to shake hands with his old friend. Eveline thanked him very prettily, and then asked him to spend the evening with them so engagingly that Charles was fain to second the invitation, which he did with an awkward attempt at cordiality that did his powers of dissimulation no credit. But Horace accepted the invitation in his off-handed way, and the evening passed merrily enough; he

singing to Eveline’s playing, and Charles applauding in the middle of bars, and saying, “but the next verse?” when all was finished.

A house was bought in Belgravia. It was furnished with extreme elegance, and did honour to the decorative taste of Mrs. Chesterton, she having been extraordinarily active among the upholsterers and decorators. With their new house began the young couple’s new life. Charles bore his part in the whirlpool that it became bravely; and, for the first three months, was all that the most dissipated woman of the world could require in the most complaisant of husbands. A strange kind of peace reated between the married pair. Strange, because unnatural—the violent binding together of two opposing natures: the lurid stillness that glides on before a storm: a peace that was not the peace of love, nor of sympathy, nor of respect; that was the peace of indecision, the peace of ignorance, the peace of fear, and worst of all, the peace of slavery.

Mrs. Fitzgerald was in the country, brooding mournfully over the angry silence of her son; for he had not yet forgiven her interference in his marriage. But she would not understand it thus, and wrote often to him and to Eveline grave, kind, earnest letters; speaking much to her of her son’s goodness, and susceptibility of nature, and feeling sure that Eveline was all that a fond mother could wish in the wife of a son. At last Eveline no longer read the letters; she threw them aside, crying, “The tiresome old woman! as if I did not know every word of her sermon beforehand!” And saying this before her husband too, from whom she did not care to hide her open contempt of his mother. Indeed, emboldened by his timid compliance with all her wishes, and his weak approval of all her actions, she cared to hide very little that was disagreeable; and more than once startled him with exhibitions of temper and of coldness. Charles was fretted at his wife’s indifference, fretted at Horace Graham’s constant presence, and at the undisguised good understanding that existed between him and Eveline; fretted at Mrs. Chesterton’s contemptuous manner of interfering in his household arrangements, and at her assertion of motherly rights superior and opposed to his own, over his wife; fretted at the constant round of dissipation in which they lived, and at the breaking up of all his fairy-castles of bliss and quiet; fretted at this, and at that, and at everything, and in the fair way of falling seriously ill with some brain or nervous affection.

“You will not go to the ball to-night, Ery?” he said one day, in a timid but querulous voice, flinging himself wearily on a sofa. They had been married about four months, and were very unhappy in secret; although nothing had been said or done openly.

“Why not, Charles?” asked his wife, coldly.

"I am too nervous, too ill and unstrung to go with you," he answered, "and I thought that perhaps you would stay at home with me, and read. Will you, Evy?" He took her hand—still the same timid manner.

"O dear me, no? Stay at home? O, no! You had better go to bed if you are ill," Eveline said, leaving her hand cold and dead in his. "That will be much wiser than sitting up half the night reading stupid poetry that only makes one yawn and go to sleep. I will tell Justine to give you anything you want when I am away; but really you had better go to bed at once."

Charles let her hand fall. "Who is going with you, then, as I cannot?" he said.

Eveline walked away to the mirror, humming a tune and arranging her bouquet. "My mother—" she said. "And Horace Graham," she added, turning suddenly round, fixing her eyes on her husband with a peculiar look. A look that defied suspicion, and was beforehand with objection. A look that conquered, because it wounded, Charles, and made him humble and submissive.

He rose from the sofa slowly, and passed into the library, there to fret like a sorrowing child; scarcely knowing what he thought or what he ought not to think; feeling only that his happiness was slipping from his grasp, and that he was being left alone on a desolate shore without hope and without love.

This was the first rising of the mask—the first confessed declaration of indifference—a declaration repeated subsequently every day and every hour. Eveline was never at home. Morning and evening alike saw her drowned in the world's great sea of pleasures; every home affection cast aside, and every wifely duty unfulfilled. Gaiety was her life; and, without this gaiety, she would die, she would say. Charles grew ill, and certainly excessively strange and disagreeable in his behaviour. For hours together he would sit without speaking, his lips pressed against each other, and his dull eyes fixed on the ground. Then came fits of passion, which were like the throes of madness—fits that terrified Eveline, and made her fear for herself. To these a violent reaction succeeded; a period, generally very brief, of frantic gaiety and restless pleasure-seeking, such as incommoded Eveline greatly, binding him to her side without release; and under the appearance of complaisance, giving her a gaoler and a spy. Often at such times, struck to the heart with something he had seen, chilled by something he had heard, Fitzgerald would fall back again into his mournful stupor, and drag out his weary life with the listless, hopeless expression in his face and in his whole manner of a condemned criminal.

The world began to talk. It talked, although gently, of Eveline's open flirtation with Horace Graham; gently, because it talked also of Charles Fitzgerald's jealousy

and strange irritability; of his violence and his fearful temper. On the other hand, it spoke of his evident unhappiness, and of the contempt showered on him by his wife and his adopted family; it darkly adumbrated a lunacy commission on one side, and Doctors' Commons on the other. At last the whisper grew so long and loud that it spread down to Ormsby Green, and penetrated to Mrs. Fitzgerald. The echo of this dread whisper had sounded long ago in her own heart; she had looked for its coming; and when it found her, she started without an hour's delay for London; and, not caring for the cold reception she would probably meet with, she presented herself at once at the house of her son. Eveline was from home. She was riding in the park with Horace, to try a horse he had that day bought for her. Charles was in the library, sitting in one of those dumb, dull sorrows that are far more painful to witness than the most turbulent passion.

He looked up with his glazed fiery eyes as his mother entered; and started and stared wildly, rising and retreating as if he did not know her, but trying with all his might to recognise her. She came forward, speaking cheerily and kindly.

"Well, Charles, my love, I have taken you by surprise!" she said. But her voice failed; he was so wild and altered. He kept his eyes upon her for some time, and then with a cry that came straight from the sad heart, almost breaking it, with sobs wild and fast, and tears which fell like blighting rain, Fitzgerald exclaimed, "Mother, mother, you have come to see me die!"

The line of ice was thawed, the band of iron was broken, the stifled heart cried out aloud, and the love that had been thrust back into the darkness came forth again. He was no longer alone with nothing but indifference or enmity to bear him company. He had now his own best friend, the guardian of his youth, his friend and guide: he might count now on one heart at least, and believe that it loved him. He poured out his grievances to her. They were all very vague and indefinite; simply wounded feelings, or affections misunderstood; no startling facts, no glaring wickedness, no patent actions. But she understood, and sympathised with his sufferings; impalpable as they were. She soothed and comforted him, calming his irritated nerves and weaving bright dreams of hope for the future. Dreams, in which she believed nothing herself, and which smote her conscience as falsehoods when she told them.

Next morning she spoke to Eveline, in her grave, bland, gracious manner, and gave her serious counsel, sweetening her censure with assurances of her trust in the giddy wife's good intentions—"but then you are young, my child, and youth is often curiously heedless!" But Eveline gave herself unnumbered airs, and was very ill-used, and said

"that indeed she was a better wife than most girls would have been to any one so cross and disagreeable as Charles; and that Mrs. Fitzgerald had better speak to him about his temper than to her about hers."

However, Mrs. Fitzgerald's mere presence was a comfort to her son; and he got calmer and milder now that he could speak of his sufferings, and that some one cared to soothe them away. At first Eveline, being awed in spite of herself by Mrs. Fitzgerald, behaved with some small attention to appearances, so that the young household sat in the sunshine again. Horace Graham, too, happened to go away just at this moment; consequently a conjunction of favourable stars seemed to shed rays of domestic happiness over the gaudy, meretricious household.

But Horace came back one Thursday afternoon, and Eveline invited him to dinner. She pressed him to come when, as usual, he refused for the childish pleasure of being entreated. Charles had a nervous attack when he heard this, and then gave way to so terrible a fit of passion in Eveline's dressing-room, that he showed at last how obnoxious the young guardsman was to him. Eveline every now and then looked at him with flashes of scorn and contempt which may be called deadly. At last turning from him with a spurning action, she said, "Charles, if I had known you as I do now, not twice ten thousand a-year would have tempted me to marry you: you are not like a man. You are worse than a child or a woman!" Then she went on arranging the most becoming toilette her busy fancy could devise.

Charles conquered himself at last, and managed to appear at dinner with some show of calmness. Eveline was so extremely gay that she became quite overpowering. She armed herself with all the little graceful coquetries she knew so well how to employ, each in their right time and place, and heightened them in revenge for her late enforced cessation from all excitement while grudgingly going through the dull task of pleasing a sick husband and a rigid matron. Even Mrs. Fitzgerald, who had expected much, was surprised at the open manner in which her flirtation with Graham went on; and, although believing it to be nothing more real than the folly of a vain girl, yet she could not deny its grave appearance, nor the compromise that it made of her son's honour. She determined to speak to Eveline seriously, and to endeavour—by arguments, if affection were of no use; by threats, if arguments fell dead—to open her eyes to the true knowledge of herself and her conduct, and to force her to abandon a farce that might end in tragedy. Eveline seemed to foresee this lecture; for nothing could induce her to meet Mrs. Fitzgerald's eyes. She shrank from her words and drowned them in thick showers of banter with Horace; in her behaviour to whom there was a kind of defiance and bravado, that

betrayed as much fear of the future as indifference of the present.

In the evening they strolled out into the little garden; for they boasted a plot of blackened ground dignified by that sweet name of fruits and flowers—Eveline and Horace wandering away together, and Charles and his mother returning soon to the house. Speaking to his mother of Eveline, a flash of his old tenderness returned, and with it his old hatred to believe in evil. After all, Eveline was young and giddy. She meant no harm, and did not know the full significance of what she did. She was his wife too—she must be gently dealt with. He could not bear to hear her condemned. When his mother replied to him, he shrank nervously from every subject which threatened to lead to a discussion on her conduct. Mrs. Fitzgerald read his heart, and kept silent. But while he was thus careful, he was also haunted, restless and tormented; and at last, unable to contain himself, he went into the garden, where the shadows had deepened into darkness, walking slowly and silently towards the quiet trees planted to hide the upper wall. Horace and Eveline were there, seated on a bench together. They were talking low, but talking love—if such frothy vanity could be called love—and "dearest Horace," and "beloved Eveline," were often mingled with their talk. They sat, like two silly children, hand in hand.

Charles stole back to the house, and entered—a creature from whom life and soul had departed. Eveline had seen him: and he knew that she had seen him. There was no more disguise; and, as she said, "discovery had at least spared her the necessity of deception." She threw off the flimsy veil she had hitherto worn, and boasted openly of her love for Horace; still coupling it with perfect innocence. Which was true. For indeed she was too shallow and too intrinsically selfish to commit herself, even where she loved.

After this discovery, and the distressing scene between the husband and wife which followed it, Eveline went out more than ever, and was with Horace more than ever also; many pitying her for being married to a jealous irritable fool, and lamenting that such a lovely young creature should have been so sacrificed by an ambitious mother, against her own expressed inclinations; many more deploring her wayward, systematic neglect of her husband.

Charles Fitzgerald's eccentricities of temper—his bursts of passion and of violence, mingled with fits of silence and of gloom—became every day more marked. Even his mother was no longer a soothing or a restraining influence; but, capricious, violent, irritable and uncertain, he made his home a *Hades* for others, as his wife had made his life a torment for him. At last his language became, occasionally, so bitter and infuriated; and,

more than once, his arm had been raised to strike, and more than once his hand, twisted in the meshes of her hair, had threatened her with death—that Eveline was justified in demanding a legal separation. She was advised that the law could not grant it, unless both parties consented; and Charles vehemently refused. But what the law denied, Nature gave. A thousand airy nothings of speech and conduct, each innocent apart, all maddening together, had worked on the husband's weak brain until they produced an unsettlement of intellect, which a few days of wifely tenderness might have prevented. The world only said that Eveline was right in consenting that her husband should be placed in restraint—poor, young, beautiful thing, married to such a terrible person! Charles was placed in proper hands. The blow was struck beneath the applaudings of Eveline's wide circle of admiring acquaintances. She took refuge among her crowd of simpering sympathisers, and was received with all honour and pity, like some martyred saint. There were some, however, who made her feel the just meed of her bad, selfish career, and would not notice her.

After a time Charles gradually grew better, and he and his mother wandered away to Brussels; but there his "eccentricities of temper" became more and more violent; so that at last even his mother was forced to arm herself with legal power to protect him from himself. For at length he became mad—mad for life; mad with a lingering madness, that left no hope and that gave no rest; wan, wild, raving—haunted ever by a false fair face, that glided from his clasping hands, and denied his fevered lips.

Eveline's pensive air, and eyes veiled beneath their drooping lids (which she knew to be extremely effective in society), gained more sympathy than the madman's ravings and the madman's sorrows. People only shook their heads, and said, "What that young creature must have suffered in her married life!—and how heroically she concealed it from the world!" and "Let us be kind to the pretty little woman, for her lot has been a sad one, and her anguish meekly borne!"

A LAMENT FOR THE SUMMER.

MOAN, oh ye Autumn Winds!
 Summer has fled,
 The flowers have closed their tender leaves and die;
 The Lily's gracious head
 All low must lie,
 Because the gentle Summer now is dead.

Grieve, oh ye Autumn Winds!
 Summer lies low,
 The rose's trembling leaves will soon be shed;
 For she that loved her so,
 Alas, is dead;
 And one by one her loving children go.

Wail, oh ye Autumn Winds!
 She lives no more,
 The gentle Summer, with her balmy breath,
 Still sweeter than before
 When nearer death,
 And brighter every day the smile she wore!

Mourn, mourn, oh Autumn Winds,
 Lament and mourn;
 How many half-blown buds must close and die;
 Hopes with the summer born
 All faded lie,
 And leave us desolate and earth forlorn!

MORE PLACES WANTED.

AS LADY'S-MAID, a young person who has lived in the first families, and can have four years' good character. Fully understands dressmaking, hair-dressing, and getting up fine linen. Address Miss T., Bunty's Library, Crest Terrace, Pimlico.

Miss Fanny Tarlatan, the young lady in quest of a situation, does not reside at Bunty's library. Mr. Bunty and Mrs. Bunty's wife are only friends of hers. Mr. Bunty is tall and stout, with a white neckcloth, and is very like a clergyman, with a dash of the schoolmaster and a smack of the butler. Mrs. Bunty is an acrid lady in ribbons, with a perpetual smile for lady customers; which would be a little more agreeable if it did not twist her neck, and screw her mouth up, and torture her body over the counter. At Bunty's library are three-volume novels bound in dashing cloth; and Bunty's library is carpeted; and in the centre thereof is a great round table groaning beneath the weight of ladies' albums, and works of genteel piety, and treatises written with a view to induce a state of contentment among the rural population (hot-pressed and with gilt edges,) together with neatly stitched pamphlets upon genteelly religious and political subjects, and handsomely clasped church services, with great red crosses on their backs and sides.

No; Miss Tarlatan does not live at Bunty's; but she is an old colleague of Mrs. Bunty's (once Miss Thornetwig, my Lady Crocus's waiting woman,) and calls her Matilda, and is by her called "Fanny, and a dear girl;" and therefore she gives Bunty's library as an address: it being considered more aristocratic than Tiddlers' Gardens; where, in the house of Mrs. Silkey, that respectable milliner and dressmaker, Miss Tarlatan is at present staying.

She can dress hair, make dresses, and perfectly understands getting up fine linen. The French *coiffeur* is still a great personage; but his services are now-a-days often supplied by the lady's-maid; and there are many fair and noble ladies who are not too superb to employ Miss Tarlatan, and go resplendent from her skill, into the presence of their sovereign, or into the melodious vicinity of the singers of the Italian opera. Also to

wear ball and court dresses made, not by the pallid workwomen and "first hands" of the great millinery establishments of the West-End, but by the nimble fingers of Fanny Tarlatan. Also to contrive to her sundry price-less treasures of Malines and Brussels, Honiton and old point, or "Beggars' lace," sprigged shawls and veils, and such marvels of fine things, to be by her got up. All of which proceedings are characterised by the great millinery establishments, by the fashionable *blanchisseuses de fin*, and by M. Anatole, *coiffeur*, of Regent Street, as atrocious, mean, stingy, avaricious, and unjustifiable on the part of miladi; but which, if they suit her to order and Miss Tarlatan to undertake, are in my mind, on the broad-gauge of free trade, perfectly reasonable and justifiable. Some ladies make a merit of their Tarlatanism, stating, with pride, that their maids "do everything for them;" others endeavour uneasily to defend their economy by reference to the hardness of the times, to their large families, to the failure of revenue from my lord's Irish estates, to the extravagance of such and such a son or heir, or to Sir John having lost enormously in railways or by electioneering. One lady I have heard of who palliated all domestic retrenchments on the ground of having to pay so much income-tax. Unhappy woman!

Hairdresser, dressmaker, getter-up of fine linen; skilled in cosmetics and perfumes; tasteful arranger of bouquets; dexterous cleaner of gloves (for my lady must have two pairs of clean gloves a day, and, bountiful as may be her pin-money, you will rarely find her spending one thousand and thirty times three shillings per annum in gloves); artful trimmer of bonnets; clever linguist; of great conversational powers in her own language; of untiring industry, cheerfulness, and good temper—all these is Fanny Tarlatan, aged twenty-eight. I have a great respect for Fanny Tarlatan, and for the lady's-maid, generically, and wish to vindicate her from the slur of being a gossiping, tawdry, intriguing, venal waiting-maid, as which she is generally represented in novels and plays, and similar performances.

Fanny is not without personal charms. She has ringlets that her lady might envy, and the comely good-humoured look which eight-and-twenty is often gilded with. She has been resolute enough to steel her heart against the advances of many a dashing courier, of many an accomplished valet, of many a staid and portly butler. She does not look for matrimony in the World of Service. Mr. Whatnext, at the Great Haberdashery Palace, Froppery House, head man there, indeed (though Mr. Biggs, my lord's gentleman, has sneeringly alluded to him as a "low counter-jumper"), has spoken her fair. Jellytin, the rising pastrycook at Gunter's, has openly avowed his maturing passion, and showed her his savings' bank book. But that did

not dazzle her; for she too has a "little bit of money of her own." Her revenues chiefly lie, not in her wages—they are not too ample—but in her perquisites. Lawyers would starve (figuratively, of course, for 'tis impossible for a lawyer to starve under any circumstances) on the bare six and eightpences—it is the extra costs that fatten. Perquisites are Fanny Tarlatan's costs. To her fall all my lady's cast-off clothes. Their amount and value depend upon my lady's constitutional liberality or parsimony. A dress may be worn once, a week, a month, or a year before it reverts to the lady's-maid. So with gloves, shoes, ribbons, and all the other weapons in the female armoury, of which I know no more than Saint Anthony did of the sex—or that Levantine monk Mr. Curzon made us acquainted with, who had never seen a woman. Old Lady McAthelyre, with whom Fanny lived before she went to the Countess of Courdesart's (Lady McA. was a terrible old lady, not unsuspected of a penchant for shoplifting and drinking *eau de cologne grog*), used to cut up all her old dresses for aprons, and the fingers off her gloves for mittens, and was the sort of old lady altogether who might reasonably be expected to skin a flea for the hide and tallow thereof. Mrs. Colonel Scraw, Fanny's mistress after Lady Courdesart, made her old clothes her own peculiar perquisites, and sold them herself. But such exceptions are rare, and Fanny has had, on the whole, no great reason to complain. Perhaps you will, therefore, at some future time, meet with her under the name of Whatnext, or Jellytin, or Figgles, or Seakale, in a snug, well-to-do West-End business, grown into a portly matron (with ringlets yet; for they are vital to the lady's-maid through life) with two little girls tripping home from Miss Weazel's dancing academy. I hope so, with all my heart.

There is a custom common among the English nobility, and yet peculiar to that privileged class, to get the best of everything. Consequently, whenever they find foreign cooks and foreign musicians more skilful than native talent, it is matter of noble usance to reflect upon foreign dishes; to prefer the performances of foreign minstrels and players; to cover the head, or hands, or feet, with coverings made by foreign hands; and, even in the ordinary conversation of life, to pepper its discourse with foreign words, as you would a sheep's kidney with cayenne. So my lord duke entertains in his great mansion a French cook, a Swiss confectioner, an Italian house steward, a French valet, German and French governesses, a German under-nurse or *bonne* (that his children may imbibe fragments of foreign language with their pap), besides a host of non-resident foreign artists and professors gathered from almost every nation under the sun. It is, therefore, but reasonable that her grace the duchess should

have a foreign attendant—a French, or Swiss, or German lady's-maid. I will take Mademoiselle Batiste, warranted from Paris, as a sample.

When I say warranted from Paris, I mean what the word "warranted" is generally found to mean—not at all like what it professes to be. Mademoiselle Batiste says she is from Paris; but she does not bear the slightest resemblance to the pert, sprightly, coquettish, tasteful, merry creature in a cunning cap, a dress closed to the neck, a plaited silk apron and shiny shoes, that a Parisian lady's-maid generally is. My private impression is that she is a native of some distressingly lugubrious provincial town in the *midi* of France—Aigues Mortes, perchance—whence she has been sent, for our sins, to England, to make us mournful. She is a most dolorous Abigail; a lachrymose, grumbling, doleant, miserable waiting woman. When she is old (she is in the thirties, now,) she will take snuff and keep a poodle on some fifth floor in the Marais, I am sure. Whether she has been disappointed in love, or her relations were guillotined during the great revolution; whether she was born on the eve of St. Swithin, or like Apollodorus, she nourishes scorpions in her breast, I know not, but she is a very grievous woman—a female knight of the rueful countenance. If you fail to please her, she grumbles; if you remonstrate with her, she cries. What are you to do with a woman, whose clouds always end in rain, unless you have Patience for an umbrella? In person, Mademoiselle Batiste is tall; in compass woefully lean and attenuated; her face is of the hatchet cast, and she has protruding teeth, long dark eyebrows, stony eyes, and heavy eye-lashes. A sick monkey is not a very enlivening sight; a black man with chilblains and a fit of the ague is not calculated to provoke cheerfulness, and there are spectacles more cheerful than a workhouse funeral on a wet day; but all these are positively jocose and Momus-like compared to Mademoiselle Batiste wailing over her lady's wardrobe, her own wrongs, and her unhappy destiny generally. The climate, the food, the lodging, the raiment, the tyranny of superiors, and the insolence of inferiors: all these find a place in the category of this melancholy lady's unhappiness. She prophesies the decadence of England with far more fervour than M. Ledru Rollin. She will impress herself to leave this detestable land; without sun, without manners, without knowledge of living. Somehow she does not quit the detestable land. She is like (without disrespect) that animal of delusive promise, the conjurer's donkey, which is always going for to go, but seldom does really go, up the ladder. Mademoiselle Batiste weeps and moans, and grumbles, and changes her situation innumerable times, and packs up her "effects" for the continent once a week or so; but stays

in England after all. When she has saved enough money, she may perhaps revisit the land of the Gaul, and relate to her compatriots the affliction sore which long time she bore among *ces barbares*.

In reality, Mademoiselle Batiste is an excellent servant; she is not only apt but erudite in all the cunning of her craft. M. Anatole, of Regent Street, might take lessons in hair-dressing from her. She far surpasses Miss Tarlatan in dress-making; although she disdains to include that accomplishment in the curriculum of her duties. But her principal skill lies in *putting on a dress*, in imparting to her mistress when dressed an air, a grace, a *tournure*, which any but a French hand must ever despair of accomplishing. Yet she grumbles meanwhile; and when she has made a peri of a peeress, sighs dolefully and maintains that an Englishwoman does not know how to wear a robe. This skill it is that makes her fretfulness and melancholical distemper borne with by rank and fashion. She has, besides, a pedigree of former engagements of such magnitude and grandeur, that rank and fashion are fain to bow to her caprices. The beautiful Duchesse de Faribole in Paris, and the Marquise de Lysbrisie (very poor, very Legitimist, but intensely fashionable); the famous Princess Cabbagioso at Florence, Countess Moskamujikoff at St. Petersburg, the Duchess of Champignon, the Marchioness of Truffleton and Lady Frances Frongus in England—all these high-born ladies has she delighted with her skill, awed with her aristocratic antecedents, and grieved with her melancholia. Although so highly skilled in dress-making she pays but little regard to costume herself. Her figure is straight all the way down, on all sides. She wears a long pendent shawl, a dreary bonnet with trailing ribbons; and carries, when abroad, a long, melancholy, attenuated umbrella, like a parasol that had outgrown itself, and was wasting away in despair. These, with the long dull gold drops to her ear-rings; two flat thin smooth bands of hair flattened upon her forehead; long listless fingers, and long feet encased in French boots of lustreless kid, give her an unspeakably mournful, trailing appearance. She seems to have fallen altogether into the "portion of weeds and outgrown faces." Her voice is melancholy and tristfully surgant, like an *Æolian harp*; her delivery is reminiscent of the Dead March in *Sail*;—a few wailing, lingering notes, closed with a melancholy boom at the end of the strophe. Adieu, Mademoiselle Batiste.

There are plenty more lady's-maids who want places; and, taking into consideration the increased facilities offered by the abolition of the duty on advertisements, I sincerely hope they may all be suited satisfactorily. But I cannot tarry to discuss all their several qualifications. Although I can conscientiously

recommend "Wilkins" (Christian name unknown), the lady's-maid of middle age, and domesticated habits, who was with Mrs. Colonel Stodger during the whole of the Sutlej campaign; who is not too proud to teach the cook how to make curries; is reported to have ridden (with her mistress) in man's saddle five hundred miles on camel's back in India, and to have done something considerable towards shooting a plundering native discovered in Mrs. Stodger's tent. Nor would I have you overlook the claims of Martha Stirpenny, who is a "young ladies'-maid," and is not above plain needlework; or of Miss Catchpole, the maid, nurse, companion, amanuensis, everything, for so many years to the late Miss Plough, of Monday Terrace, Bayswater, who ungratefully left all her vast wealth in Bank and India Stock to the "Total Abstinence from Suttee Hindoo Widows' Society," offices Great St. Helens, secretary, G. E. L. B. Stoneybatter, Esq.; and bequeathed her faithful Catchpole, after twenty years' service, only a silver teapot and a neatly-bound set of the Reverend Doctor Duffaboxe's sermons. All these domestics want places, and all letters to them must be post-paid.

A S COOK (professed) a Person who fully understands her business. Address L., Fattypan Place, Great Brazier Street.

There is something honest, outspoken, fearless, in this brief advertisement. L. does not condescend to hint about the length and quality of her character, or the distinguished nature of the family she wishes to enter. "Here I am," she seems to say; "a professed cook. If you are the sort of person knowing what a professed cook is, and how to use her, try me. Good cooks are not so plentiful that they need shout for custom. Good wine needs no bush. I stand upon my cooking, and if you suit me as I suit you, nought but a spoilt dinner shall part us two." L., whom we will incarnate for the nonce as Mrs. Lambswool, widow, is fat and forty, but not fair. The fires of innumerable kitchen ranges have swarthed her ruddy countenance to an almost salamandrine hue. And she is a salamander in temper too, is Mrs. Lambswool, for all her innocent name. Lambswool, deceased (formerly clerk of the kitchen to the Dawdle club), knew it to his cost, poor man; and for many a kept back dinner and unpraised made dish did he suffer in his time.

If Fate could bring together (and how seldom Fate does bring together things and persons suited for one another), Mrs. Lambswool and Sir Chyle Turrener, how excellently they would agree. Sir Chyle—who dwells in Bangwarry Crescent, Hordover Square, and whose house as you pass it smells all day like a cook-shop—made his handsome competence in the war time by contracts for mess-beef as execrable, and mess-biscuit as

weevily, as ever her Majesty's service, by sea and land, spoilt their digestion and their teeth with. He is, in these piping times of peace, renowned as the most accomplished epicure in the dining world. He does not dine often at his club, the Gigot (though that establishment boasts of great gastronomic fame, and entertains a head man cook at a salary of two hundred and fifty pounds a year): he accuses M. Relevay, the *chef* in question, of paying more attention to the greasing and adornment of his hair, and the writing out of his bills of fare in ornamental penmanship, than to the culinary wants of the members; he will not have a man cook himself: "the fellows," he says, "are as conceited as peacocks and as extravagant as Cleopatra." Give him a woman cook—a professed cook, who knows her business, and does it; and the best of wages and the best of places are hers, at 85, Bangwarry Crescent.

Let us figure him and Mrs. Lambswool together. Sir Chyle—a little apple-faced old gentleman with a white head, and as fiery in temper as his cook—looks on Mrs. Lambswool as, next to the dinners she cooks and the government annuity in which (with a sagacious view towards checking the prodigality of his nephew and expectant heir) he has sunk his savings, the most important element in his existence. He places her in importance and consideration far beyond the meek elderly female attached to his household in the capacity of wife—used by him chiefly in forming a hand at whist and in helping soup (catch Sir Chyle trusting her with fish!) and by him abused at every convenient opportunity. He absolutely forbids any interference on her part with the culinary economy and discipline. "Blow up the maids as much as you like, Ma'am," he considerably says, "but don't meddle with my cook." Mrs. L. crows over her mistress accordingly, and if she were to tell her that pea-soup was best made with bilberries, the poor lady would, I dare say, take the dictum for granted. Sir Chyle Turrener is exceedingly liberal in all matters of his own housekeeping—although he once wrote a letter to the Times virulently denouncing soup-kitchens. When a dinner of a superlative nature has issued from his kitchen, he not unfrequently, in the warmth of his admiration, presents Mrs. Lambswool with gratuities in money; candidly admitting that he gives them now, because he does not intend to leave his cook a penny when he dies, seeing that she can dress no more dinners for him, after his decease. On grand occasions she is summoned to the dining room, at the conclusion of the repast, and he compliments her formally on this or that culinary triumph. He lauds her to his friends Tom Aitchbone, of the Beefsteak club, Common Councillor Podge, Sergeant Buffalo, of the Southdown circuit, and old Sir Thomas Marrowfat, who was a pronothotaxy to

something, somewhere, some time under a hundred years ago, and can nose a dinner in the lobby (the poor old fellow can hardly hold his knife and fork for palsy, and the napkin tucked under his wagging old chin looks like a grave-cloth) with as much facility as Hamlet stated the remains of King Claudius's chamberlain might have been discovered. It is a strong point in the Turrener and Lambswool creed and practice to hold all cookery-books—for any practical purpose beyond casual reference—in great indifference, not to say contempt. Sir Chyle has Glasse and Kitchenier, Austin and Ude, Francatelli and Soyer, beside the Almanack des Gourmands, and the Cuisinier Royal in his library, gorgeously bound. He glances at them occasionally, as Bentley might have done at a dictionary or a lexicon; but he does not tie himself nor does he bind his cook to blind adherence to their rules. True cookery, in his opinion, should rest mainly on tradition, on experience, and, pre-eminently, in the inborn genius of the cook. Mrs. Lambswool holds the same opinion, although she may express it in different language. She may never have heard of the axiom: "One becomes a cook, but one is born a roaster;" but she will tell you in her own homely language that "roasting and biling comes nateral, and some is good at it and some isn't." Her master has told her the story of Vatel and his fish martyrdom, but she holds his suicide to have been rank cowardice. "If there wasn't no fish," she remarks, "and it wasn't his fault, why couldn't he have served up something neat in the made-dish way, with a bit of a speech about being drove up into a corner?" But she hints darkly as to what she would have done to the fishmonger. Transfixure on a spit would have been too good for him, a wretch.

Through long years of choice feeding might this pair roll on, till the great epicure, Death, pounces on Sir Chyle Turrener to garnish his sideboard. If dainty pasture can improve meat, he will be a succulent morsel. He has fed on many things animate and inanimate: Nature will return the compliment then. For all here below is vanity, and even good dinners and professed cooks cannot last for ever. The fishes have had their share of Lucullus, and Apicius has helped to grow mustard and cress these thousand years. So might the knight and the cook roll on, I say; but a hundred to one if they ever come in contact. The world is very wide; and, although the heiress with twenty thousand pounds, who has fallen in love with us, lives over the way, we marry the housemaid, and our heads grow grey, and we die, and never reek of the heiress. Sir Chyle Turrener may, at this moment, be groaning in exasperation at an unskilful cook, who puts too much pepper in his soup and boils his fish to flakes; and Mrs. Lambswool's next place may be with a north

country Squire with no more palate than a boia-constrictor, who delights in nothing half so much as a half raw beefsteak, or a pie with a crust as thick as the walls of the model prison, and calls made dishes "kickshaws."

"As Good Cook in a private family," &c., &c., &c.,—the usual formula, with a hint as to irreproachable character, and a published want of objection to the country. The Good Cook does not pretend to the higher mysteries of the 'professed.' I doubt if she knows what a *bain-mari* pan is, or what *Mayonnaise*, *Salmis*, *Sautis*, *Fricandeaux*, *Gratina* or *Soufflés* are. Her French is not even of the school of 'Stratford-atte-Bow,' and she does not understand what a *met* is. Her stock made dishes are veal cutlets, harico mutton, stewed eels and Irish stew. She makes all these well; and very good things they are in their way. She is capital at a hand of pork and pea soup; at pigeon pies; at roasting, boiling, frying, stewing, and baking. She is great at pies and puddings, and has a non-transcribed receipt for plum pudding, which she would not part with for a year's wages. She can cook as succulent, wholesome, cleanly a dinner as any Christian man need wish to sit down to; but she is not an artist. Her dinners are not in the "first style." She may do for Bloomsbury, but not for Belgravia.

HOUSEMAID (where a footman is kept), a respectable young woman, with three years' good character. Address L. B., Gammis Court, Lamb's Conduit Street.

Letitia Brownjohn, who wishes to be a housemaid, who has three years' good character (by her pronounced "krakter") is two-and-twenty years of age. Her father is a smith, or a pianoforte maker, or a leather-dresser, stifling with a large family in Gammis Court. Her mother has been out at service in her time, and Letitia is in the transition state now—in the chrysalis formation of domestic drudgery; which she hopes to exchange some day for the full-blown butterflyhood of a home, a husband, a family, and domestic drudgery of her own. Ah, Letitia, for all that you are worried now by captious mistresses, the time may come when, in some stifling Gammis Court of your own, sweltering over a washtub, with a drunken husband and a brood of ragged children, you may sigh for your quiet kitchen, the cat, the ticking clock, the work-box in the area window, and your cousin (in the Guards) softly whispering and whistling outside the area railings.

Letitia Brownjohn, like most other young ladies of the housemaid calling, has had an university education. Not, I need scarcely tell, at theological Oxford or logarithmical Cambridge; nor at the Silent Sisters, who would not suit Letitia by any means; nor at Durham, famous for its mustard and its mines; nor at any one of those naughty

colleges in Ireland which the Pope is so angry with; nor even at any one of the colleges recently instituted in this country "for ladies only," as the railway carriages have it—yet in an university. Letitia, as most of the university-educated do, went in the first instance to a public school; that founded by Lady Honoria Woggs (wife of King William the Third's Archbishop Woggs), where intellectual training was an object of less solicitude by the committee of management than the attainment of a strong nasal style of vocal elocution, as applied to the sacred lyrics of Messrs. Sternhold and Hopkins, and the wearing a peculiarly hideous costume, accurately copied and followed from the painted wooden statuette of one of Lady Woggs's girls, in Lady Woggs's own time, placed in a niche over the porch of the dingy brick building containing Lady Woggs's school, and flanked in another niche by another statuette of a young gentleman in a muffin cap and leathers, representing one of Lady Woggs's boys.

From this establishment our Letitia passed, being some nine or ten years of age, to the university, and there she matriculated, and there she graduated. Do you know that university to which three-fourths—nay, nineteen-twentieths—of our London-bred children "go up?" Its halls and colleges are the pavement and the gutter; its Lecture-theatre the doorstep and the post at the corner; its schools of philosophy are the chandler's shop, the cobbler's stall, and the public-house; of which the landlord is the chancellor; its proctor and bull-dogs are the police-sergeant and his men; its public orators, the ballad-singers and last dying-speech cryers; its lecturers are scolding women. The weekly wages of its occupants form its university chest. Commemoration takes place every Saturday night, with grand musical performances from the harp, guitar, and violin, opposite the Admiral Keppell. The graduates are mechanics and small tradesmen and their wives. The undergraduates are Letitias and Tommies. The university is the street.

Right in its centre stands the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil. And all day long children come and pluck the fruit and eat it; and some choose ripe and wholesome fruit, the pleasant savour of which shall not depart out of their mouths readily; but some choose bad and rotten apples, which they fall upon and devour gluttonously, so that the fruit disagrees with them very much indeed, and causes them to break all out in such eruptions of vicious humours, as their very children's children's blood shall be poisoned with years hence. And some, being young and foolish and ignorant, take and eat indiscriminately of the good and of the bad fruit, and are sick and sorry or healthful and glad alternately; but might fare badly and be lost in the long run did not Wisdom and Love (come from making of rainbows and

quelling of storms, perhaps a million miles away, to consider the sparrows and lake stock of the flies in the back street university) appear betimes among these young undergraduates gathered round the tree, and teach their hearts how to direct their hands to pluck good sustenance from that tree. I never go down a back street and look on the multitude of children (I don't mean ragged, Bedouin children, but decently attired young people, of poor but honest parents, living hard by, who have no better playing-ground for them), and hear them singing their street songs, and see them playing street games, and making street friendships, and caballing on doorsteps or conspiring by posts, or newsmongering on kerb stones, or trotting along with jugs and half-pence for the beer, or listening open-mouthed to the street orators and musicians, or watching Punch and the acrobats, or forming a ring at a street fight, or gathered round a drunken man, or running to a fire, or running from a bull, or pressing round about an accident, bonnetless and capless, but evidently native to this place—without these thoughts of the university and the tree coming into my head. You who may have been expensively educated and cared for, and have had a gymnasium for exercise, covered playing courts, class-rooms, cricket-fields, ushers to attend you in the hours of recreation; who have gone from school and college into the world, well recommended and with a golden passport, should think more, and considerably too, of what a hazardous, critical, dangerous nature this street culture is. With what small book-learning these poor young undergraduates get, or that their parents can afford to provide them with, is mixed simultaneously the strangest course of tuition in the ethics of the pawnbroker's shop, the philosophy of the public-house, the rhetoric of drunken men and shrewish women, the logic of bad associations, and bad examples, and bad language.

Our Letitia graduated in due course of girlhood, becoming a mistress of such household arts as a London-bred girl can hope to acquire at the age of fourteen or fifteen. Well, you know what sort of a creature the lodging-house maid of all work is, and what sort of a life she leads. You have seen her; her pattens and disheveled cap, her black stockings and battered tin candlestick. We have all known Letitia Brownjohns—oft-times comely, neat-handed Phillises enough—oft-times desperately slatternly and untidy—in almost every case woefully over-worked and as wretchedly underpaid. She must be up early and late. With the exception of the short intermission of sleep doled forth to her, her work is ceaseless. She ascends and descends every step of every flight of stairs in the house hundreds of times in the course of the day; she is the slave of the ringing both of the door bell and the lodgers' tintinnabula. She must be little more than an

animated appendage to the knocker—a jack in the box, to be produced by a double rap. She is cook, housemaid, lady's-maid, scullery maid, housekeeper, all in one; and for what? For some hundred and fifty shillings every year, and some—few and far between—coppers and sixpences, doled out to her in gratuities by the lodgers in consideration of her Briarean handiwork. Her holidays are very, very few. Almost her only intercourse with the outer world takes place when she runs to the public-house at the corner for the dinner or supper beer, or to a neighbouring fishmonger for oysters. A rigid supervision is kept over her conduct. She is expected to have neither friends, acquaintances, relations, nor sweethearts. "No followers," is the Median and Persian law continually paraded before her; a law unchangeable, and broken only under the most hideous penalties. When you and I grumble at our lot, repine at some petty reverse, fret and fume over the curtailment of some indulgence, the deprivation of some luxury, we little know what infinite gradations of privation and suffering exist; and what admirable and exemplary contentment and cheerfulness are often to be found among those whose standing is on the lowest rounds of the ladder.

But Letitia is emancipated from the maid-of-all-work thralldom now, and aspires to be a "Housemaid where a footman is kept," yet not without considerable difficulty, and after years of arduous apprenticeship and servitude. With the maid-of-all-work, as she begins, so 'tis ten to one that as such she ends. I have known grey-headed maids-of-all-work; and of such—with a sprinkling of insolvent laundresses and widows who have had their mangles seized for rent—is recruited, and indeed, organised, the numerous and influential class of "charwomen" who work household work for eighteen pence a day and a glass of spirits.

But Letitia Brownjohn has been more fortunate. Some lady lodger, perchance in some house in which she has been a servitor, has taken a fancy to her; and such lodger, taking in due course of human eventuality a house for herself, has taken Letitia to be her own private housemaid. And she has lived with City families, and tradesmen's families, and in boarding-schools, and she has grown from the untidy "gal" in the black stockings and the mob cap to be a natty young person in a smart cap and ribbons, aspiring to a situation where a footman is kept. That she may speedily obtain such an appointment; that the footman may be worthy of his companion in service; that they may please each other (in due course of time), even to the extent of the asking of banns and the solemnisation of a certain service, I very cheerfully and sincerely wish.

For the present, my catalogue of "Want Places" is at an end. By and by, possibly I

may tell you jocund tales of stalwart footmen, and portly butlers, and valets-de-chambre, to whom their masters were no heroes.

A BRAZILIAN IN BLOOMSBURY.

WHILE we write—it may not be so when this is read—many of the naturalists of London are getting up and going to bed, talking by day, for want of better matter, of the weather and the Turkish "difficulty," and sleeping of nights, perfectly unconscious of a mine of excitement that may at any hour be sprung in the midst of them—of the fact, in short, that there is an Ant-bear in the town. Should it live and get its rights, we shall have Ant-bear Quadrilles, Ant-bear Butterdishes, Ant-bear Paper-weights, Ant-bear pictures of all sorts, and perhaps a dash of Ant-bear in the Christmas Pantomimes. For the Ant-bear, or Great Anteater, is a zoological wonder; a thing never before seen in Europe; an animal more eccentric and surprising than the Hippopotamus, and for whose appearance among us we are less prepared by any widely spread acquaintance of a general kind with its form and habits. Should the Ant-bear lodging now in a poor house at number seventeen, Broad Street, Bloomsbury, find its way, as we believe it will, to the more fashionable precincts of Regent's Park, and should it live through the next London season, no war of Turk or Russian—should there then be any—will stand against it.

We may state generally that the Great Anteater is at home in certain parts of South America; that it is found there only, and that it lives on insects—chiefly on ants; that it is (though very different in form) as large as a small bear; that it has a copious coat of coarse hair, a pair of immensely powerful forelegs with which to tear open the hard nests of the white ant, a nose half as long as its body, with a small mouth at the end to be thrust into the nest, and a long tongue like the tongue of a serpent that can be darted out surprisingly more than a hundred times in a minute. The long nose in front of the Ant-bear is more than balanced by the huge tail behind—a very complete brush and a very complete hair-roofing when its owner thinks proper to be snug. In lying down he tucks the long nose under one arm, like an umbrella, and then turns the tail over his body, every part of which it covers so completely, that the animal asleep looks like a grey mat, or a heap of hair; and not in the least like any living thing. All the ants in the world might wage a useless war against their enemy, once coiled under the shelter of that tail. It is to the Ant-bear as his vine and fig-tree under which he is accustomed to repose.

The name "Anteater" suggests a good many vague notions. When we first heard of the Anteater, there were recalled to

our minds several varieties of the animal:—the African Anteater, the Aardvark, found round about the Cape colony; the scaly Ant-eaters or Pangolins, of which there is one species found in Senegal and Guinea, and two others in the Deccan, Bengal, Nepaul, Southern China, and Formosa. Furthermore, we were reminded of the Australian or Porcupine Anteater, called a Hedgehog by the colonists of Sydney. In America two kinds of Anteater exist, the Great and the Little, differing not only in size but also in form and structure. These two kinds of Anteater belong exclusively to Central and South America. The animal we found in Bloomsbury was the Great Anteater from Brazil; or, to give him his full scientific honours, the *Myrmecophaga jubata*. Many attempts have been made to bring a specimen alive to Europe, but it has never yet been able to survive the sea passage. The Ant-bear now in Broad Street, Bloomsbury, is therefore the first that has been seen alive in Europe. It has been brought over by some poor Germans, who had found their way so far from Vaterland as the interior of Brazil, four hundred miles from Rio Janeiro. In Brazil the Ant-bear is at home, and is occasionally reared in houses as a domestic pet. The idea of carrying home with them some specimens to Europe as a speculation having been broached among these Germans, one party determined upon carrying if possible two young Ant-bears to Paris, and another party undertook to convey two to London. They were brought away from home in the first month of infancy. The two destined for Paris both died on the way. Of the two destined for London, one died on the way to Rio Janeiro, and was there stuffed very badly. The other has survived the long sea-passage, though he has grown very lean over it, and has while we now write been a week in London.

The poor proprietors appear to have arrived in town with no higher ambition than the establishment of an obscure show. With little cash and less English they engaged a lodging for themselves and their infant, then five months old, at a house in that perverted and degenerate thoroughfare, Broad Street, Bloomsbury. There they put a bill into the window of a small shop—their show-room—inviting the public to come in and see that very wonderful animal, never before brought to Europe, the ANTITA (so they spelt Anteater in their largest letters) from Brazil. The charge for admission was established at sixpence, with the usual tenderness in the allowance of half-price to children. At this hour, it is only here and there a stray member of the London public who has heard of the existence of this animal among us. It was by one of those few early discoveries that we were ourselves directed to its dwelling-place.

On opening the shop door we found ourselves, in proper showman fashion, shut from

a sight of the inner mystery by a check curtain. Passing that we came into the shop, which was divided by a little wooden barrier into a small space for spectators, and a small space for the proprietors of the animal and for the animal himself, whose den was a deal box standing on its side, with a small lair of straw inside, and the stuffed Anteater on the top of it. On the straw was a rough grey hair mat, of a circular form, or a heap of hair, which presently unrolled itself into the form of a magnificent tail, from under which the long nose of the living Ant-bear was aimed at us like a musket. Then the whole curiosity came out to eat an egg, which it heard cracked against the wall. In accordance with the fate common to exiles, this Ant-bear is very thin. Being now five months old, he stands about as high as a Newfoundland dog. As there were no other visitors present we had an opportunity of becoming pretty sociable with him and with his owners, and could feel his long nose and his shaggy coat with the same hand that had been called upon to feel the small heads of the Aztecs. Here, however, was a fit object upon which to spend our wonder—not a deformed fellow-being, but a work of creation hitherto unseen among us, an example not of defect, but of perfection in the adaptation of means to an end—from mouth to tail an Anteater.

We have already, in some pages of this journal, had occasion to remark, that the feeding of one animal upon another is not in principle a savage or a cruel thing, but the direct reverse. Except where man has interfered to make the life of any creature painful, there can be no doubt that every brute existence ends with a large balance on the side of happiness enjoyed. All healthy animal life—except perhaps in the least organised animals that scarcely possess any consciousness—is pleasure, and to multiply creatures is to multiply the sum of happiness enjoyed upon this globe of ours; therefore the earth is full of animated beings. The vegetable world feeds myriads of individuals, and there is scarcely an herb that does not feed at least one class of animals; a race expressly created to enjoy it; born to eat nothing else. But if all animals ate fruits there would be a limit set to the multiplication of kinds, and to the aggregate increase of numbers that is now far overpassed. Upon one animal another lives, another upon that; so there is no waste in the great system of creation, and ten happy beings live in vigour where, had all animals been vegetable feeders, there would have been but five, and at least two of those enduring the distresses of a slow decay. Man is subject to diseases that arise almost entirely from his social errors, yet they tend to develop all his higher faculties—they give play to his sympathies and affections, elevate him as a moral being; at the same time they serve as admonitions to his intellect,

which is by them led to trace bad effects to their cause in conditions of existence that require amendment; as for example we are taught by cholera that we must not so misuse our power of free action as to pen one another up in filthy heaps, neglecting to use the fresh air, the pure light and the clear water that lie ready to our mouth and eyes and hands. Brutes, however, are created not for progressive development, but for the simple enjoyment of the life and power that they have. Sickness has not for them its uses, instinct commonly teaches them to avoid causes of disease, and those which become a prey to animals that feed upon them die suddenly a quick and easy death, after a life that has been wholly free from aches and pains, and all the toils that old age and debility bring with them. They go to make fresh life and vigour, and there is in this way a great wealth of strong and happy life established in the world, and a great deal of fatigue and suffering kept out of it. A further use of this method of maintaining one set of animals on the waste of another, is to increase very much the variety of form and structure which give to our universe so much beauty and interest, and to the thinking man so many clues by which he may lead his thoughts upward and increase his own small stock of wisdom by the study of a wisdom that is infinite and perfect. While the varieties of form are increased there is a due check put on the undue reproduction of any single species.—We might follow these reflections out a great deal farther, but we have said enough for our purpose, which was to suggest the reflection that a large animal created with direct and obvious reference to his assigned business of destroying ant's nests and subsisting upon their inhabitants, illustrates a great principle in the government of the world that springs wholly from beneficence, and can be thought strange only because it is unfamiliar and striking. Equally or even more surprising would be the net spread by the spider, if one, with the animal at work upon it, could be exhibited to a people among whom spiders never have been seen. Yet we sweep such things down from the corner of our houses and regard them but as common dust.

There is some reason to doubt whether the Ant-bear in Bloomsbury will live through an English winter. It is now healthy, but thin and languid, as most exotic animals become when they are brought among us. Mrs. Meredith, in her account of her Home in Tasmania, gave us the other day quite startling accounts of the briskness of a tame opossum under its own skies, in opposition to the common statement made here, even by some naturalists, that they are sluggish animals. The Ant-bear that crawled lazily out of its box under the shadow of St. Giles's steeple, would at this time have been fishing and leaping with fierce vigour if left to the shelter

of the forests of Brazil. At home, when rendered fierce by hunger, it will make a bound of ten feet to spring on the back of a horse, tear open the horse's shoulder with its huge claws, and then suck the blood out of the wound. Here it comes, lean as it is, very lazily out of its box at the crackling of an eggshell to follow its master about, licking the yolk out of an egg with its long tongue. It does that very cleverly. Like most of the tame Ant-bears in Brazil, this one in Bloomsbury, though but an infant, eats fifty in a day, with a little milk, and meat chopped finely or in soup.

It needs not only food but air. It would do best, said the German, if it had some green to run upon. The air of a small room in Holborn or in Oxford Street, to which last thoroughfare the show entertained a notion of removing, adds one more peril to the chance of maintaining alive this little stranger. The peril, however, is not very likely to be of long duration. Such a prize as an Ant-bear could not hide itself a day in London from the eye of the ever active secretary of the gardens in Regent's Park. He was already in treaty with the Germans, and had offered them, if they went with their animal to the Zoological Garden, the weekly payment of quite a royal pension during its life. They were to have every week certainly as much as they could make of profit out of their show during six months in Broad Street. They had refused that offer, and desired to sell their treasure outright at a price that was but ten weeks' purchase of the pension offered, with a condition that they would return one-third of the money if the Ant-bear died within ten weeks. This suggestion proves that the owners themselves consider the Ant-bear's life a very bad one to ensure themselves a salary upon. So the negotiation stands at present, that is to say while we write. When this is read, the matter will be settled. The strange animal may have become famous among us, and be in a fair way to get through the winter under able watching and with the best artificial aid, or it may be still pining in an obscure show-room, or it may be dead and stuffed and framed and glazed, or dead and dissected.

If dead and stuffed, let no man put faith in its appearance. We have seen no English picture of the Ant-bear at all equal to the truth, and if we may take as a sample the stuffed specimen brought from Rio Janeiro with this living animal, the stuffer fails yet more completely than the painter. The long, smooth, hard nose, like a stiff, straight, hairy proboscis, only by no means a proboscis, for it has no mouth under it but carries a little toothless mouth at the end of itself, and a pair of small, keen eyes at its root; that wonderful long head which we call nose, which is made to dive into the innermost recesses of the ant's nest, and which is

as striking a characteristic of the beast as the stork's bill is of the bird, that essential feature shrivels and wrinkles and grows limp under the stuffer's hand, and conveys no notion of the original clear and even elegant outline of the Ant-bear's head, and of the firmness of its bone and bristle. Then the forelegs and the tremendous claws are marred inevitably. The forelegs even in the young living specimen of which we speak are models of animal strength that would delight the eye of any artist. There is a size of bone, a manifest firmness and tension of muscle in them, that recal to the mind many an old ideal sculpture. They end in huge claws retracted inwards, as we should say of fingers bent towards the palm, and the animal, walking in a strange way, treads upon them so; he does not spread the foreclaws out, but walks, as it were, upon his knuckles. In the stuffed specimen the claws are spread out carefully as they are never to be seen in nature. The outer crust of the ant-hills becomes often hard as stone, and the use of those massive claws and of the huge power in those forelegs is to enable the Ant-bear to rend them asunder, as the oak was rent by Milo. The hind legs of the Ant-bear although strong are altogether weaker, and they end in feet like human feet, which are of great use in supporting him while he is at work with his foreclaws. In the stuffed specimen again the marvellous tail is turned in the wrong direction. In the living creature it resembles nothing so much in form as a peacock's tail, with the sweep reversed. A peacock's tail without the gaiety, made of grey hairs instead of gaudy feathers.

We remained for some time with the young Brazilian, during which there arrived only one visitor, a gentleman to whose ears the report of it had come. He saw the Ant-bear eat an egg and scratch itself, then went away. It scratches and pulls its hair about with its hard fore-claws precisely as it would if they were horny fingers, and turning its head round always when it does so to bring one bright eye to bear upon its work, its mouth is brought at the same time into the neighbourhood of its hind feet or of its tail. We heard two little sons of St. Giles, asking outside whether that was where the show was and what was the charge for seeing it, but they demurred at threepence and retired. An object of attraction that in proper hands would draw half London was of no account in Bloomsbury. Few seemed to care for "the Antia." When that young Brazilian had in a leisurely way refreshed himself with eggs and milk, properly scratched himself with each of his four legs, and made inspection of our trousers, he determined to lie down. Not, however, until he had made his bed. When he had arranged the straw to his satisfaction, he lay down on one side, and holding out an arm for his long head, took it to his breast, and cuddled it as though it were a baby that he had to bed

with him. Then he drew over all his long tail in the fashion of a counterpane, and remained thereunder as quiet as death.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XL.

BEFORE sunset on the memorable day on which King Charles the First was executed, the House of Commons passed an act declaring it treason in any one to proclaim the Prince of Wales—or anybody else—King of England. Soon afterwards, it declared that the House of Lords was useless and dangerous, and ought to be abolished, and directed that the late King's statue should be taken down from the Royal Exchange in the city and other public places. Having laid hold of some famous Royalists who had escaped from prison, and having beheaded the Dukes of Hamilton, Lord Holland, and Lord Capel, in Palace Yard (all of whom died very courageously), they then appointed a Council of State to govern the country. It consisted of forty-one members, of whom five were peers. Bradshaw was made president. The House of Commons also re-admitted members who had opposed the King's death, and made up its numbers to about a hundred and fifty.

But, it still had an army of more than forty thousand men to deal with, and a very hard task it was to manage them. Before the King's execution, the army had appointed some of its officers to remonstrate between them and the Parliament; and now the common soldiers began to take that office upon themselves. The regiments under orders for Ireland mutinied: one troop of horse in the city of London seized their own flag, and refused to obey orders. For this, the ringleader was shot: which did not mend the matter, for, both his comrades and the people made a public funeral for him, and accompanied the body to the grave with sound of trumpets and with a gloomy procession of persons carrying bundles of rosemary steeped in blood. Oliver was the only man to deal with such difficulties as these, and he soon cut them short by bursting at midnight into the town of Burford, near Salisbury, where the mutineers were sheltered, taking four hundred of them prisoners, and shooting a number of them by sentence of court-martial. The soldiers soon found, as all men did, that Oliver was not a man to be trifled with. And there was an end of the mutiny.

The Scottish Parliament did not know Oliver yet; so, on hearing of the King's execution, it proclaimed the Prince of Wales King Charles the Second, on condition of his respecting the Solemn League and Covenant. Charles was abroad at that time, and so was Montrose, from whose help he had hopes enough to keep him holding on and off with

commissioners from Scotland, just as his father might have done. These hopes, however, were soon at an end, for Montrose, having raised a few hundred exiles in Germany, and landed with them in Scotland, found that the people there, instead of joining him, deserted the country at his approach. He was soon taken prisoner and carried to Edinburgh. There he was received with every possible insult, and carried to prison in a cart, his officers going two and two before him. He was sentenced by the Parliament to be hanged on a gallows thirty feet high, to have his head set on a spike in Edinburgh, and his limbs distributed in other places, according to the old barbarous manner. He said he had always acted under the Royal orders, and only wished he had limbs enough to be distributed through Christendom, that it might be the more widely known how loyal he had been. He went to the scaffold in a bright and brilliant dress, and made a bold end at thirty-eight years of age. The breath was scarcely out of his body when Charles abandoned his memory, and denied that he had ever given him orders to rise in his behalf. Oh, the family failing was strong in that Charles then!

Oliver had been appointed by the Parliament to command the army in Ireland, where he took a terrible vengeance for the sanguinary rebellion, and made tremendous havoc, particularly in the siege of Drogheda, where no quarter was given, and where he found at least a thousand of the inhabitants shut up together in the great church: every one of whom was killed by his soldiers, usually known as OLIVER'S IRONSIDES. There were numbers of friars and priests among them, and Oliver gruffly wrote home in his despatch that these were "knocked on the head" like the rest.

But, Charles having got over to Scotland where the men of the Solemn League and Covenant led him a prodigiously dull life, and made him very weary with long sermons and grim Sundays, the Parliament called the redoubtable Oliver home to knock the Scottish men on the head for setting up that Prince. Oliver left his son-in-law, Ireton, as general in Ireland in his stead (he died there afterwards), and he imitated the example of his father-in-law with such goodwill that he brought the country to subjection, and laid it at the feet of the Parliament. In the end, they passed an act for the settlement of Ireland, generally pardoning all the common people, but exempting from this grace such of the wealthier sorts as had been concerned in the rebellion, or in any killing of testants, or who refused to lay down their arms. Great numbers of Irish were got out of the country to serve under Catholicers abroad, and a quantity of land was ordered to have been forfeited by past offences, and was given to people who had at money to the Parliament early in the

war. These were sweeping measures; but, if Oliver Cromwell had had his own way fully, and had stayed in Ireland, he would have done more yet.

However, as I have said, the Parliament wanted Oliver for Scotland; so, home Oliver came, and was made Commander of all the Forces of the Commonwealth of England, and in three days away he went with sixteen thousand soldiers to fight the Scottish men. Now, the Scottish men, being then—as you will generally find them now—mighty cautious, reflected that the troops they had were not used to war like the Ironsides, and would be beaten in an open fight. Therefore they said, "If we lie quiet in our trenches in Edinburgh here, and if all the farmers come into the town and desert the country, the Ironsides will be driven out by iron hunger and be forced to go away." This was, no doubt, the wisest plan; but as the Scottish clergy *would* interfere with what they knew nothing about, and would perpetually preach long sermons, exhorting the soldiers to come out and fight, the soldiers got it in their heads that they absolutely must come out and fight. Accordingly, in an evil hour for themselves, they came out of their safe position. Oliver fell upon them instantly, and killed three thousand, and took ten thousand prisoners.

To gratify the Scottish Parliament, and preserve their favour, Charles had signed a declaration they laid before him, reproaching the memory of his father and mother, and representing himself as a most religious Prince, to whom the Solemn League and Covenant was as dear as life. He meant no sort of truth in this, and soon afterwards galloped away on horseback to join some tiresome Highland friends, who were always flourishing dirks and broadswords. He was overtaken and induced to return; but this attempt, which was called "The start," did him just so much service that they did not preach quite such long sermons at him afterwards as they had done before.

On the first of January, one thousand six hundred and fifty-one, the Scottish people crowned him at Scone. He immediately took the chief command of an army of twenty thousand men, and marched to Stirling. His hopes were heightened, I dare say, by the redoubtable Oliver being ill of an ague; but Oliver scrambled out of bed in no time, and went to work with such energy that he got behind the Royalist army and cut it off from all communication with Scotland. There was nothing for it then, but to go on to England; so it went on as far as Worcester, where the mayor and some of the gentry proclaimed King Charles the Second straightway. His proclamation, however, was of little use to him, for very few Royalists appeared, and on the very same day two people were publicly beheaded on Tower Hill for espousing his cause. Up came Oliver to Worcester too.

at double quick speed, and he had his Ironsides so laid about them in the great battle which was fought there, that they completely beat the Scottish men, and destroyed the Royalist army, though the Scottish men fought so gallantly that it took five hours to do.

The escape of Charles after this battle of Worcester did him good service long afterwards, for it induced many of the generous English people to take a romantic interest in him, and think much better of him than he ever deserved. He fled in the night with not more than sixty followers to the house of a Catholic lady in Staffordshire. There, for his greater safety, the whole sixty left him. He cropped his hair, stained his face and hands brown as if they were sunburnt, put on the clothes of a labouring countryman, and went out in the morning with his axe in his hand, accompanied by four wood-cutters who were brothers, and another man who was their brother-in-law. These good fellows made a bed for him under a tree, as the weather was very bad; and the wife of one of them brought him food to eat; and the old mother of the four brothers came and fell down on her knees before him in the wood, and thanked God that her sons were engaged in saving his life. At night, he came out of the forest and went on to another house which was near the river Severn, with the intention of passing into Wales; but the place swarmed with soldiers, and the bridges were guarded, and all the boats were made fast. So, after lying in a hayloft covered over with hay, for some time, he came out of this place, attended by COLONEL CARELESS, a Catholic gentleman who had met him there, and with whom he lay hid all next day, up in the shady branches of a fine old oak. It was lucky for the King that it was September-time, and that the leaves had not begun to fall, as he and the Colonel, perched up in this tree, could catch glimpses of the soldiers riding about below, and could hear the crash in the wood as they went about beating the boughs.

After this, he walked and walked until his feet were all blistered, and, having been concealed all one day in a house which was searched by the troopers while he was there, went with LORD WILMOT, another of his good friends, to a place called Bently, where one MISS LANE, a Protestant lady, had obtained a pass to be allowed to ride through the guards to see a relation of hers near Bristol. Disguised as a servant, he rode on the saddle before this young lady to the house of SIR JOHN WINTER, while Lord Wilmot rode there boldly, like a plain country gentleman, with dogs at his heels. It happened that Sir John Winter's butler had been a servant in Richmond Palace, and knew Charles the moment he set eyes upon him; but, the butler was faithful, and kept the secret. As no ship could be found there to carry

him abroad, it was planned that he should go—still travelling with Miss Lane as her servant—to another house, at Trent, near Sherborne in Dorsetshire; and then Miss Lane and her cousin, MR. LASCELLES, who had gone on horseback beside her all the way, went home. I hope Miss Lane was going to marry that cousin, for I am sure she must have been a brave, kind girl. If I had been that cousin, I should certainly have loved her.

When Charles, lonely for the loss of Miss Lane, was safe at Trent, a ship was hired at Lyme, the master of which engaged to take two gentlemen to France. In the evening of the same day, the King—now riding as servant before another young lady—set off for a public-house at a place called Charmouth, where the captain of the vessel was to take him on board. But the captain's wife, being afraid of her husband's getting into trouble, looked him up, and would not let him sail. Then they went away to Bridport, and coming to the inn there, found the stable-yard full of soldiers who were on the look-out for Charles, and who talked about him while they drank. He had such presence of mind, however, that he led the horses of his party through the yard as any other servant might have done, and said, "Come out of the way, you soldiers; let us have room to pass here!" As he went along, he met a half-tipsy ostler, who rubbed his eyes and said to him, "Why, I was formerly servant to Mr. Potter at Exeter, and surely I have sometimes seen you there, young man?" He certainly had, for Charles had lodged there. His ready answer was, "Ah, I did live with him once; but I have no time to talk now. We'll have a pot of beer together when I come back."

From this dangerous place he returned to Trent, and lay there concealed several days. Then, he escaped to Heale, near Salisbury, where, in the house of a widow lady, he was hidden five days, until the master of a collier lying off Shoreham in Sussex, undertook to convey "a gentleman" to France. On the night of the fifteenth of October, accompanied by two colliers and a merchant, the King rode to Brighton, then a little fishing village, to give the captain of the ship a supper before going on board; but, so many people knew him, that this captain knew him too, and not only he, but the landlord and landlady also. Before he went away, the landlord came behind his chair, kissed his hand, and said he hoped to live to be a lord and to see his wife a lady; at which Charles laughed. They had had a good supper by this time, and plenty of smoking and drinking, at which the King was a first-rate hand; so, the captain assured him that he would stand by him, and he did. It was agreed that the captain should pretend to sail to Deal, and that Charles should address the sailors and say he was a gen-

man in debt, who was running away from his creditors, and that he hoped they would join him in persuading the captain to put him ashore in France. As the King acted his part very well indeed, and gave the sailors twenty shillings to drink, they begged the captain to do what such a worthy gentleman asked. He pretended to yield to their entreaties, and the King got safe to Normandy.

Ireland being now subdued, and Scotland kept quiet by plenty of forts and soldiers put there by Oliver, the Parliament would have gone on quietly enough as far as fighting with any foreign enemy went, but for getting into trouble with the Dutch, who in the spring of the year one thousand six hundred and fifty-one, sent a fleet into the Downs under their ADMIRAL VAN TROMP, to call upon the bold English ADMIRAL BLAKE (who was there with half as many ships as the Dutch) to strike his flag. Blake fired a raging broadside instead, and beat off Van Tromp, who, in the autumn, came back again with seventy ships, and challenged the bold Blake—who still was only half as strong—to fight him. Blake fought him all day, but finding that the Dutch were too many for him, got quietly off at night. What does Van Tromp upon this, but goes cruising and boasting about the Channel, between the North Foreland and the Isle of Wight, with a great Dutch broom tied to his masthead, as a sign that he could and would sweep the English off the sea! Within three months, Blake lowered his tone though, and his broom too; for, he and two other bold commanders, DEAN and MONK, fought him three whole days, took twenty-three of his ships, shivered his broom to pieces, and settled his business.

Things were no sooner quiet again than the army began to complain to the Parliament that they were not governing the nation properly, and to hint that they thought they could do it better themselves. Oliver, who had now made up his mind to be the head of the state, or nothing at all, supported them in this, and called a meeting of officers and his own Parliamentary friends, at his lodgings in Whitehall, to consider the best way of getting rid of the Parliament. It had now lasted just as many years as the King's unbridled power had lasted, before it came into existence. The end of the deliberation was that Oliver went down to the House in his usual plain black dress, with his usual grey worsted stockings, but with an unusual party of soldiers behind him. These last he left in the lobby, and then went in and sat down. Presently he got up, made the Parliament a speech, told them that the Lord had done with them, stamped his foot and said, "You

are no Parliament. Bring them in! Bring them in!" At this signal the door flew open, and the soldiers appeared. "This is not honest," said Sir Harry Vane, one of the members. "Sir Harry Vane!" cried Cromwell; "O, Sir Harry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" Then he pointed out members one by one, and said this man was a drunkard, and that man a dissipated fellow, and that man a liar, and so on. Then he caused the Speaker to be walked out of his chair, told the guard to clear the House, called the mace upon the table—which is a sign that the House is sitting—"a fool's bauble," and said, "Here, carry it away!" Being obeyed in all these orders, he quietly locked the door, put the key in his pocket, walked back to Whitehall again, and told his friends, who were still assembled there, what he had done.

They formed a new Council of State after this extraordinary proceeding, and got a new Parliament together in their own way: which Oliver himself opened in a sort of sermon, and which he said was the beginning of a perfect heaven upon earth. In this parliament there sat a well-known leather-seller, who had taken the singular name of Praise God Barebones, and from whom it was called, for a joke, Barebones's Parliament, though its general name was the Little Parliament. As it soon appeared that it was not going to put Oliver in the first place, it turned out to be not at all like the beginning of heaven upon earth, and Oliver said it really was not to be borne with. So he cleared off that Parliament in much the same way as he had disposed of the other; and then the council of officers decided that he must be made the supreme authority of the kingdom, under the title of the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth.

So, on the sixteenth of December, one thousand six hundred and fifty-three, a great procession was formed at Oliver's door, and he came out in a black velvet suit and a big pair of boots, and got into his coach and went down to Westminster, attended by the judges, and the lord mayor, and the aldermen, and all the other great and wonderful personages of the country. There, in the Court of Chancery, he publicly accepted the office of Lord Protector. Then he was sworn, and the City sword was handed to him, and the seal was handed to him, and all the other things were handed to him which are usually handed to Kings and Queens on state occasions, and handed back again. When Oliver had handed them all back, he was quite made and completely finished off as Lord Protector; and several of the Ironsides preached about it at great length, all the evening.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. VIII.

McELRATH & BARKER, PUBLISHERS.
OFFICE No. 17 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

WHOLE No. 187.

THE MODERN PRACTICE OF PHYSIC.

NUMEROUS introductory lectures were delivered in the various hospitals of London on the first and third days of October, at the commencement of the winter session. I have been reading them, and desire leave, as an apothecary of the world, to add one more lecture to the number. Prelections to the student let there always be. Fill his mind with a sense of the duties he will take upon himself when he becomes practitioner of physic. But I am very strongly of opinion that there is an oration due also to the patients upon whom he is hereafter to practise, and I ask permission forthwith to discharge the debt.

Ladies and gentlemen, the lecture-rooms of the medical schools in this metropolis are now filled with young men well or ill prepared for study; hopeful or careless, sensible or silly; who will by very different paths arrive at the privilege of bleeding, blistering or bandaging your persons. Respectable individuals who are hereafter to select for themselves doctors from among these young men, will make their choice. Every one of them will, I have no doubt, take care to place himself or herself in the hands of a respectable practitioner. What does that mean? Am I respectable, for instance?

My own secret opinion is that I am not. I attend a great many families who keep my purse in health while I keep them in physic. I dress in black, wear spectacles, am rather bald, and keep a brougham; but I am a humbug, if my conscience is not very much deceived. I could not help it, and I cannot alter it. To make such a confession in my own name would be *felo de se*, and I have no right to do it. Anonymously, however, I can venture to be candid.

The truth is that I know very little indeed about my profession. As a student, at the opening of three successive sessions, I was warned a little by my teachers into good designs of study; but I was so fond of pleasure that I could accomplish very little indeed. I had a youth's relish for fun, and a youth's disrelish for labour. Not that I was absolutely idle. I attended a very fair number of lectures, slurred over a good many "parts" in the dissecting room, went round with the

physicians and the surgeons to the bedsides; but I did not fix attention properly on anything or anybody that meant work. I was not by any means the idlest fellow at St. Poulitice's, and I do not think that there was any active harm in me. I was quiet enough to be thought well of by the lecturers, and to be considered quite respectable, and better than an average St. Poulitice man, even in those days of initiation. It was often thought that I could easily have taken honours in some classes had I tried for them. When the time came for passing my examinations at the Hall and College, I grew rather nervous; for I knew myself so well, as to be quite sure that my attainments would not bear a close investigation. My nervousness was tempered by a spring of hope arising from two sources: One was the knowledge that at the College of Surgeons the examination (which was only on two subjects) would last but for an hour; during which I should be cut into four quarters and divided among four sets of examiners, each of whom would have little civilities to say at starting, and might spend even as much, I trusted, as five minutes a-piece over them, in consideration of the fact that they all knew, and would think it polite to ask after, my father.

At the Hall, my hope lay in the fact concerning the examining apothecaries, that each of them was supposed to keep sets of examinations, got up by him as an actor gets up parts. Every such line of business was known, and taught publicly to me and to my fellow pupils during our hospital walking time by certain gentlemen called grinders; who also kept duplicates of all the drug bottles exhibited in trays on the examination tables. They also in those days—I do not know how it may be now—even contrived to get from Chelsea gardens, on the morning of examination, duplicates of all the plants that had been sent down to Blackfriars on the previous evening, to be named by candidates for the apothecaries' licences. The Hall, therefore, could be passed after grinding for a few months without any previous study. I ground at second-hand; borrowing the notes and information gathered by a friend who was himself in attendance on a grinder. Yet I passed; I went through the Surgeons' with a flourish. In justice to the Apothecaries I should say

that they almost rejected me; but the scale turned finally in my favour when I was asked the quantities of opium put into the several compounds of the pharmacopœia that contained that drug. It was one of the stock questions of the place, of which my friend had written down the answer for me on the back of his visiting card. I had nothing like an idea on the subject; but I knew the list by heart, and had it at that moment near my heart, for it was in my waistcoat pocket. So I passed, and became licensed to practise.

Immediately afterwards, I took charge of a large pauper Union. There was no time for study, and there never has been any since; for I have prospered, and I should have had no heart for study had I failed. I look solid and oracular, deal to a judicious extent in jokes; which are I find accepted best and repeated oftenest as mine, when they are not my own. I understand my patients' characters and humours; although I do not understand their maladies so well as I could wish. Of course I take care not to let that fact be suspected. Profound in fact, I give to no one reason for supposing that there can be anything between consumption and nail-cutting, that I do not scientifically understand. I am considered to be especially able in respect to chest diseases; and I use the stethoscope—by which I am supposed to hear the sounds that betray physical order or disorder—with much grace and gravity. I never yet heard anything more than a general bumping, which I take to be produced by the patient's heart, and a crepitation which I believe to be caused by the hairs of my whiskers rubbing against the wood. Nobody knows that, however. All that is known about me is that I am, as before confessed, a respectable practitioner in the world's esteem, grave and a little bald, and that I keep a brougham. Ladies and gentlemen, I may this very day have written out my fiat for six draughts for one of you. Nevertheless, let no one tremble; for if it should be so, the chances are nineteen to one that I have ordered you a little harmless effervescent, or a draught coloured with T. Card. Co., which is something innocent and aromatic. I do not prescribe savagely. I live in fear of my own ignorance and do no active harm.

Permit me now, ladies and gentlemen of the world, as an apothecary of the world, gravely to call your attention to the very large number of young men who have recently been exhorted on the subject of the studies upon which they enter, and the duties they will have to undertake. Between thirty and seventy fresh youths enter every October at each hospital as recruits to the ranks of the Medical army. They believe themselves to be committed to an honest calling—as indeed there is none in the world honest or worthier of general respect—to embark on a wide ocean of knowledge. If they are themselves honest and high-minded, they will do

so; but, if they look at me and think much of my brougham, it may possibly come into their heads that it is not worth their while to venture very far to sea. The studies connected with the practice of medicine have so much in them of truth and vitality, of real and deep philosophy, that it is impossible for them not more or less to enlarge, strengthen, and at the same time refine the mind. They produce, therefore, a body of men, even at this day, second to no other class in its collective dignity; but the profession is not what it ought to be. The dim shadow of their future careers—felt alike by the students and by their teachers, when introductory orations open the campaign of study with allusions to the work that is before them—sends a touch of sadness to the mind of a pound, shilling, and pence surgeon like me. I am a sham myself, but I can respect what is genuine in others; and I have very good reason to know that the profession would shine more than it does, if public ignorance did not eat into it like a rust.

Is *this* right, for example? An old lady came under my care who would have none of my physic. She had a prescription from the great Dr. Podgy, which she wished me to make up. She was absolutely in love with Dr. Podgy, and told me so much about his ways and manners, that I, in my comparative humility and innocence, administered the humbug he prescribed in stronger doses than good tact would prompt. Nevertheless Dr. Podgy seemed not to have erred in the low estimate he put upon the public understanding. He was the king of a provincial town; and, although he had written nothing and had done nothing to obtain the shadow of a name among his brethren who were qualified to understand his merits, he had one of the most profitable medical practices in Europe. I doubt whether there was its equal out of London. Very well. The invaluable prescription of Dr. Podgy (which consisted of Epsom salts diffused in an infusion of roses) I made up several times. Some sudden notion of weakness caused the old lady to travel one day to see the great man and consult with him once more. He told her he would add something strengthening to her prescription. He did so, and the learned recipe came back to me to be made up. Dr. Podgy resolved to strengthen the old lady with a little steel, and had accordingly added some sulphate of iron to the salts and the roses. By so doing, in ignorance of a chemical fact known even among druggist's boys, he spoiled his pretty roses altogether, and caused the mixture to look like a bottle of bad ink. "I cannot take that filthy mess," said my good lady. "You have made some mistake." Dr. Podgy could not be wrong and she had so more to do with me; I was summarily dismissed. Now, does it speak well for the good sense of the public, when it is stated that to this Dr. Podgy there have been devoted

in his own town, the honours of a public statue? At the same time I know a dozen, and the world could reckon up more than a hundred physicians who are men of science, who are incorporating their names with the history of their art, and who, for want of a due practical recognition of their merits by the doctor-needing public, are doomed for the term of their natural lives to eat cold mutton and wear rusty clothes.

Ladies and gentlemen, you certainly will benefit yourselves if, when you select your own attendants from the coming race of medical practitioners, you look less than your forefathers have looked to tact and exterior manner, and institute a strict search after skill and merit. Attend, I entreat you, less to the recommendations of your nurses and your neighbours, and prefer rather physicians who have obtained honour among men really qualified to pass a verdict upon their attainments. Now, if a man labours much in his profession with his head at home when he ought to be dining out and winning good opinions by his urbanity and by the geniality of his professional deportment, he is commonly said to be a theorist, and left to eat the covers of his books, or to nibble his pen. Most of the really first-rate medical practitioners indeed who have obtained large practices, had manner as well as matter in them, tact as well as talent.

There may be some justice in this disposition of things; but, that the use of a little wise discrimination by the public in the choice of medical attendants, would stimulate the students more than all the introductory orations that were ever spoken, and, in due time, exalt the whole profession—strengthening very much its power to do good—I think I can make evident.

When I hinted at a little sadness that accompanied the thought of the respective futures of the students now at work in all our hospitals, a retrospect lay at the bottom of my mind. I can go back to my own student times, and recal the groups that sat about me in the lecture-room. Enough time has elapsed to let me see, in very many cases, how they have been dealt with by the world. I do not know whether it is everywhere so, but at St. Poulitce's there is, or used to be, a spirit of fellowship abroad. There is a band of us alive, firmly believing that St. Poulitce's never had so good a set of men studying together as there were in our time. So we, who were "respectable" there, think of each other, ignoring the tag-rag which belongs to every other and all other time. I suppose that students of each year grow up in the satisfaction of the same persuasion. Never mind that. One consequence of this fellow feeling is, that we who are at work (or play) together look and inquire much after one another. If I meet Brown he knows where Thompson is, and must tell me how Thompson is getting on. I, having seen

Jenkins lately, tell all I know of him. Every one of us is a repository of the histories of nearly all his old companions at St. Poulitce's. So complete is our feeling in this way, that I was stopped in the road by a gentleman the other day. "Your name," he said, "is Point."

"Yes," I replied; "and yours, I think, is Comma." I didn't know him at all, but guessed at hazard that he must be some St. Poulitce man.

"No," he said, "I'm Colon. What are you doing? How are you getting on?" We exchanged questions and cards and shall visit; but I am confident that when we were at hospital together we never exchanged two words. We were not acquaintances at all; merely in fact seeing each other there occasionally.

Now, I will relate fairly and truly a few cases of the after careers of some of the students I knew best. There was Pumpson to begin with, a fine manly broad-chested fellow, who worked like a steam-engine; but kept his work oiled so pleasantly that there was no creak, puff, pant, or sign of labour to be detected in him. To see him with his tails up before the library fire, chattering pleasantly, you would suppose that he was a man who scorned to fag. He liked a game at billiards; he was a leading member of our boat club; he was a leading man in half a dozen odd things that smelt rather of the flowers than the fruits of student life; but there was not one among us really working so earnestly as Pumpson. He was quick in acquisition of all kinds of knowledge, and he had a taste for everything intellectual and pleasant; but he toiled so thoroughly in his own quiet way—burning I do not know how many pints of oil per month in his own room—that he carried away the cream of all the honours for which we were expected to compete. Finally, he attracted the attention of our great authorities so much, that a good foreign appointment was offered to him at the close of his student career. He declined it as beneath the aim of his ambition, and went off, a highly trained physician, to create a practice in a large provincial town.

I spent a week lately in Pumpson's town, and found our old friend prosperous enough. He has a wife and children about him, and he lives in a good house in his old pleasant way; for he has private means. Moreover, there is nobody in the said town of Feverton more widely known. Pumpson is every public body's secretary; the foremost man in every scientific coterie; great at the chess club; great as a lecturer at the local medical school; great in private circles. Nevertheless, if Pumpson had no private means he would be threadbare. His revelations, in reply to the "How are you getting on?" question, gave me to understand that his professional guins would not make him liable for income tax. Smith and Jones, members of the Feverton public,

severally offered to tell me in confidential chat over their tables, who was the rising man of the locality.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Why," they said, "Pumpson. Wonderfully able man."

"Does he attend your family?" I asked of Mr. Smith.

"Why no," he replied, "when I want a physician I always call in Dr. Droney. I am rather afraid, to tell you the truth, of Pumpson's cleverness. He might be wishing to try some new remedies upon me. I rather dread a scientific man, because he is so liable to make experiments."

Pumpson began life with money and talent: Bilcher had neither. In some respects Pumpson and Bilcher at St. Poulitice's contrasted greatly with each other. Pumpson was always well and neatly dressed: Bilcher was always shabby and awkward. Pumpson had a remarkably wide range of ideas: Bilcher a peculiarly narrow one. Pumpson learned a great deal with no show of working: Bilcher picked up very little, although he was always to be seen grubbing for knowledge. All his spare time Bilcher spent in the dissecting room; and, as he was not fond of soap and water, it was not the pleasantest accident that could befall one of us in the day to have to shake hands with Bilcher. He was an amiable fellow, very much liked; but you would have said that he was altogether too slow to get forward in a busy world. Out of his profession he had no ideas; and in it, although he worked for them very hard, he never could get any students' honours. Bilcher in due time passed; and electrified us all immediately afterwards by marrying a fashionable widow with a thousand a year. She was twenty years his senior, and made him father to a young lady of his own age. After that Bilcher cleaned himself and clothed his neck in a white napkin very thick with starch. Bilcher then gravely contemplated the world from the top of his collar, and the world looked up to him. Bilcher has now an extensive practice. He keeps two carriages, and boasts to us of duchesses whom he attends.

In the considerable town of Shredby, Porson is established as physician: a man of strict religious principle whom, as a medical student, I respected greatly, and whom I still no less respect. We were not very intimate, because he was not fond of amusement, and I was. Porson studied seriously, and learned his profession in a quiet conscientious way. He showed no abilities. The reward of all his industry as a student was one Third Certificate of merit, which he obtained in a class when there happened to be only three men who competed for its honours. Being in Shredby recently I met Porson, who invited me to tea, and gave me muffins. I found him living on his profession very comfortably; then in mature life and about to

marry. He told me solemnly (I never saw him laugh, as youth or man) that he was doing very well. His Third Certificate hung, framed and glazed, over the chairs in his consulting-room. I found by inquiries in the town that he was a very thriving man; for, being conscientiously diligent in his attendance on the Independent Chapel—he was an Independent—the whole Independent body looked upon him as the fittest man to give advice to them upon their fleshly ailments.

Partleby is another of our old set at St. Poulitice's. He was, and still is, not less deeply imbued than Porson with religious principle and feeling; but he was at least ten times more clever. Partleby had a taste for literature; read English, French, and German authors; wrote verses that were almost poetical; but he was not less attentive to his studies. He was a conscientious working student, distinguished himself in two or three classes, and liked his profession. He was a perfect gentleman in mind and manners when he went into the world, a well trained surgeon and an accomplished man. But he stands only five feet in his shoes; looks small in a room, and has thoughts of his own; says original things for which people are not prepared, because they do not understand them, and are therefore annoyed with him. He is thence considered odd; and having bought a practice worked at it with the most unremitting application; married on it, and at last found that it would not keep his children. Partleby then bought a partnership with a man whose religious feeling pleased him. The man proved to be a rogue in saint's clothing. Partleby was cheated of the profits due to him; and at the end of the term of years for which the partnership had been made, the false saint—an incompetent practitioner—carried off all the patients. Partleby was thus left, after twenty years of work, very much where he was when he began the world. His practice now consists of five small families, who cannot be at all times ailing. The energies of Partleby are broken down. If he had not belonged to a family able to keep his bark afloat for him, he would have sunk years ago, and would by this time have died. If he had not a religious mind and a clear conscience, he would have been throughout his career very wretched.

Burdle, another of our set, prospers and deserves prosperity; but what price has he paid for it? Possessed of a fine intellect he vowed it all to his profession; worked intensely, and had not been half-a-dozen years in the world before he had achieved, by original research, an European reputation. Some years ago I congratulated him on his prosperity. "You have got on well, Burdle," I said; "and if ever a man earned his prosperity you have."

"No," he replied, "I have not got on. It is a question between science and pudding.

great-minded enough to remain the love of my profession; so I set up my mind to leave off cultivating and cultivate the public." Burdle threatened, and is growing rich. It is true in his case that the patients gone to him, have gone to a most able and able man, whose knowledge has gained their confidence. It is not, however, that reason that he prospers; he is restrained on himself and thrown over the light that was in him. In fact, to be rich in spite of all his attainments.

It is not the whole case that I, as an outcast of the world, wish to lay before the public and gentlemen, but there is here enough of it. Some men there are, in them a spark of that high energy they are enabled not only to merit but to secure also the attainment of the deserts. That energy belongs to me. I have no faith at all in obscure

But the great mass of a profession cannot consist of men gifted with extraordinary powers; and, in the discrimination between its respective members—some of medical men certainly—mistakes are made by the public.

It is my intention to be metaphysical, my wit to be too shallow, and any one to dive at all deeply into the causes of these facts that I have stated. I only state them and affirm

I think I can affirm also that a great deal of these things is acquired very early by students of Medicine, if they do not very outset bring it with them to the study. I believe, also, that the errors of the public, when the students are transferred to practitioners, tend in the highest degree to induce young and struggling men to a tone of feeling or a line of conduct very much at odds with the spirit of a liberal and liberal profession. I think it would be more study among pupils, and deal less that is disreputable in the practices of surgeons and physicians. All knew that the public took to judge us on our own respective

the gentlemen and ladies must not themselves the whole art of healing in a pamphlet or a handbill, and then be attended by that person among the stock of knowledge seems to be very level to the contents of such a

Neither must we be chosen for merit in our coats, our carriages, &c. If Smith has a greyer head, and a thicker skull than mine, let not his be a start in the race with me for precedence. I cannot undertake to tell my people ought to use, in regard to judgment they possess; nevertheless that, on the whole, they could do as they now do, if they tried. I

may be lecturing to the winds, or I may not. Should, however, any amendment take place in the public understanding of the respective merits of practitioners, I shall not fail to become aware of it. For I am afraid that it will cause me to put down my brougham.

THE EVE OF A JOURNEY.

A RESPECTABLY dressed middle-aged woman sat in the window-seat in the fine old hall of Chedbury Castle. There was nothing remarkable in her appearance, except a look of settled yet patient anxiety, which deepened, as the short October's day drew near to its close and broad slanting sunset gleams and shadows stole across the quiet little shrubbery and grass plot, upon which she looked out fixedly. The servants, after having made her the offer of refreshment—which she declined—came and went upon their various errands, without any apparent consciousness of her presence. And this was an occasion upon which a personage of higher note might very easily have been overlooked: one of those times of general bustle, preparation, and delightful confusion, when everybody seems to be busy helping somebody else; and the bonds of discipline undergo a not unpleasant relaxation. The family were going abroad.

Two or three men servants, under the direction of an elderly duenna—with respectability imprinted on every wrinkle of her countenance and rustling out of every fold of her black silk dress—were busily cording trunks and portmanteaus. She stood over them proud, pleased, and important; for she was one of the travelling party; my young lady's own woman, who had waited upon her from her childhood. She looked upon her own trunk complacently; for it carried her fortune; and, had she ever heard of Cæsar, she could have made a very apt quotation. As it was, she unbent in a little stately chat with a man who wore, like herself, the aspect of an old, privileged retainer.

"Well, Mrs. Jenkyn," he remarked, "I cannot but say that I wish you were well across the seas and back again, to tell us all that you have met with among the Mounseers—for I reckon you *will* come back to Chedbury, and so perhaps will my lord, and so will Mrs. Moreton; but, as to our young lady, we shall have seen the last of her when she leaves the Park gates behind her to-morrow. There are not so many like her, from all I've heard of foreign parts; so good and so pretty; with so many acres at her back, that they'll let her away from among them so easily. Take my word for it, some prince of the blood, or duke at the very least—for where you're going they're as thick as blackberries at Martinmas—will take and marry her, whether she likes it or not. Besides," he added, sinking his voice into a confidential whisper, "old stories'll be left on this side of the salt water. They won't cross it after her."

The stranger in the window-seat started with a quick, uneasy movement.

"This side or the other side," returned Mrs. Jenkyn. "It's not for them that eat the family's bread to be raking up what's past and gone and out of people's minds. And before strangers too," she added with a side glance in the direction of the window-seat.

"You're always so touchy, Mrs. Jenkyn," returned the old man, speaking, however, in a submissive tone, "just as if nobody cared about the family but yourself. And what's the use of minding the woman who's sat there four mortal hours, and never stirred or spoken? She's either deaf or stupid."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied the discreet Mrs. Jenkyn; and, at this moment the woman as if to justify the old lady's observation, roused herself from her deep pre-occupation, and said abruptly: "Will any one take a second message from me to Mrs. Moreton? I have come many miles to speak with her. It is now getting late, and I want to be upon my way home."

Mrs. Jenkyn answered her very civilly: "I will go and carry your message. It is very seldom that Mrs. Moreton keeps any one waiting; but I suppose," she added, smiling, "nothing goes quite straight at a time like this."

At that moment a bell rang. It was Mrs. Moreton's bell—she wished to see the person who had been waiting so long.

"Here, William," said Mrs. Jenkyn, "show this good woman into the stone parlour. Mrs. Moreton will speak to her there; and, Ma'am," she added, good-naturedly, "you can take a look at the pictures on the grand staircase as you pass the foot of it."

The gossiping old man, as they went along, had many things to point out to his silent, steadfast-looking companion. He left her, however, at the turning of one of the long passages to run back to the servants' hall with a hound which had stealthily strayed into forbidden precincts. Between this spot and the stone parlour there were several intricate windings, and he expected to find the woman standing exactly where he left her. Without his guidance, however, she had preceded him to the door of the stone parlour; and waited for him, with a look of abstraction as fixed as if her feet had brought her to that threshold of their own accord.

"So, Mistress," exclaimed the old man, "you are not quite so much of a stranger in this house as I thought."

He bent on her a look of keen scrutiny. She was too little conscious to be embarrassed by it, and replied quietly, "I have been here before."

While this little scene was being acted below stairs, Mrs. Moreton—half governess, half friend to the heiress—was seated with her young pupil in the great drawing-room.

They too had been very busy. This splendid apartment showed marks of disarrangement. The elder lady was immersed in accounts; the younger one had placed a little table within the embrasure of the deep old-fashioned window, so as to give her drawing—upon which she was very intent—the full benefit of the already declining daylight. She was about fifteen; fair, and ingenuous-looking; of slender figure, with mild, almost melancholy brown eyes.

"I think I shall have time to finish this," she said musingly; "it will please papa when he comes home this evening, will it not, dear Mrs. Moreton?"

"My lord will think that you have made great progress," replied that lady, without lifting her eyes from a very long line of figures.

"I do think it is like old Chedbury—like enough, at any rate, to remind us of the place when we are away. Although, after all, there is nothing here that I shall much miss. You and papa and good old Jenkyn are all going with me; and who else is there in the world whom I care about? Yet," she went on, thinking aloud, "if I had some one to leave behind; some young companions who would miss me and talk about me when I am far away, I think I should be happier. I sometimes think it very strange"—she looked up at Mrs. Moreton—"that my father has never allowed me to make any friends of my own age. But, of course," she added, after a pause, "he cannot be expected to enter into all that a girl feels. How different everything would have been if my mother had lived!"

Without making her pupil any answer, Mrs. Moreton started up with a sudden exclamation, and ran to the bell. "Is it possible," she said, self-reproachfully, "that all this time I have forgotten the poor woman who asked to speak to me four hours ago?"

Mrs. Moreton entered the stone parlour with some kind words of apology; and seated herself in her accustomed chair, prepared to lend her best attention to the visitor. But the woman—is she the same who sat out those four hours so patiently in the window-seat; who followed the old servant through the long passage with such a face of blank unquestioning apathy? Her look of settled pre-occupation had dropped from her face like a mask; yet her real features, now revealed, wore a scarcely less fixed expression. Every line quivered with agitation; yet her eyes, through it all, were never removed from Mrs. Moreton's face. She held to the table for support. She trembled in every limb; not from timidity: but from anxiety; eagerness. Her soul was gathered up into her face.

Mrs. Moreton did not particularly observe her. Her thoughts were still at work with the business of to-day and to-morrow. "Well,

my good woman," she said mechanically, by way of opening the case, as she opened all cases that came before her in that stone parlour, as the delegated Lady Bountiful of Chedbury. "What can I do for you?"

There was no rejoinder.

"My time, to-day," she went on, in the same gentle yet rather magisterial tone, "happens to be rather valuable."

"I am sorry," replied the stranger, "to have to trespass upon it." Mrs. Moreton, struck by something peculiar in the woman's tone, looked up; for the first time became conscious of those eyes—earnest, imploring, sad with an unspoken history—that were fastened upon her own, and said, with much less of state and more of gentleness than she had yet shown, "You seem to be in some trouble. Can I do anything to help you?"

"You can—you, and no one else in this world can."

"I—surely we have never met before," replied Mrs. Moreton, feeling by the woman's manner that hers was no case of every-day appeal for charity. "Pray tell me your name."

The woman was silent, and her lips seemed to be slightly convulsed. At length, with a violent effort to conceal a strong emotion, she answered, "It is one that you have heard—it is, or was, for I now bear it no longer, Elizabeth Garton."

Mrs. Moreton's face had been lighted up with a kindly interest; but a shade, like the sudden falling of a curtain, now dropped across it, and shut out the sympathy she had begun to manifest. She rose, and said coldly, "In that case I am not aware of any matter in which I am likely to be able to serve you. I must refer you to Mr. Andrews, my lord's agent; he being the person with whom it will probably be most fitting for you to communicate." She then moved towards the door; but her effort to leave the room was vain. The visitor, like the old mariner in the weird story, held her with her eye. Before she could reach the door she tried to pass this strange, sad woman, and could not.

"Listen to me, madam," exclaimed the visitor, "and then you will not mistake my errand. It is *not* Lord Chedbury; not his agent; not anything either of them could give me, if it were this great house itself, that I want. It is *you*—you only, that can help me, and you will help me—you *must*." She spoke these words almost authoritatively; yet, checking herself, went on in a tone of deep and touching submission. "You are a good lady, Mrs. Moreton; you have every one's good word. You will not make yourself hard against the supplication of a broken heart—God himself has promised to listen to it."

Mrs. Moreton trembled. She was indeed a woman of this world, but with much tenderness and large sympathies. "I do not feel harshly towards you—forgive me if I

appeared harsh—but your coming here took me by surprise. Lord Chedbury's orders are exceedingly strict respecting you; and I understood that you were settled comfortably in your own station in life, far above any kind of want."

"I *am* settled comfortably," returned the woman; "above want—above my hopes. I have a kind husband, a home, and children. Every one is good to me. No one casts up my fault to me. No one, I think, remembers it now, except myself, when, upon my knees, I ask God to forgive me that, and all my other sins. That I had ever known Chedbury, or seen Lord Robert—he was Lord Robert then—would have sunk into the past long before this, like a dream—except for one thing—O! Mrs. Moreton, my daughter! Her, too, I had put from me, as much as a mother *can* forget her child; but since I heard you were all going beyond seas—perhaps for ever—I know not what it is that has come over me; something that will not let me rest, day nor night—it is a fire in my heart. Have pity upon me. I do not ask to speak to her—not to say nor to hear one word. She need not know that it is her mother—need not know that there is such a person in the whole world. All I ask is to see her—only to see her—my daughter, only to see my daughter."

Mrs. Moreton was deeply agitated. "It is impossible, and it is cruel in you," she said, "to ask it—cruel to yourself, cruel to me, trusted as I am by Lord Chedbury; cruel, most of all, to her. You know under what strict conditions his lordship brought home his daughter, so soon as the death of the old lord, his father, made this house his own. You know, too, that these conditions, hard as they might seem, were dictated by no personal unkindness towards yourself; but grew out of your daughter's altered position, and a sense of what is due to the station she will one day occupy. She has been trained carefully in all the ideas that befit a young gentlewoman of rank. She has as yet seen little of the world, and knows nothing of its evil. She left you at three years old not more innocent than she still is, now." Mrs. Moreton paused a moment and went on with emotion, "That opening life—that young unsullied mind, what should I—what would you—have to answer for if we darkened it by a shadow of bygone misery and evil in which she had no share? She has been taught to believe her mother dead. My poor woman," she went on solemnly, "you must be dead to her. A day will come, not in this world, when you may claim her for your own."

"I must see my child now, that I may know her in Heaven," exclaimed the woman wildly. "I must see her, that she may comfort me in my thoughts, and be near me in my dreams. Do you," she exclaimed, suddenly, "who talk to me so wisely, know what I, the mother of a first-born child,

am talking about! Did you ever feel a child's arms clinging round your neck, and find the little being growing to you day by day as nothing else can grow; loving you—whether you are the best woman in the world or the worst—as nothing else will ever love you; not even itself when it grows older, and other things come between its little heart and yours?"

Mrs. Moreton returned to her chair, sank into it, and wept. The stranger saw her advantage. She flung herself on her knees before Mrs. Moreton. She kissed the hands in which she believed the balance of her fate to be trembling. She kissed her very gown, and covered it with tears.

Mrs. Moreton, withdrawn within in severe colloquy with herself, was scarcely conscious of these passionate demonstrations. It was her heart she communed with; bearing on it, although a little dimmed by constant attrition with the world, a higher image than that with which a somewhat rigid thralldom to convention had impressed her outward aspect.

There was a pause of a few moments.

"Even if I am doing right in this"—so she reasoned with herself—"the world will blame me. Yet, if I am doing wrong, God will forgive me." She rose from her chair. "Get up," she said, "my poor woman. You shall see your daughter. But you must first make me one solemn promise. I am trusting you very deeply; can you trust yourself?"

The woman made a gesture of passionate asseveration; for at that moment she could not speak.

"Swear then," said Mrs. Moreton, "swear that you will be true to yourself and to me; that you will pass through the room in which she is sitting without either word or look that can betray you."

She rang the bell. "Send Mrs. Jenkyn to me."

"Jenkyn," she said, when the confidential servant appeared, "this good woman's business with me is over; but, as she comes from a distance, I should like her to see something of the house before she leaves. You can show her over the principal rooms; as much as there is time for before dark."

"And the great drawing-room, Ma'am?" insinuated Mrs. Jenkyn.

"Certainly; it will not disturb your young lady in the least."

It was rather an extensive orbit that the two had to traverse; and the old housekeeper, who had revolved in it so many years, moved so slowly—at least, so it seemed to her companion—from point to point, from picture to picture, that, by the time they reached the great drawing-room, the sunlight had almost faded from it.

Almost; for there was still a strong slanting golden beam, that played and flickered about the picture-frames, and glanced to and fro upon the white and gold of the heavy, carved arm-chairs—a few moments, and it would be

gone. The girl—who, sitting in the window, rejoiced in this after-thought of the sun, which gave her a little more time to finish her drawing—did not know how lovely it made her; kissing her innocent young forehead, and resting, like a benediction, upon her smooth, shining hair. She went on quietly with her sketch: Mrs. Moreton (who had returned to see that faith was kept) persevered with her accounts. Mrs. Jenkyn and the woman walked round the room very slowly. When they reached the door that led into an inner apartment, Mrs. Jenkyn, with her hand upon the lock, said, "And this used to be the favourite sitting-room of my lady, my lord's mother."

She held the door open; but her companion still lingered.

Mrs. Moreton looked up from her accounts and said impressively, "I think you have now seen *all* in this room, and Mrs. Jenkyn has more to show you in the others."

"But why," said the young lady, speaking for the first time, but without looking up from her occupation, "should the good woman be hurried away until she has seen as much as she wishes? Pray stay," she said, with a sort of careless sweetness, still without looking up, "as long as you can find anything to amuse you. You do not disturb us in the least."

Almost while she spoke, she suddenly rose and flitted about the room from table to table, in search of something needed for her drawing. She soon found it; but once, before she returned to her seat, she passed close to the woman; so close that her silk dress rustled against the homely duffle cloak: mother and daughter really so near—conventionally so distant—with a world between them!

Mrs. Jenkyn's fingers were again upon the door handle; and the concluding part of her often-told narrative was upon her lips. They had still the state bedroom to see, and they passed into the boudoir.

"And this," she went on, "was my lady's favourite apartment. It used in her day to be called the blue drawing-room, because—But you are tired," she said, remarking that her companion's attention wandered.

"Yes—no," said the visitor incoherently; "I must go back. I have forgotten something in the next room."

She did go back. She turned the handle of the great folding door; but, before she could push it open, she was met by a heavy resistance from within. In the half-opened space stood Mrs. Moreton, confronting her with a stern admonitory whisper—"Woman! are you mad or wicked?"

The mother stood arrested—guilty. She turned to follow the housekeeper; but there was an anguish at her heart that could not be controlled.

"Hark!" exclaimed the young lady, her pencil falling from her fingers, and she turning pale as death, "what is that?"

Mrs. Moreton shuddered. A cry, piercing and inarticulate like that of a dumb creature in agony, burst from the inner room.

They rushed together into the boudoir. "It was the poor woman, ladies," said the housekeeper, anxiously. "I fear she is very ill: it has come upon her quite of a sudden."

She was standing up in the middle of the room, rigid as if her feet had grown into the inlaid boards. Her eyes were glassy, and her mouth was drawn a little to one side.

"Run, Jenkyn," exclaimed the young lady, "for wine, or whatever is most necessary. We will attend to her."

She took the poor woman by the arm; she drew her into a chair; she bent over her; she rubbed her cold hands in her own. When the wine was brought, she raised the glass to the patient's lips; and, while she did so, the sufferer's breath came and went thickly, with a hard stifling effort. She felt that kind young heart beating against her own. Who can tell—who but the Giver of all consolation—what balm there was in that one moment; what deep, unspoken communion; what healing for a life-long wound? But the mother kept silence even from good words. Only, while the young lady was so tenderly busying herself about her, she took hold, as it were unconsciously, of one of the folds of her dress—she stroked it with her hand—she smoothed it down, as if pleased with its softness; and, so long as she dared to hold it she did not let it go.

It was almost dark. The young lady stood at the window of the great drawing-room, looking after a solitary slowly-retreating figure, still distinctly visible, in spite of the grey dusk spreading like a veil over lawn and lake and garden; through which the distant mausoleum loomed dimly above the woods.

"The poor woman!" she said, softly; "she is not fit to travel home alone; yet she would neither consent to stay all night, as I wished, nor let old William drive her—strange, was it not, Mrs. Moreton?"

But Mrs. Moreton had left the room. The young heiress still looked out upon the scenes she was so soon to leave, as her destiny had decreed, for ever. She mused on she knew not what. Her heart was stirred—an invisible touch had been upon it. She leaned her head pensively against the window, while many thoughts, as vague as the shadows that were so thickly falling round her, chased each other rapidly through her fancy. Many visions gathered round her; but among them there was no presage of the coronet that afterwards spanned her brow—the coronet of the princely yet peasant-descended house of Sforza. Still she watched the retreating figure, until it was lost in the deepening darkness; and when she did turn from the window, she heaved a deep and pitying sigh.

Her sadness suited the hour of twilight, and

it passed with it. She knew not, nor did she ever know, who had that day been so near to her.

CAUGHT IN A TYPHOON.

THE ship *Futta Mombarrac* was a beautiful vessel of eleven hundred and seventy-four tons register. After loading with Chinese light goods, we sailed from Macao for Bombay by way of Singapore on the twentieth of September, with a fine fair wind, and every prospect of an easy voyage.

When night came on the ship had made considerable progress. The night was lovely, and the stars appeared so near that, although fantastic, it seemed natural to fancy that a sweep of the tall masts might bring some of them down. I paced the deck; and, noticing the ship's increasing speed—as she flew under the pressure of studding-sails at the rate of twelve knots an hour—made up my mind that we should have to boast of a remarkably quick passage. The wind continued gradually to increase until it became requisite to shorten sail. The studding-sails were taken in, one after the other; and, by two in the morning, all the small sails were furled. The vessel was then running under topsails and foresail, the sky still being clear and cloudless. At four in the morning it became necessary to reef the topsails, and all hands were called. Two reefs were taken in after much exertion on the part of the Lascar crew, and the men were about to come down from aloft, when the captain's voice resounded through the speaking trumpet, "Take in the third reef! Bear a hand, brothers!" His orders were addressed to the crew not in English but in Hindostanee.

The wind had increased to a gale. The sea also was rising; but the ship went easily and gallantly along. While the men were still on the foretop-sail yard and strenuously labouring to reef the sail, a sudden gust blew it completely from the yard and out of the men's hands. There was then daylight, and we could see the sail hurried away like a wrecked balloon for half a mile before it fell into the water. The remnants were then picked up and made snug to the yard. The maintop-sail was close reefed and set for a short time; but the wind, which during the whole morning had continued to blow from the north eastward, began presently to veer to the northward, and the sea became a confused mass of white foam, boiling up fearfully. The vessel rolling gunwales under, we were again compelled to reduce sail, and, at noon on the twenty-first she scudded under bare poles; not a stitch of canvas could be shown. For twenty-four hours, she continued thus to run before the wind at the rate of from thirteen to fourteen knots an hour. The wind by degrees got more round to the northward. It was almost north by east, when it had forced the ship to within

about eighty miles of a group of islands and shoals called the Paracels. Then it became evident that if we held on the same course for five or six hours more, the vessel must be lost; it, therefore, became necessary to heave to.

The crew staunch at their stations, our commander stood on the weather side of the poop, with his eyes fastened on the sea, watching intently for the precise moment when the waves, subsiding for a few minutes, would give the best brief opportunity for bringing the ship to the wind. After a short suspense he gave the order; and the vessel, which had been going at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, gradually brought the wind to bear on his port beam. The evolution having been slow, she had not made sufficient way; and a tremendous sea striking her at the critical time, she plunged right into it. When at length she rose to the surface, shaking and trembling violently like a living thing conscious of peril, all the masts seemed to be toppling as if they presently would go over the side. As she emerged, men shouted through the gale, "The bobstays are gone; The bowsprit has sprung!" and the loud, rapid voice of the commander trumpeted orders out in quick succession: "Hard up with the helm! Run up the fore-topmast staysail! Loose the goose wings of the foresail! Get the stream chain out through the hawse holes! Stay the foremast with the fish tackles!" and many more, all of which orders were obeyed with equal promptitude. The staysail was but half hoisted when the wind rent it into shreds; still, however, the fine vessel, true to her helm, paid off slowly. As she rolled her gunwales under, washing away the greater portion, straining every mast and rope, the topmast backstays proved unable to bear the sudden jerk—they parted. The ship was then in a most perilous position. Having lost her velocity in coming up in the wind she was again obliged to run before the gale, of which the terrors were then heightened by dark heavy clouds, by incessant thunder bursting directly on our heads, and by lightning that made every man on board exclaim as he felt its flash, in fear that he was blinded.

Proper repairs were at length made, and all again was in readiness for heaving the ship to. The heavy rolling of the vessel again broke the backstays; but, as running was become far too dangerous, it was determined to heave to. In that moment of our peril we found the foresail a great hindrance to our efforts—the ship would not come to the wind—and it became necessary to get rid of the sail at once. The crew being called, every man but one refused to go aloft; for the service required was perilous in the extreme. The man who preferred his own risk to the wreck of all was the second mate; a manly fellow, who, without the slightest hesitation, hastened aloft, and succeeded in cutting the head of the sail adrift;

the wind then made short work of it, and blew away the canvas. We did not, at the time, think much of the deed, but of its doer. All on board had been watching the efforts of the brave fellow to gain the yard, for we imagined the mast to be going over the side almost instantly. The captain after nervously watching his progress—although he knew how much the safety of the vessel must depend on the completion of the enterprise—could not refrain from shouting at the utmost stretch of his voice, "Come down—for God's sake—come down, or you will be lost!" While all our hearts were beating with anxiety, a fearful crash was heard—an ominous sound that terror increased tenfold. The ship gave a tremendous roll to port. Another awful crash. She slowly recovered her upright position—a wreck—all her masts gone except the foremast. Then still on the fore yard, waiting only for an opportunity to reach the deck, was our second officer miraculously saved. In a few moments he stood again unharmed among us. The mainmast had gone by the board, the mizenmast head broken short off, and the fore topmast went at the cap. The main yard fell across the port gangway; and, when the ship rolled (still going through the water at a tremendous rate) the sea took the outer yard-arm, which, acting as a lever, wrenched off the staunch and covering board along the waist for the distance of about twenty feet. Thus there was laid open a clear space for the water to pour down into the hold.

Obedient to their chief, the whole crew were then at work in broken groups with axes, tomahawks and knives, in all parts of the ship, cutting at the rigging, in order that we might get the vessel clear of the surrounding wreck. That, however, was not work to be done rapidly: the men had to secure themselves with ropes to the ring-bolts; for there was great risk of being washed away, and they could only make a cut now and then at the rigging. In the mean time the masts were buffeting about under the counter of the vessel, and at times giving tremendous blows against the stern. Then the great power of the sea tried us with a new disaster. The heavy mass of masts and rigging towing astern, had very much lessened the vessel's speed, and the terrible seas overwhelmed the vessel, or as the seamen phrase it, pooped her. In an instant every cabin, with the whole of its furniture was gone; not a chair, not a table, not a panel, was to be seen. There remained nothing but a hollow space between the decks.

The shock was fearful; the man at the helm, carried away by its violence, clung for safety to the mizen rigging, but it gave way to his hand. At the same moment, the stump of the mizen mast broke short off below the deck, and, falling flat along the poop, cut through the wheel at the very spot from which the man had just been swept. Owing to the height of the bulwarks,

the confused mass of cabins, furniture, and clothing, had not been washed overboard.

The wreck was, after great exertion, cut adrift; but we were at the mercy of the waves, which rolled over us from side to side, lashing in upon us furiously, carrying away all our boats, hencoops, and sky-lights. The ship too appeared to be settling down. The well was sounded, and eleven feet of water reported. The order was then given to send a gang of hands to the pumps, and another to lighten the ship by throwing overboard some of the cargo. It was found impracticable to obey either command. The uppermost part of the cargo consisted of Chinese umbrellas, packed in cases that contained one hundred each. They were very light; and, when thrown overboard, were always again washed on deck. The ship tossed like a log on the water; and, finding that we could not get rid of the cargo while the sea was continually pouring down the hatchways, the order was given to desist. Men were not more successful at the pumps.

I have before said that the bulwarks were washed partially in board, and that the cabin furniture was strewn over the deck. The boxes of umbrellas added bulk to the confused mass; which formed a wild heap, shifting and rolling constantly from side to side; sweeping the deck, and preventing any one from standing on it. Nor could we, with all our efforts, get rid of the load. The weight of it was so enormous, that it was dashed to and fro against the sides of the ship with the force of a battering-ram; opening the ship out so much, that several articles fell through the deck, together with much water. There were by this time seventeen feet of water in the hold, and the vessel was quite unmanageable. The crew were powerless; night gathered about us, and the deck ran level with the sea. The chief officer told the captain that he thought we must be going down. The crew had for the last thirty-six hours been served only with the allowance of a couple of cabin biscuits and a glass of rum. As no fire could be kept alight, we were now again served with the same quantity; but what we needed most was water. A very small supply had been on deck, and we dared not open the hatches to get more.

In this condition night overtook us. The wind howled, and the sea made breaches over us. We had worked our strength away, and were entirely worn out with fatigue. Hope was fast ebbing: the Lascar crew, huddled up close together under the topgallant-fore-sail, frantically called on Allah and on Mahomet his prophet to come to their aid and rescue them; offering up also large quantities of incense to propitiate. Aft, under the poop-deck, just abreast the stump of the mizen mast, were the captain and officers waiting their doom. Not a word was uttered; every man's thoughts were with his home or with God. The second officer had with him

on board his younger brother as a passenger; and for hours the two brothers sat hand in hand, exchanging rarely a few words. One murmured occasional regrets for mis-spent years of his past life: the other hushed him then with words of hope. They spoke together most about their mother. How many years of suspense she would have to bear, and after all not hear of her two sons; each saying to the other, that he could bear his own fate quietly if he could be assured of the other's safety, that he might take tidings home. They seemed to wish that one of them should live, not for his own sake, but for the sake of their mother.

Thus passed the night until two in the morning, when the typhoon had reached its utmost fury. Rain fell in torrents, lightning flashed, thunder rolled ceaselessly, the wind veering round to all parts of the compass. At length the foremast—the only remaining mast—broke in two places, the head going over one side and the centre falling over the other. The crew gave themselves up as wholly lost, expecting to go down every instant; but that which to us appeared the finishing disaster saved the vessel. In a few moments a sensible difference was felt in her motion, and she became much more easy. The mast floating a-head had become a kind of a stop-water for the ship—it kept her head to the wind, and broke the force of the waves. The typhoon also was at last passing away; so that by daylight no sign of it remained but the turbulence of the waters, and even that was rapidly subsiding. Those of the crew who were capable (many were utterly exhausted) then set to work to clear the decks of the enormous mass of lumber. That labour they got through by noonday, while gangs at the pumps were relieving one another every hour. After three days and nights of incessant labour the good ship was once more dry, and in fifteen days arrived at Singapore, under jury-masts, in safety.

BRAN.*

I.

Wounded sore was the youthful knight,
Grandson of Bran, at Kerloan fight.

In that bloody field by the wild sea-shore,
Last of his race, was he wounded sore.

* This ballad commemorates the great Battle of Kerloan fought in the tenth century. Kerloan is a small village situated on the coast of the country of Leon, one of the ancient divisions of Brittany. Even the Great then and there challenged the men of the North (Normans). The illustrious Breton chief counselled them to retreat; but they carried away many prisoners when they embarked; and among them, was a warrior named Bran, grandson of an earl of the same name, who is often mentioned in the Acts of Brittany. Near Kerloan, on the sea-coast, there still exists a small village, where most probably Bran was made prisoner. It may be necessary to add that Breton traditions frequently represent the dead appearing in the form of birds, and that the love of country and of home, is to this day a passionate feeling among the Bretons. Bran besides being a man's name, signifies also a crow in the Breton language.

Dear did we pay, though we won that day ;
Lost was our darling—borne far, far away.

Borne o'er the sea to a dungeon tower,
Helpless he wept in the foeman's power.

"Comrades, ye triumph with mirth and cheer,
While I lie wounded and heart-sick here !

"O find a messenger true for me,
To bear me a letter across the sea.

A messenger true they brought him there,
And the young knight warned him thus with care :

"Lay now that dress of thine aside,
And in beggar's weeds thy service hide.

"And take my ring, my ring of gold,
And wrap it safe in some secret fold.

"But, once at my mother's castle gate,
That ring will gain admittance straight ;

"And O, if she comes to ransom me,
Then high let the white flag hoisted be ;

"But if she comes not—ah ! well-a-day !
The night-black flag at the mast display !"

II.

When the messenger true to Leon came,
At supper sat the high-born dame ;

With cups of gold and royal fare,
And the harpers merrily harping there.

"I kneel to thee, right noble dame ;
This ring will show from whom I came.

"And he who gave me that same ring
Bade me in haste this letter bring."

"Oh ! harpers, harpers, cease your song ;
The grief at my heart is sharp and strong.

"Why did they this from his mother hide ?
In a dungeon lies my only pride ?

"O quick, make ready a ship for me,
This night I'll cross the stormy sea."

III.

The young Bran asked at morn next day,
Asked from the bed whereon he lay :

"Look out now, warder, look well, I pray,
See'st thou no ship that sails this way ?"

"Sir knight, I look ; but naught I spy,
Save the open sea, and the open sky."

Again, when the sun was high o'erhead,
The young Bran asked from his weary bed :

"Look out now, warder ; look well, I pray,
See'st thou no ship that sails this way ?"

"Sir knight, I look, but naught see there,
Save the white sea-birds that skim the air."

And at vesper hour, in sorer pain,
The young Bran asked of him again :

"Look out once more ; look well, I pray,
Still see'st thou no ship that sails this way ?"

Then the warder, cruel and false was he,
Smiled as he spoke right wickedly :

"Yes, now, Sir knight, a ship I spy,
Tossed by the billows against the sky."

"What colour her flag ? O tell me right ;
Speak, warder, speak ! is it black or white ?"

"Sir knight, it is black, if I truly see ;
By the embers red I swear to thee."

When the downcast knight that answer heard
He asked no more, he spake no word ;

He turned to the wall his face so wan,
And shook in the breath of the Mighty one !

IV.

The lady's foot scarce touched the sand
Ere she cried to them upon the strand :

"Tell me who now has passed away ?
For whom is the death-bell tolling, say ?"

And a gray-haired man, there standing by,
To the high-born lady made reply :

"A poor young knight, in prison chained,
At the vesper hour his freedom gained."

Soon as these words the old man said,
Away to the tower she wildly sped,

Her hair all scattered, her hair so white,
Streaming abroad on the breeze of night.

Wondering around her the townsfolk came,
To gaze, as she passed, on the high-born dame—

Wondering a lady so queenly to meet,
As moaning she rushed up the long steep street.

And each asked another, as half in fear,
"What land does she come from ? What seeks she
here ?"

At the foot of the tower, to the gaoler grim,
She sobbed aloud, and she called on him :

"Oh ! open the gates ! (my son ! my son !)
Oh ! open the gates ! (my only one !)"

They opened the gates ; no word they said :
Before her there her son lay dead.

In her arms she took him so tenderly,
And laid her down—never more rose she !

V.

On Kerloan shore there stands a tree,
In that battle-field beside the sea ;

An oak which lifted its lofty head
When from Ewan the Great the Saxons fled.

On that aged tree, when the moon shines bright,
The birds they gather in flocks at night ;

From North and South, from East and West,
The white sea-birds with blood-specked breast.

And amidst them comes, ever croaking low,
With a young dark raven, an old gray crow.

Wearily onward they flap their way,
With drooping wings, soaked through with spray.

As they had come from a far countrie,
As they had flown o'er a stormy sea.

And the birds they sing so sweet and clear
That the waves keep very still to hear.

They all sing out in a merry tone,
They all sing together—save two alone.

With mournful voice, ever croaking low,
 "Sing, happy birds!" says the old gray crow.
 "Blest little birds! sing, for you may,
 You do not die from home far away!"

A GREAT SCREW.

WHEN Mr. Hargreaves rode into Sydney with a small piece of gold and quartz-rock in his pocket, he could scarcely have understood that he carried with him that which would not only change the destinies of the great Australian continent, but likewise effect to a large extent a revolution in the commercial relations of the whole civilised world. And when, on the first of May eighteen hundred and fifty-one—the very day on which our Great Exhibition in Hyde Park was opened—the Governor of New South Wales penned his official sanction to the gold explorer's further labours, neither of them can have pictured a tithe of the mighty results which were destined to originate from that one epistle—

"What great events from trifling causes spring!"

Few things of moment have had more insignificant beginnings than the screw propeller for steam-ships; and few inventions are destined to produce more important benefits, more especially in connection with the great gold results which have sprung from Mr. Hargreaves's trifling nugget. The Australians can no more get on without the potent aid of the screw, than they can do without cradles, dampers, wide-awakes, Guernsey shirts, and patent revolvers. The screw will bring them within a fifty-five days' run of home. The screw will drive their gold to the markets of Europe more safely and expeditiously than any other propeller. The screw will enable their "made men" to reach the mother country without a gale or a fit of sea-sickness, by cheating both the much dreaded Capes. The screw is, in fact, the Australians' "coming machine."

Many of the most valuable scientific improvements have been brought to light by unexpected agencies. Amongst the hundred and fifty patents which have been taken out for various applications of the screw propeller, may be found, in addition to the names of engineers, machinists, ship-builders, and other professional men, those of rope-makers, farmers, printers, wharfingers, merchants, soldiers, and noblemen; and it is an undoubted fact that the most valuable additions made to our stores of screw-knowledge, have come from men uneducated for, and unconnected with, any branch of practical engineering. Whilst machinists and civil engineers had for fifty years failed to contrive any really practical adaptation of the screw for propulsion, the laurels of screw science were won, first in seventeen hundred and ninety-four by a merchant, and since,

in eighteen hundred and thirty-six, jointly by an English farmer and a Swedish military officer.

The first attempt at screw propelling, which in any degree realised its object, was that of Mr. Lyttleton, a merchant of Goodman's Fields. It was, however, too rude and inefficient for practical purposes, and was laid aside with scores of other useless projects which saw the light between that period and the year eighteen hundred and thirty-six. One single exception to this array of failures is to be found in the improvement of a Mr. Cummerow, also a merchant of London; who, in eighteen hundred and twenty-nine, placed the screw between the stern of the ship and the rudder-post, a principle which has been since adhered to.

Early in the spring of eighteen hundred and thirty-six, Mr. J. P. Smith, a farmer of Hendon, obtained a patent for a new screw propeller; and so well did he succeed in working his first little model exhibited at the Adelaide Gallery, that he obtained assistance which enabled him to build and fit up a small vessel of six tons. During the month of November of the following year, the screw-propelling farmer ventured out to sea in his toy-ship; and proceeded boldly down Channel, making excellent progress through a stormy sea, and dead against the wind. So complete was the triumph of the screw, that all the scientific world were convinced; and even the Admiralty found ears to listen. A larger vessel was consequently built, in which many of the naval authorities made experimental trips to sea and round the English coast; with such success, that eventually Government formally adopted the new propeller, and laid down the Rattler of eight hundred and eighty-eight tons, to be fitted with engines and a powerful and improved screw. By this time an accident which happened to the first wooden model, demonstrated that a short screw, with narrow fans, was better than a long screw with broad fans; and the iron screw made for the Rattler was of a double thread, but of only one-sixth of a convolution. A year or two later, the principle was so completely established in the royal dockyards, that twenty ships of war were fitted with auxiliary screw-power.

While Smith had been thus active, Ericsson, a Swedish officer, had also laid before the authorities a screw of a novel construction; but, however well this may have been worked experimentally, the Government were not at that time disposed to think favourably of the new propeller, and Ericsson carried his patent to the United States, where he also improved on Stirling's hot air engine, but only with partial success. The latest and most valuable advance in the construction of screw propellers, is that made by Mr. Griffiths: which—by a modification of the breadth of each section of the curved

thread, by altering the size and shape of the screw's centre, and not less by an ingenious contrivance for "feathering" the blades, and diminishing or increasing their pitch or slope at will--was greatly added to the value of screw machinery.

The merchant service and public companies have equally availed themselves of the invention; and, at the present time, some of the largest ships afloat are screw-propelled. Indeed, so marked are the advantages of the screw over the paddle, that there is little doubt but that the former will eventually be superseded, except in navigating shallow water; and that a paddle steamer across the ocean will, twenty years hence, be as rare an object as a stage coach on the high roads of Britain.

Having thus sketched the progress of Screw Steam Navigation, a short space will suffice for an explanation of what this screw consists, how placed, and in what its great advantages reside. The reader will no doubt gladly be spared a treatise on the resistance of fluid bodies, on the true pitch and disc of screw propellers, on positive and negative slip, or centrifugal action. It may be enough to say, that the screw-propellers now most commonly in use are what are termed double-threaded, of about one-sixteenth of a convolution; in plainer language, they consist of two twisted iron blades fixed upon a shaft revolving beneath the water, at the stern. This shaft is surrounded by a stuffing-box with hemp packing, to keep the aperture in the ship's stern watertight; its extremity is set in a socket attached to the rudder-post. The screw itself revolves in that part of the stern of the ship called the deadwood, in which a suitably sized hole is cut to admit of its working. It is the thrust, or forward pressure of the blades, or sections of the screw threads, which is effective in propelling the ship.

Numerous trials as to the relative qualities of the paddle and the screw have resulted in a most complete demonstration of the superiority of the latter as an auxiliary power to vessels under canvas. For long sea-voyages in which calms, light airs, or fair breezes are looked for, a screw ship of fifteen hundred tons and three hundred horse power, would be preferable in point of speed and economical working to a paddle steamer of the same size and of three times the horse power. It has been clearly shown that a screw steamer makes as much way under canvas and with half steam on, as without sails and with her whole steam power applied. Indeed, wherever sails can be used at all, the advantages of the screw appear most clearly: even in sailing close-hauled to the wind, a vessel by the aid of the screw may be propelled four knots, when previously only making one knot an hour.

Experiment has demonstrated that an auxiliary screw-power sufficient to propel a ship not more than a mile or a mile and a

half an hour, when brought to the aid of the sails, has in reality added three or four miles an hour to her speed. This is accounted for in the following manner:—when the vessel is propelled by canvas alone, and at a low rate of sailing, the wind quickly rebounds from the sails, and forms a sort of eddy or dead air in their rear, which acts to an extent adversely; for the sails do not receive nearly the whole advantage of the breeze; but, the moment more speed is imparted by auxiliary power, the sails retain the wind longer, having more of it, and there is not the same degree of rebound. In like manner the sails assist the action of the screw, by enabling it to work upon a larger surface of water, and so extend its power.

It is evident, therefore, that except in running against a head gale, the screw-propelled ship must have the advantage. In regard to the original cost and working the two kinds of steamers, there is an enormous difference. Calculations show that the relative expense of the three classes of ships is as nine for paddle-steamers, to four for sailing-vessels and three for auxiliary screw-ships.

Looking to these advantages, it is highly interesting to examine in what direction screw steamers fitted on the auxiliary principle, are most likely to prove of the greatest utility.

It was a happy circumstance that, coeval with the extension of the British possessions in that most remote part of the earth, the great south land of Australia, the screw principle should have been brought forward as a means of economising the use of fuel. By any of the routes to the colonies of Australia, the voyage, out and home, of a sailing vessel has been to the present time a most tedious and unpleasant affair. It is true there are *Marco Polos*, and *Flying Dragons*, and *Sovereigns of the Seas* which have made rapid passages with sails alone; but we all know what the old adage tells us about one swallow not making a summer. An average taken from the voyages of six hundred vessels, out and home, in 'thirty-nine and 'forty-nine, gives one hundred and thirty-four days as the outward run in the former year, and one hundred and nineteen days for the latter; whilst, for the homeward voyage, they were one hundred and fifty-one and one hundred and twenty-eight days. In 'forty-nine, the longest passage made to Port Philip was one hundred and eighty-six days; the shortest, one hundred and one day.

This is tedious work; knocking about in calms, gales of wind, and adverse breezes, during those one hundred and eighty-six days, with the biscuit green and wormy, and the water looking like bad pea-soup, smelling of stale rum casks and tasting of logwood and rusty nails. Still it did not much signify when emigrants were few; when the homeward-bound with fortunes were still

sewer; and when the great bulk of the cargoes from those countries consisted of wool, tallow, and copper-ore. The golden dream of Hargreaves in eighteen hundred and fifty-one, has become a splendid reality in eighteen hundred and fifty-three; and a community, suddenly converted from shepherds, shopkeepers and convicts, to capitalists, landholders, and bankers, demands some more rapid means of communicating with Europe than the collier-craft hitherto employed in the trade to Australia.

Two years ago a Committee of the House of Commons made an inquiry and published a report upon the subject of communication with the Australian colonies. Three routes were proposed to the committee, and evidence adduced on behalf of them all. These consisted of—first, the present overland route to India, with a branch line of steamers to ply between Singapore and Sydney; secondly, direct communication with the colonies by way of the Cape of Good Hope; and thirdly, a line proposed by a new steam-packet company, to run more directly than either of the other routes, across the isthmus of Panama, across the Pacific Ocean by way of New Zealand to Sydney and Melbourne. The two former were adopted by the Government authorities for the mail service; nevertheless so convinced were the projectors of the Australian Pacific Mail Steam-Packet Company of the superiority of the Panama line, that a fleet of six iron steam-ships of two thousand tons and fitted with powerful screw engines were at once laid down. Two of them are already launched.

The Cape and India lines have been working for some time, and the result of their operations furnishes the best answer to any speculations on the subject as far as speed is concerned. By way of Singapore the mail contract to Sydney has been performed in eighty-three days, and homewards it has been accomplished in eighty-nine and eighty-six days. The Cape contract has been still more unfortunate, the ships in that service having occupied between ninety-four and one hundred and twenty days outwards; and, on the homeward run, something more. The above work has been performed by paddle steamers, and certainly offers no advantages over some of the improved sailing vessels which now make the run in eighty to ninety days.

Although it is thus shown that the Peninsular and Oriental Company's vessels have failed in opening a rapid communication with the southern and eastern ports of Australia, they have unquestionably achieved great success on the Indian line: what they have performed on the Suez route to Calcutta, the Australian Pacific Company will in a few more months accomplish by means of the isthmus of Panama and the Pacific, for Melbourne and Sydney.

By no means the least important feature in this new route is the existence of extensive

coal-fields in New South Wales and New Zealand; existing as if expressly to further the great scheme which is now being matured of encircling the world with a chain of iron and steam. Looking at the relative positions of Australia, Panama, and England, it cannot fail to be evident that no difficulty will be experienced in keeping up a regular monthly and even fortnightly communication, in about forty-five days. Time is the one great consideration in all business transactions, and it is difficult to over-estimate the effects of thus bringing our friends in the golden colonies so near home as to enable us to receive replies to our letters in something over a hundred days, or in less time than it now requires to convey a letter outwards by some of the steamers by way of the Cape. The accomplishment of this must constitute the Pacific route the great post-road to Australia—the highway for passengers, as well as the main gold channel thence to this country.* The Australian merchants will economise a large sum annually by the saving of interest on the value of the gold sent by this line—the result of bringing it home in fifty-five days, instead of eighty or ninety days as at present. This saving upon only half the yield of the Australian gold-fields would amount to a very considerable sum; thus verifying the axiom, that "Time is money."

From Southampton to the Atlantic side of the Panama isthmus, the service will be performed by the Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company, which is now building five new vessels of great speed and accommodation. They are intended to ply in connexion with the ships already running to the West Indies. Arrived at Panama, the outward-bound traveller will find a railway ready, with all its appliances, to whisk him off across the narrow band of earth (forty-nine miles in breadth) which separates the two great waters of the world. This line will be opened for traffic early in the ensuing year, twenty miles of it being already in operation, and steam will thus sink the distance into utter insignificance.

The shortness of this route is, however, not its only recommendation. The fair winds, the placid sea, the beautiful climate, all point to it as one that will be traversed in far more comfort and bodily enjoyment than any other. From January to December an unceasing monsoon wind blows across the South Pacific, always available, and, for auxiliary screw steamers, the finest breeze that could prevail. This would indeed appear to be the best field in which the many advantages of Screw Steam Navigation could be shown. With an eight knot breeze and all canvas spread, the Black Swan or the Emu iron steamers, aided by half steam power, may bound across that unruffled ocean, with a

* See "Short Cuts Across the Globe."—Household Words vol. I. p. 63.

speed realizing the flight of their living namesakes across the great Australian prairies. It was this delightful region which enchanted the earliest English and French navigators: it was here the adventurous Cook spent many weeks of his ocean life: and it was from this part of the Pacific that the author of *Typee* and *Omoo* drew the materials for his interesting tales.

For the return voyage, winds, nearly as favourable, are to be found by steering well to the southward for a short time after leaving the Australian continent. In these latitudes westerly breezes blow for a great part of the year, which will not fail to carry a vessel to the South American coast in fair weather. A screw vessel need not make the American coast; but, by steering towards the north, when within a certain distance of land, the Isthmus of Panama will be easily made. It should be borne in mind that, during the whole voyage, there is one continuous summer breeze and summer sky; not a cloud dims the bright blue of the tropical horizon; the unruly wave seldom troubles the face of the well-named Pacific. By this route the passengers need fear no storms; no heavy squalls of wind or rain; no unpleasant motion of the ship. The terrors of the much dreaded "Cape of Storms" are escaped equally with the piercing cold of Cape Horn in a voyage which the most delicate and nervous may undertake without fear or inconvenience.

Whether the great ship-canal which is promised to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans will be realised, or whether the Panama railway continue to be the means of transit across the Isthmus, will not affect the certain and speedy success of the "great screw" question in a region which, of all others, appears to be the best adapted to a mode of propelling ships, which is at once economical, rapid, and agreeable.

CHIPS.

A LOCUST HUNT.

I WAS quietly at work at Capri one day last August in my study, labouring to breathe as well as the great heat would let me, when a wild-looking youth rushed in to me from Anacapri, with news that the locusts were come. The disease of the vines had already caused great loss, and now there were the locusts eating up the harvest. A great part of Anacapri, said the youth, is as bare as if a fire had swept across it. The invaders had already got over the brow of the mountain, and were in the woods below. Would I go out and see them? Certainly I would.

As we approached their advanced guard under cover of a low wood, we could hear the incessant click-click of the enemy, and every now and then we were fallen upon by locust scouts, that dashed against our faces or clung to our pantaloons. As we proceeded we found

them frolicking in legions, like imps let loose for mischief. As the atmosphere was already thicker than I liked, I did not that morning go up to see how things looked at the worst. I went back to pay a visit to the Syndic, and ascertain what could be done to mend them.

Trouble of this kind comes upon Capri once in every three or four years; but there has been no swarm so great as the present since the great plague of locusts twenty years ago. "That, indeed," my informant said, "was awful. They climbed our walls, got into our houses and churches, crawled over the altars, ate up the entire harvest; and who can say what else might have happened if it had not been for Saint Antonio? Some missionary priests were then among us, and they ordained a solemn procession of women; they were all to walk with their hair loose about their shoulders, and the priests in front carrying the image of the saint. Before the procession was over, a strong east wind came and blew all the locusts into the sea, just over the Blue Grotto. Ah, Signor, Saint Antonio is very powerful!"

Report having been formally made to the Syndic, his excellency, in true official style, ordered a bag of the devastators to be collected and sent off to the sub-intendant, who resides at Castellamare, in order that he might ascertain whether indeed they were really locusts. Until that point was officially decided, the Syndic could disburse none of the public money to arrest the plague; which was of course spreading meantime with the steadiness of a prairie-fire over the woods and fields. The grain was being bitten off under the ear as cleanly as though cut by scissors; fig-trees were stripped and barked. Our messenger reached Castellamare after business hours. The deputy was enjoying his evening leisure, and could speak with nobody.

On the next day, however, the Syndic of Anacapri, having obtained the requisite permission, attached a placard to the walls of his house, offering a reward for the capture of locusts at the rate of about a penny for a pound. All the idle population of the district instantly became busy, and went out locust-hunting in parties of five or six, with sacks and sheets. A sheet held by a man at each corner being lifted up like a wall across the path of the invaders, one or two people with brooms beat the bushes and swept the earth, causing the disturbed locusts to fly on until the sheet was black with them. Then it was quickly doubled up, the insects were scraped from it into a sack, and preparations were made for the taking, in the same way, of another batch. A locust-hunter tells me that he is earning at his work sixteenpence a-day; sixpence a-day beyond his usual wages. I am told also, by the parish priest of Anacapri, that in a few days the whole body of hunters in that small district has taken upward of twenty hundredweights; but he remembers

one season in which there were as many taken in a single morning.

The reward for captured locusts is not paid until they are dead and buried. Dead and unburied they soon putrefy under a hot sun, and breed pestilence. There is a point in the island called Monte Solario, about eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. Thither the locusts are all taken after they have been soaked in boiling water; and having in that way killed them by the sackful, in a deep pit they bury them.

ETERNAL LAMPS.

WHEN we hear the word *Lamp*, we involuntarily recall that beloved lamp of our childhood, burning in the secret mountain-cavern, and throwing its magic radiance over so many of our winter nights—the Wonderful Lamp of Aladdin; or we enter in imagination the chapel of the Nativity at Bethlehem, where the many golden and jewelled luminaries, presents from kings and emperors, hang like low stars within their own rich twilight; or we think of the lamps borne before the bride and bridegroom in ancient Judea, like the torch of Hymen at the weddings of old Greece and Rome—or of those seven crystal vessels of supernatural flame which St. George found in the enchanted castle, and which he extinguished by means of a goblet of precious liquor, to the instantaneous and utter destruction of that palace of illusions. By the help of the same word, moreover, we can, if it so pleases us, penetrate into that mosque in the city of Fez, where nine hundred brazen lamps are said to burn every night; or can travel into the obscure antiquity of Egypt (the native country of these artificial illuminators, as some think), and be present at the Feast of Lamps there held annually, according, as Herodotus reports. Our present business, however, is not with any of these; but rather with that “bright consummate flower” of all lamps—the lamp which burns perpetually.

There are two kinds of Eternal Lamps—one which is said to be found in tombs; and one which the Rosicrucians and other mystical philosophers conceived they could make, and which was to be of use to them in their scientific experiments. Of the former kind we hear more frequently and have fuller accounts, than of the latter. The poet Cowley, in a note on this subject, expresses an opinion that the idea of sepulchral lamps came from the East, “where there was such infinite expense and curiosity bestowed upon sepulchres.” Be this as it may, it is chiefly in connexion with ancient Roman tombs that we read of the discovery of Eternal Lamps. According to the belief once entertained, the Romans placed these lights in the mausoleums of their friends and relations, as a mark of honour; here it was asserted they continued burning without any waste, and

in defiance of ordinary natural laws, as long as the air was excluded from them; but, immediately upon the opening of the tomb, the rare and apparently supernatural flame was extinguished. This circumstance furnished Cowley with a simile in describing the violent death of Ammon by the hand of Jonathan:

‘Twixt his right ribs deep pierced the furious blade,
And open’d wide those secret vessels where
Life’s light goes out when first they let in air.

It is affirmed that, about the middle of the sixteenth century, during the pontificate of Paul III., an ancient tomb was discovered in the Via Appia; which, from an inscription upon it, was supposed to be the burial-place of Cicero’s daughter Tullia. In this sepulchre was found the body of a woman, with her hair done up in tresses, and tied with a golden thread; also a lighted lamp, which, if the story were true, must have been burning for at least one thousand five hundred and fifty years. But this admirable spectacle did not last long. The contents of the mausoleum were no sooner influenced by the exterior air, than the light extinguished itself; and the body—fading like a ghost before the eyes of the beholders—fell into a heap of formless dust.

Between four and five centuries previous to this, a lamp, which had been burning for a still longer period, is said to have been unearthed in a tomb supposed to contain the body of Pallas, the son of Evander, mentioned by Virgil. It must have been lying there for above two thousand two hundred years. A countryman in the neighbourhood of Rome, happening to dig a little deeper than usual in his field, came upon the body of a man taller than the city wall, and enclosed in a stone coffin with an inscription establishing the identity of the corpse. An immense gash, measuring four feet and a half, was in the middle of the breast—the very gash indited by the spear of Turnus; and over the head there was a burning lamp. William of Malmesbury, whose history contains an account of this matter, says that the lamp was “constructed by magical art; so that no violent blast, no dripping of water, could extinguish it. While many were lost in admiration at this, one person (as there are always some people expert in mischief) made an aperture beneath the flame with an iron style, which introducing the air, the light vanished.” Some days afterwards, “the body being drenched with the drip of the eyes, acknowledged the corruption common to mortals; the skin and the nerves dissolving.” Considering that Pallas is a somewhat doubtful historical character, and that there are good reasons for believing that men taller than city walls have never existed, it is perhaps unnecessary to add that it would be exercising no great amount of scepticism to discredit this narrative, Eternal Lamp and all.

Solinus, a Latin writer who lived in the first century of the Christian era, tells us that a light was found in a tomb, which had burnt there above fifteen centuries, and which fell into dust in the hands of those who took it up. It is said that several of these lamps have been discovered in the territory of Viterbo in Italy; of which that of Olybius Maximus of Padua is the most celebrated. This had remained burning for fifteen hundred years—which, by the bye, appears to be the favourite allotment of time in these matters. Two phials, one of gold, the other of silver, both filled with an admirably clear liquor, nourished, without any sensible diminution, a lamp placed between them, or, as some say, under them. But whether this, like the others, expired "when first they let in air," dependent sayeth not.

Hitherto we have spoken only of Italy; but it appears that our own country has had the honour of producing these phenomena. "It is reported," says Bailey in his English Dictionary (1730), "that, at the dissolution of monasteries, in the time of King Henry VIII., there was a lamp found that had then burnt in a tomb from about three hundred years after Christ, which was near twelve hundred years.—Two of these subterranean lamps," he adds, "are to be seen in the Museum of Rarities at Leyden in Holland." Rarities indeed! But did they continue to burn in the Museum? or had their eternity come to an end?

The existence of these stories probably suggested an image to Shakespeare's mind in that solemn address of Pericles over the supposed dead body of his queen, which he is about to consign to the ocean:—

Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And age-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. *Act III., Sc. 1.*

Spenser also has an Eternal Lamp—not, however, in connexion with death, but with a wedding:—

His owne two hands the holy knots did knitt,
That none but death for ever can divide;
His owne two hands, for such a turne most fitt,
The howling fire* did kinde and provide,
And holy water thereon sprinkled wide;
At which the busby teadet a groomie did light,
And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
For feare of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.

Book I., c. 12, l. 5.

Upton says that Spenser here "seems to allude to the mystical meaning of the Wise Virgins' lamps in the parable, which, like the typical fire in Levit. vi., 'shall ever be burning upon the altar' of love; 'shall never go out.'" But it ought to have been added, that in this case special directions are given that the fire shall be supplied with fuel.

* Sacramental fire.

† Torch.

Would the reader like to know the composition of Eternal Lamps. We are in possession of two or three recipes, which we do not mind imparting to him. According to some authorities they are made of the oiliness of gold, resolved by art into a liquid substance. That is one way. Oil of gold is no doubt obtainable at any chemist's shop; if not, write to some friend or relation at the Australian or California diggings. Another method has been set forth, from personal experiment, by Trithemius, a learned German ecclesiastic of the fifteenth century. He assures us that he had himself made an oil of flower of brimstone, borax, and spirit of wine which burnt many years without wasting. It does not appear, however, that it would burn an indefinite number of years; so that, after all, this was not an Eternal Lamp. Athanasius Kircher, a philosophical German Jesuit who lived about two hundred years ago, and who has written a great deal on the subject of lamps, speaks of a way to reduce the flame back into wax, so as to keep up a perpetual supply; which would certainly be economical. The inconsumable wick is to be of asbestos. And here it may be remarked that lamps with asbestos wicks have in fact been made; which, as far as the wicks themselves were concerned, have had some appearance of immortality. That this singular mineral has the power of resisting the action of fire is perfectly well known; although it is probable that some slight diminution in weight does really take place, which would necessarily end at length in the destruction of the substance. The same author mentions a chemical preparation of gold, which is thereby rendered spongy, is called Salamander's wool, and which he also recommends as a material for wicks. Fortunio Liceto, a Genoese physician of the seventeenth century, who strenuously contended for the possibility of Eternal Lamps, says, that the ancients had a secret of making an inconsumable oil, or of constructing their lamps in such a manner that, as they burned, the smoke condensed insensibly, and resolved itself into oil again. This looks like an anticipation of those modern stoves which consume their own smoke, and by means of which, and Lord Palmerston's Bill, we may hope to see the air of London purified. Liceto contends that the everlasting fires burning on the altars of some of the pagan divinities were of the same nature as Eternal Lamps; but it is well known that these fires were sedulously maintained by their appointed guardians, and that the punishment of death was ordained for letting them expire.

Our countryman, Friar Bacon, believed in the possibility of making lamps that should burn for ever; and even the scientific Dr. Plot, who died as late as the year one thousand six hundred and ninety-six, entertained the same opinion. He proposed asbestos as the material for the wick. Indeed he conceived that to be the only possible substance for the

purpose, and that its failure would be a proof either that Perpetual Lamps are altogether fabulous, or that the ancients made them without wicks. For the fluid which is to support the life of the flame, he suggested naphtha, or liquid bitumen, which will burn without a wick; and thought that a trial might be made of the bitumen springing into the coal mines at Pitchford, in Shropshire. This is in fact a shrewd guess in the direction of gas lamps; though the gas-contrabutors will tell you that for a perpetual light there must be a perpetual supply. It is quite certain, however, that a species of illumination may be produced which will continue for a great length of time without any fresh material for combustion. In a book of chemical and other scientific experiments, printed not many years ago, we find the following directions for making a lamp that will burn twelve months without replenishing:—"Take a stick of phosphorus, and put it into a large dry phial, not corked, and it will afford a light sufficient to discern any object in a room when held near it, and will continue its luminous appearance for more than twelve months." It is possible that the Rosierucian philosophers possessed some such knowledge as this, and so deluded their more ignorant contemporaries.

On the sceptical side of the question, Ottavio Ferrari, who lived in the same century with Lieeto, wrote a work, printed at Padua, in sixteen hundred and eighty-five, entitled *Dissertatio de Veterum Lucernis Sepulchralibus*. In this treatise he contends, "that the use of sepulchral lamps cannot be of such standing in Italy as is pretended; because they used to burn their dead, and put the ashes in urns of such narrow necks that a lamp could not be got into them." He then endeavours to prove that there cannot be a perpetual flame either by means of the oil or wick.

The best mode, as it seems to us, of accounting for the phenomenon, has been put forth in the *Ana of Vigneul Marville*, where we find the following:—"It happens frequently when antiquarians are searching by torch-light old sepulchres which they have opened, that thick vapours, produced by decomposition of the bodies, become ignited at the approach of the flame, to the great astonishment of the attendants, who have more than once shouted a miracle. This sudden effect is quite natural; but it has occasioned the belief that these flames proceed from Perpetual Lamps." At the same time extinguished lamps may really have been discovered, which, of course, would aid the delusion.

Rosencrantz, the supposed founder of the Rosierucian sect, is said to have made an Eternal Lamp, which was discovered some years after his death in a subterranean vault where he lay buried. This story, (which is a sort of improved edition of the legends relating to the alleged burial-places of Tullia and

Pallas) is thus related in number three hundred and seventy-nine of Addison's *Spectator*:—"A certain person, having occasion to dig somewhat deep in the ground, met with a small door having a wall on each side of it. His curiosity, and the hopes of finding some hidden treasure, soon prompted him to force open the door. He was immediately surprised by a sudden blaze of light, and discovered a very fair vault. At the upper end of it was a statue of a man in armour, sitting by a table and leaning on his left arm. He held a truncheon in his right hand, and had a lamp burning before him. The man had no sooner set one foot within the vault, than the statue erected itself from its leaning posture, stood bolt upright, and upon the fellow's advancing another step, lifted up the truncheon in his right hand. The man still ventured a third step; when the statue with a furious blow broke the lamp into a thousand pieces, and left his guest in a sudden darkness. Upon the report of this adventure, the country people soon came with lights to the sepulchre, and discovered that the statue, which was made of brass, was nothing more than a piece of clock-work; that the floor of the vault was all loose, and underlaid with several springs, which, upon any man's entering, naturally produced that which had happened. Rosencrantz, say his disciples, made use of this method to show the world that he had re-invented the ever-burning lamps of the ancients; though he was resolved no one should reap any advantage from the discovery." An edition of the *Spectator*, published by the Tonsons in seventeen hundred and sixty-seven, has a frontispiece by Hayman, illustrative of this story. The statue in armour stands with uplifted truncheon—the mysterious lamp hangs by long chains from the sullen vault—the recumbent figure on the tomb sleeps in white repose beneath the enchanted radiance—the perspective of heavy arches recede into the gloom—the sepulchral urn is seen in a niche overhead—and the scared man enters at the doorway.

In Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* a lamp is mentioned which is to burn as long as the man with whom it has a certain mystical connection continues to live. This lamp (according to Burgravius, a disciple of Paracelsus, from whom Burton quotes) is to be made of man's blood; which, chemically prepared forty days, and afterwards kept in a glass, shall show all the accidents of this life: if the lamp burn brightly, then the man is cheerful and healthy in mind and body; if, on the other hand, he from whom the blood is taken be melancholic or a spendthrift, then it will burn dimly, and sicker in the socket; and—most wonderful of all—it goes out when he dies. A lamp is described in the old romance of "*Virgilius*," a singular chronicle of the magical feats and works of superhuman science, attributed by the middle ages to Virgil the poet. The story is worth quoting

at length, as a really grand fiction, and as a fine specimen of old English. "For profit of the common people," says the history, "Virgilius on a great mighty marble pillar did make a bridge that came up to the palace; that palace and the pillar stood in the mid of Rome; and upon this pillar made he a lamp of glass that alway burned without going out, and nobody might put it out; and this lamp lightened over all the city of Rome from one corner to the other, and there was not so little a street but it gave such light that it seemed two torches there had stand; and upon the walls of the palace made he a metal man that held in his hand a metal bow that pointed ever upon the lamp for to shoot it out, but always burned the lamp, and gave light over all Rome. And upon a time went the burgesses' daughters to play in the palace, and beheld the metal man; and one of them asked, in sport, why he shot not; and then she came to the man, and with her hand touched the bow, and then the bolt flew out, and brake the lamp that Virgilius made; and it was wonder that the maiden went not out of her mind for the great fear she had, and also the other burgesses' daughters that were in her company, of the great stroke that it gave when it hit the lamp, and when they saw the metal man so swiftly run his way; and never after was he no more seen. And this foresaid lamp was abiding burning after the death of Virgilius by the space of three hundred years or more."

After all, to what does an Eternal Lamp amount even on the showing of its believers? Merely to something whose perpetuity is leased upon chance, and which accident or mischief may at any time bring to a sudden and final stop.

OLD SETTLERS OF TENNESSEE.

THE western settler in America of the present day is not remarkable for polish. The west end of the world is much less refined than the west end of London. Yet the dwellers in the back settlements now, are in a high condition of refinement compared with their primogenitors.

We are never tired of drawing comparisons between the comforts and advantages possessed by civilised men as they were sixty or eighty years ago and as they are at present. It occurs to me, however, that the veriest savage is not quite what he used to be, and that the backwoodsmen, settlers, pioneers, or whatever else they may be called, are altered greatly in their character by the great changes made of late in the material condition of society. In these days, pioneers wear boots, and their wives play upon pianos; and rough as they may be now, they cannot do such things and still be quite what their forefathers were.

The fault lies not with them, but with the spirit of the time. At the present time the

emigrant goes westward through unexplored forests in a steamboat, carrying on board, under care of a steward, a corkscrew, a few forks (possibly silver), glass and china, beds, and a thousand luxurious knick-knacks. The wilds of Minnesota and Nebraska become in six months thoroughly tutored, even—to speak by comparison—genteel. The tailor and the milliner belong to the first party of pioneers quite as much as the carpenter or mason. The publican, the doctor, and the printer land by the next boat. Walk in these wilds next year, and you hear pianos beaten by the hands of the stout damsels who dwell and walk about there, arrayed in silk; you may drop in, too, at the pastrycook's; or play at billiards; or read stiff patriotism in the *Nebraska Mercury*. A steamer or a coach brings friends of settlers from the inner world on visits, or carries away the pioneer shopkeeper to make his purchase of "an entirely new stock of spring goods." Yet, in practice, all this is considered rough work by the traveller from Europe.

The pioneers of eighty years ago lived quite in another way. Take for an illustration the old time when Tennessee, now one of the most populous states of the Union, was occupied by the first white men who made a home there. I will say nothing just now of the incessant conflicts with the Indians, the attacks and surprises; the bitterness of hatred seasoning the wild excitement of the conflict; the familiarity with scenes of bloodshed which—in the absence of a counteracting influence—deadened the religious sentiment among the pioneers. They were not holy men, although they had no lack of human virtue; and it is not for me to say how much they may have benefited by the great Religious Revival—the term is American—effected among them by certain preachers, Presbyterian and Methodist. On that occasion they all flocked together—fifty-four years ago—in a dense forest, devoting themselves to religious exercises night and day. Lamps and torches all night long made a gala in the primeval wood, in which there were twenty thousand people worshipping, and being taught to worship, in a wild way suited to their tempers.

Longer ago than that, when the settlement began in Tennessee, the only path into it from the east was by a single Indian trail. It would admit nothing larger than a pack-horse. No waggon was seen in Tennessee before the year seventeen hundred and seventy-six. The want of conveyance indicates the want of a vast number of things, that are now conveyed about with as little thought of any special blessing in the means of transit, as we have in connexion with our regular supplies of light and air. Salt brought upon pack-horses cost ten dollars a bushel; coffee and tea were never seen; and the little sugar made out of the sugar maple was used only for the sick, or for the occasional sweetening of a dram in honour of some extraordinary event—the

a new settler, or, perhaps, a wed-
 re were almost no tools. Iron was
 ar by the costly transit upon pack-
 mountains and through forest,
 used only for making and repair-
 is and the most necessary farming
 Hinges and fastenings were made
 and even the use of iron nails was
 extravagant. They made their own
 their own huts; for they would
 article brought in to them from
 Shoes were commonly worn only
 of the year, and boots, when a new
 ight them on his feet, were stared
 iled. Hats were of course not
 or fine linen, nor broadcloth; and
 old pioneer who dared to appear in
 which there was a button more
 be absolutely needed. Back
 ist buttons, or the useless second
 at buttons, were not to be regarded
 with patience.

primitive men of the frontier had
 do with carpentry, masonry or
 and there was no plumber, painter,
 among them, they of course kept
 five establishments. Every man
 chet, a rifle, and a butcher knife;
 was in a settlement perhaps one
 and an auger, to be used at the
 log cabin. The cabin floor was
 to which very luxurious or enter-
 ilities stamped some of the staves
 puncheons, and they split pun-
 for shutters when they wanted
 e inside of this eligible one-roomed
 dence was fitted up with a sound
 supported on four legs, capable of
 as a bench, a table, or a bucket.
 one or two rough-hewn bedsteads,
 chairs and stools to match. The
 tapestried with the dresses of the
 d the clothes and arms belonging
 I should not forget to say that
 log cabin contained also a spin-
 and very frequently a loom. The
 red the raw material of dress and
 women spun, and wove, and

settlers in Tennessee raised, in a
 climate, admirable herds of cattle,
 indebted for the abundance of their
 for a good deal of their security
 it, to Indian corn. Dr. Ramsay,
 excellent "Annals of Tennessee,"
 at Charleston, we are gathering the
 here set down, is very eloquent on
 very amply sets forth its importance
 of the early settlers. The frontier
 he says, could not have been held
 Its certainty, the little pre-
 the soil required for it, the small
 and while it grows, and the speed
 it runs on to maturity, are all
 points in its favour as the staple
 disturbed border country. Then,
 re, it yields most beautifully; the

very pith of its stalk is eatable; and, when
 that is taken out, the stalk pressed between
 rollers, yields what they call corn-stalk mo-
 lasses. Then again the ripe crop may without
 hurt be very much neglected. The whole com-
 munity might quit the harvest to go on an
 expedition against Indians, yet the ripe corn
 would remain safe upon the stalk, even if left
 standing throughout the winter. Smut or
 weevil never touched it; no snow-storms
 could do it any harm. Furthermore, when
 the crop was gathered at the owner's leisure,
 it was easily husked, or it need not be husked
 at all until it was wanted. Then the ripe
 maize might be prepared for food in scores of
 forms. It was good roasted or boiled, whole
 or grated. Poets unborn shall sing of mush,
 of pone, of hoe-cake, and of dodgers; of mush
 that is good with milk, or that is good with
 molasses, or that is good with butter, or that
 is good with honey, or that is good with
 gravy. Maize again gives no trouble to the
 grinder, and requires no apparatus, for it is
 always relished best when it is coarsely
 ground. It needs no costly mill, no bolting
 cloth. The uses of corn grain like this—highly
 nutritious—to the old pioneers are obvious
 enough. If the Indians came down upon the
 settlement, the fighting pioneers required no
 troublesome provisioning. Every man parched
 a peck of corn, and put it partly into his
 wallet, and partly into his pockets; then he
 took up his rifle, mounted his horse, and was
 ready for campaign. If the whole body
 capable of bearing arms had to turn out,
 women and children could undertake so light
 a labour as the raising of the maize crop. If
 there came too many new settlers, the corn
 ripened so fast that there was soon bread in
 plenty for them. If an autumnal intermittent
 fever, the certain frontier plague among the
 clearings, laid even an entire settlement upon
 its back, it did not stop the harvesting, for
 harvest was so early that according to the
 common order of things the crop was in
 before the fever came.

The sports of the old frontier men were, of
 course, all of the rough or manly kind, such
 as hunting, shooting, tomahawk-throwing.
 They did not, like modern settlers now,
 play cards or pitch dollars. They were not
 without music; many of them performed
 upon the bugle, fife, or drum; and, when a
 fiddler came among them, they ran after him
 as fishes ran to gape at Orpheus.

The rough manners of the men were
 pleasantly reflected in the boys, when after a
 time there was to be found such a thing as a
 chance schoolmaster here and there in the
 settlement. He built his log hut near a
 spring, for boys thirst very much over their
 lessons; and they behaved well enough in
 ordinary times, but then even they had their
 "institutions." It would have been certainly
 a simple institution to establish it as a rule
 that there should be, as there always was, a
 week's holiday at Christmas. They went

about it, however, border fashion; the holiday must be not given, but taken; it was not to be had as a matter of course, but to be fought for. On the Friday morning before Christmas, the boys of a Tennessee frontier school used to go down betimes and capture the school building, light great fires inside, and bar the master out. When he came down he asserted his authority and attempted to re-take his castle. Of course he failed, and the insurgents refused to surrender except on their own conditions—a school feast and a week's holiday. The master got a faction on his side, and from each party ambassadors were sent with full powers to treat. If the master played the Czar and treated the young Turks too haughtily, refusing to sign for them a fair treaty, they took him prisoner and hauled him to the spring, where he received a ducking. Beyond that point he never carried his resistance. Whenever he yielded, an express messenger was despatched for apples and cider, or perhaps for stronger drinks, and the short holiday season so was inaugurated. On the Monday after Christmas, the boys went back to books; and however much they might be drawn away from them by the commotions proper to the settlement, so far as the school itself was concerned they had, except the week so conquered, no vacations.

Every man added to a frontier settlement that had to fight for its ground, gave additional security. For that reason every new comer received cordial welcome. If he were a single man, a home and occupation were at once provided for him in the house of some old pioneer. If he brought a wife and children, other family men came to him saying, "Camp with us till we put up a cabin for you." He who became the host, then went about the settlement and appointed a day on which the whole able population met to raise a hut for their new friends. The cabin being raised, every neighbour came in his turn, bringing something to its future occupants which should assist in giving a start to the beginners. One would bring a pair of pigs, and one a pair of fowls, and one a cow and calf. The beginners once started would be expected, and did always heartily desire, to afford help of the same kind to others who came after them. To say that a settler cared for nobody, or that he had no neighbours, was to make away completely with his moral character. Not to ask a neighbour's help at clearing, or at cabin raising, or not to ask his presence at a frolic, would be to behave to him in a way that would require to be accounted for at the next muster of the population. In every respect it was the pride of the backwoodsman to be neighbourly. Families travelling through the wilds on breaking up the night's camp, covered over the remains of their fire so that it might be re-kindled easily by the next comer. In the settlement fellow-workers

bound the young community together safely and firmly, by carrying out to the utmost the same principle of mutual aid. If one of two hunters in the forest lost butcher-knife or ammunition, his comrade broke the blade of his own knife in two, or cut his bar of lead, or made division of his powder. If a pioneer at home fell sick and could not work his fields, days were appointed on which his neighbours met, and, distributing his work among themselves, ploughed and hoed for him, or gathered his harvest, hauled his wood, and saw that he had proper comfort and attendance.

All this is very cheerful reading; yet the public history of the Tennessee settlers is by a great deal less enlivening. From some of the records published by Dr. Ramsey I will take three or four notes as a sample of their character. On the twenty-second of July, in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-three, the main event on hand was, that John Morris, a Chickasaw warrior, being a guest of the governor at Knoxville, was shot by some person unknown. Governor Blount, to allay irritation, had buried him with military honours, and walked as chief mourner beside the brother of the murdered man.

On the twenty-fifth of May, Thomas Gillam and his son James were killed and scalped by Indians, in the Raccoon Valley, eighteen miles from Knoxville. Captain Beard set off with forty mounted infantry in hot pursuit. On the thirteenth of June, came to Governor Blount tidings of an atrocious and most treacherous reprisal on the Indians by the said Beard, in a letter from one Captain Chisholm, who said that "on yesterday morning, Captain John Beard, with a party of forty men, attacked the Indians at the Hanging Maw's, and killed twelve or fifteen on the spot, among whom were a number of the principal chiefs, called there by the express order of the President. Major Robert King, Daniel Carmichael, Joseph Sevier, and James Ore, were acting for the United States. This will bring an inevitable war; the Indians are making vigorous preparations for an assault upon us. The frontier is in a most lamentable situation. Pray, sir, let us have your immediate presence, for our all depends upon your exertion. The Hanging Maw is wounded, his wife is killed, also Scantee, a Chickasaw chief that was at the Maw's, Kittigaskie's daughter" (there was no respect for women evidently), "and other principal Indians. Two hundred Indians were in arms in thirty minutes. Beard and his party have fled, leaving the frontier unprotected."

Beard ought to have been first thrashed, and then hanged. The feeling of the pioneers, however, was enlisted on his side. The Governor's secretary wrote of him to the War Department that "to my great pain, I feel, to punish Beard by law, just now, is out of the question." To Hanging Maw and his outraged companions he wrote at the same

time, "Be not rash and inconsiderate. Hear what your and our Great Father the President will say. Go and see him as he has requested. I assure you I believe he will give you satisfaction if you forbear to take it yourselves." Beard was tried by court-martial, and dismissed unpunished and unproved.

On the twenty-ninth of August, the Indians coming for vengeance, killed and mangled one Lieutenant Tedford, and shot a man named Cunningham, who escaped, wounded, to the log cabin of one Andrew Cresswell. Cresswell and his wife determined not to go for safety to the nearest station, but to defend their own home for themselves. The house was a new cabin with a single door, fastened by a shutter of hewn puncheons thick enough to be bullet proof. The stable was so placed in the rear of the cabin, that its door could only be opened by raising a large bolt with a long lever at the head of the master's bed. Near the lever was a porthole through which he could defend his stable, and there were portholes on each wall of the house through which he could defend his family. The enemy abstained from besieging him.

On the following day two Indians entered the house of Philip Hatter, in Washington County, about eleven o'clock, tomahawked and scalped his wife, then cut off his daughter's head, and carried it off with them.

Colonels Doherty and M'Farland, contrary to orders, mustered one hundred and eighty mounted riflemen, crossed the Tennessee, and invaded the Indian territory. They destroyed six towns, killed and scalped fifteen men, and carried away with them sixteen women and children.

More of these chronicles might not be thought agreeable. These were the pioneers who flocked a few years afterwards to the great camp meeting at Cane Ridge, and, fervently praying and receiving exhortation night and day, commenced there the great Tennessee revival of religion. They had lost almost its very forms. So violent in its contrasts, and so rough in its usages, was life at the west end of the world, before man went by steam into the backwoods, and when there scarcely was an opening for any craftsman in a frontier settlement!

NORTH COUNTRY COURTESIES.

It is by no means our intention to describe either Derby or Durham, the places whence the documents we are about to produce were dated. We propose nothing more than a sketch, taken at each place from nature, of what female life, and writing, were in both places when our great-grandmothers were misses in coats. That once celebrated painter, Mr. Wright of Derby, could not

have painted any part of female society so nearly to the life as six young matrons and spinsters (we presume a sprinkling of both) have painted themselves in a printed list of Rules "to be observed by the Ladies' Assembly in Derby." Unfortunately there is no date to the printed laws of these Derby Medes and Persians; but from the type, language, and costume of the only copy we have seen (most appropriately preserved in the Derby Museum), we have no hesitation in dating the precious production about the year seventeen hundred and fifty, when ladies were anxiously expecting to see one of the few things they had not seen—a coronation—a sight, however, they were not destined to behold for a period as long as the whole siege of Troy. Here are the Rules:—

"Rules to be observed in the Ladies' Assembly in Derby."

- "1. No Attorney's Clerk shall be admitted.
 - "2. No Shopkeeper or any of his or her family shall be admitted except Mr. Franceys.
 - "3. No lady shall be allowed to dance in a long white apron.
 - "4. All young Ladies in Mantuas shall pay two shillings and sixpence.
 - "5. No Miss in a Coat shall dance without leave of the Lady of the Assembly.
 - "6. Whoever shall transgress any of these rules shall be turned out of the Assembly Room.
- Several of the above-mentioned Rules having of late been broke through, they are now printed by our order and signed by us the present Ladies and Governors of the Assembly.

"ANNE BARNER,	BRIDGET BAILY,
"DOROTHY EVERY,	R. FITZHERBERT,
"ELIZABETH EYRE,	HESTER MUNDY."

These six female commandments were positive enough. Mark the early-stated hatred to an attorney's clerk. Then observe the dislike to shopkeepers, except that pet "Mr. Franceys." Who was Francis? Not Junius Francis; but some dear man-milliner who, peradventure, went with Mrs. Francis twice at least in the year by the Derby Dilly to London and thence to Paris, and returned with bonnet-boxes, and caps, and ribbons, and head-dresses, and hoops, and Mechlin lace, and wrought petticoats, and fans, and other articles of female adornment not to be had "except Mr. Franceys" had ventured his neck in the Derby Dilly. This Mr. Franceys must have been the Beau Nash of Derby; the Brummell of the town at which the Pretender turned tail. Will no local antiquary disinter our fashionable Francis?—possibly the Howell and James of Derby in the year seventeen hundred and fifty.

"No lady shall be allowed to dance in a long white apron." Only conceive a party at Lady Jersey's with lady wallflowers nailed to the wall in long white aprons. These long white aprons must have looked neat and clean—matronly withal—yet their wearers were not suffered to dance, even on the pay-

ment of a fine; and for no better reason than that Beau Nash had just excluded white aprons from Bath, as only worthy, forsooth, of an Abigail. "He had the strongest aversion to a white apron," says Goldsmith, "and absolutely excluded all who ventured to appear at the assembly dressed in that manner;" whereupon both aversion and exclusion seem to have been copied by the Derby lady-governors. The rule must, when it first came out, have gone to the heart of some young mamma, who had ventured into the town clad in the forbidden garment. How she would sulk at Anne Barnes and Dorothy Every (old cats, we suspect, by their early appearance on this death-warrant to long white aprons), and turn her head contemptuously away, as Elizabeth Eyre and her brevet-rank friend, Mrs. Bridget Bailly, passed by with some militia captain and his Scarborough acquaintances; and what her lips must have muttered half-audibly, against Mrs. Rachel Fitzherbert and her unpaid-for dress, "what she must owe Mr. Franceys!" and against that Miss Hester Mundy and her little minx of a countenance, "to speak of nothing else."

Rule four to our thinking is still harder than rule three. What has Miss in her Mantua done that she must pay two shillings and sixpence extra to dance the new cotillion, or the most recent importation from Ranelagh or Vauxhall? That was your doing, Miss Hester Mundy, we said to ourselves as we read the rules in the Derby Museum. You are just out of your Mantua yourself, and Captain Strutt, of Eliot's Light Horse newly quartered in Derby, must not have too many Mantua-dressed girls to draw his attention away from Miss Mundy. Yes, indeed, it was Hester that fought for and carried that rule; nor are we so certain that this Miss, long out of her teens, had not a loud voice in the hard law against Miss in a coat.

To this little framed and glazed picture of Derby assembly-room life in seventeen hundred and fifty, we append a pen-and-ink sketch of Durham female fashionable life and spelling, about the year seventeen hundred and fifty-three. The letter we are about to quote has never before been printed. It was put into our hands by one of the most intelligent young ladies in the whole Palatinate of Durham. Our young fair friend laughed with wicked delight, as she read the letter aloud. None but ladies can read ladies' letters well—that is, in the Lady Mary Wortley Montague style; and our charming friend read so well, that we advise each reader to ask a young wife, or sister, or a young unmarried aunt to read the epistle to him.

Miss Georgina Morton to Miss Lynn.

"Without a thought that can entertain or a subject to amuse, I sit down to address My Dr. Miss Lynn, noble materials you'll allow to tender an Epistle in the least degree amusing or interesting, tho' the latter I am so vain as think always bear some part of my Friend's Ideas when she receives a Letter from those she esteems sincere, in the first place give me leave to return you my best and most grateful thanks for yr. last kind favor, I need not at this late period of our acquaintance add, that it gave me true pleasure, as you are I hope sensible, that every intelligence from you, affords me real satisfaction, and must repute that the oftener yr. favor me with yr. Letters, the more you please and oblige me—to give you an account of my proceedings, its as usual, visiting, and receiving visitants almost every day, last Thursday we dined at Mr. Wilkinson's where we met the family from Coxal, Mr. Bewicke and several more, in the Evening we went to the Assembly, there being a very large party of us, we made a very formidable appearance, and by the addition of a part of the Gentlemen and Ladies in the Town, we danced fourteen couples, which for a private Assembly in Durham was very extraordinary, there was a Miss Steward, and a Miss Tweddle, who dined with us at Mr. Wilkinson's, their dress was very Capital, and in my unobtainable opinion, very rich and elegant, without exception I never in all my Life, saw any point so preposterously high as their heads, their hair was immense, their Caps the same, with the addition of three large plumes of white feather's, two of which, was at one side, the third most frightfully fl'd in their hair behind, with Ball Lappets which reach'd half way down their back, their gowns were extremely elegant, the Italian Dress, trimmed with fringe Gause, Grapes, &c., Gause cuffs ornamented with Paster's, and nothing but a very narrow tucker round their Neck, in short they were completely fashionable and the very essence of politeness, in every punctilio, and to crown all I hope I am not uncharitable in saying I really believe they were painted.—Miss Scidf who I have heard you mention Drank Tea here a few days ago, she is staying with Mrs. Hall, an agreeable Lady who I visit, the former was at the Assembly but I believe was only a spectator, which situation to a young woman who likes Dancing, I should suppose very mortifying and disagreeable.—I am happy to find by yr. Letter, that you spend yr. time so agreeable, pray is it a fair question to ask, from what part of the world your Benn's comes from,—when you make yr. visit at Cassop I hope you will do us the favour of yr. company to dine and spend the Day, I was much disappointed at not seeing yr. sister Dolly in her way home. Mr. Sewen has some very smart Benns dines with him to Day, therefore time not paper allows me to add no more, then our Compts. to Mr. Mrs. Lynn and family wishing them many returns of the approaching season, except the same to yourself, with my love in an abundant share, and be assured I am most affectionately

"Yours, G. ORD MORTON."

"Durham Monday Morn."

Fie, Miss Morton—you are really too hard upon Miss Steward and Miss Tweddle. Can no Durham antiquary find a letter from either Miss S. or Miss T. descriptive of Miss Georgina herself?

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. VIII.

McELRATH & BARKER, PUBLISHERS.

OFFICE No. 17 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

WHOLE No. 188.

FASHION.

WHEN a man applies himself soberly to reflect upon the fitness of things in general, and of their several tendencies towards the great End, of what a whirligig of vanity and inutility—of waste and glitter—the Great World seems to consist! All those flouncings and furbelows; all this crenoline, bergamot, paste and jewellery, wax-chandlery, Brussels lace and Sèvres china; all those jobbed horses, silken squabs, double and triple knocks, tags and embroideries and fripperies of the Herald's College, what are they good for?—what end do they serve? All these mountebank howings and reverences; these kissings of hands and backing out of rooms of lath and plaster; these clatterings about streets for the purpose of bandying pieces of printed pasteboard; these grinnings to your fellow worm of five feet long across a glass of grape juice; these bawlings out of names by lacqueys; these posturings and jumpings, and agonies of etiquette; and turning day into night and night into day, and eating when we are not hungry, and drinking when we are not thirsty; all these, the life-chords of the Great World, to what end are they? Who commanded them? Who promulgated the statutes that regulate them? If Fashion were a tangible idol with a frontal protuberance and a golden head, squatting on his haunch in a pagoda like Juggernaut, we should not need to wonder at his votaries wearing absurd dresses and passing their lives in the performance of more absurd ceremonies. We might set down the worship to be a delusion; but we might concede the dresses and the ceremonies to be the offspring of a sincere though mistaken superstition, and to be typical or symbolic of something. But my lady Azalia, the Queen of the world of Fashion, is a member of the Church of England, and she would be indignant if you were to ask her whether she worshipped a protuberant idol. Besides, Fashion is not tangible or palpable. No one ever saw Fashion, or drew his (or her?) portrait, or promulgated the conditions of his (or her?) creed, or taught what is heterodox or what orthodox; except one vulgar pretender who wrote a Handbook of Etiquette; which, for any authority it was grounded on,

might as well have been a handbook to the Bear Garden.

What are the laws of Fashion, and who made them? Who regulates their absurdities and their proprieties? It was the height of fashion in Charles the Second's time to display about four inches of white shirt between the waistband and the vest; now, if I were to enter a ball-room with my shirt bulging from the bottom of my waistcoat I should be bowled down stairs. Why should fashion in sixteen hundred and sixty-three be beauty, and be impropriety in eighteen hundred and fifty-three? Can anything be more absurd than the present chimney-pot hat? Nothing. Yet, if you were to meet me in Regent Street with a hunting cap, a shovel hat, a sombrero, or a fur porringer like that which Henry of Lancaster wore—would you speak to me? The day after to-morrow velvet skulls, shovel hats, slip-slaps, or rabbit-skin porringers may be the only wear. Why should the bishop have refused to ordain Oliver Goldsmith, because he wore scarlet breeches? What are wigs, boots, colours, fashionable virtues, fashionable vices, *bon ton*, high breeding, worth, after all? Will they save "the sprightliness of youth, the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood, the vigorousness and strong flexure of the joints of twenty-five," from the "hollowness and deadly paleness, the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial?" Will they avail us one jot in the day when you and I and all the world, "nobles and learned, kings and priests, the wise and the foolish, the rich and the poor, the prevailing tyrant and the oppressed party shall all appear to receive their symbol?" Will Fashion and Madame Devy and the Red-book keep the "storm from the ship or a wrinkle from the brow, or the plague from a King's house?" Is the world any better for Fashion, and could it not move towards its end without Fashion, do you think?

"A man," says a divine I love to quote, "may read a sermon the best and most passionate that ever man preached, if he shall but enter into the sepulchre of kings * * * where our kings have been crowned, their ancestors lie interred, and the king must walk over his grandsire's head to take the crown." Now what a homily might a man read over second-hand court dresses, over a Court

Circular, or over a Red-book two years old! How sharp one might be upon the miserable vanity of superfluities, and the uselessness of luxuries. How easily we could do without them.

"Give but to nature that which nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's."

You, and I, and the King, could live on sixpence a day, and never go hungry. But after all, in the very midst and flow of this our homilies, and this sharpness of our exhortation, comes this thought to make us pause before we go with unwashed faces to live in a tub like Diogenes, or to hide ourselves in a cave, and cover ourselves with the skins of wild beasts, as Jean Jacques Rousseau talked of doing, or to dig up pig nuts for food, and shovel gold away as if it were mud, like Timon in the play. For we begin to think how many thousand men and women in England, and how many millions more throughout the world, eat their daily bread by making and vending Fashion's elegant trumpery; gloves, fans, spangles, scents, and bon-bons: how ships, colonies, and commerce, are all mixed up in a curious yet congruous elaboration with these fal-lals: how one end of the chain may be my lady's boudoir and its nick-nacks in Belgravia, and the other end a sloppy ship-dock on the hot strand of the Hooghly: how the beginnings of a ball supper, with its artificial flowers, its trifles, its barley sugar temples, its enamelled baskets and ratifia cakes, were the cheerless garret and the heated cellar: how the immensities of the world—its workshops, and marts, and bourses, and chambers of commerce—are, after all, only an accumulation of these fashionable littlenesses in bulk; packed into huge bales and casks, registered in ledgers and day-books, and sent and re-sent in strong ships, with bills of lading and charter-parties, to the uttermost ends of the earth. Pause before you condemn Vanity Fair—reflect for a minute before you run to the justice's to have its charter taken away. Obadiah Broadbrim has helped to stock it; conventicles have been built from its profits; the crumbs that fall from its table feed millions of mouths. Nor does the beneficence of Fashion end here. After she has made one set of fortunes at first hand, she showers her favours on trade at second hand. From second-hand court dresses, and from second-hand fashion of all kinds, the moral of Fashion can be more strongly pointed, than from Fashion herself when arrayed in all her glory.

Let us instance Mrs. Brummus. She is the mysterious female who deals in second-hand ladies' apparel. I look upon Mrs. Brummus's vast silent repository of last season's varieties with the awe I have for a family vault; for the scenery of a worn-out pantomime; for undertaker's Latin (in oil colours); for last year's Belle Assemblée, or for the tailor's plate of the fashions and the Court Guide

for the year eighteen hundred and fifty-two.

Mrs. Brummus's repository nestles as Milton's fountain did, in the "navel of a wood," quite in the core of a cancer of dingy, second-hand streets and houses. Both Mrs. Brummus and her shop have, moreover, a dingy, faded, second-hand appearance. They remind you of the magnificent allocation of the lady of the quondam dealer in second-hand apparel in Congreve's comedy: "You that I took from darning of old lace, and washing of old gauze, with a blue-black nose over a chafing dish full of starved embers, behind a traverse-rag, in a shop no bigger than a bird-cage!" The chafing-dish and the blue-black nose may be gone; but there is yet a marvellous touch of the bird-cage about Mrs. Brummus's shop: there is yet the traverse rag, the torn lace to be darned, and the old gauze to be washed.

Enter. Here is the discarded wardrobe of those enchanting actresses, those ravishing songstresses, those bewitching dancers, who have so enthralled and delighted Fashion; who have drawn rapturous plaudits from Fashion's kid gloved hands; melting sighs from under Fashion's white waistcoats; tender glances from Fashion's double-barrelled lorgnettes; lisps of praise from Fashion's moustachioed lips, when the wearers of those dresses acted, and sang, and danced on Fashion's great chalked stage—upon that stage where there are more sinks and rises, more drops, flats, borders, set pieces, wings, and floats; where there are more changes of scene, more going down graves and vampire traps; where there are more music, dancing, gay clothes, red and white paint, hollow hearts and masks for them to wear, than you would find on the stage of the largest playhouse in the world. Suspended and recumbent, folded up, stretched out, singly and in heaps, in Mrs. Brummus's bird-cage shop, in dimly distant crypts, and parlours, and crannies, and cupboards, and lumbering old presses, and growing shelves, are the crimson velvet dresses of duchesses, the lace that queens have worn, our grandmothers' brocaded sacks and hoops and high heeled shoes, fans, feathers, silk stockings, lace pocket handkerchiefs, scent bottles, the Brussels lace veil of the bride, the sable bombazine of the widow, embroidered parasols, black velvet mantles, pink satin slips; blue kid, purple prunella, or white satin shoes; leg of mutton, bishop, Mameluke sleeves; robes without bodies, and bodies without robes, and sleeves without either; the matron's apron and the opera dancer's skirt. Here is Fashion in undress, without its whalebone, crenoline, false hair, paint, and pearl powder; here she is tawdry, tarnished, helpless, inert, dislocated, like Mr. Punch's company in the deal box he carries strapped behind his back.

If there be one article of commerce which Fashion delights in more than another, it is

Lace. The rich products of Mechlin, Valenciennes, Brussels, and Lille; the scarcely less valuable wares of Nottingham and Honiton; the almost priceless remnants of "old point"—"beggars' lace"—the lace that Henrietta Maria loved to wear and Vandeyk to paint. Not one, therefore, of Mrs. Brummus's tattered morsels of lace but has its history and its moral. Here is the veil in which poor Clara Rackleton was married to Captain Middleman. They had a grand estate (grandly encumbered) at Ballyragget, in the County Galway. Charley Middleman kept bounds and open house; and his widow lives now in a boarding-house at Tours with her two daughters. Clara's Brussels lace veil was not sold by her lady's maid nor by the bride herself. It was neither lost nor stolen; but Captain Middleman, formerly of the twenty-fifth Hussars, privately conveyed Mrs. Middleman's veil, together with two ostrich feathers and a carved ivory Chinese fan, to Mrs. Brummus's emporium. He drove the bargain, he pocketed the money, and he lost that same money half-an-hour afterwards at chicken-hazard, at the Little Nick near Leicester Square.

A wedding dress—all white satin, lace, and silver sprigs. Methinks I can see it now, glistening and sparkling in the August sun, and rustling and crumpling in the August air, as, at the close of the London season, its beautiful wearer descends that ugly narrow little staircase, which has been a ladder of delight to so many, a *via dolorosa* to so many more, and which leads from the vestry-room of St. George's, Hanover Square, into Maddox Street. The wearer of the satin dress comes down the shabby steps a wedded bride. She is married to a lord; a duke has given her away. Fourteen young bridesmaids in white have wept at the responses. Two have fainted, and one has been carried into the vestry, to be sal-volatilised. A nervous clergyman has addressed the bride-expectant as "Thomas, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded wife?" The bridegroom has been seized with the usual deadly perturbation, and offers to place the ring on the finger of the pew-opener; and the clerk, while gravely correcting the errors of all parties, has viewed the whole proceedings with an air of deep misanthropy. At last, somehow or other, the right man has married the right woman; the pew-opener and beadle have been feed, and the verger remembered; the clergyman has had his rights and the clerk his dues. The licence has been conned over; the register has been signed—by the bridegroom in a character meant to be very valiant and decided, but in reality very timorous and indistinct; by the bride with no pretence or compromise, but in a simply imbecile and hysterical manner; by the father of the bride in a neat hand I should like to see at the bottom of a cheque; and by big General Gwallyor of the Indian army (the

additional witness) in a fierce military manner, with a dash at the end like an oath. The little boys have shouted, and the wedding carriage, with its crimson-vested post-boys and spanking greys, has clattered up; the policemen have put down an imaginary riot, threatened with their batons the crowd generally, and menaced with arrest one individual lamp-post; and then, shining out like a star among the silver favours and orange flowers, the snowy dresses and black dress coats, the smiles and tears, comes the bride: God bless her! Is there a sight more beautiful under heaven than a young bride coming out of church? Can you forget Sir John Suckling's beautiful lines in his ballad upon a wedding?—

"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light.
And then she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight."^{*}

Now, alas, my lord is at Florence, my lady is in furnished lodgings in London, and the bride's dress is at Mrs. Brummus's. There was an action at law in the Court of Queen's Bench respecting them not long since; and numberless suits in all sorts of courts are pending between them now. My lord hates my lady, and my lady hates my lord; and they write abusive letters against each other to their mutual friends.

Fashion is born, is married, and dies every year, and Fashion is buried in Mrs. Brummus's dusky shop: she watches its funeral pyre, and superintends the process of its incineration; until, phoenix-like, it rises again from its ashes to die again.

Fashion dies. It is so far like a prince or a rich man that while it lives we dress it up in purple and fine linen, and fall down and worship it, and quarrel with and hate our brothers and sisters, for a smile from our demi-god, for a card for Fashion's balls or the *entree* to Fashion's back-stairs. But no sooner is the demi-god dead than we utterly desert and forget it. We do not condescend, as in the case of dead humanity, to fold its rottenness in gold and crimson velvet, to build a marble monument above it, sculptured all over with lies; to state in an inscription that beneath repose the ashes of such and such a most noble, high, mighty, powerful Prince Fashion, who was a father to his subjects, and a model to his compeers, and was in short the very best Fashion that ever was known, and the first fashionable gentleman in the world. No, we allow the corpse of Fashion to putrefy in the gutter, or to be eaten up by the vultures, and the storks, and adjutant birds. There have been kings treated as cavalierly. When the luxurious Louis Quinze lay at the

* Founded on a beautiful old superstition of the English peasantry that the sun dances upon an Easter morning.

point of death, the noise of the courtiers deserting their monarch to pay their respects to the new king echoed through the long galleries of Versailles like thunder. When the king was dead they crammed his miserable body (he died of the most horrible form of small pox) into a box, and jolted him off in a post-chaise by night to St. Denis, where they flung him into rather than buried him in the sepulchre of his ancestors. So do we act by our dead King Fashion—adding even insult to injury; for after his death, we scoff and jeer at him, and are tremendously satirical upon the ridiculous, hideous, frightful, preposterous fashion that he was. It is my opinion that if Messrs. Banting and France were to confine themselves to performing the funerals of Fashion, they would cease to be the fashionable undertakers they are.

Fashion is greater than king or kaiser when he is alive; but dead, he is of no more account than a broken egg-shell. *Le roi est mort—vive le roi!* Leg of mutton sleeves and short waists are dead. Long live tight sleeves and long waists!

FLOWER-BELLS.

SORT Midsummer air, cheery with sunshine and perfumed with all the scents that it had robbed out of his nursery garden, crept in through the monthly roses at the porch and the half-open cottage door, to make itself at home in George Swayne's room. It busied itself there, sweeping and rattling about, as if it had as much right to the place and was as much the tenant of it, as the gardener himself. It had also a sort of feminine and wifely claim on George; who, having been spending half an hour over a short letter written upon a large sheet, was invited by the Midsummer air to look after his garden. The best efforts were being made by his gentle friend to tear the paper from his hand. A bee had come into the room—George kept bees—and had been hovering about the letter; so drunk, possibly, with honey that he had mistaken it for a great lily. Certainly he did at last settle upon it. The lily was a legal document to this effect:—

"Sir,—We are instructed hereby to give you notice of the death of Mr. Thomas Queeka of Edmonton, the last of the three lives for which your lease was granted, and to inform you, that you may obtain a renewal of the same on payment of one hundred guineas to the undersigned. We are, Sir,

"Your (here the bee sat on the obedient servants),
"FLINT AND GRINSTON."

Mr. Swayne granted himself a rule to consider in his own mind what the lawyers meant by their uncertain phraseology. It did not mean, he concluded, that Messrs. F. and G. were willing, for one hundred pounds, to renew the life of Mr. Queeka, of Edmonton; but it did not mean that he must turn out

of the house and grounds (which had been Swayne's Nursery Garden for three generations past) unless he would pay a large fine for the renewal of his lease. He was but a young fellow of five-and-twenty; who, until recently, had been at work for the support of an old father and mother. His mother had been dead a twelvemonth last Midsummer-day; and his father, who had been well while his dame was with him, sickened after she was gone, and died before the apple-gathering was over. The cottage and the garden were more precious to George as a home than as a place of business. There were thoughts of parting—like thoughts of another loss by death, or of all past losses again to be suffered freshly and together—which so clouded the eyes of Mr. Swayne, that at last he could scarcely tell when he looked at the letter, whether the bee was or was not a portion of the writing.

An old woman came in, with a Midsummer cough, sounding as hollow as an empty coffin. She was a poor old crone who came to do for George small services as a domestic for an hour or two every day; for he lighted his own fires, and served up to himself in the first style of cottage cookery his own fat bacon and potatoes.

"I shall be out for three hours, Milly," said George, and he put on his best clothes and went into the sunshine. "I can do nothing better," he thought, "than go and see the lawyers."

They lived in the City; George lived at the east end of London, in a part now covered with very dirty streets; but then covered with copse and field, and by Swayne's old-fashioned nursery ground; then crowded with stocks and wallflowers, lupins, sweet peas, pinks, lavenders, heart's-ease, boy's love, old man, and other old-fashioned plants; for it contained nothing so tremendous as Schizanthuses, Escholzias, or Clarkia pulchellas, which are weedy little atomies, though they sound big enough to rival any tree on Lebanon. George was an old-fashioned gardener in an old-fashioned time; for we have here to do with events which occurred in the middle of the reign of George the Third. George, then—I mean George Swayne, not Georgius Rex—marched off to see the lawyers, who lived in a dark court in the City. He found their clerk in the front office, with a marigold in one of his button-holes; but there was nothing else that looked like summer in the place. It smelt like a mouldy shut-up tool-house; and there was parchment enough in it to make scarecrows for all the gardens in Kent, Middlesex, and Surrey.

George saw the junior partner, Mr. Grinston, who told him, when he heard his business, that it was in Mr. Flint's department. When he was shown into Mr. Flint's room, Mr. Flint could only repeat, he said instructions of the landlord.

"You see, my lad," he said, "these

ings, that have been let hitherto for thirty pounds per annum, are now worth fifty. Yet my client, Mr. Crote, is ready to renew the lease for three more lives at the very slight fine we have named to you. What would you have more reasonable?"

"Sir, I make no complaint," George answered; "only I want to abide by the ground, and I have not so much money as you require. I owe nobody a penny; and, to pay my way and lay by enough money for next year's seeds and roots, has been the most that I can manage. I have saved fifteen pounds. Here it is, sir; take it, if it will help me in this business."

"Well," Mr. Flint suggested, "what do you say to this? I make no promise, but I think I can persuade Mr. Crote to let you retain possession of your land, for—shall we say?—two years, at the rent of fifty pounds; and, at the expiration of that term, you may perhaps be able to pay the fine and to renew your lease."

"I will accept that offer, sir." A homespun man clings to the walls of home. Swayne's nursery would not support so high a rental; but let the future take thought for itself—to postpone for two years the doom to quit the roof-tree under which his mother suckled him was gain enough for George.

So he turned homeward and went cheerfully upon his way, by a short cut through narrow streets and lanes that bordered on the Thames. His gardener's eye discovered all the lonely little pots of mignonette in the upper windows of the tottering old houses; and, in the trimmer streets, where there were rows of little houses in all shades of whitewash, some quite fresh looking, inhabited by people who had kept their windows clean, he sometimes saw as many as four flowerpots upon a window sill. Then, there were the squares of turf, put, in weekly instalments of six inches, to the credit of caged larks, for the slow liquidation of the debt of green fields due to them. There were also parrots; for a large number of the houses in those river streets were tenanted by sailors who brought birds from abroad. There were also all sorts of grotesque shells; and one house that reeded from its neighbours, had a small garden in front, which was sown over with shells instead of flowers. The walks were bordered with shell instead of box, and there were conchs upon the wall instead of wallflowers. The summer-house was a grotto; but the great centre ornament was a large figure-head, at the foot of which there was a bench erected, so that the owner sat under its shadow. It represented a man with a great beard, holding over his shoulder a large three-pronged fork; which George believed to be meant for Neptune. That was a poor garden, thought he; for it never waved nor rustled, and had no change of feature—except that it was itself conscious

of the passage of the hours, and days, and months, and seasons.

It interested George a great deal more to notice here and there the dirty leaf of new kinds of plants; which, brought home by some among the sailors, struggled to grow from seed or root. Through the window of one house that was very poor, but very neat and clean, he saw put upon a table to catch the rays of summer sun, a strange plant in blossom. It had a reddish stalk, small-pointed leaves; and, from every cluster of leaves hung elegant red flower-bells with purple tongues. That plant excited him greatly; and, when he stopped to look in at it, he felt some such emotion as might stir an artist who should see a work by Rubens hung up in a pawnbroker's shop-window. He knocked at the green door, and a pale girl opened it, holding in one hand a piece of unfinished needlework. Her paleness left her for a minute when she saw that it was a stranger who had knocked. Her blue eyes made George glance away from them before he had finished his respectful inquiry. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but may I ask the name of the flower in the window, and where it came from?"

"Will you walk in, if you please, sir," said the girl, "mother will tell you all she knows about it."

With two steps, the young gardener strode into the small front room where a sick and feeble woman sat in an arm-chair. The room was clean and little furnished. There was only sand upon the floor; and, on the table with some more of the girl's work, was part of a stale loaf, flanked with two mugs that contained some exceedingly blue and limpid milk. George apologised for his intrusion; but said what his calling was, and pleaded in excuse the great beauty and novelty of the plant that had attracted him.

"Ay, ay, but I prize it for more than that," said Mrs. Ellis, "it was brought to me by my son. He took it as a cutting, and he brought it a long way, the dear fellow, all the way from the West Indies, nursing it for me. Often he let his own lips parch, sir, on the voyage that he might give water enough to the flower that he took home for his mother. He is a tender-hearted boy, my Harry."

"He is young then?"

"Well, he is not exactly a boy, sir; but they are all boys on board ship, you understand. He could carry off the house upon his back, Harry could; he is so wonderful broad-chested. He's just gone a long voyage, sir, and I'm feared I shall be gone a longer before he comes back; and he said when he went, 'Take care of the plant, mother, it'll have hundreds of bells to ring when I come back to you next year.' He is always full of his fun, sir, is my Harry."

"Then, Ma'am," George stammered, "it's a plant you wouldn't like to part with."

The poor woman looked angrily for a moment; and then, after a pause, answered gently, "No, sir, not until my time comes."

The young gardener—who ought to have gone away—still bent over the flower. The plant was very beautiful, and evidently stood the climate well, and it was of a kind to propagate by slips. George did not well know what to say or do. The girl who had been nimbly stitching, ceased from work and looked up wonderingly at the stranger, who had nothing more to say and yet remained with them. At last, the young man, with the colour of the flower on his cheeks, said, "I'm a poor man, Ma'am, and not much taught. If I'm going to say anything unbecoming, I hope you'll forgive it: but, if you could—if you could bring your heart to part with this plant, I would give you ten guineas for it, and the first good cutting I raise shall be yours."

The girl looked up in the greatest astonishment. "Ten guineas!" she cried, "why, mother, ten guineas would make you comfortable for the whole winter. How glad Harry will be!"

The poor old woman trembled nervously: "Harry told me to keep it for his sake," she whispered to her daughter who bent fondly over her.

"Does Harry love a flower better than your health and comfort?" pleaded Harry's sister.

A long debate was carried on in low tones, while George Swayne endeavoured to look as though he were a hundred miles off, listening to nothing. But the loving accents of the girl debating with her mother tenderly, caused Mr. Swayne—a stout and true-hearted young fellow of twenty-five—to feel that there were certainly some new thoughts and sensations working in him. He considered it important to discover from her mother's manner of addressing her that the name of the young woman was Susan. When the old lady at last consented with a sigh to George's offer, he placed ten guineas on the table beside the needlework, and only stole one glance at Susan as he bade good-bye and took the flower-pot away, promising again earnestly that he would bring back to them the first good cutting that took root.

George Swayne then, having the lawyers almost put out of his head, carried the plant home and duly busied himself in his greenhouse over the multiplication of his treasure. Months went by, during which the young gardener worked hard and ate sparingly. He had left to himself but five pounds for the general maintenance of his garden; more was needed, and that he had to pinch, as far as he dared, out of his humble food and other necessities of existence. He had, however, nothing to regret. The cuttings of the flower-bells thrived, and the thought of Susan was better to him than roast beef. He did not again visit the widow's house. He had no

right to go there, until he went to redeem his promise.

A year went by; and, when the next July came, George Swayne's garden and greenhouses were in the best condition. The new plant had multiplied by slips and had thriven more readily than he could have ventured to expect. The best plant was set by until it should have reached the utmost perfection of blossom, to be carried in redemption of the promise made to widow Ellis. In some vague way, too, Mr. Swayne now and then pondered whether the bells it was to set ringing after Harry had returned might not be after all the bells of Stepney parish church. And Susan Swayne did sound well, that was certain. Not that he thought of marrying the pale girl, whose blue eyes he had only seen, and whose soft voice he had only heard once; but he was a young fellow, and he thought about her, and young fellows have their fancies which do now and then shoot out in unaccountable directions.

A desired event happened one morning. The best customer of Swayne's nursery ground, the wife of a city knight, Lady Salter, who had a fine seat in the neighbourhood, alighted from her carriage at the garden gate. She had come to buy flowers for the decorations of her annual grand summer party; and George with much perturbation ushered her into his greenhouse, which was glowing with the crimson and purple blossoms of his new plant. When Lady Salter had her admiration duly heightened by the information that there were no other plants in all the country like them—that, in fact, Mr. Swayne's new Lowers were unique, she instantly bought two slips at a guinea each and took them home in triumph. Of course the flower-bells attracted the attention of her guests; and of course she was very proud to draw attention to them. The result was that the carriages of the great people of the neighbourhood so clogged up the road at Swayne's nursery day after day that there was no getting by for them. George sold, for a guinea each, all the slips that he had potted; keeping only enough for the continuance of his trade, and carefully reserving his finest specimen. That in due time he took to Harry's mother.

The ten guineas added to the produce of Susan's labour—she had not slackened it a jot—had maintained the sickly woman through the winter; and, when there came to her a letter one morning in July in Harry's dear scrawl posted from Portsmouth, she was half restored to health. He would be with them in a day or two, he said. The two women listened in a feverish state for every knock at the green door. Next day a knock came; but it was not Harry. Susan again opened to George Swayne. He had brought their flower-bells back; and, apparently, handsomer than ever. He was very much abashed and stammered something; and, when he came in, he could find nothing to say. The handsome china

which he had substituted for the widow's spot, said something, however, for him. The widow and her daughter greeted him with smiles and thanks; but he had something else to do than to return them—something of which he seemed to be exceedingly fond. At last he did it. "I mean no more," he said, "but this is much more yours mine." He laid upon the table twenty guineas. They refused the money with surprise; Susan with eagerness. He told them why; how the plant had saved him from the chance of being turned out of his home; how he was making money by the flower, and how fairly he considered half the profits to be its real owner. Thereupon the three fast friends and began to quarrel; they were quarrelling there was a ring knock at the door. Mother and sister hurried to the door; but Susan aside that Harry might go first into his father's arms.

"Here's a fine chime of bells," said Harry, looking at his plant after a few minutes. "It looks no handsomer in the West end. But wherever did you get that did pot?"

George was immediately introduced. The story was told, and Harry was made a part upon the twenty guinea question.

"God bless you, Mr. Swayne," said Harry, "that money if we are to be friends. Give us your hand, my boy; and, mother, shall we have something to eat." They made a festival that evening in the widow's house, and George thought more than ever of himing off the bells as Susan laid her work aside to bustle to and fro. Harry likes to tell over his pipe; "and I tell you, Swayne," said he, "I'm glad you are better for my love of rooting. If I wasn't for myself I'd be a gardener. I've a cargo of roots and seeds in my box that ought home for mother to try what she'll do with. My opinion is that you're the one to turn 'em to account; and so, mate, you have 'em. If you get a lucky penny from any one among 'em you're welcome; more than we could do."

With these poor folks laboured to be kind towards each other: how Harry told himself on holidays before his next mailed with rake and spade about his father's nursery; how George Swayne spent the spring and autumn evenings in the little room; how there was really and truly a spring from Stepney steeples to give joy to the little needlewoman's heart; how Susan became much rosier than Susan Ellis been; how luxuriously George's bees fed upon new dainties; how Flint and son conveyed the nursery-ground to Swayne in freehold to him and his father for ever, in consideration of the whole house money which Swayne had accumulated; how the old house was enlarged; how, year or two later, little Harry Swayne

damaged the borders and was abetted by grandmother Ellis in so doing: how a year or two after that, Susan Swayne the lesser dug with a small wooden spade side by side with giant Uncle Harry; who was a man to find the centre of the earth under Swayne's garden when he came home ever and anon from beyond the seas, always with roots and seeds, his home being Swayne's nursery; and, finally, how happy and how populous a home the house in Swayne's nursery grew to be—these are results connecting pleasant thoughts with the true story of the earliest cultivation in this country of the flower now known as the Fuchsia.

THE FRENCH WORKMAN.

THE original stuff out of which a French workman is made, is—let us, ourselves French workmen, tell you—a street boy of fourteen years old, or if you like, twelve. That young *gamin de Paris* can sing as many love ditties and drinking songs as the hairs upon his head, before he knows how much is nine times seven. He prefers always the agreeable to the useful; he knows how to dance all the quadrilles: he knows how to make grimaces of ten thousand sorts one after the other without stopping, and at the rate of twenty in a minute. Of his other attainments, I say little. It is possible that he may have been to one of the elementary schools set up by the Government; or, it may be also, that he knows not how to read; although, by article ten of a law passed in eighteen hundred and thirty-three, it was determined that no chief town of a department, or chief place of a commune containing more than six thousand inhabitants, should be without at least one elementary school for public instruction.

Such as the boy may be, he is made an apprentice. He needs no act, or as you say in England, indenture. His contract has to be attested at the Prefecture of Police, Bureau of Passports, Section of Livrets. Formerly, it was the custom in France for the apprentice to be both fed and lodged by his master; but, as the patron seldom received money with him, he was mainly fed on cuffs. Apprenticeship in Paris—which is France—begins at ages differing according to the nature of the trade. If strength be wanted, the youth is apprenticed at eighteen, but otherwise, perhaps at fourteen. There are in Paris nineteen thousand apprentices dispersed among two hundred and seventy branches of trade.

Of all the apprentices whose number has been just named, only one in five is bound by a written agreement with his master. The rest have a verbal understanding. The youths commonly are restless; and, since they are apt to change their minds, the business of the master is not so much to teach them as to obtain value for himself as soon as he can

out of their labour. It is the apprentice who is sent out to take orders in the town and to play the part of messenger. In consequence of the looseness of the tie, it often happens that a thoughtless parent, when his son is able to earn wages, tells the youth that his master is sucking him and fattening upon his unpaid labour; that he might earn money for the house at home. The youth is glad to earn, and throws up his apprenticeship for independent work. It soon occurs to him that his parents are sucking him, and that his earnings ought to be for himself, and not for them. He then throws up his home dependence, as he had thrown up dependence on his master, takes a lodging, falls into careless company, and works on, a half-skilled labourer, receiving all his life a less income than he could have assured to himself by a few years of early perseverance.

When I was apprentice, eight years ago, I found that to be a good workman it was needful to design and model. "Come with me," said my comrade Gredinot, "I will show you a good school." It was a winter evening; our work was over; and, with leave of the patron, we left our shop in the Rue Saint Martin, and went by Saint Saviour to the Rue Montorgueil. We bought as we went about twelve pounds of modelling clay. At the upper end of the street, my friend Gredinot turned up a dark passage. I followed him. A single lamp glimmered in the court to which it led us. We went up a few steps to the schoolroom. "Here we are," said Gredinot, in opening the door. We entered, carrying our caps. There was a low room lighted by flaming oil lamps; but in it were busts and statues of such beauty that it seemed to me to be the most delightful chamber in the world. Boys and youths and a few men, all in blouses like ourselves, laboured there. We threw our clay upon a public heap in a wood trough near the door. There was only that mud to pay, and there were our own tools to take. Everything else was free. Gredinot introduced me to the master, and I learnt to model from that night. There are other schools—the school of arts and trades in the Rue St. Martin, the Special and Gratuitous School of Design in the Rue du Touraine, in connexion, as I think, with the School of Fine Arts. I might number the museums and the libraries, and I may make mention also of the prizes of the Academy of Industry and the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry.

The apprentice out of his time goes to the prefecture of police. There he must obtain a livret, which must have on the face of it the seal of the prefecture, the full name of the admitted workman, his age, his place of birth, and a description of his person, his trade, and the name of the master who employs him. The French workman is taboo, until he is registered by the police and

can produce his livret. The book costs him twopence halfpenny. Its first entry is a record of the completion of his apprenticeship. Afterwards every fresh engagement must be set down in it, with the dates of its beginning and its end, each stamped by the prefecture. The employer of a workman holds his livret as a pledge. When he receives money in advance the sum is written in his book, and it is a debt there chargeable as a deduction of not more than one-fifth upon all future employment until it is paid. The workman travelling must have his livret *visé*; for without that, says the law, "he is a vagabond, and can be arrested and punished as such."

The workman registered and livreted, how does he live, work and sleep? He is not a great traveller; for, unless forced into exile, the utmost notion of travel that a French workman has, is the removal—if he be a provincial—from his native province to Paris. We pass over the workman's chance of falling victim to the conscription, if he has no friends rich enough to buy for him a substitute, or if he cannot subscribe for the same object to a Conscription Mutual Assurance Company. When Louis Blanc had his own way in France the workmen did but ten hours' labour in the day. Now, however, as before, twelve or thirteen hours are regarded as a fair day's work. I and Friponnet, who are diamond jewellers, work ten hours only. My friend Cornichon, who is a goldsmith, works as long as a painter or a smith. Sunday labour used to be very general in France; but extended seldom beyond the half day; which was paid for at a higher rate. In Paris seven in eight of us used to earn money on the Sunday morning. That necessity could not be pleaded for the sin, is proved by the fact, that often we did no work on Monday; but on that day spent the Sunday's earnings. As for our wages, calculated on an average of several years, they are about as follows:—The average pay for a day's labour is three shillings and twopence. The lowest day's pay known is five pence, and the highest thirty shillings. About thirty thousand of us receive half-a-crown a day; five or six times as many (the majority) receive some sum between half-a-crown and four and twopence. About ten thousand receive higher wages. The best wages are earned by men whose work is connected with print, paper and engraving. The workers in jewels and gold are the next best provided for; next to them workers in metal and in fancy ware. Workers on spun and woven fabrics get low wages; the lowest is earned, as in London, by slop-workers and all workers with the needle. The average receipts of Paris needlewomen have not, however, fallen below fourteen-pence a day; those of them who work with fashionable dressmakers earn about one and eightpence. While speaking of the ill-paid class of women, I must mention that the most sentimental of our occupations earns the least

bread. Those who make crowns of *immortelles* to hang upon the tombs, earn only about sevenpence-halfpenny a day. That trade is, in very truth, funereal. To come back to ourselves, it should be said that our wages, as a whole, have risen rather than declined during the last quarter of a century. It is a curious fact, however, that the pay for job-work has decreased very decidedly.

And how do we live? it is asked. Well enough. All of us eat two meals a day; but what we eat depends upon our money. We three, who draw up this account, work in one room. We begin fasting, and maintain our fast until eleven o'clock. Then we send the apprentice out to fetch our breakfasts. When he comes back with his stores, he disposes of them neatly on a centre table in little groups. I generally have a pennyworth of ham, which certainly is tough, but very full of flavour; bread to the same value; a half share with Friponnet in two-pennyworth of wine, and a halfpennyworth of fried potatoes; thus spending in all threepence-halfpenny. Cornichon spends the same sum generally in another way. He has a pennyworth of cold boiled (unsalted) beef, a pennyworth of bread, a halfpennyworth of cheese and a pennyworth of currant jam. Friponnet is more extravagant. A common breakfast bill of fare with him is two penny sausages, twopennyworth of bread, a pennyworth of wine, a halfpenny *paquet de couenne* (which is a little parcel of crisply fried strips of bacon rind), and a baked pear. All this is sumptuous; for we are of the aristocracy of workmen. The labourers of Paris do not live so well. They go to the *gargottes*, where they get threepence halfpenny worth of bouilli—soup, beef and vegetable—which includes the title to a liberal supply of bread. Reeking dingy dens are those *gargottes*, where all the poorer classes of Parisian workmen save the beef out of their breakfast bouilli, and carry it away to eat later in the day at the wine-shop; where it will make a dinner with more bread and a pennyworth of wine. Of bread they eat a great deal; and, reckoning that at fourpence and the wine at a penny, we find eightpence to be the daily cost of living to the great body of Parisian workmen.

We aristos among workpeople dine famously. My own practice is to dine in the street du Petit Carré upon dinners for ninepence; or by taking dinner tickets for fourteen days in advance, I get one dinner a fortnight given me gratuitously. I dine upon soup, a choice of three plates of meat, about half-a-pint of wine, a dessert and bread at discretion. Our dinner hour is four o'clock, and we are not likely to eat anything more before bedtime; although one of us may win a cup of coffee or a dram of brandy at billiards or dominoes in the evening. Cornichon and Friponnet dine in the street Chabonnais; have soup at a penny a portion,

small plates of meat at twopence each, dessert at a penny, and halfpenny slips of bread. Each of us when he has dined rolls up a cigarette, and lounges perhaps round the Palais Royal for half an hour.

As for our lodging the poorest of us live by tens in one room, and sleep by fours and fives upon one mattress; paying from twopence to tenpence a night. The ordinary cost of such lodging as the workman in Paris occupies is, for a whole room for one person, nine or ten shillings a month; for more than one, six or seven shillings each; and, for half a bed, four shillings. Cornichon lives in room number thirty-six on the third floor of a furnished lodging house in the street du Petit Lion. You must ring for the porter if you would go in to Cornichon; and the porter must, by a jerk at a string, unlatch the street door if Cornichon wishes to come out to you. In a little court at the back are two flights of dirty stairs of red tile edged with wood. They lead to distinct portions of the house. Cornichon's room is paved with red tiles, polished now and then with beeswax. It is furnished with the bed and a few inches of bedside carpet forming a small island on the floor, with two chairs, a commode with a black marble top, a washing-basin and a water bottle. Cornichon has also a cupboard there in which he stores his wood for winter, paying twenty-pence per hundred pound for logs; and as the room contains no grate, he rents a German stove from his landlord, paying four-and-two-pence for his use of it during the season.

Friponnet rents two unfurnished rooms up four pair of stairs, at the back of a house in the street d'Argenteuil. He pays ten shillings a month. They are furnished in mahogany and black marble bought of a broker, and I think not paid for yet. Fidette visits him there. She is a gold and silver polisher, his *bonne amie*. She has her own lodging; but she and Friponnet divide their earnings. They belong to one another; although no priest has blessed their voluntary contract. It is so, I am pained to say, with very many of us.

I have a half bed in a little street, with a man who is a good fellow considering he is a square head—a German. The red tiles of my staircase are very clean, and slippery with beeswax. My landlord rents a portion of the third floor of the house, and underlets it fearfully. One apartment has been penned off into four, and mine is the fourth section at the end. To reach me one must pass through the first pen, which is occupied by Monsieur and Madame. There they work, eat, and sleep; as for Madame, she never leaves it. Monsieur only goes away to wait upon the *griffe*, his master, when he wants more work: his *griffe* is a slop tailor. Monsieur and Madame sleep in a recess, which looks like a sarcophagus. A little Italian tailor also sleeps in the same pen; but where-

abouts I know not—his bed is a mystery. The next pen is occupied by two carpenters, seldom at home. When they come home, all of us know it; for they are extremely musical. In the third pen live three more tailors, through whose territory I must pass to my own cabinet. But how snug that is! Although only eight feet by ten, it has two corner windows; and, if there is little furniture and but a scanty bed, there is a looking-glass fit for a baron, and some remains of violet-coloured hangings and long muslin curtains; either white or brown, I am not sure. I and the German pay for this apartment fifteen shillings monthly.

There is a kind of lodgers worth especial mention. The men working in the yards of masons, carpenters, and others—masons especially—frequently come from the provinces. They are not part of the fixed population; but are men who have left their wives and families to come up to the town and earn a sum of money. For this they work most energetically, living in the most abstemious manner, in order that they may not break into their hoard. They occupy furnished lodgings, flocking very much together. Thus the masons from the departments of la Creuse and la Haute Vienne occupy houses let out in furnished rooms exclusively to themselves in the quarters of the Hotel de Ville, the Arsenal, Saint Marcel, and in other parts of Paris. The rigid parsimony of these men is disappointed terribly when any crisis happens. They are forced to eat their savings, to turn their clothing and their tools into food, and, by the revolution of eighteen hundred and forty-eight, were reduced to such great destitution, that in some of the houses occupied by them one dress was all that remained to all the lodgers. They wore it in turn, one going out in it to seek for work while all the rest remained at home in bed. The poor fellows thanked the want of exercise for helping them to want of appetite—the only kind of want that poverty desires.

These men, however, working in the great yards, eating their meals near them in an irregular and restless way, form clubs and associations which lead not seldom to strikes—blunders which we call placing ourselves *en Grève*. They take the name *en Grève* from the place in which one class of builders' workmen assemble when waiting to be hired. Various places are chosen by sundry workmen and workwomen for this practice of waiting to be hired. Laundresses, for example, are to be found near the church of our Lady of Loretto, where they endure, and too often enjoy, coarse words from passers-by.

Except in the case of the masons and labourers from the departments, it is to be regarded as no good sign when a workman makes a residence of furnished lodgings. The orderly workman marries, and acquires the property of furniture. The mason from the departments lives cheaply, and saves, to go

home with money to his family, and acquire in his own village the property of land. The workman bound to Paris, who dwells only in furnished lodgings, and has bought no furniture, has rarely saved and has rarely made an honest marriage. In most cases he is a lover of pleasure, frequents the theatre and the wine shop. From wine he runs on to the stronger stimulus of brandy, but these leave to him some gleams of his national vivacity. The most degraded does not get so lumpish as the English workman, whose brains have become sodden in the public-houses by long trains of pots of beer. By far the largest portion of the Paris workmen possess furniture; only twenty-one in a hundred—and that includes, of course, the mobile population, the masons, &c.—live in furnished lodgings.

For clothing, we spend according to our means from four to fourteen pounds a year on that. Half of us have no coat in addition to the blouse. Before the crisis of eighteen hundred and forty-eight, one sixth of us had money in savings' banks, and one man in every two was a member of some benefit society. The benefit societies were numerous, each generally containing some two or three hundred members; but even our singing clubs are now suppressed, and we must not meet even to transact the business of a benefit society without giving notice of our design to the police, and receiving into our party at least two of its agents as lookers-on. The result has been the decay of all such societies, and the extinction of most of them. Where they remain, the average monthly subscription is fifteen-pence, which ensures the payment of twenty-pence a day during sickness, with gratuitous advice and medicine from the doctor. The funds of such societies are lodged either in savings' banks, or in the *Mont de Piété*; which, though properly a pawnbroking establishment, has also its uses as a bank. The imperial list presses everywhere down upon us. It has forced us out of sick clubs; because we sometimes talked in them about the state of the nation: it would build us huge barracks to live in, so that we may be had continually under watch and ward; and it has lately thrust in upon us a president of its own at the head of our *Conseil de Prud'hommes*, the only tribunal we possess for the adjustment of our internal trade disputes.

Of our pleasures on a Sunday afternoon the world has heard. We devote that to our families, if we have any; Monday, too often, to our friends. There are on Sundays our gymnastic fêtes at open air balls beyond the barriers, and our dancing saloons in the city; the Prado, the Bal Mont-escieu, and the Dogs' Ball. There are our pleasant country rambles, and our pleasant little dinners in the fields. There are our games at pool, and dominoes, and piquet; our pipes with dexterously black-

ened bowls. There are our theatres, the Funambule and the Porte St. Martin. Gamblers among us play at bowls in the Elysian fields, or they stay at home losing and winning more than they can properly afford to risk at *fourth*.

Then there are our holidays. The best used to be "the three days of July," but they were lost in the last scramble. Yet we still have no lack of holiday amusement, our puppets to admire, and greasy poles to climb for prizes, by men who have been prudently required to declare first and register their ambition at the Bureau of Police. Government so gets something of a list of the men who aspire, who wish to mount. It must be very useful. There are our water tournaments at St. Cloud and at Boulogne-sur-Seine; where they who have informed the police of their combative propensities, may thrust at each other with long padded poles from boats which are being rowed forcibly into collision. We are not much of water-birds; but when we do undertake boating, we engage in the work like Algerine pirates. We must have a red sash round the waist or not a man of us will pull a stroke.

To go back to our homes and to our wives. When we do marry, we prefer a wife who can support herself by her own labour. If we have children, it is in our power to apply—and very many of us do apply—to the Bureau of Nurses; and soon after an infant's birth, it can be sent down into the country at the monthly cost of about ten shillings and two pounds of lump sugar. That saves the child from hindering our work or pleasure; and, as it is the interest of the nurse to protect the child for which she receives payment, why should we disturb our consciences with qualm or fear?

In Paris there are few factories; some that have existed were removed into the provinces for the sole purpose of avoiding the dictation of the workmen in the town. The Parisian fancy work employs a large number of people who can work at their own homes. In this, and in the whole industry of Paris, the division of labour is very great; but the fancy work offers a good deal of scope for originality and taste, and the workman of Paris is glad to furnish both. He will delight himself by working night and day to execute a sudden order, to be equal to some great occasion; but he cannot so well be depended upon when the work falls again into its even, humdrum pace. On the whole, however, they who receive good wages, and are trusted—as the men working for jewellers are trusted—become raised by the responsibility of their position, shun the wine-shop, live contented with the pleasures of their homes, dress with neatness, and would die rather than betray the confidence reposed in them. With all his faults and oddities, the workman of Paris is essentially a thoroughly

good fellow. The solitary work of tailors and of shoemakers causes them of course to brood and think, and to turn out of their body a great number of men who take a foremost place in all political discussions. But the French workman always is a loser by political disturbance. The crisis of eighteen hundred and forty-eight—a workman's triumph—reduced the value of industry in Paris from sixty to twenty-eight millions of pounds. Fifty-four men in every hundred were at the same time thrown out of employ, or nearly two hundred thousand people in all.

But there are some callings, indeed, wholly untouched by a crisis. The manufacture of street gas goes on, for example, without any change. There are others that are even benefited by a revolution. After the last revolution, while other trades were turning away men to whom there was no longer work to give, the trades concerned in providing military equipment were taking on fresh hands. To that class in Paris and to that only, there was an increase of business in eighteen hundred and forty-eight to the extent of twenty-nine per cent. The decrease of business among the printers, although almost no books were printed, did not amount to more than twenty-seven per cent. in consequence of the increased demand for proclamations, hand-bills, and manifestoes.

Without any extra crisis, men working in all trades have trouble enough to get over the mere natural checks upon industry, which come to most tradesmen twice a year in the shape of the dead seasons. Every month is a dead season to some trade; but the dead seasons which prevail over the largest number of workmen in Paris are the two months, July and August, in summer, and the two months, January and February, in winter. The dead season of summer is the more decided of the two. The periods of greatest activity, on the other hand, are the two months, April and May, and next to those the months, October and November. Printers are busiest in winter, builders are busiest in summer—so there are exceptions to the rule; but, except those who provide certain requisites for eating and drinking which are in continual demand, there are few workmen in Paris or elsewhere in France, who have not every year quite enough slack time to perplex them. They can ill afford the interference of any small crisis in the shape of a strike, or large crisis in the shape of a national tumult.

Finally, let me say that the French workman, take him all in all, is certainly a clever fellow. He is fond of Saint Monday, "solidarity," and shows; but is quickwitted at his work, and furiously energetic when there is any strong call made upon his industry. In the most debased form he has much more vigour and vivacity than the most debased

of English operatives. He may be more immoral; but he is less brutish. If we are a little vain, and very fond of gaiety, and if we are improvident, we are not idle; and, with all our street fighting, we are not a discontented race. Except an Arab, who can be so happy as we know how to make ourselves, upon the smallest possible resources?

OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

On the bridge-crown my master dwelt; our lattice wide o'erhung the stream,
And giddy work 'twas thence, I felt, to watch the waters chafe and gleam;
But there, his little child in play could count the bubbles 'neath her float,
And clap her hands when gusts of spray kissed her sweet cheeks or touched her throat.

One day—still every troubled dream brings all its terror back to me—
I heard a shrill imploring scream; I turned to look—but where was she?
I cast my 'prentice gown aside, clambered like light the trellis o'er,
And in the fierce and furious tide sprang, stunned and deafened by the roar.

What tumult thundered in mine ears when to the surface I emerged;
Wild voices, shrieks, and cries, and cheers, mixed with the waves that round me surged!
What saw I from the lattice bent? My master, dumb, transfixed with dread,
While near me floating, pale and spent, his child toward the vortex sped.

I grasped her; to the sterling's edge I struggled gainst the sucking tide,
By timber-green with slimy sedge I held, and drew her to my side.
Poor little Nan! how faintly hung her drooping head: while floating past
I saw her flaxen tresses flung like weeds upon the waters cast.

Sweet heart! dear wife! nay, why so pale? Have not long years effaced all pain?
Why did you bid me tell the tale of this old childish hap again?

Time past; my 'prentice days were sped; to foreign parts they bade me roam,
Yet, with a longing and a dread, my thoughts turned over towards my home:

For, travelled gallants loved to boast (gay flatterers, light as summer midge),
That London's beauty, pride, and toast, dwelt on the crown of London Bridge.
I listened calm, and even smiled; yet the heart's tightness grew amain
I think e'en death hath been reviled; I wot it will not match that pain.

Back came I, Nan! I see you yet, with scarlet love-knots, gay of hue.
I hear the waters fume and fret, chorus to love vows wars and truce;
And how you stood I well recall, light leaning 'gainst the wicker fence,
You, smiling watched the torrents fall, I, thinking how I bore you thence.

When—nay, wife, let me end my tale; take from my lips your hand away.
Nay, now, I may not call you pale; your ribbons were less bright that day.
Quoth you, "Fine talk, I'll none of it—give proof that still your heart is mine."
I, with a lover's lack of wit, said, "What may I do to prove it thine?"

Beneath us far a wild flower grew, fast rooted in the buttress cleft;
You pointed to it, and I knew no hope save in that proof was left.
Then, clambering o'er the parapet, I sought a foothold, frail and slight,
On the old timbers green and wet; yet kept through all your face in sight.

What was the tumult that I heard? Your wild cry as you bade me stay,
My name; and, coupled with a word first uttered that eventful day.
The little weed waved proud its head, beckoning me on as if in scorn;
I gained it. All the anxious dread past from my life that sunny morn.

Dear wife, sweet wife! You know how pressed in our old Bible's earliest page,
That little withered flower doth rest above our son's recorded age;
Of years long past it seems to tell, of the old sterling's blackened ridge,
Of the wide lattice whence you fell, and our young days on London Bridge.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN

AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

I AM in Turkey, staying in a little out-of-the-way place on a hill that overlooks the capital. I have been ill; am well, and this is my first afternoon out of house-bounds for many restless days. As I sit at the porch on the low rush-bottom chair which my host has placed for me, I almost think I am dreaming; so strange and unreal does everything seem around.

There, below me, beside the water and embedded in misty blue hills, lies Constantinople with its thousand minarets glittering in the sun, the constant light of which one might fancy had turned them into gold. A mystic veil, finer than gossamer, hangs over and mellow the landscape; and the eye rests upon its broad valleys and deep ravines unstrained and delighted. Upon the clear blue waters, light and sparkling palaces are reflected on its ripples, until there seems another and a gentler world lying beneath them. The small sails of a legion of little boats skim along, like sea-gulls with their wings spread. Swift pleasure-boats, or caiques, pull their holiday-making passengers hither and thither as rapidly as English wherries; or bustling steamers paddle noisily to and fro; and, here and there, lie two monarchs of the western waters—men-of-war—silent, dark, and ominous.

Up yonder hill rides a Mussulman (I see him distinctly with my glass), mounted upon a bright bay horse of great power and beauty, but a little low in the shoulder and short in the pastern. He is going at a rapid pace; and a groom on foot—the invariable attendant of a Mussulman gentleman—is trying hard to keep up with him. The rider wears the manly beard and long moustache of the Oriental, and is dressed in an European costume, which sits upon him ungracefully; but he still wears the red cap of the country; giving him when he dismounts the similitude, at this distance, of a black bottle with a red seal.

A little farther on, climbing the same hill, is a European lady in her carriage. It is a gingerbread affair, and does not look very safe, but she sits in it grandly, and queens it over the bankers' wives when she drives past them in the city. It is a stately thing to have a carriage at Constantinople; and excitable small boys with little eyes and sallow complexions huzzah as it goes by with bump and jingle enough to take the conceit out of all Long Acre.

At the road side, close under where I sit, are a party of veiled women: they royster along with unsteady gait, rolling from side to side and laughing. Their eyes flash and sparkle like diamonds in black settings, above their thin gossamer veils. They are talking about charms and love philters: I know they are; for all Turkish women believe in magic.

Go in, must I? Well, needs must when the doctor drives. But it does not much matter. My windows are all open, and the gay breeze comes flaunting through them, dallying with the curtains; and then, like a false lover, hastens away, far, far away; deep into the country; over the blue hills and along the sparkling sea; over gardens and minarets; over bowers and summer-houses; fluttering round the robes of dark eyed maidens, and about the pipe bowls of fat Pashas. He fills the sail, he speeds the bark, he freshens the wave, and dances among the flowers; coming back to me laden with their varied perfumes.

Hark to the salutes, how they boom and roar out from the fort, and then to the unequal guns replying, as they come from the larboard or starboard side of a vessel just arrived! Something is going on in the city, and am I to be still imprisoned—now that I feel strong enough to perform a day's journey? I give you fair warning therefore, kind, considerate host, that I break bounds from this hour.

So, I am just in time—the guns are thundering from the shore and the ships that lie anchored on the Bosphorus. All hail to the Sultan!—Grand Seignior, Soldan of the East, Brother of the Sun and Moon, Light of the Faith, Allah's Vicar upon Earth, High

Priest, and King! In short, just what you will; providing it be all that we have dreamed of power and splendour, ever since we read in childhood the Arabian Nights, in the dim old time which is past.

His Imperial Majesty shoots swiftly in his gilded caique over the calm still waters; so still that the measured clash of the rowers' oars comes distinctly to my ears, and I see the silvery flash they raise at every stroke. What a scene! The sky, the water, and shores so wondrous in their beauty, and the snow-capped mountains high and far. And here I lie in a four-oared caique, with what is called a jolly party—whom I have joined in spite of host, doctor, and endless threats of consequences—munching walnuts and smoking cigars, half stifled with laughter in the midst of it! Such is romance, such is reality, and perhaps the Sultan is not nearly so well off as we are in this matter.

The Sultan is going to the mosque, for it is Friday, the Mohammedan day of rest. He will be received with acclamation wherever he passes, and his subjects, who love him, will throng round him with cheers and blessings; for he is the gentlest monarch who ever held the sceptre of the East. He is a mild-looking man—dark of course—about thirty. He is dressed in the European costume; although his tailor has not been happy in the manner of making it. His straight blue frock coat is sewn with diamonds at the sleeves and collar; and on his head he wears the simple fez, or red cap, which is now all that distinguishes the Turk from the unbeliever. For so great a prince he is not surrounded with much pomp or state. Only one or two caiques are following him; and, if he returns to his palace on horseback—as perhaps he will—his cortege will not exceed a dozen horsemen. All the splendour of the East seems to have taken refuge in pipe-sticks; for the purchase of some of which, estates are mortgaged.

The kind-hearted Sultan must have an uneasy throne of it just now; despite all the wealth and beauty of the land over which he rules. He is in the position of that householder of uncomfortable memory, who had too many cooks. One puts in more salt than is necessary; another pours in pepper; and a third stirs the mess up with such vengeance, that, for my part, I wonder it does not all boil over and scald their toes—those jealous, wrong-headed, wilful, obstinate cooks! If they were not always pulling each others' aprons so spitefully; if they did not hate each other quite so cordially; if they could only contrive now and then to do something in concert, what an agreeable kitchen theirs would be! As it is, an Irish stew is order and loveliness to the mess they make. For the fact is, every separate cook, being bent upon acquiring honour and glory for himself, works away at his own mess, careless of what his rival may be doing in the same saucepan, and thinks nothing whatever of the palate

of the Sultan, or of the health of the nation which has to swallow their mess although it choke them.

It is heart-rending to know what Turkey is, and to think what she might be. A gunshot beyond this great city with its six hundred thousand inhabitants, there is not a road nor a bridge upon the most frequented ways; there is not a house, nor a garden, nor a thriving tree. The horseman drawing rein upon any of the heights above the city may take his last look of man-created things; and riding down into the neighbouring valley, find himself in a solitude as vast and as untilled as that which broods over the wildest of the Swiss Alps. Look along the shores of the Bosphorus. They are all desert. Scarcely a plough stirs the land that might be one of the largest corn-growing districts in the world. Not a merchant's bark with the crescent flying at its mast-head anchors in the waters; not a loom is at work; not a wine-press; no manufactory plies its busy trade. Here is a mine and there is a mine—the mineral riches of the country are immense—but where is the deep and teeming shaft, and where are the miners? The Turks do nothing. Even the smart little steamboats which still run from the bridge at Stamboul to Bujaderè, are manned with Englishmen, and our *caldji* (boatman) is a Greek.

What is the blight which has fallen like a curse upon this lovely land, palsyng men's energies and drying up their vigour? From the time when the last Palæologus lost life, and crown, and kingdom, and Mohammed the Second strode a conqueror into St. Sophia, the curse has held on, and it began a long time before it. Constantinople seems always to have been an unlucky city; to have had a strange and inscrutable doom hanging over it like a cloud. It rose upon the ruins of Rome. It was one of the chief causes of the permanent division of the Roman empire. It contributed more than all the other causes put together to its final fall. After the crusades, the name of the Greek emperors had become a by-word of infamy. They were not safe in their own capital. They poisoned, fought, and intrigued against their rebellious subjects and kinsmen; whose eyes they put out when they did not destroy them by fire; but who, in their turn, poisoned and fought and intrigued against them. The emperors lived in one vast slaughter-house. They were pulled down or set up at the pleasure of strangers, who bearded and insulted them in their own palaces, and begat the good saying that the government of Turkey was a thorough despotism, tempered by regicide.

Mohammed the Second called the city a diamond adorned with two rubies, and certainly nothing in the world can bear any comparison to the marvellous loveliness of its climate and situation. To understand it, you must let it grow upon you day by day and

month by month. The mere traveller can hardly feel and enter into it; but, after a while one has almost the same sort of love for the Bosphorus as one has for a friend. There is nothing awful or striking in it; but its beauty wins upon you by the enchanting grace and harmony of its details. This is what nature made it; but what has man done? As I am now landing for an amble on horseback we shall see.

The streets are filthy—they are perilous from dogs and thieves. They display no public buildings of account; no trade, no luxury. I will not repeat this kind of thing: every journalist has been making merry over it during recent events. Therefore, through herds of donkeys and droves of Greek boys; through swarms of street-sellers of fruit and sherbet and lemonade; past coffee-shops and hired horses drawn up ready saddled; past oxen drawing open cars full of beautiful Armenian girls, and wending slowly along; by beasts of burden and gay promenaders; beside mounted pashas and mounted snobs; by European ladies and foreign ambassadors; among tombstones and bands of music; through the smoke of paper cigars and the perfume of pipes; through gay throngs of Turkish ladies in their bright coloured dresses and yellow slippers; my horse picks his way gently with set ears and arched neck. Down there in the hollow, where the ground is flat and soft, we shall get our canter—but stay. Here comes regiment after regiment of soldiers, with wild music screaming along. They are not in very good order or discipline; but are fine soldierly fellows some of them, for all that; and I think one might have worse companions in a *mêlée* than those slight fierce wiry-looking Turks from the interior. I am sure they would ride on to the fight with a cheer, and stand to be hewn in pieces rather than give ground to the enemy.

Let us defer our canter; for I love to wander about the dark mysterious streets, half hoping for an adventure with a magician or a genie. I should hardly be surprised to meet any one of the actors in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments sauntering about. I am sure that I already know all the Barber's Seven Brothers by sight, and could lay my hand upon any one of them. Some of these days, perhaps, I shall be invited to a Barmecide feast—it is not at all an improbable thing—or be asked to tea with Schehezerade; but this does not seem so likely, as it would seem, if the Turks understood these things better. What our Great World have agreed to call society does not exist here; by reason of there being a little too much secrecy at Constantinople. The very dogs and cats in the place prawl about with a secret and confidential air. It is not that there is much which is, or which ought to be, kept secret; but it is a way your Constantinopolitan has got. As it is, if Constantinople were full of trap-doors we could not go to our next

neighbour in a more mysterious way than we do. The very tradesmen learn the trick of it; and your tailor asks for his bill in such a secret and confidential manner, that he takes your breath away with the apprehension of some imminent disaster. It must have been long before the memory of any living man that a plain question has been plainly asked or plainly answered in Constantinople: and I have a strong private opinion—though I am far too secret and confidential to mention it to my own shadow—that this little fact accounts for a great many of the causes of the milk in the cocoa-nuts. I have serious thoughts of making a subterraneous passage from my Pera lodgings to the hotel where (when I am well enough) I dine, in order to be able to come and go with proper secrecy and confidence; but am deterred by the expense.

The true origin of this secrecy is that the Turks have nothing to tell. Although the dominant race, they hardly number three millions throughout Turkey, against something like sixteen millions of Greeks, Bulgarians, Armenians, and others. The Turks, accustomed from the beginning to look upon themselves as conquerors, are the most ignorant and unskilful persons in Turkey. The wealth, intelligence and commerce of the land are all in the hands of the conquered races. They have been obliged to work hard for power and consideration, and even to save themselves from the extremes of ignominy and contempt. They have perceived that the acquisition of knowledge was the shortest road to attain these ends; and they have taken it. Now it is precisely this race, thus labouring under vexatious disabilities, who are absolutely excluded from all share in public affairs. No mistake can be more fatal to the welfare of Turks than this. The name of a government matters little if the people who live under it are free and happy. Let the Turks still smoke their pipes on the Bosphorus; but, it is beyond all doubt, that the nations who help them to maintain a position they could not maintain alone, have the right to hint a friendly counsel to them without being considered either meddling or offensive. Let them abolish all the disabilities under which Christians labour in Turkey; let justice be righteously administered; let bribery and corruption be absolutely abolished; let the public accounts be audited by competent persons, and the taxes collected honestly and under able superintendence. When these things are done (and there is surely nothing unreasonable in them) we shall hear no more of a Byzantine empire, being an assembly of small states, or of the partition of Turkey in any way whatsoever. As for any marauding attempt on the part of Russia against Turkey free, united, and healthy-hearted, the notion is absurd. Admiral Slade and Omar Pasha would drive them from sea and land single-handed.

I know and blush to know that there is a strong party in England who appear to dislike the notion of seeing Turkey powerful or civilised, under the idea that she would be a formidable rival to our commerce; and that we should not send her so much merchandise as we now export to her shores. Never was an idea more false. In England at this moment there are millions of unemployed capital. This is just what Turkey wants. She wants railways, engineers, schoolmasters, accountants, artisans, machinery for her mines and agriculture, and Heaven knows, we could spare her enough of all of them—of things which lay idle in our magazines and storehouses; of young and enterprising gentlemen who would be delighted to regenerate her and make their own fame and fortunes.

But while one sulky ambassador with more power than is good for him, has a right to meddle in one way; and, while another sulky ambassador, jealous of his national influence, hastens to undermine and counteract him; and, while a third sulky ambassador—always calling the two former to account—embroils every question beyond all human comprehension, I do not very well see daylight through the darkness.

These are my thoughts while my mare pads me cheerfully up to my hill-top lodging. How my good, considerate landlord will abuse me for giving him the slip!

CHIPS.

AN ASHANTEE PALAVER.

CERTAIN papers recently laid before Parliament, on Mr. Hume's motion, in regard to the relations existing between the British forts on the Gold Coast of Africa and the Negro kingdom of Ashantee which lies behind it, exhibit so much progress on the part of African tribes on this coast as well as knowledge and skill on the part of British functionaries in dealing with them, that we propose briefly to throw into a narrative the interesting events the papers disclose.

Along the Gold Coast England has, our readers know, a series of forts, the chief of which is Cape Coast Castle, where the governor of these settlements resides. Our territorial possessions are, strictly speaking, limited to the sites of the forts and of the towns around them; where little knots of our enterprising countrymen carry on trade with the interior. Gradually, however, our political authority has extended into the interior as far as the river Prah; which, for a considerable distance, runs parallel to the coast, and forms a natural frontier. Between this frontier and the coast, the country is broken up into a series of petty states; each possessing a chief or ruler; who recognises our general political supremacy, and whom we

are bound to protect against external assaults. The aristocracy of these little territories form a confederacy; of which we are the chief and predominant power. Originally, this combination had for its object only the independence of the various states within the river Prah; but is gradually being expanded to internal purposes of even greater value. It now furnishes a federal representative body, which meets under the presidency of the governor of the Gold Coast. This assembly takes charge of such common internal affairs as the construction of roads; raising the means of their construction by a poll tax, which has been surprisingly well paid. Thus then, we find Queen Victoria's authority prevailing over a congeries of petty states and tribes on the Gold Coast of Africa, maintaining tranquillity amongst them; enforcing law and justice; developing their resources; drawing forth higher characteristics than had been before observed in the negro mind; uniting them into a species of nationality, and preparing the way for another victory of the truths of Christianity over barbarism and paganism. In this good work the Queen is worthily represented by Major Hill, the governor of Cape Coast Castle.

Before British power on the coast was consolidated, the kingdom of Ashantee, which now lies on the further side of the Prah, claimed a similar authority to that which we now enjoy, over the whole country down to the coast; which was devastated and harassed by attempts to enforce, and efforts to repel, that authority. In these conflicts the British government became involved; and, some three-and-twenty years ago, we were at first worsted, at length successful in a war with Ashantee. By the treaty with which peace was restored, the river Prah was declared to be the boundary of the kingdom of Ashantee, and all the tribes to the southward of that river were placed under the protection of the British government. The court of Coomassie, like other less sable courts, has the pride of ancient recollections and of present superiority to the neighbours of the same hue, and that pride was deeply humiliated by the restriction of its territories and pretensions. However, by the moderation and good sense of Governor Maclean whilst he lived; and subsequently, through the judicious influence of the Rev. Mr. Freeman, a Wesleyan missionary, the King of Ashantee has, until recently, fairly fulfilled his obligations under this treaty.

As with other African potentates, and most sovereigns elsewhere, Quacoe Duah, the King of Ashantee, is very much controlled in his external relations by his chiefs and his army; and whether these chiefs envied the growing prosperity of their Fantee neighbours under our protection, or had exhausted conquests in other directions, may be doubtful; but this is certain, that, feeling power weakly exercised at Cape Coast Castle by two of

Major Hill's predecessors, Ashantee intrigues to recover ground and influence and authority south of the Prah becomes very apparent towards the summer of eighteen hundred and fifty-two. Immediately on the south side lies the Assin country, and its chiefs, Chibboo and Gabri, were a brace of worthless scamps ready to cheat any one, and were consequently objects of suspicion. On them Ashantee influence was brought to bear; and, in October last, Chibboo accepted from the King of Ashantee four hundred ounces of gold to throw off his English allegiance and to bring over his captains to Ashantee. They, however, denounced him, seized his person, and brought him to trial before a court composed of chiefs, and over which Governor Hill presided. By this tribunal he was convicted and sentenced to be deposed from his "stool," and imprisoned at Cape Coast Castle for life. On the petition generally of the chiefs, he was, however, released, and restored to power; the heirs of his principal captains being delivered up as hostages for his good conduct, and he undertaking to make a good military road through his country.

This checked Ashantee intrigues for three or four months. In April last, however, they revived; and in a more subtle and a more dangerous form. Further within the river Prah than the Assin country, is Donquah, the chief of which had died some three years previously. With a view, as it was pretended, to pay respect to his memory, the King of Ashantee, in collusion with the Assin chief, sent an armed party to make "custom" at Donquah; but, in reality, to drive the Assin people on their return into Ashantee. The appearance of this force, commanded by the brother of the King of Ashantee, in the interior of their country, alarmed our confederates the Fantees. It gradually increased, and at last became a great army. The Fantees grew excited and armed also; seized on all the Ashantees trading in their country, and roused their followers. So that quickly there were collected seven thousand or eight thousand Ashantee troops against ten thousand Fantees. War seemed certain. Unfortunately, Ensign Brownell with only forty men of the Gold Coast corps—sent by Major Hill to reconnoitre and look into the matter, and ignorant of the strength of the Ashantees—ventured into the Ashantee camp. There he was courteously received; but was made a prisoner, being, however, kindly treated. The young soldier retained all his self-possession; held a palaver with the chiefs; showed them all the dangers and risks of a war; and promised that their invasion should be overlooked, if they immediately withdrew their forces and recrossed the Prah. At last the Ashantee chiefs succumbed to the reason and good sense of their youthful prisoner; and swore that, if their captain and the people in the hands of the Fantees were given up, they

would return home. With Ensign Brownell in their camp, Governor Hill was of course obliged to fulfil this requirement; and the Ashantee captain and his armed party, four hundred strong, were escorted within their lines. Still the Ashantees hesitated; they made further demands; promised to go; but nevertheless remained. At last, a messenger from the court of Coomassie arrived in the camp with the sword of State having a large gilt decanter attached to it. Further suspense, however, still occurred; but moderation ultimately prevailed; Ensign Brownell was released, the Prah was recrossed, and an Ashantee war avoided; whilst the treacherous Assin chiefs were again tried and this time condemned to death.

If, on the one hand, this demonstration exhibited the prevalence of ambitious designs on the part of Ashantee, it is gratifying to observe on the other the confidence of our confederates in their own ability to repel them, and their perfect subordination to British authority. Not less than thirty thousand Fantees were ready to turn out in defence of their independence of Ashantee and their subordination to the British Government. It was indeed this spirit of enthusiasm on the part of the Fantees, quite as much as Major Hill's energy and Ensign Brownell's courage and prudence, that at last induced the Ashantees to withdraw, and will probably lead to the abandonment of future incursions. To be prepared, however, for the worst, the Duke of Newcastle, then in office, judiciously augmented the materials of war in the stores of Cape Coast Castle, and orders were given the cruisers to act under Major Hill's directions in case of emergency.

OXFORD FOSSILS.

The first object that will attract the attention of the geological visitor on entering the Clarendon Museum at the University of Oxford, will be a huge fossil sack of cement. Upon examination this sack will be seen to be curved a little upon itself, as a common sack would be when placed full of some heavy material against a wall. There is the impression of a rope encircling it in two places; and, at the mouth, are plainly marked indentations of the puckers. Close inspection will show reticulated impressions of the coarse material of which the sacking was composed. In the centre is a deep indentation; a cast, in fact, of the back of the man who last carried the sack.

The history of this curiosity? Well, it was once a sack of Roman cement; and was fished up by some dredgers in the River Thames below London Bridge. It had, probably, been dropped into the water by some ancient lighterman, who had been carrying it from a barge to the bank. Of course it sunk immediately; and, by imbibing

water, had become solid, preserving, for a century or so, accurately the indentation of the man's back and the other marks as above described. The perishable materials of the sacking had, in course of time, decayed; leaving nothing but the impression of its own form on the hardened powder.

In another part of the museum is the skeleton of a woman; who, from the appearance of the bones, had reached to a considerable age. The body was found extended, in the usual position of burial, in a cave in Glamorganshire. These bones are remarkable for being stained with a dark-red brick-coloured substance, known as ruddle. Close to that part of the thigh-bone where the pocket is usually worn, were found several small sea-shore shells in a state of complete decay; and, mixed with these, numerous fragments of small ivory rods, and small ivory rings; together with a rude instrument resembling a short skewer made of the metacarpal bone of a wolf; sharp, flattened to an edge at one end, and terminated at the other by the natural rounded condyle. The charcoal and fragments of recent bone that are, apparently, the remains of human food, render it probable that the cave in which they were found was at some time or other inhabited by human beings; and the circumstance of an ancient British camp existing on the hill above it strengthens the supposition. The ivory rods and rings are certainly made from the antediluvian tusks that lay in the same cave, and were probably used to fasten together the coarse garments of the ancient British soldiers, or to serve as armlets for the dandies. The shells might have been kept in the pocket, or have been used, as they are even at this day, in Glamorganshire, for a simple species of game. The wolf's toe was probably reduced to its present form by the hands of this ancient dame, and used by her as a skewer; the immediate neighbourhood being wholly destitute of wood. The custom of burying with their possessors the ornaments and chief utensils of the deceased, is well known to have existed among the ancients—ancient Britons included.

Several theories have been started to account for the peculiar red colour of the bones. Among others it has been suggested that this old woman was in the habit of selling ruddle to the British soldiers in the camp close by; and that, whilst still pursuing her avocation she died a peaceful death in her cave. There being no wood to make her a coffin, her considerate neighbours had placed her in her own ruddle sack, and thus buried her. In lapse of time the sack and the flesh decayed; but not the bones, which had absorbed the ruddle.

In the same museum, reposing under a glass case, is a very remarkable stone, called "The Sunday Stone." This stone was taken from a pipe which carries off the drain water

from a certain colliery in the north of England, and consists of carbonate of lime, deposited on the sides of the pipe. The stone is not of one uniform colour; but is striped with alternate layers of black and white, yet both equally carbonate of lime. This comes about in the following way:—When the colliers were at work the coal dust naturally blackened the water; which, running through the drain pipe, of course deposited a black mark. When no work was going on the water was necessarily clean, and a white layer was formed. After a time the concretion completely filled up the pipe, and it was taken up; the black and white marks being observed, they were compared with the clerk's day-book, and were found accurately to correspond with the entries therein; namely, small streaks, alternately black and white, represented a week; for during the day the men were working, and during the night they were at rest. Then came a white layer as large as a black and white one put together. This was Sunday—during which, there being no work, the water was clean for forty-eight hours. By and bye there appears a forty-eight hour mark in the middle of one week. The books tell the tale: this was the day when a fair took place in the neighbourhood, and all the colliers went by permission to it. In another part of the stone is seen a still larger white mark, namely, Christmas-day. It came on a Monday, and all Sunday and all Monday the water was clear. Thus the workmen unconsciously recorded, literally in black and white, their times of work and of rest. They justly gave to this extraordinary specimen the name of "The Sunday Stone."

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XL.

OLIVER CROMWELL, whom the people long called OLD NOLL, in accepting the office of Protector, had bound himself by a certain paper which was handed to him, called "the Instrument," to summon a Parliament, consisting of between four and five hundred members, in the election of which neither the Royalists nor the Catholics were to have any share. He had also pledged himself that this Parliament should not be dissolved without its own consent until it had sat five months.

When this Parliament met, Oliver made a speech to them of three hours long, very wisely advising them what to do for the credit and happiness of the country. To keep down the more violent members, he required them to sign a recognition of what they were forbidden by "the Instrument" to do; which was, chiefly, to take the power from one single person at the head of the state or to command the army. Then he dismissed them to go to work. With his usual vigour and resolution he went to work himself with

some frantic preachers who were rather overdoing their sermons in calling him a villain and a tyrant, by shutting up their chapels, and sending a few of them off to prison.

There was not at that time, in England or anywhere else, a man so able to govern the country as Oliver Cromwell. Although he ruled with a strong hand, and levied a very heavy tax on the Royalists, (but not until they had plotted against his life), he ruled wisely, and as the times required. He caused England to be so respected abroad, that I wish some lords and gentlemen who have governed it under kings and queens in later days would have taken a leaf out of Oliver Cromwell's book. He sent bold Admiral Blake to the Mediterranean Sea, to make the Duke of Tuscany pay sixty thousand pounds for injuries he had done to British subjects, and spoliation he had committed on English merchants. He further despatched him and his fleet to Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, to have every English ship and every Englishman delivered up to him that had been taken by pirates in those parts. All this was gloriously done; and it began to be thoroughly well known, all over the world, that England was governed by a man in earnest, who would not allow the English name to be insulted or slighted anywhere.

These were not all his foreign triumphs. He sent a fleet to sea against the Dutch; and the two powers, each with one hundred ships upon its side, met in the English Channel, off the North Foreland, where the fight lasted all day long. Dean was killed in this fight, but Monk, who commanded in the same ship with him, threw his cloak over his body that the sailors might not know of his death and be disheartened. Nor were they. Their English broadsides so exceedingly astonished the Dutch that they sheered off at last, though the redoubtable Van Tromp fired upon them with his own guns for deserting their flag. Soon afterwards, the two fleets engaged again, off the coast of Holland. There, the valiant Van Tromp was shot through the heart, and the Dutch gave in, and peace was made.

Further than this, Oliver resolved not to bear the domineering and bigoted conduct of Spain, which country not only claimed a right to all the gold and silver that could be found in South America, and treated the ships of all other countries who visited those regions as pirates, but put English subjects into the horrible Spanish prisons of the Inquisition. So, Oliver told the Spanish ambassador that English ships must be free to go wherever they would, and that English merchants must not be thrown into those same dungeons, no, not for the pleasure of all the priests in Spain. To this, the Spanish ambassador replied that the gold and silver country, and the Holy Inquisition, were his King's two eyes, neither of which he could

submit to have put out. Very well, said Oliver, then he was afraid he must damage those two eyes directly.

So, another fleet was despatched under two commanders, PENN and VENABLES, for Hispaniola; where, however, the Spaniards got the better of it. Consequently, the fleet came home again, after taking Jamaica on the way. Oliver, indignant with the two commanders who had not done what bold Admiral Blake would have done, clapped them both into prison, declared war against Spain, and made a treaty with France, in virtue of which it was to shelter the King and his brother the Duke of York no longer. Then, he sent a fleet abroad under bold Admiral Blake, which brought the King of Portugal to his senses—just to keep its hand in—and then engaged a Spanish fleet, sunk four great ships, and took two more, laden with silver to the value of two millions of pounds: which dazzling prize was brought from Portsmouth to London in waggons, with the populace of all the towns and villages through which the waggons passed, shouting with all their might. After this victory, bold Admiral Blake sailed away to the port of Santa Cruz to cut off the Spanish treasure-ships coming from Mexico. There he found them, ten in number, with seven others to take care of them, and a big castle, and seven batteries all roaring and blazing away at him with great guns. Blake cared no more for great guns than for pop-guns—no more for their hot iron balls than for snow-balls. He dashed into the harbour, captured and burnt every one of the ships, and came sailing out again triumphantly, with the victorious English flag flying at his mast-head. This was the last triumph of this great commander, who had sailed and fought until he was quite worn out. He died as his successful ship was coming into Plymouth Harbour amidst the joyful acclamations of the people, and was buried in state in Westminster Abbey. Not to lie there, long.

Over and above all this, Oliver found that the *Varnois*, or protestant people of the valleys of Lucerne, were insolently treated by the Catholic powers, and were even put to death for their religion, in an audacious and bloody manner. Instantly, he informed those powers that this was a thing which Protestant England would not allow; and he speedily carried his point through the might of his great name, and established their right to worship God in peace after their own harmless manner.

Lastly, his English army won such admiration in fighting with the French against the Spaniards, that, after they had assaulted the town of Dunkirk together, the French King in person gave it up to the English, that it might be a token to them of their might and valour.

There were plots enough against Oliver among the frantic religionists (who called

themselves Fifth Monarchy Men), and among the disappointed Republicans. He had a difficult game to play, for the Royalists were always ready to side with either party against him. The "King over the water," too, as Charles was called, had no scruples about plotting with any one against his life; although there is reason to suppose that he would willingly have married one of his daughters, if Oliver would have had such a son-in-law. There was a certain COLONEL SAXBY of the army, once a great supporter of Oliver's but now turned against him, who was a grievous trouble to him through all this part of his career; and who came and went between the discontented in England and Spain, and Charles, who put himself in alliance with Spain on being thrown off by France. This man died in prison at last; but not until there had been very serious plots between the Royalists and Republicans, and an actual rising of them in England, when they burst into the city of Salisbury on a Sunday night, seized the judges who were going to hold the assizes there next day, and would have hanged them but for the merciful objections of the more temperate of their number. Oliver was so vigorous and shrewd that he soon put this revolt down, as he did most other conspiracies, and it was well for one of its chief managers—that same Lord Wilmot who had assisted in Charles's flight, and was now EARL OF ROCHESTER—that he made his escape. Oliver seemed to have eyes and ears everywhere, and secured such sources of information as his enemies little dreamed of. There was a chosen body of six persons, called the Sealed Knot, who were in the closest and most secret confidence of Charles. One of the foremost of these very men, a SIR RICHARD WILLIS, reported to Oliver everything that passed among them, and had two hundred a year for it.

MILES SYNDARCOMB, also of the old army, was another conspirator against the Protector. He and a man named CECIL, bribed one of his Life Guards to let them have good notice when he was going out—intending to shoot him from a window. But owing either to his caution or his good fortune, they could never get an aim at him. Disappointed in this design, they got into the chapel in Whitehall, with a basketful of combustibles, which were to explode by means of a slow match in six hours; then, in the noise and confusion of the fire they hoped to kill Oliver. But the Life Guardsman himself disclosed this plot; and they were seized, and Miles died (or killed himself in prison) a little while before he was ordered for execution. A few such plotters Oliver caused to be beheaded, a few more to be hanged, and many more, including those who rose in arms against him, to be sent as slaves to the West Indies. If he were rigid, he was impartial too, in asserting the laws of England. When a Portuguese nobleman, the brother of

the Portuguese ambassador, killed a London citizen in mistake for another man with whom he had had a quarrel, Oliver caused him to be tried before a jury of Englishmen and foreigners, and had him executed in spite of the entreaties of all the ambassadors in London.

One of Oliver's own friends, the Duke of Oldenburg, in sending him a present of six fine coach-horses, was very near doing more to please the Royalists than all the plotters put together. One day Oliver went with his coach drawn by these six horses, into Hyde Park, to dine with his secretary and some of his other gentlemen under the trees there. After dinner, being merry, he took it into his head to put them inside and to drive home: a postillion riding one of the foremost horses, as the custom was. On account of Oliver's being too free with the whip, the six fine horses went off at a gallop, the postillion got thrown, and Oliver fell upon the coach-pole and narrowly escaped being shot by his own pistol, which got entangled with his clothes in the harness and went off. He was dragged some distance by the foot, until his foot came out of the shoe, and then he came safely to the ground under the broad body of the coach, and was very little the worse. The gentlemen inside were only bruised, and the discontented people of all parties were much disappointed.

The rest of the history of the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell is a history of his Parliaments. His first one not pleasing him at all, he waited until the five months were out, and then dissolved it. The next was better suited to his views, and from that he desired to get—if he could with safety to himself—the title of King. He had had this in his mind some time: whether because he thought that the English people, being more used to the title, were more likely to obey it; or whether because he really wished to be a king himself, and to leave the succession to that title in his family, is far from clear. He was already as high, in England and in all the world, as he would ever be, and I doubt myself if he cared for the mere name. However, a paper, called the "Humble Petition and Advice," was presented to him by the House of Commons, praying him to take a high title and to appoint his successor. That he would have taken the title of King there is no doubt, but for the strong opposition of the army. This induced him to forbear, and to assent only to the other points of the petition. Upon which occasion there was another grand show in Westminster Hall, when the Speaker of the House of Commons formally invested him with a purple robe lined with ermine, and presented him with a splendidly bound Bible, and put a golden sceptre in his hand. The next time the Parliament met he called a house of Lords of sixty members, as the petition gave him power to do; but as that Parliament did not please him either,

and would not proceed to the business of the country, he jumped into a coach one morning, took six Guards with him, and sent them to the right-about. I wish this had been a warning to Parliaments to avoid long speeches, and do more work.

It was the month of August, one thousand six hundred and fifty-eight, when Oliver Cromwell's favourite daughter, ELIZABETH CLAYPOLE (who had lately lost her youngest son), lay very ill, and his mind was greatly troubled, because he loved her dearly. Another of his daughters was married to Lord FALCONBERG, another to the grandson of the Earl of Warwick, and he had made his son RICHARD one of the members of the Upper House. He was very kind and loving to them all, being a good father and a good husband, but he loved this daughter the best of the family, and went down to Hampton Court to see her, and could hardly be induced to stir from her sick room until she died. Although his religion had been of a gloomy kind, his disposition had been always cheerful. He had been fond of music in his home, and had kept open house once a week for all officers of the army not below the rank of a captain, and had always preserved in his house a quiet, sensible dignity. He encouraged men of genius and learning, and loved to have them about him. MILTON was one of his great friends. He was good-humoured too, with the nobility, whose dresses and manners were very different from his; and to show them what good information he had, he would sometimes jokingly tell them when they were at his house, where they had last drank the health of the "King over the water," and would recommend them to be more private (if they could) another time. But he had lived in busy times, had borne the weight of heavy State affairs, and had often gone in fear of his life. He was ill of the gout and ague; and when the death of his beloved child came upon him in addition, he sank, never to raise his head again. He told his physicians on the twenty-fourth of August that the Lord had assured him that he was not to die in that illness, and that he would certainly get better. This was only his sick fancy, for on the third of September, which was the anniversary of the great battle of Worcester, and the day of the year which he called his fortunate day, he died, in the sixtieth year of his age. He had been delirious, and had lain insensible some hours, but he had been overheard to murmur a very good prayer the day before. The whole country lamented his death. If you want to know the real worth of Oliver Cromwell, and his real services to his country, you can hardly do better than compare England under him, with England under CHARLES the Second.

He had appointed his son Richard to succeed him, and after there had been, at

Somerset House in the Strand, a lying in state more splendid than sensible—as all such vanities after death are, I think—Richard became Lord Protector. He was an amiable country gentleman, but had none of his father's genius, and was quite unfit for such a post in such a storm of parties. Richard's Protectorate, which only lasted a year and a half, is a history of quarrels between the officers of the army and the Parliament, and between the officers among themselves, and of a growing discontent among the people, who had far too many long sermons and far too few amusements, and wanted a change. At last, General Monk got the army well into his own hands, and then, in pursuance of a secret plan he seems to have entertained from the time of Oliver's death, declared for the King's cause. He did not do this openly: but in his place in the House of Commons, as one of the members for Devonshire, strongly advocated the proposals of one Sir JOHN GREENVILLE, who came to the House with a letter from Charles, dated from Breda, and with whom he had previously been in secret communication. There had been plots and counterplots, and a recall of the last members of the Long Parliament, and an end of the Long Parliament, and risings of the Royalists that were made too soon; and most men being tired out, and there being no one to head the country now Oliver was dead, it was readily agreed to welcome Charles Stuart. Some of the wiser and better members said—what was most true—that in the letter from Breda, he made no real promise to govern well, and that it would be best to make him pledge himself beforehand as to what he should be bound to do for the benefit of the kingdom. Monk said, however, it would be all right when he came, and he could not come too soon.

So, everybody found out all in a moment that the country *must* be prosperous and happy, having another Stuart to condescend to reign over it; and there was a prodigious firing off of guns, lighting of bonfires, ringing of bells, and throwing up of caps. The people drank the King's health by thousands in the open streets, and everybody rejoiced. Down came the Arms of the Commonwealth, up went the Royal Arms instead, and out came the public money. Fifty thousand pounds for the King, ten thousand pounds for his brother the Duke of York, five thousand pounds for his brother the Duke of Gloucester. Prayers for these gracious Stuarts were put up in all the churches; commissioners were sent to Holland (which suddenly found out that Charles was a great man, and that it loved him) to invite the King home; Monk and the Kentish grandees went to Dover, to kneel down before him as he landed. He kissed and embraced Monk, made him ride in the coach with himself and his brothers, came on to London amid wonderful

shoutings, and passed through the army at Blackheath on the twenty-ninth of May (his birthday), in the year one thousand six hundred and sixty. Greeted by splendid dinners under tents, by flags and tapestry streaming from all the houses, by delighted crowds in all the streets, by troops of noblemen and gentlemen in rich dresses, by City companies, trainbands, drummers, trumpeters, the great Lord Mayor, and the majestic Aldermen, the King went on to Whitehall. On entering it, he commemorated his Restoration with the joke that it really would seem to have been his own fault that he had not come long ago, since everybody told him that he had always wished for him with all his heart.

CHAPTER XLII.

There never were such profligate times in England as under Charles the Second. Whenever you see his portrait, with his swarthy ill-looking face and great nose, you may fancy him in his Court at Whitehall, surrounded by some of the very worst vagabonds in the kingdom (though they were lords and ladies), drinking, gambling, indulging in vicious conversation, and committing every kind of profligate excess. It has been a fashion to call Charles the Second "The Merry Monarch." Let me try to give you a general idea of some of the merry things that were done, in the merry days when this merry gentleman sat upon his merry throne, in merry England.

The first merry proceeding was—of course—to declare that he was one of the greatest, the wisest, and the noblest kings that ever shone, like the blessed sun itself, on this benighted earth. The next merry and pleasant piece of business was, for the Parliament, in the humblest manner, to give him one million two hundred thousand pounds a year, and to settle upon him for life that old disputed tonnage and poundage which had been so bravely fought for. Then, General Monk, being made EARL OF ALBEMARLE, and a few other Royalists similarly rewarded, the law went to work to see what was to be done to those persons (they were called Regicides) who had been concerned in making a martyr of the late King. Ten of these were merrily executed; that is to say, six of the judges, one of the council, Colonel Hacker and another officer who had commanded the Guards, and HUGH PETERS, a preacher, who had preached against the martyr with all his heart. These executions were so extremely merry, that every horrible circumstance which Cromwell had abandoned was revived with appalling cruelty. The hearts of the sufferers were torn out of their living bodies; their bowels were burned before their faces; the executioner cut jokes to the next victim, as he rubbed his filthy hands together that were reeking with the blood of the last; and the heads of the dead were drawn on sledges with the living to the place

of suffering. Still, even so merry a monarch could not force one of these dying men to say that he was sorry for what he had done. Nay, the most memorable thing said among them was, that if the thing were to do again they would do it.

Sir Harry Vane, who had furnished the evidence against Strafford, and was one of the most staunch of the Republicans, was also tried, found guilty, and ordered for execution. When he came upon the scaffold on Tower Hill, after conducting his own defence with great power, his notes of what he had meant to say to the people were torn away from him, and the drums and trumpets were ordered to sound lustily and drown his voice; for, the people had been so much impressed by what the Regicides had calmly said with their last breath, that it was the custom now, to have the drums and trumpets always under the scaffold, ready to strike up. Vane said no more than this: "It is a bad cause which cannot bear the words of a dying man," and bravely died.

These merry scenes were succeeded by another, perhaps even merrier. On the anniversary of the late King's death, the bodies of Oliver Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, were torn out of their graves in Westminster Abbey, dragged to Tyburn, hanged there on a gallows all day long, and then beheaded. Imagine the head of Oliver Cromwell set upon a pole to be stared at by a brutal crowd, not one of whom would have dared to look the living Oliver in the face for half a moment! Think, after you have read this reign, what England was under Oliver Cromwell who was torn out of his grave, and under this merry monarch who sold it, like a merry Judas, over and over again.

Of course, the remains of Oliver's wife and daughter were not to be spared either, though they had been most excellent women. The base clergy of that time gave up their bodies, which were buried in the Abbey, and—to the eternal disgrace of England—they were thrown into a pit, together with the mouldering bones of Pym and of the brave and bold old Admiral Blake.

The clergy acted this disgraceful part because they hoped to get the nonconformists or dissenters thoroughly put down in this reign, and to have but one prayer-book and one service for all kinds of people, no matter what their private opinions were. This was pretty well, I think, for a Protestant Church, which had displaced the Romish Church because people had a right to their own opinions in religious matters. However, they carried it with a high hand, and a prayer-book was agreed upon, in which the extremest opinions of Archbishop Laud were not forgotten. An Act was passed, too, preventing any dissenter from holding any office under any corporation. So, the regular clergy in their triumph were soon as merry as the King. The army being by this time

disbanded, and the King crowned, everything was to go on easy for evermore.

I must say a word here about the King's family. He had not been long upon the throne when his brother the Duke of Gloucester, and his sister the Princess of Orange, died within a few months of each other, of the small-pox. His remaining sister, the Princess Henrietta, married the Duke of Orleans, the brother of Louis the Fourteenth, King of France. His brother James, Duke of York, was made High Admiral, and by and by became a Catholic. He was a gloomy, sullen, bilious sort of man, with a remarkable partiality for the ugliest women in the country. He married, under very discreditable circumstances, Anne Hyde, the daughter of Lord Clarendon, then the King's principal Minister—not at all a delicate minister either, but doing much of the dirty work of a very dirty palace. It became important now, that the King himself should be married; and divers foreign Monarchs, not very particular about the character of their son-in-law, proposed their daughters to him. The King of Portugal offered his daughter, Catherine of Braganza, and fifty thousand pounds: in addition to which the French King, who was favourable to that match, offered a loan of another fifty thousand. The King of Spain, on the other hand, offered any one out of a dozen of Princesses, and other hopes of gain. But the ready money carried the day, and Catherine came over in state to her merry marriage.

The whole Court was a great flaunting crowd of debauched men and shameless women; and Catherine's merry husband insulted and outraged her in every possible way, until she consented to receive those worthless creatures as her very good friends, and to degrade herself by their companionship. A Mrs. Palmer, whom the King made Lady Castle-Maine, and afterwards Duchess of Cleveland, was one of the most powerful of the bad women about the Court, and had great influence with the King nearly all through his reign. Another merry lady, named Moll Davies, a dancer at the theatre, was afterwards her rival. So was Nell Gwyn, first an orange girl and then an actress, who really had some good in her, and of whom one of the worst things I know, is, that she actually does seem to have been fond of the King. The first Duke of St. Albans was this orange girl's child. In like manner, the son of a merry waiting-lady, whom the King created Duchess of Portsmouth, became the Duke of Richmond. Upon the whole, it is not so bad a thing to be a commoner.

The Merry Monarch was so exceedingly merry among these merry ladies, and some equally merry (and equally infamous) lords and gentlemen, that he soon got through his hundred thousand pounds, and then, by way

of raising a little pocket-money, made a merry bargain. He sold Dunkirk to the French King for five millions of livres. When I think of the dignity to which Oliver Cromwell raised England in the eyes of foreign powers, and when I think of the manners in which he gained for England this very Dunkirk, I am much inclined to consider that if the Merry Monarch had been made to follow his father for this action he would have received his just deserts.

Though he was like his father in none of that father's greater qualities, he was undoubtedly like him in being worthy of no trust. When he sent that letter to the Parliament, from Breda, he did expressly promise that all sincere religious opinions should be respected. Yet he was no sooner firm in his power than he consented to one of the worst Acts of Parliament ever passed. Under this law, every minister who should not give his solemn assent to the Prayer-Book by a certain day was declared to be a minister no longer, and to be deprived of his church. The consequence of this was that some two thousand honest men were taken from their congregations, and reduced to dire poverty and distress. It was followed by another outrageous law, called the Conventicle Act, by which any person above the age of sixteen who was present at any religious service not according to the Prayer-Book, was to be imprisoned three months for the first offence, and six for the second, and to be transported for the third. This Act alone filled the prisons, which were then most villainous dungeons, to overflowing.

The Covenanters in Scotland had already fared no better. A base Parliament, usually known as the Drunken Parliament, in consequence of its principal members being seldom sober, had been got together to make laws against the Covenanters, and to force all men to be of one mind in religious matters. The MARQUIS OF ARGYLE, relying on the King's honour, had given himself up to him; but he was wealthy, and his enemies wanted his wealth. He was tried for treason on the evidence of some private letters, in which he had expressed opinions—as well he might—more favourable to the government of the late Lord Protector than of the present merry and religious King. He was executed, as were two men of mark among the Covenanters; and SHARP, a traitor who had once been the friend of the Presbyterians and betrayed them, was made Archbishop of St. Andrew's, to teach the Scotch how to like bishops.

Things being in this merry state at home, the Merry Monarch undertook a war with the Dutch; principally because they interfered with an African company, established with the two objects of buying gold-dust and slaves, of which the Duke of York was a leading member. After some preliminary hostilities, the said Duke sailed to

the coast of Holland with a fleet of ninety-eight vessels of war, and four fire-ships. This engaged with the Dutch fleet, of no fewer than one hundred and thirteen ships. In the great battle between the two forces the Dutch lost eighteen ships, four admirals, and seven thousand men. But, the English on shore were in no mood of exultation when they heard the news.

For, this was the year and the time of the Great Plague in London. During the winter of one thousand six hundred and sixty-four it had been whispered about, that some few people had died here and there of the disease called the Plague, in some of the unwholesome suburbs around London. News was not published at that time as it is now, and some people believed these rumours and some disbelieved them, and they were soon forgotten. But, in the month of May, one thousand six hundred and sixty-five, it began to be said all over the town that the disease had burst out with great violence in St. Giles's, and that the people were dying in great numbers. This soon turned out to be awfully true. The roads out of London were choked up by people endeavouring to escape from the infected city, and large sums were paid for any kind of conveyance. The disease soon spread so fast that it was necessary to shut up the houses in which sick people were, and to cut them off from communication with the living. Every one of these houses was marked on the outside of the door with a red cross, and the words, *Lord, have mercy upon us!* The streets were all deserted, grass grew in the public ways, and there was a dreadful silence in the air. When night came on, dismal ramblings used to be heard, and these were the wheels of the death-carts, attended by men with veiled faces and holding cloths to their mouths, who rang doleful bells and cried in a loud and solemn voice, "Bring out your dead!" The corpses put into these carts were buried by torch-light in great pits; no service being performed over them; all men being afraid to stay for a moment on the brink of the ghastly graves. In the general fear, children ran away from their parents, and parents from their children. Some who were taken ill, died alone and without any help. Some were stabbed or strangled by hired nurses, who robbed them of all their money and stole the very beds on which they lay. Some went mad, dropped from the windows, ran through the streets, and in their pain and frenzy flung themselves into the river.

These were not all the horrors of the time. The wicked and dissolute, in wild desperation, sat in the taverns singing roaring songs, and were stricken as they drank, and went out and died. The fearful and superstitious persuaded themselves that they saw supernatural sights—burning swords in the sky, gigantic arms and darts. Others pretended

that at night vast crowds of ghosts walked round and round the dismal pits. One madman, naked, and carrying a brazier full of burning coals upon his head, stalked through the streets, crying out that he was a Prophet, commissioned to denounce the vengeance of the Lord on wicked London. Another always went to and fro, exclaiming, "Yet forty days, and London shall be destroyed!" A third awoke the echoes in the dismal streets, by night and by day, and made the blood of the sick run cold, by calling out incessantly, in a deep, hoarse voice, "O, the great and dreadful God!"

Through the months of July and August and September, the Great Plague raged more and more. Great fires were lighted in the streets, in the hope of stopping the infection; but there was a plague of rain too, and it beat the fires out. At last, the winds which usually arise at that time of the year which is called the equinox, when day and night are of equal length all over the world, began to blow, and to purify the wretched town. The deaths began to decrease, the red crosses slowly to disappear, the fugitives to return, the shops to open again, pale frightened faces to be seen in the streets. The Plague had been in every part of England, but in close and unwholesome London it had killed one hundred thousand people.

All this time the Merry Monarch was as merry as ever, and as worthless as ever. All this time, the debauched lords and gentlemen and the shameless ladies danced and gained and drank, and loved and hated one another, according to their merry ways. So little humanity did the government learn from the late affliction, that one of the first things the Parliament did when it met at Oxford (being as yet afraid to come to London), was to make a law, called the Five Mile Act, expressly directed against those poor ministers, who, in the time of the Plague, had manfully come back to comfort the unhappy people. This infamous law, by forbidding them to teach in any school, or to come within five miles of any city, town, or village, doomed them to starvation and death.

The fleet had been at sea, and healthy. The King of France was now in alliance with the Dutch, though his navy was chiefly employed in looking on while the English and Dutch fought. The Dutch gained one victory; and the English gained another and a greater; and Prince Rupert, one of the English admirals, was out in the Channel one windy night, looking out for the French Admiral, with the intention of giving him something more to do than he had had

yet, when the gale increased to a storm, and blew him into Saint Helen's. That night was the third of September, one thousand six hundred and sixty-six, and that wind fanned the Great Fire of London.

It broke out at a baker's shop near London Bridge, on the spot on which the Monument now stands as a remembrance of those raging flames. It spread and spread, and burned and burned, for three days. The nights were lighter than the days; in the day-time there was an immense cloud of smoke, and in the night-time there was a great tower of fire mounting up into the sky, which lighted the whole country landscape for ten miles round. Showers of hot ashes rose into the air and fell on distant places; flying sparks carried the conflagration to great distances, and kindled it in twenty new spots at a time; church steeples fell down with tremendous crashes; houses crumbled into cinders by the hundred and the thousand. The summer had been intensely hot and dry, the streets were very narrow, and the houses mostly built of wood and plaster. Nothing could stop the tremendous fire but the want of more houses to burn; nor did it stop until the whole way from the Tower to Temple Bar was a desert, composed of the ashes of thirteen thousand houses and eighty-nine churches.

This was a terrible visitation at the time, and occasioned great loss and suffering to the two hundred thousand burnt-out people, who were obliged to lie in the fields under the open night sky, or in hastily-made huts of mud and straw, while the lanes and roads were rendered impassable by carts which had broken down as they tried to save their goods. But the Fire was a great blessing to the City afterwards, for it arose from its ruins very much improved—built more regularly, more widely, more cleanly and carefully, and therefore much more healthily. It might be far more healthy than it is, but there are some people in it still—even now, at this time, nearly two hundred years later—so selfish, so pig-headed, and so ignorant, that I doubt if even another Great Fire would warm them up to do their duty.

The Catholics were accused of having wilfully set London in flames; one poor Frenchman, who had been mad for years, even accused himself of having with his own hand fired the first house. There is no reasonable doubt, however, that the fire was accidental. An inscription on the Monument long attributed it to the Catholics; but it is removed now, and was always a malicious and stupid untruth.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. VIII.

McELRATH & BARKER, PUBLISHERS.

Office No. 11 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

WHOLE No. 189.

ADELIZA CASTLE.

FIFTY-NINE, Mushroom Road, Aladdin New Town: that is my present address. The verbal direction which my friends are requested to remember, when they wish to call, are the following: Take an Aladdin New Town (scarlet) omnibus, which puts you down at the Swillwages, a large white tavern at the corner of Mushroom Road; turn down and take the third turning to the right, by the Wellington Arms—being particular not to take the second turning, which has at the corner the Nelson's Legs. If you go down to the bottom of the road, you find a brick-field—quite an open space and airy. There we are. The number you have down in your memory is fifty-nine. But the houses having been built at intervals—now on one side of the way, now on the other—have been numbered as they were built, without regard to order. So it has chanced that our title to be considered fifty-nine is disputed by the select preparatory school over the way. The best plan is to remember that our fifty-nine is on the right-hand side; and, if you come soon, you may know the house by a pile of bricks exactly opposite the parlour window, and a large puddle, out of which you step in at the gate. We have not been paved as yet; but we are very well off for gas, being faced by the Pigeon-pie and Brick, a large public-house which is, of nights, really, I may say, quite illuminated.

Arabella liked the house and said, "Philander, my dear, they are beautiful papers, quite in good taste," (her Suffolk eyes were delighted with the roses and the crocuses upon the walls) "and everything is so clean; nobody ever having lived in the place yet. Then look at the cupboards, and consider how nice it will be to have an outdoor pantry. You know how our meat has been spoiled in lodgings by being kept in closets near the kitchen fire. It really is a beautiful house for the rent we are asked to pay; and, as for the neighbourhood, that will improve wonderfully; for the landlord said that Mushroom Road is to be built forward and forward in a straight line, so as to become quite a thoroughfare connecting London with the country." And she had visions of holiday people strolling by of an evening, Londonward, with flowers in their hands.

VOL. VIII.—No. 189

"It is a famous house," I said. "By all means let us take it." I would gladly have sought refuge even in an oven from the hot persecution we had been suffering as lodgers; I, my wife, and our dear infant, Adeliza Jane. No Huguenot family ever endured more at the hands of the Guises than we had suffered from the landladies of London. We had been skinned; our joints had been half-roasted; our wine had been watered; our coffee chicoried; cats (they told us) had drunk our milk; rats (they declared) had eaten our candles. Our beer ran away of its own accord; we had to eat with knives that would not cut, and with forks deficient in prongs; off dirty nappery, for the clean tablecloths were always "at the wash;" we had been stretched out upon racks in the form of knotted beds to undergo excruciating torment from the pinches of black executioners. At last we fled; and, remembering that every man's house is his castle, we sought the shelter of a castle of our own.

I am quite sure that the Australian antiquary who shall hereafter write treatises on ancient London, will not be able, without help, to picture accurately what has to be done and suffered by a compact and respectable little family—as for instance by that composed of me and Arabella with our baby—when it has made up its mind to set up house in London. The world has heard in what way I was driven to become a householder. There was no peace of home for us in lodgings. When we determined to leave Mr. Poolby, I intended in an active way to take a house at once, according to our means, furnish it at once, and go into it at once. There the business would be at an end. We had only to pay our money and to have our house. We had been already directed to half-a-dozen pretty little places. We settled between ourselves that the rent we would pay should not exceed thirty pounds a year. Mr. Mannacrop, in Suffolk, paid, as we knew, thirty pounds for a house that accommodated several grown up daughters and three servants; and had, also, attached to it a large garden and an orchard. I had paid rents out of London, which induced me to believe that, after due allowance made for the difference in the locality, a

little house that would accommodate a married couple and a baby, with one servant, might be had in a London suburb for the price we determined upon paying. I appeal to any countryman and ask, would he not himself have thought so.

There was a little row of semi-detached dwarf villas, near our lodgings, which we thought might hold us; I being short, the baby not large, and a servant we might make it our business to find, if requisite, of a size small enough to fit the rooms. They were dull places to be sure, and very much out of the way; among unknown new streets facing a road that was not yet properly made; being partly flint, partly mud, and chiefly oyster-shells. The houses were obviously very slight; but there was a bit of garden to each, and there was a tidiness about the fashion of them by which we were pleased. A board in front of them bade us apply to Mr. Brixell, estate agent, at a given address. I resolved to call upon Mr. Brixell. "What," I asked, "might the rent be of those little houses?" "Fifty guineas," he replied. Quietly setting down the landlord as a lunatic, I said that such a sum was more than I desired to pay, explained my wish for any neat little house with enough rooms in it for a married couple, a baby and a servant, and my belief that thirty pounds ought to supply such a want. Mr. Brixell, with a virtuous look, told me that he had no dealings with regard to houses under fifty pounds rental, and placed his hand on the knob of the door; through which I quietly disappeared.

I travelled early the next morning to the chief local house agent of Kensington New Town, and begged to be informed of any small house vacant in that district that would let at about thirty-five pounds a year. I had abandoned hope of finding anything at thirty. The agent answered me as if I were a beggar, that he had nothing for me; and I went away. Presently, passing by a very humble looking undertaker's shop, with which a small business of house agency appeared to be connected, I thought that I would make inquiry there; but was retorted upon sharply by a small man in Hessian boots and a black waistcoat with black sleeves, who informed me that there was nothing under forty pounds on the "estate."

Changing the scene, I tried the neighbourhood of Paddington; and, having been asked eighty pounds for the first house I ventured to enquire about, went to Bakesly and Wagg's Agency Office, where I saw the chief clerk;—an old woman. She gave me a couple of printed tickets, which entitled me to view two houses, one in a terrace and the other in a row. The terrace I found to exist only on the ticket. It consisted for the present of the one house built far away out in the fields; where, if we lived, the Forty Thieves might get at us, and never need to chalk the door lest they should miss it when they came again.

The house in the Row was mean, dreary and dirty.—I visited more houses and saw more agents. The agents made it evident, even when they were most polite, that they considered a respectably dressed person asking for a house at thirty-five pounds a year to be doing a mean action. I was told that I should not easily get what I wanted; although indeed there *were* such houses; and sometimes they passed through their books. If they cared to say more than that, they advised me to pay forty or fifty pounds for a house larger than I wanted, and to let part of it.

"When you do that," said one of them, "you may count upon five pounds as ten."

"I don't understand," I said.

He replied blandly that every five pounds extra rent paid to a landlord, was equivalent to ten pounds extra rent got for unfurnished apartments from a lodger.

I am an irritable man, and the word lodger vexed me. I own I used a strong word. The agent shrugged his shoulders, and said surely there could be no harm in letting lodgings. "There is no harm," I said, "in letting blood; but I am not a leech and my wife is not a landlady!" I walked away in boiling dudgeon. Shall my darling little Suffolk beauty ever become mistress of a lodging-house? Shall she bring her mind to learn an infamous science; and forestall and regrate every article that passes the street-door on its way to her lodgers? Will it ever come to pass that my angel shall concoct fraudulent tariffs of tea, butter, eggs, and oysters? Shall that sylph-like form batten upon clandestine pork-chops and upon porter secretly abstracted from first-floors' or front-parlours' cellarets? Shall the innocent cherub now smiling in her cradle, be bred up in arts of prying and deceit? Shall she be taught to read back drawing-rooms' letters by the aid of dessert knives? Shall Adelia be trained to watch single gentlemen out of doors, in order that the maternal tea-pot may be enriched with extra scoops of seven-and-sixpenny green, or the paternal cigar-case replenished out of unlocked boxes of choice Regalias? Never!

Another house-agent, who advertised in his window that he had on his books houses renting from thirty pounds upwards, told me, to my joy, that he had then on hand a house at thirty-two, the very thing for me. He gave me its address. I went at once. The outside was well-looking, the house new; being one of a new row. Those houses that were tenanted seemed to have dirty tenants; but I did not mind that. We should know how to be clean. I entered. Nice parlours, nice rooms above, and very nice rooms above that; the floors all planned to be let to lodgers, and the rooms made duly spacious and attractive. But I could not find the kitchen. I had seen a very small back-parlour with a copper in it little larger than a stew-

pan, near which I supposed the kitchen was; but I could not find that very requisite apartment. Then I went up-stairs to look for it; but it was not there. Finally I inquired of workmen on adjoining premises; and learned that there was no other kitchen than that same little back parlour, which contained, I tell the simple truth, no other convenience for cooking than a small bed-room grate. It seemed as if it were not large enough for the boiling of water in any vessel more capacious than a shaving-pot; and the utmost range of its roasting powers must have been the cooking of a herring held before it on a fork. The builder of those houses knew what he was about. In each he supplied accommodation for three sets of lodgers and one landlady; who, living in that little parlour, would herself there nurse that little grate, and thereat cook for them all, and thereby do for them all, and therefrom wait upon them. Poor woman, I should pity her more than her victims, if I had never myself been a lodger. The thought of such a miserable landlady entering my head in connexion with my adored Arabella caused me to escape from the house as if it had been on fire.

While my search was in this hopeless condition; and, out of many more than a hundred houses looked at I had found only four that might be supposed likely to suit us, at last Arabella and I took a cab and visited the four houses of which we had supposed that one might suit us. Number one was a light little villa cottage—so very light that we doubted whether it might not be blown away from over our heads some winter night. Number two was a house on a hill-top, built to be let in unfurnished lodgings, and therefore provided with a second kitchen on the first-floor. This house was large-roomed and airy; but, inasmuch as it was already held by an army of occupation, consisting of a large family that covered it with dirt and litter, my spousa was very much repelled by its appearance. Number three was one of a row of compact and respectable little houses. The rooms were very small; but we determined that we could, weather permitting, always keep our doors and windows open; and, in every other respect, the house pleased us so entirely that we made up our minds to take it. On our way to the landlord we looked in casually at number four, Mushroom Road; and casually changing our minds, suddenly took it. It offered us, for thirty-six pounds rent, six large airy and wholesome rooms, with as much kitchen accommodation added as we might, with little care and contrivance, make to suffice. The house was cheap; because Aladdin New Town is not a distinguished neighbourhood, and the brick-field from which it rises does not raise the rents of houses round about it as if it were a park.

Without delay we carried off our property

to Mushroom Road. Ramparts and bastions of brick defend all the approaches, and we are further entrenched behind a chain of puddles, which are our moats. It once occurred to us to call our abode Rosamond's Bower; since its situation is so very mazy that it can be found only by the help of the clue I have already given; but, as the house has a battlemented coping, we have thought better to call it what it really is, our castle; and, in expressing that sentiment, we have been prompted by a natural desire to strengthen the cement of home by an allusion to our darling child; we therefore name it ADELIZA CASTLE. The words are not yet painted on the stucco at the gate; but they soon will be; for the landlord himself, an influential writer and grainer of the neighbourhood, has promised to emblazon our castle at the small cost of fourpence per letter.

We had not been long established, before we discovered that ours is a half-noisy thoroughfare. Every man who has shifted much about in London, knows that a half-noisy thoroughfare is much more excruciating than a wholly noisy one. Upon the edge of Oxford Street you may doze as by the margin of the sea: your ear becomes accustomed to the uniform roar, and soon almost ceases to heed it. But a half-noisy thoroughfare brings every available method of confusing and distracting human ears to bear upon you; heightening the effect of every bit of uproar by a dull setting of silence. Every omnibus seems to run its wheels over your head; every new burst of cabs and wagons out of doors is a new outrage upon the repose within. Instead of the one noise running through the day, you have two hundred noises at two hundred intervals in the day. When we got baby to sleep after dinner, there came punctually a series of special nuisances that had their regular days for disturbing her; and we came to know their times. On Monday evenings there was a horn; after which (separate concern) a German band; organs; boys whistling "Pop goes the Weasel." Tuesday, Ethiopian serenaders; organs; boys whistling "Pop goes the Weasel." Wednesday, a detached performer on the bones; a brain-crushing machine drawn by a donkey—a man on a platform grinding all our heads in it; other organs; band of Scotch fiddlers, scraping and scratching hideous strathspeys with unrosined horsehair; boys whistling "Pop goes the Weasel." Thursday, ophicleides, cornopeans, and trombones; Indian beating tom-tom; acrobats and two drums; organs; boys whistling "Pop goes the Wensel." Friday, Ethiopian serenaders; psalm-singing by an old man playing the violincello, with two girls in white tuckers, every two lines first read by the old man, and then sung by the whole strength of the company; organs; boys whistling "Pop goes the Weasel." Saturday, street fights and shouts; extra carts (butchers' carts very ag-

gravating;) German band; Ethiopians; hurdy-gurdy; harps and accordions; brain-crushing machine; knife grinder (most excruciating;) Finnan haddocks; hearthstones; and "Pop goes the Weasel" until eleven o'clock at night.

However, despite all our annoyances, we get on pretty well in Adeliza Castle. I believe there is afloat some London aphorism that the rent paid by a householder should represent about the sixth part of his income. A money making City bachelor who has few friends and sees no company, is thus often to be found tenantry a mansion which is as well fitted for him as a cocoanut shell would be fitted for the cover of a filbert. We ought to fit our houses to the size of our families, our wants, and habits with as much regard to accuracy as we show when buying clothes to fit our bodies. When we go to the tailor's we do not enter into competition with each other who shall buy the widest trousers. The stout man takes, if he needs it, more room than his neighbour, although he may not be so well able to buy the cloth.

I do not know whether the house-agents, whom I found counselling men of small desires to be ambitious and to let lodgings, follow or lead the movement against which I am protesting. I have no doubt, for my own part, that without (horrible reference!) letting apartments, I could pay a rental of two hundred a year, if I could persuade myself and my Arabella to live on the parsley and nasturtiums which are coming up with remarkable vigour in the back garden. I do not choose, however, to take bricks in lieu of bread. And I thoroughly believe that any builder who now plans houses with an eye to the Apartments furnished into which they may be parcelled, would do no ill service to himself if he would set himself to increase the number of London houses small enough, and modest enough in their rental, to form fair, honest, and independent homes; the rent of which could be paid without strain by men who support families on incomes varying between two hundred and three hundred and fifty pounds a year. The want of accommodation set forth in this narrative forces great numbers of us little-income men into a false position. There are many wives in London—ladies by birth and training—whose homes are marred, and who are made landladies in spite of themselves, because there is not enough house accommodation of the kind that suits their husbands' means. I will not calculate what would be the area of London if we all had detached and independent homes; but we must in some measure live one over another's heads; and might plan our house architecture so as to have more real homes than there are now among us. The hint furnished by the "flats" of Edinburgh and by the *étages* of Paris might be followed in London. Although one roof covers each of these residences, they are as separate and inaccessible to neighbours

as detached dwellings are. In Edinburgh flats or floors are called "houses," and houses they are, separated horizontally as well as perpendicularly by deadened floors as well as by party walls; the wide stone stairs by which they are entered being so many vertical streets.

Arabella tells me that it is an absurd thing to suppose that I, at my age, can make a Peter the Hermit of myself, and carry on much longer my Quixotic struggle to procure emancipation for the lodger. I am a lodger now no longer. Let another rise and speak. So be it. I pause to hear him.

ALWAYS UNITED.

As we grope through the mental gloom of the Dark Ages, stumbling over the lamentable ruins of libraries, and schools and arts, it is sometimes the good fortune of the student to see, glittering at his feet, a jewel of price and brilliancy—glittering among the crushed and irrecongnisable fragments of arts gone by, and the gross and clumsy paraphernalia of a barbarian epoch.

As bright a jewel as ever shone in a century of intellectual darkness and ignorance was a man admired, revered, beloved, hated, followed, celebrated in his own age; and who has been famous to successive ages and to this age almost universally, not for what he had the greatest cause to ground his fame upon—for his learning, his eloquence, or his philosophy—but for being the hero of one of the most romantic love stories the world ever wept at—for being Abelard, the husband of Heloise.

The story of Abelard and Heloise, if it be not universally known, is at least universally public. That a thing can be the latter without being the former I need only call Dr. Johnson (in his criticism on Kenrick) to prove. Every pair of lovers throughout the civilised world have heard of Abelard and Heloise. They are as familiar in the mouth as Hero and Leander, Pyramus and Thisbe, Cupid and Psyche, Darby and Joan, Jobson and Nell. Yet beyond their names, and the fact that they were lovers, not one person in twenty knows much about any of these personages. Every visitor to Paris has seen the Gothic tomb of Abelard and Heloise in the cemetery of Père la Chaise. Every reader of Pope will remember his exquisite poetical paraphrase of Heloise's epistles to Abelard. Every student of the urbane and self-devouring Jean Jacques Rousseau has once wept and now yawns over the philosophic sentimentalities of *La Nouvelle Heloise*. The names, indeed, of these immortal lovers are on the lips of the whole civilised world; but of the man Abelard and of the woman Heloise, what they really were like, and what they really did and suffered, the knowledge of the vast majority of readers is very limited indeed. Their renown has been transmitted from century to century with the triple consecration

passion, and misfortune; yet their lives have been forgotten, and the history of their lives has become a tradition rather than a fact.

Remarkable, as showing how much acquaintance with the subject of Abelard and his spouse. These are the only English work of the kind on this topic that I have been able to meet with (and the Museum does not possess it): "The History of the lives of Abelard and Heloise, by the Reverend Henry Barrington: Basle, seventeen hundred and ninety-three." This is an excellent book, containing, in addition to the sensible translations of the *Historia* of Abelard, and of Heloise's letters, but the good clergyman has not thought it worth his while to consult the contemporary with his hero; and has, in writing their lives, granted as historical and authentic fragments of a certain clerical (Dom Gervaise, formerly a Trappist, had been drummed out of that society; and who, in seventeen hundred and twenty, published a "History of Abbeilard, Abbot of St. Gildas, and his wife." This work was interesting and certainly; but in it the plain case were, for purely bookselling purposes, overlaid with a farrago of romance and literary gossip. However, Mr. Barrington's quarto, and the dictionary founded upon it, together with his imitator, are all that we can muster on this world-famous subject. One would imagine that the fond as they are of sentimentalism—would have eagerly seized upon the story of Abelard for elucidation and instruction. Yet it will scarcely be credited that three German authors of any note thought it worth while to write at any point Maitre Pierre and his wife.ritz Carrière has undertaken to write of Abelard's system of philosophy; in this he has done little more than translate the works of the most recent French philosopher. Herr Fessler, in the history of a metaphysical *littérateur*, has subjected up in the most orthodox dog; descending, and doubting, and arguing, until the fog becomes positively black; and Abelard disappears entirely, leaving nothing before the eyes of a mass of black letters sprawling on brown pages, in a stitched cover of yellow paper. The third sage, Herr

Feuerbach (Leipsic, eighteen hundred and forty-four), is yet bolder in his metaphysical obscurity. His book is called "Abelard and Heloise;" but, beyond these names dimly impressed on the title-page, the beings they stand for are not once mentioned again throughout the work, and M. de Remusat conjectures that by Abelard and Heloise, the foggy Herr means Art and Humanity. This is *lucra a non lucendo* with a vengeance!

In France, however, to make amends, the lives and writings of this unhappy pair have been a fertile theme for the most illustrious of modern French scholars. The accomplished Madame Guizot, the academicienne Villenave and Philaréte-Charles, the erudite Bibliophile Jacob (Paul Lacroix), have all written, and written well, on the subject of Maitre Pierre. Nor must we forget M. Victor Cousin, who, in eighteen hundred and thirty-six, first published a work from the pen of Abelard himself, the *Sic et non* and the *Odes Flebiles*, or Songs of Lamentation of Abelard, from a manuscript which had been recently discovered in the Vatican Library. The earliest of the modern writers upon Abelard was the famous and brilliant Bussy-Rabutin; the latest M. Charles de Remusat; who, in eighteen hundred and forty-six, published in Paris a voluminous and elaborate work entitled *Abelard*. No; not the last. M. de Remusat is but the penultimate; for, even as we write, comes the announcement that the great master of philosophical biography, M. Guizot himself, has entered the lists, and has added his *Abelard* to the distinguished catalogue.

Yet, with all this, the story of the lives of Abelard and Heloise remains to be written. Elaborate as M. de Remusat's work is, it is more a scholarlike explanation and examination of the system of philosophy and theology professed and taught by Abelard, than a life history of the Abbot of St. Gildas, and the Abbess of the Paraclete. The field is yet open for a history of the lives and adventures, the fortunes and misfortunes of Abelard and Heloise; of Abelard, more especially, could his history be separated from that of his partner in joy and misery—for Abelard was the glory of his age. Far removed above those obscure school-men of the Middle Ages whose names are only dimly remembered now in connection with some vain polemical dispute, he was a poet, a musician, a philosopher, a jurist; a scholar unrivalled; a dialectician unmatched, a theologian, whose mouth—as his adversaries confessed—was only to be closed by blows. His profound learning, his commanding eloquence, the charms of his conversation, the beauty of his person, the purity of his morals—until his fatal passion—made him the delight, and wonder, and pride of France, and of Europe. He was the only man among crowds of schoolmen and scholastic, and casuists and sciolists, who was wise enough to comprehend, and

bold enough to defend the sublime doctrine of Plato, "that God is the seat of ideas, as space is the seat of bodies, and that the soul was an emanation of the divine essence, from whom it imbibed all its ideas; but that having sinned, it was degraded from its first estate, and condemned to an union with the body, wherein it is confined as in a prison; that its forgetfulness of its former ideas was the natural consequence of that penalty; and that the benefit of religion consists in repairing this loss by gradually leading back the soul to its first conceptions." This doctrine, in contra-distinction to the ridiculous figments of the Nominalists, the Realists, and Conceptualists of his age; this the philosophy of Plato—illustrated by the polemics of Aristotle, enriched by the schools of Alexandria, and afterwards matured by Mallebranche, Descartes, and Leibnitz—was taught by Peter Abelard to thousands of scholars of every nation in the twelfth century, while the Norman Kings of England were laying waste their own dominions to make hunting forests for their beasts of venery; while princes and emperors were signing proclamations with their "mark," made by their gauntlet-fingers dipped in ink; while the blackest ignorance, the most brutal violence, the grossest and most debasing superstition, overran the fairest portion of Europe. The friends of Abelard were the noblest of the noble; his admirers the fairest of the fair; his very adversaries were popes, saints, and martyrs.

In the year of grace eleven hundred and eighteen, when Louis the Fat was king of the French people, the metropolis was entirely contained in that space which at the present day forms one of its smallest sections—the Cité of Paris. In this famous island, dividing, as all men know, the river Seine into two arms, were concentrated all the grandeurs of the kingdom—the church, the royal palace, the law, the schools. These powers had here their seat. Two bridges united the island to the two shores of the river. The Grand Pont led to the right bank, towards the quarter where, between the ancient churches of St. Germain l'Auxerrois and St. Gervais, a few foreign merchants had begun to settle, attracted by the already considerable renown of the Lutetia of the Gauls. Towards the left bank the Petit Pont led to the foot of that hill, then, as now, crowned by a church dedicated to St. Gèneviève, the patroness of Paris. The neighbouring meadows or *prairies* (particularly towards the foot of the Petit Pont) became gradually frequented by the scholars, or students, or *clercs*, who attended the scholastic concourse in the Cité. The number of these noisy and turbulent young men, always increasing, soon overflowed the confined limits of the Cité. So they crossed the Petit Pont into the meadows at the foot of the hill of St. Gèneviève—first to play and gambol and fight on its

pleasant green sward; afterwards—when inns and lodging-houses were built for their accommodation—to dwell in them. Thus, opposite the city of commerce grew up little by little a city of learning; and, betwixt the two, maintained its grim state the city of law and the priesthood. The quarter inhabited by the students came soon to be denominated *le Pays Latin*, and it is thus called to this day I live and write in.

In the Cité, opposite to the sovereign's palace—where in those days the sovereign himself administered justice, and where in these days justice is yet administered in his name—stood the great metropolitan church of Notre Dame; and around it, were ranged fifteen other churches, like soldiers guarding their queen. Notre Dame, or at least the successor of the first Basilica, yet frowns over the Cité in massive immensity; but, of the fifteen churches, not one vestige remains. Here, in the shadows of these churches and of the cathedral; in dusky cloisters; in sombre halls; upon the shadowy lawns of high-walled gardens, went and came a throng of students of all degrees, of all occupations, of all nations. The fame of the schools of Paris drew towards them (as in one department, medicine, they do still) scholars from every land on the face of the yet discovered globe. Here, amidst the confusions of costumes, and ranks, and languages, and ages, glided solemn priests and sage professors. Above them all, pre-eminent, unrivalled, unquestioned in his intellectual sovereignty, moved a man in the prime of life, with a broad and massive forehead, a proud and piercing glance, a manly gait, whose beauty yet preserved the brilliancy of youth, while admitting to participate with it the deeper hues of maturity. The simple elegance of his manners, alternately affable and haughty, an imposing yet graceful presence; the respectful curiosity of the multitudes whom he did not know, the enthusiastic admiration of the multitudes he did know, who hung upon his words, all announced in him the most powerful in the schools, the most illustrious in the land, the most beloved in the Cité. Old men uncovered as he passed; women at the doors held out their little children to him; maidens above drew aside the curtains from their latticed casements, and blushing glanced downwards towards him. The men and the children all pressed to see, and stretched their necks to hear, and shouted when they had seen and heard Maître Pierre—the famous Abelard—as he went by.

He was now thirty-nine years old. He was the son of Beranger, the seigneur of his native place, Pallet, near Nantes in Brittany, where he was born in the year one thousand and seventy-nine. He was the eldest son; but, no sooner had the time arrived for him to choose a profession, than, eschewing arms—the profession of every seigneur's eldest born—he openly avowed his preference

for letters and philosophy. He abandoned his birthright to his brothers, and returned to his studies with renewed assiduity. He had soon mastered all, and more than he could be taught in the schools of Brittany, and accordingly removed to the University of Paris; where he studied under William of Champeaux, afterwards bishop of Chalon-sur-Marne, and who subsequently became a monk of Cîteaux. This reverent man was the most renowned dialectician of his time, but he soon found a rival, and next a master, in Abelard. Warm friends at first, their friendship changed to the bitterest enmity: a public quarrel took place between them, in consequence of which Abelard removed from Paris, first to Melun and next to Corbeil; in both of which retreats he was followed by crowds of admiring and enthusiastic scholars. After a sojourn for the benefit of his health in his native Brittany, he returned to Paris, having been absent two years. A reconciliation was effected between him and William de Champeaux, and Abelard next opened a school of rhetoric. It speedily became the most famous school in Europe. Of this school were Guy de Chatel, afterwards cardinal and pope under the title of Celestine the Second; Peter Lombard, bishop of Paris; Godefroy, bishop of Auxerre; Berenger, bishop of Poitiers; and the holy abbot of Clairvaux, the great St. Bernard himself. In this school Abelard taught logic, metaphysics, physics, mathematics, astronomy, morals, and philosophy. His lectures were attended by all that Paris could boast of nobility, of beauty, of learning and piety.

If Abelard had died in his golden prime, at thirty-nine years of age, it would have been well. But Wisdom had decided otherwise. Pride was to be humbled, the mighty were to fall, and wisdom and learning were to be a mockery, a warning and an example to the meanest.

It is not my purpose to tell the miserable love story of Abelard and Heloise. I wish to treat of Peter Abelard, the scholar and the philosopher—of that phase of his character which has been obscured and almost extinguished by the ghastly brilliancy of his passion for the niece of the Canon Fulbert. All who know the names of Abelard and Heloise know the tragical history of their loves.

After his marriage the forlorn, broken, and ruined victim, who had once been the renowned Maitre Pierre, retired to the Abbey of St. Denis, to hide in the cloister his misery and his remorse. He became a Benedictine monk. Previous to his inlastration, however, he prevailed upon Heloise to take the veil. She obeyed the mandate of him whom she yet loved with all the fondness and fervour of their first fatal passion; but she did so with a breaking heart. The cloister was a refuge to Abelard; to Heloise it was a tomb. Young (not twenty years old), beau-

tiful, accomplished, she felt her life in every limb—she saw herself condemned to a living death. She who had pictured to herself a life of refined luxury and splendour; of being, perchance, with him to whom she had given her whole heart, the ornament of courts and cities, had before her the dreary prospect of a life-long dungeon.

The sojourn of Abelard in the Abbey of St. Denis was not long and not happy. Now that his glory was departed; that his reputation for sanctity and purity of manners was tarnished; those who had long been his enemies, but whose carplings and croakings had been rendered inaudible by the trumpet voice of his eloquence, arose in numbers around him, and attacked him with that persevering ferocity which cowards only possess. He was assaulted by the weakest and most contemptible. The most ignorant monks of the ignorant brotherhood of Saint Denis hastened in their presumption to challenge his arguments and to question his orthodoxy. He was accused of heresy, of deism, of pantheism, of Arianism—of a host of doctrinal crimes, and eventually expelled the order. The dispute which led to his removal or rather expulsion from St. Denis, was as ridiculous as it was savagely pursued, and its relation will serve to show the futilities of monastic erudition in the days of Abelard.

One day as Maitre Pierre was reading the Commentary of the Venerable Bede upon the Acts of the Apostles, he came to a passage in which the holy commentator stated that Denis the Areopagite was bishop of Corinth, and not of Athens. Now the founder of the abbey of St. Denis (the saint with his head under his arm) was according to the showing of his own "Gesta," bishop of Athens; and according to the monks of St. Denis he was also that same Areopagite whom St. Paul converted. Abelard quoted Bede to show that the Areopagite was bishop of Corinth; the monks opposed their authority, one Hilduin, who had been abbot of St. Denis in the reign of Louis le Debonnaire. Maitre Pierre contemptuously replied that he could not think of allowing the testimony of an ignorant friar to weigh against that of a writer who was revered for his learning and piety by princes, and kings, and pontiffs. This so enraged the monks that they complained to the king and to the archbishop of Paris. They drew down upon the unfortunate Abelard royal reproofs and ecclesiastical censures; and not content with this, they positively scourged him as a heretic and blasphemer!

New troubles were yet to come. A book he had written, called The Introduction to Theology, was declared by his enemies to be full of heresies. He was cited before the Council of Soissons, badgered with interrogatories, threatened, rebuked; and was compelled to burn the obnoxious book with his own hands. It is upon record that Abelard wept. It must have been no ordinary sorrow

to have brought the tears welling from the eyes of the stern philosopher. Love and pride and his good name among men lay all a-bleeding. A hangman's brazier and a hangman's office were all the rewards of long years of patient study and research and soul-engrossing meditation. The glory of the schools, the master of masters, was reduced to the level of a convicted libeller; lashed like a hound, driven forth from among his fellow men like a Leper or a Pariah.

Hunted about from place to place; pursued by mandates, censures and decrees; without shelter, without resources, almost without bread, Abelard hid himself in a solitude near Troyes. Here, in a barren and desolate heath, he built with his own hands a wretched hovel of mud and wattles. This hovel was afterwards to become the Paraclete.

Unable to dig, ashamed to beg, yet compelled to seek some means of subsistence, Abelard commenced expounding the Scriptures for his daily bread. He soon gathered round him a considerable body of scholars. Before long their number amounted to upwards of three thousand! Some rays of his ancient glories seemed to return to him. From the fees he received from his scholars he was enabled to build a chapel and convent, which he dedicated to the Holy Trinity. But his enemies were indefatigable. The dedication was declared heretical; and, to appease his adversaries, Abelard changed the name of his convent to that of the Paraclete or Consolation. When, at length, wearied with continual disputes and vexations, Abelard accepted the Abbacy of St. Gildas-des-Rhuys, in the diocese of Vannes, he signified to Heloise his desire that she should take possession of the Paraclete with her nuns. Her learning and renown had already elevated her to be the Abbess of the convent of Argenteuil, in which Abelard had placed her; but Suger, the Abbot of St. Denis, had laid a claim against the lands and buildings attached to it; and she accordingly availed herself of the asylum provided for her by Abelard.

Abelard was not happy in his new position. He found himself in a barbarous district. His convent was rudely built and scantily furnished. His monks were dissolute and insubordinate. When he endeavoured to rebuke their excesses, and to reform their way of life, he was met with taunts of the scandals of his past life. Yet here he remained during many years; and here he composed the pathetic poems called the *Oles Flebiles*—the Songs of Weeping; in which, under a thin veil of biblical fiction, he poured forth his own unutterable woes. Here he received, after the silence of years, those impassioned letters from Heloise, which will be read and wept over in all time. He replied to her; but in a stiff, constrained and frigid tone. The man's heart was dead within him. His misery was so immense that the selfishness of his grief can be pardoned. To the

expressions of endearment, the written caresses that reached o'er hundreds of leagues, he could only return philosophic injunctions to resignation, and devout maxims and discourses. *He* was her "best beloved," her "life." *She* was his "dear sister in the Lord." He took considerable interest in the prosperity of the Paraclete. He framed a rule of discipline for the guidance of the sisterhood; he even visited the Paraclete. After several years, Abelard saw Heloise again. He was no longer Abelard; but the abbot of St. Gildas: she no longer Heloise, but the abbess of the Paraclete. There were visitations, benedictions, and sermons; and so they met and so they parted.

His enemies again renewed their attacks—his heresies were again brought against him. A great ecclesiastical council was held at Sens, before which Abelard was summoned. There, his principal adversary was the abbot of Clairvaux, the great St. Bernard. He was held up to execration as an abbot without monks, without morals, without faith; as a married friar; as the hero of a disgraceful amour. Saint Bernard compared him to Arius—to Nestorius—to Pelagius. He was fully condemned. His life was threatened. He appealed to Rome. "Shall he who denies Peter's faith take refuge behind Peter's chair?" exclaimed St. Bernard. His appeal was at length ungraciously allowed, and he set out for Rome. But on his way thither, "weary and old of service," he was induced to accept the asylum offered him by Peter the Venerable in the monastery of Cluny. There, in prayer and mortification, he passed the brief remaining time he had yet to live. And in the priory of St. Marcel—an establishment dependent upon the monastery of Cluny—Peter Abelard died in the year eleven hundred and forty-two, being then sixty-three years old. Heloise survived him twenty-one years. Their son, Astrolabius, survived his father, but not his mother. He died a monk.

The remains of Abelard were, in the first instance, interred at St. Marcel. They were reclaimed by Heloise; and the reclamation having been allowed by Peter the Venerable, the corpse was removed to the Paraclete, where it was buried. The tradition runs, that when Heloise died, her body was deposited in the same tomb; and that, as the corpse was lowered into the vault, the skeleton of the dead Abelard opened its arms to receive her. The truth, however, is that they were not at first buried together. It was not till fourteen hundred and ninety-seven that Catherine de Courcelles, seventeenth abbess of the Paraclete, caused their remains to be placed in one coffin. This double coffin was discovered and exhumed at the French Revolution; and the popular fury which destroyed the convent of the Paraclete respected the bones of Abelard and Heloise. After many changes of domicile, the bones

were removed in the year eighteen hundred to the garden of the Museum of French monuments in Paris. Hence, in eighteen hundred and seventeen, they were finally removed to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, where they were placed beneath a monument formed from the ruins of the Paraclete. Their names are alternately engraved on the plinth, together with these Greek words: ΑΕΙ ΕΤΜΗΕΙΙΑΕΡΜΕ-ΝΟΙ, or Always United.

THE NORTHERN WIZARD.

My Wizard presides over by far the greater portion of our manufactures. He is the prime minister of your wealthy sugar-refiners; he is the right hand of your opulent brewers; the confidential adviser of all sensible farmers; the factotum of the iron manufacturers; the enamellers and papier-maché makers cannot possibly do without him; he is always in demand amongst calico-printers; and dyers, bleachers, and calenders can no more do without him than they could dispense with the air they breathe. They would not offend him for half their wealth. My Wizard is a worker in huge caverns of smoke, in gulfs of fire and in oceans of insidious gases—a philosopher, who if he does not by a touch of his wand convert stones into pure gold; yet he transmutes the ugliest, most unseemly blocks of useless rock and mineral into potent agents of good, into wonder-working subtle fluids, or deadly gases, or brightly shining crystals.

My Wizard is employed in the vicinity of such cities as Manchester and Glasgow, in the productions of dyes and dye-tests, of salts, acids, and bleaching substances necessary in the different stages of the manufacture of cotton yarn or cotton goods. The vast extent of his works, the enormous quantities of chemicals he produces, and the astonishing results of his labours, are well worthy a few moments' consideration, as affording perhaps the best guide to the magnitude of those other branches of industry of which these are but the incidental offshoots.

A wizard of whose operations I am now writing is to be found busily employed in the wonder-workings of his craft within the city of Glasgow. Amidst the busy life, the ceaseless din, the undying smoke of that large town, his temple rears its lofty head high above the roofs of other tenements. Far out at sea, for many a league by land, the traveller sees what seems at first a giant finger pointing to the clouds. Looking at this nearer one might imagine it to be the Old Monument gone down from Fish Street Hill for change of air, and taken to smoking. I have no sort of hesitation in affirming that there is not such another chimney as that in the wide world, and I don't care where you look for it. If ever Cheops had wanted to give a little ventilation to the dwellers in the Gizeh Pyramids; if ever any Ninevite Soyer

had commenced making soup for the million, in the great halls of Koyunjik, most assuredly they would have erected some such monster shaft as that which overtops the Old Cathedral church of the good city of Glasgow. Those of my readers who may not have seen this Titan piece of brickwork may perhaps form some conception of its dimensions, when I mention that it measures one hundred and twenty feet in circumference at its base, and cost the enormous sum of fifteen thousand pounds in its erection. So gigantic is it and its subsidiary feeding-flues, that a coach and four might easily be driven along the main tunnel which connects this structure with the many fiery furnaces in my Wizard's establishment—ay, and with plenty of luggage on the roof too.

The traveller who takes his leisure along the busy wharves on the banks of the Clyde may see among the many ships discharging their cargoes there, one or two from which strange looking lumps of a dirty rough stone-like substance are being removed. Waggons are being loaded with it in rapid succession, as though it had been some product of great value. It is too earthy to be a building material, it can't be anything to eat, and the spectator feels certain that it is not guano. If we follow these heavily loaded waggons, we shall find that they are driven towards the King of the Chimneys—right into my Wizard's great iron-bound gates.

Within, amidst the Babel sounds and sights that meet our senses, let us endeavour to understand what all this busy world is doing. The first place is the laboratory or test room—the very inner sanctuary of this wizardom—full of curious little earthen pots, porcelain pans, glass cups and metallic dishes. There is a mysterious sort of Flemish stove in this terrible cook-shop, at which fifty kinds of supernatural stews are being concocted by the aid of as many different charcoal and gas furnaces. A quiet gentleman—my Wizard's right hand man—is stirring these pans with a glass rod as indifferently as if they contained gruel or barley broth, instead of doses that would ruin the constitutions of all the giants and ogres that ever lived in childhood's memory.

Our quiet friend hands over the charcoal fires, and the bubbling hissing pans, and the glass rod to some incipient Wizard, and leads the way to the great workshops of this strange poison factory. The laboratory is the place in which all their productions are put to the proof before being sent away, or where the earthen and salts they employ are tested before use—a very necessary and delicate operation, requiring the utmost care and skill.

Covering ten acres of ground, these works present as busy a spectacle as could be met with anywhere. The number of persons employed about them is perhaps not so large

as in many other kinds of manufacture; but their occupations are varied and unceasing, many of them, too, being, to the uninitiated, perfectly inexplicable. Vast sheds, enormous factories extend in every direction. The whole range of open space is intersected at all points with iron tram-ways, railroads in miniature. Along these, trains of loaded railway waggons are propelled by horses; some filled with coals, some with lime, others with salt, and many with the curious looking stony earth that we have seen discharged from the ships on the wharves.

Where they all come from, where they are going to, or what their use, are perfect mysteries. My conductor takes me through a lofty doorway, and I find myself in a huge storehouse filled on every side with leaden cisterns of enormous magnitude. There is not more than just sufficient space left between those Titanic vats for a portly man to walk in comfort. I am buried in lead; the place being in appearance a huge leaden coffin. A leaden feeling of oppression overwhelms me; I appear to be crushed under the vast expanse of metal; I try to catch a glimpse of the summit of those towering, far-spreading cisterns, and become giddy with the effort; my imagination is drowned within their metallic profundity, and I abandon the attempt. But what do these contain? Do they hold within their dusky sides a supply of water for the city of Glasgow? Not at all. They only contain vitriolic acid! Merely that. If I shudder; if I observe how thin their leaden cases are; if I feel chilly at the supposition of the consequences of one of them giving way at this particular moment, a desire to be somewhere out of scalding bounds will surely be excused.

It is a relief to step out from this chamber of horrors, to another of my Wizard's workshops; a long sort of kitchen with an innumerable quantity of little twinkling furnace doors, through which we perceive bright flames of sparkling blue rising in circling columns to some regions far out of sight. One of these warm looking cooking places is opened; and peeping cautiously in, I perceive the interior to be one long brick chamber, in which are rows of grotesque vessels blazing blue and white flames like so many incantation accessories in *Der Freischütz*. Can they be making soup from a collection of Chinese fireworks, or a warm *potage* from lucifer matches?

I am told that those earthen cauldrons contain portions of nitre or saltpetre mixed with the dirty-looking earthy stone before alluded to—in other words, rough sulphur. These are burnt together; their fumes ascend into a chimney perfectly air tight; whence they are conducted by means of earthen tubes into the huge leaden cisterns in the room just visited, and which contain a certain quantity of water. There the nitro-sulphuric fume or gas is absorbed by water: and, combining

with it, forms sulphuric acid or oil of vitriol. Of this destructive yet highly necessary acid, there are not less than half a million of tons manufactured every year in this country by my Wizard and his numerous brethren.

The sulphur stone is brought from one of the westerly districts of Ireland, whence the supply is almost unlimited. Every week a shipload of it is discharged on the banks of the Clyde, to supply the fiery requirements of this one particular northerly Wizard. Every week half a ship's cargo of saltpetre is poured into his capacious jaws of brickwork, and every week these rough, unseemly substances are forced by the magic craft of chemical science to yield three hundred tons of potent burning acid.

The larger portion of this terrible liquid is consumed on the premises in the manufacture of muriatic acid—better known amongst housekeepers by the name of spirits of salts—this acid being required in large quantities for the production of chlorine gas, forming the basis of a bleaching powder in extensive use amongst cotton and linen manufacturers. Sulphuric acid is also employed in the make of crystallised soda, produced in immense quantities by our friends the Wizards for the use of their manufacturing friends in Glasgow, Manchester, and other places. A considerable quantity—not less than four hundred tons a week—of this acid is concentrated by distillation in a platinum retort or still; and, in that state, is sold for many chemical and domestic purposes.

From the acid rooms I pass forward through extensive yards teeming with life, and coals, and sulphur; until I reach a vast range of hot and smoky buildings, though devoid of any visible signs of fire. There are huge, grim chambers of solid masonry guarded by sooty mortals in the deep silence of Ethiopic mutes waiting for victims. They hold cabalistic wands of metal in their hands. A sign from the deputy Wizard, and one of these ugly genii flings open an iron doorway of yawning dimensions, from which glare out fiercely upon us long spires of red flickering flame, dancing and twisting about us in hungry savageness as if they were the tortured spirits of so many original sinners.

These warm places are the furnaces in which shiploads of common salt are blended with tons of the potent liquor from the leaden cisterns; and, in that condition, subjected to violent heat, sufficient to form from the mixture a substance called sulphate of soda, or commonly, Glauber Salts. In other chambers a similar fiery process is going on, except that there the saline materials are combined with large quantities of lime and coal-dust, all of which, being ignited, send forth terrific flames of a white heat and they make the beholder wink and blink again.

During this latter ordeal the Wizard contrives to effect a clever change in the composition of the substances blended together. In the last process the sulphuric acid had seized the soda of the muriate of soda or common salt so tightly and resolutely, that the muriatic part of it felt compelled to yield up possession; the consequence was that, instead of muriate of soda, the chemist finds he has a sulphate of soda. But now a retribution awaits the acid. The lime, naturally voracious for all acidulous matter, has its appetite quickened by the great heat applied; and which, whilst it renders the sulphate of soda easily acted upon, gives the lime a more powerful hold of the acid which it instantly and remorselessly seizes, becoming, in doing so, a new body—sulphate of lime. The soda thus set free is supplied with carbon from the burning coal, though not to any large extent, and is transmuted into sub-carbonate of soda, or common washing soda.

Looking on whilst a number of hot, half-clad, sooty people are raking with enormous instruments interminable heaps of glowing red-hot soda-ashes, from fiery furnaces that appear to have no end or bottom to their flaming abysses, I cannot believe that the scorching soda-ash is the same substance as the pure shining crystals so often beheld in the hands of laundresses—identical in nature with the beautiful white soda-powder which forms the leading feature in the refreshing Seidlitz draught; but all doubts are removed by being shown the succeeding process which completes the transformation. Another large building, hotter and more sooty than the last, is furnished with what have the appearance of bakers' ovens, on a very extensive scale. I am requested to peep into one of these wholesale bakeries, and I do so; but draw back rather more quickly than anticipated. I had often read of that theory which supposes the centre of our globe to be composed of a torrid sea of liquid fire—an ocean of the essence of Etna; here the very hot waters of that ocean seemed to be realized.

Another cautious peep at this wondrous lake of phosphorus and flame—at this restless rolling tide of thickening, hungry, remorseless fire. I learn that this cavern is filled with a solution of the soda-ash previously seen, for the purpose of being evaporated to a state of crystalline dryness. In ordinary cases of evaporation by heat, the calorific agency is applied below the matters to be acted upon. But here the liquid, requiring to be reduced to a state of solidity, is placed in a long shallow receptacle, over the surface of which a rolling flame of intense heat is driven by a restless blast. This fiery agency sweeps from end to end of the saline stream; and, as it darts on its way, lifts up and bears on its molten wings the lighter particles of moisture, which accompany it through many

subterranean vaults of giant magnitude, and finally find their way up the towering chimney.

The thirsty flame is allowed to feed upon the liquor, until the latter becomes so concentrated that, upon cooling, it deposits the salt held by it in solution in the shape of fine, white, solid, many-sided crystals. In another and far cooler factory we find this solidifying liquor in the course of doing what we thus learn about it. Wooden cisterns or vats are standing about us, brim full of the bright, clear liquor. At the bottom of these tanks we perceive, on peeping down, a collection of the crystals; whilst in a further corner of the shed a number of men are busily occupied in shovelling quantities of these same crystals of soda into casks ready for sale, the waste liquor having been first run off. Those who are in the habit of seeing "washing-soda" in handfals at a time have small conception of the vast importance of the manufacture for general purposes. The trade in this simple article—which may be bought retail for something like a farthing a pound—amounts in the aggregate to the yearly value of a million sterling; a hundred and fifty thousand tons being annually produced of this and the ordinary soda-ash. These articles are chiefly employed in the manufacture of soap and glass; and for the cleaning and bleaching cotton and linen goods.

There is now the muriatic acid room, a department smaller than the other. Magazines of salt are stored up in the vicinity. This, indeed, is the basis of the acid. Here again, the Wizard is all-powerful. The salt, or muriate of soda is blended with sulphuric acid, which possessing a greater power over the soda of the salt than its muriatic fellow, seizes it, appropriates it, and by the violence of its proceedings, compels the remaining acid to mount up in the form of acidulous vapour, which, passing away through stoneware channels into reservoirs, becomes muriatic acid.

This fighting and mastery of the acids; this gaseous flight of the muriatic particles of the salt, is going on all day long. It is at its height as we enter the scene of the conflict. A sharp puncturing in the nostrils, which darts up as it were to the very brain, a twinge as if a thousand needles were perforating my throat, a winking of the eyes similar to that produced by hot blasts of sand in the great African wilderness, combine to make me regret having ventured within such unpleasant precincts. It is impossible to stand acid-proof against the horrid vapour that permeates my inmost man. I am blinded, choked and wretched. I look in vain for some exit from this inferno. The deputy Wizard is perfectly indifferent to any such sensation as I suffer from. He is adamant, and wishes to detain me to explain the process; but I intimate that I know all about it; that the thing

is perfectly clear; and that I will pass on at once. I enter another capacious desert; but I pass from discomfort to torture; from choking to strangulation. It is in vain I apply handkerchiefs to my nostrils and mouth; the subtle poison defies every effort. Death is in the air: the upas tree was an olive-branch to this destroying atmosphere; and, heedless of the unruffled guide, I rush out by the first opening I can find; knocking over half-a-dozen young stokers who impede my progress.

The terrible sense of strangulation is produced by the chlorine gas yielded by a mixture of muriatic acid and manganese; and which gas, being passed through tubes into a chamber half-filled with finely powdered lime, combines with it, and makes chloride of lime or bleaching powder, used most extensively for whitening many substances. The annual production of this is fully one hundred and fifty thousand tons: of which a hundred and twenty tons are made weekly at this one establishment.

The raising so lofty a chimney at such a large outlay was at the time a work of necessity, in order to convey the spent vapours of the acid works beyond the reach of human lungs. Singular to relate, within a month of its completion a method was discovered by which these vapours could be rendered perfectly harmless. Thus the enormous expense of the huge fabric might have been saved, had the inventor been but a little earlier in the field.

The Wizard's hungry furnaces burn so fiercely, that a shipload of coals is daily consumed within their devouring jaws; equal in one year to not less than a hundred thousand tons. His wondrous products are wafted to all parts of the habitable globe by ship, by railroad, by canal. Not a country but is indebted to him for some gift from out his precious storehouse. All profit by his skill; all are indebted to his science for more or less of good; and yet how few know, or knowing recognise, the mind which by its potency works out the marvels of this daily magic, converting earths, and stones, and refuse matter to things that scatter riches in their after course through many lands.

THE CASKET.

Within a casket of corporeal clay

There lies enshrined a vast unvalued treasure;
Whose sparkling gems flash brightly day by day,
Dazzling, or soothing, in their various measure.

Some lock the casket jealously, and hide

Its brilliant wealth within the dark recesses;
That not a transient sparkle thence can glide
To fall in secret on the world it blesses.

Some cautiously and gently raise the lid,

Yet stop half-way and fear to open wider;
As though it were Pandora's box, or hid
The winged steed, with its enchanted rider.

Others, less chary, spread them forth to view,

By world-wide gratitude and fame rewarded;
None in Time's records have been found to rue
The use of gifts which timid misers hoarded.

Yet must those gems still in their casket lie,

And oft imperfect be the light they render;
The lid may be uncovered, but no eye
Of mortal man may see their fullest splendour.

Let them blaze forth with all the brilliance, now,

That they can yield within their earthly prison;
With gleaming wealth a darkened world endow,
To serve its need, till endless day has risen!

A WALLACHIAN SQUIRE.

We had once the honour to be received at the country-house of a Wallachian Boyard, or country gentleman. It was situated some twenty miles north of Bucharest in the midst of the mountains; which, though they had not the grandeur of the Carpathian range, were still sufficiently picturesque. After we had traversed the plain and gone for two or three miles through valleys, the slopes of which were thickly clothed with trees, we beheld the house situated at the extremity of a long clearing, dotted here and there with oaks so as somewhat to resemble an English park. On the skirts of the forest to the left was a Zigan village with huts, not buried in the ground as is usual on the plain, but scattered here and there amidst heaps of rubbish and piles of firewood. The men were employed in constructing a dam across a stream which flowed down the centre of the valley, with what object we forgot to inquire. A number of naked children came running out as we approached, walking our tired horses, and laughed or barked at us like so many curs. We threw them a zwanziger or two, and went on.

The house was little more, to all outward appearance, than a large shed or barn; except that there was a broad portico in front supported by six lengths of pine trees with the bark still on. A number of servants, all evidently of Zigan race, came out in a turbulent manner to receive us. Some took our horses, others our cloaks, others our riding whips; whilst others contented themselves with uttering certain set compliments in the name of the master of the house; who, it appeared, had gone out in the morning on a bear hunt, and had not yet returned. Madame Lanszneck, however, was in her saloon, into which we were ushered. We were already accustomed at Bucharest to the mixture of French with Eastern habits; but we had expected in this outlandish place to find few traces of European refinement. We were mistaken. The saloon, it is true, was surrounded on three sides by the indispensable divan; but, in the centre, were mahogany tables covered with music and caricatures fresh from Paris, and surrounded by chairs as elegant and uncomfortable as if they had only just arrived from the Chaussée D'Antin.

I suspect that Madame and her daughter had been reclining in true Eastern style upon the divan; and an expiring coal upon the floor, and a certain cloudy perfume suggested that one of them, at least, had been indulging in the luxury of a cigar. Warned of our approach, however, the mother had thrown herself in an easy posture on an arm-chair, ready to rise gracefully to receive us; whilst the daughter had taken her place at the piano between two windows, and was playing a polka with the music of one of Hertz's quadrilles open before her. The great bane of Wallachian society is this incessant imitation of French manners. Half the time of the ladies is occupied in playing a part totally foreign to their character; which is essentially Eastern. They have the talent of imitation in a remarkable degree; and as a rule, are so graceful and beautiful that any manners sit well upon them. Nothing can be more fascinating than the grace with which the forms of polished society sit upon them, when these are, every now and then, broken through by indications of almost barbarous simplicity.

Our reception was most hospitable; and although we were not quite prepared to talk of the last new opera or to give our opinion on M. Lamartine's latest poem, the afternoon was pleasantly spent until the arrival of the Boyard himself, with several other persons; some visitors, like us, from Bucharest, others inhabiting neighbouring villas. Their entry reminded us once more of our whereabouts. The Boyard, who had already laid aside his hunting costume, was dressed in the true style of Wallachian aristocracy. On his head he wore a great black cap partly in the form of a turban, so completely concealing his hair that he seemed to be shaved like a Turk. He wore his black beard. A long tunic, handsomely embroidered, and a pelisse, edged with fur, set off a frame of remarkable vigour. Round his waist was a splendid shawl; in which, as a sign of rank, was stuck a richly-mounted yataghan. On his feet were boots of soft yellow leather. The other men were dressed in a somewhat similar manner, though less splendidly. In their behaviour the struggle could at once be seen between sturdy barbarism and a desire to imitate the forms of civilisation. We could not help smiling to see a tall fellow, six feet high, with a pointed cap and yellow pelisse, standing behind Mademoiselle Lanszneck and lisping out a request that she would play or sing—he was madly fond of the piano, still more madly of song, especially if it were Italian; and, whilst the stout Boyard was calling for a pipe to while away the time that was yet to intervene until dinner, the young lady, in a rich voice full of Eastern accentuation, gave us *Comme per sereno*. The gentleman in the yellow pelisse stood behind, turning over the leaves, and lifting up his eyes to the ceiling in admiration. The bubbling of the water-pipes—for everybody

else was smoking—formed an agreeable accompaniment.

About five o'clock a stout fellow, with an apron tied under his armpits and descending to the ankles, showed himself at a side door, and chanted out: "*Chouba yesté gata*—the soup is on the table." Upon which Yellow Pelisse—who seemed to be claiming a right—gave his arm to the young lady, whilst we endeavoured to become the escort of Madame. This custom is new in Wallachia, and everybody, therefore, is so careful to attend to it, that my arm came in contact with several elbows thrust out at the same time. Whilst we were apologising, the Boyard laughed good-humouredly; and, taking his lady by the hand, led the way.

The dinner was half Eastern half European. First came an excellent soup, made of mutton and fowls in equal proportions; then followed several kinds of fruit, and a piece of stewed beef. Two or three ragouts, more than one species of delicious fish, succeeded; and there were several dishes of roast meat. Decanters of common red wine were plentifully distributed; and now and then, a great silver goblet was filled with genuine tokay, from which the Boyard himself first sipped, and then sent it round to all the guests in succession. We had the honour of drinking after the lovely Mademoiselle Lanszneck, at which Mr. Yellow Pelisse, who was on the other side of her, seemed rather hurt, and revenged himself by draining the goblet nearly to the bottom. At first every one, according to the custom of the country, ate in dismal silence; but, after the second course, the conversation became general and lively. I could not at first understand why all the company by degrees raised their voices almost into a scream. I caught myself shouting like a boatswain, and suddenly discovered that a window had been thrown open, and that half a dozen Zigans without had begun to regale us with a concert. At first the notes of their instruments were low and melancholy; but they had worked themselves up into enthusiasm as they went on, and were treating us to a storm of music. What struck me principally was, that—although this accompaniment, when brought up to that pitch, appeared to me detestable, and gave me a splitting headache—the Wallachians felt or affected such raptures at the sound of civilised music, that they were thrown into ecstasies, and Mademoiselle herself gave the signal of applause by laying down her knife and fork and clapping her hands; certainly not with any wish to draw attention to the white and taper beauty of her fingers; the nails of which were tipped with a beautiful rosy flush.

After the dessert we were surprised by what seemed an imitation of English manners. The ladies rose and left the gentlemen alone to drink and smoke. We afterwards learned that this had always been the custom in Wallachia, ever since the time when ladies

were admitted to the table at all; for of old, according to the general custom in the East, the lords of the creation used to eat alone, whilst the women attended on them with the servants. We were served at table by Zigans dressed in sheepskin tunics like all their fellows, and with loose Turkish trousers. They were more numerous than the guests, and seemed as handy and dexterous as Parisian waiters.

Whilst we were enjoying our pipes, we saw through the open window a number of persons on horseback, accompanied by a great waggon, drawn by six oxen. In it we could discover a crowd of elegant bonnets of the last Parisian fashion; and were told, on inquiry, that a party collected at the residence of another Boyard in the neighbourhood had been invited over to spend the evening. Shortly afterwards, indeed, we were summoned from the table by the sound of a waltz; and on returning to the saloon, were ordered instantly to seek for partners. We noticed that Yellow Pelisse got up rather solemnly from his seat; but fell down upon it again, overcome either by champagne or jealousy; for he did not make his appearance until an hour afterwards, when he whispered confidentially to everybody that he had taken four cups of black coffee.

With the exception of the odd effects produced by the contrast of the Eastern costumes of the men and the European dress of the women, there was little to distinguish this from an European *soirée*. The Boyard sat like a pacha in the corner of his divan, smoking a narghileh, and was now and then joined by some of the dancers. From time to time a slave brought round ices and sherbets. There was a good deal of flirtation, and the black eyes of Miss Amine Zlonasko left a deep impression upon one of my companions. Also, there was almost a quarrel between Yellow Pelisse and a young Boyard of the neighbourhood who was too particular in his pretensions to Mademoiselle Lanszneck. However, these are not characteristic traits. It is more necessary, perhaps, to mention, that about eleven o'clock most of the young men gave up dancing on pretence of fatigue, and disappeared into a side room; where, on following them, we found that they were playing at cards for pretty high stakes. Gambling is one of the principal plagues of all semi-civilised Eastern countries. It is a lazy amusement and suits the temperament of the people. Many Boyards in former times have been known to gamble for their serfs; and an instance is mentioned in which a thousand Zigans changed masters by a single turn of the cards. On the present occasion matters did not go so far; but Yellow Pelisse, on whom the black coffee had not produced its proper effect, lost a horse, and the Boyard himself was cleared of some hundred roubles.

Meanwhile, the ladies, deserted by their partners, were singing or playing at *pigeon*

sole, the vicissitudes of which game produced roars of laughter. My friend joined in, and his presence of mind having been entirely destroyed by the black eyes, was constantly caught napping. One of his punishments was characteristic. It was imposed by a sprightly little widow; who ordered him to go and risk five dollars in a bet for her profit at the card table. He did so; and had the satisfaction of handing her over sufficient, as she said, to pay for a new bonnet.

The party broke up rather late, and we were not sorry to be shown at length into a nice little room, with a comfortable French bedstead, upon which we threw ourselves quite worn out by our long morning's ride, and the excitement which had succeeded it. My friend told me next morning that he had dreamed of nothing but black eyes—we mean those of Mademoiselle Amine—and he was in despair when we appeared at a late breakfast, to hear that the young lady had fluttered away on a visit to a distant villa.

BOUQUETS.

It must be owned, that real living flowers are fragile beings. They have a butterfly existence as well as a butterfly beauty, when worn on the person or in the dress. On this account the making of artificial flowers becomes a really desirable and beautiful art, in so far as the productions are correct imitations of natural flowers. Approximations of course they can only be; but in respect to colour and form, these approximations are now wonderfully close. We are not quite certain whether attempts have yet been made to give to each imitative flower the scent which belongs to the real flower; but there would seem to be no insuperable difficulties in the matter, provided the taste of the wearers terded in that direction.

If we cut open an artificial flower to see how it is made, and how enabled to behave itself beautifully, we shall see not a little to excite our surprise and approval. Here, in this group, every petal, every leaf, every stem, every bud, every calyx, every stamen and pistil, and stigma and anther, is imitated with surprising closeness and success. And if we examine further, we find how much tact is displayed in selecting materials and substances suitable for the imitative purposes. The petals of flowers are imitated not only by cambric, but by ribbon, feathers, silk-worm cocoons, taffeta, velvet, and even thin laminæ of stained whalebone. The stems, made of wire, have an envelope of coloured paper or silk, or some other substance varying according to the texture of the real stem. The leaves are mostly of cambric, but sometimes of other woven material. Seeds and buds and small fruit give rise to a busy search for successful counterfeits among bits of glass and bits of wax and other morsels. All this, be it remembered, relates to the ordinary

artificial flowers of which a very beautiful group can be purchased for something like a shilling : but there is an immense variety of substances employed other than woven materials.

In many of the specimens of artificial flowers, especially those of French manufacture, the truthfulness of imitation is very remarkable. Not only are roses and lilies and hot-house plants represented as in the full bloom of their floral existence ; but even in their declining or decaying state, with the leaves more or less withered, and the blight and the canker-worm busily engaged at their mischief. We are not quite sure that this is to be commended. The object in view is not simply to imitate Nature, but to imitate her beauties. Blight and canker-worm are no beauties, and these are sometimes simulated with painful success. The Dutch painters frequently made a similar mistake ; they imitated with marvellous fidelity, and the things imitated were often such as we would rather be without. Let us, however, forget the blight and canker-worm, and remember only the plants in their beauty. These plants, be it observed, are not merely flowers in full bloom, but plants in many other stages of their botanical existence ; and they thus really become useful object-lessons. Sometimes the same plant is exhibited in three or four successive stages ;—in bud, in blossom, in full maturity, and in drooping decay ; sometimes there are orchideous plants, and hop plants, and vine twigs, and oats, rye, and wheat ; sometimes the blue and red autumnal parasitic flowers are imitated ; such as the ivy, and oak leaf and the acorn. A beautiful exercise of skill is that by which the various grasses are imitated. In them the superior botanical knowledge of the French artist is manifested ; from the "reedy sedge to the quaking grass," the tufts of various kinds are faithfully imitated in various stages of progress towards ripeness or decay. There are occasionally produced clusters of heath springs, the flowers of which, though not so large as a barleycorn, are supported each on an individual stem. A lady was once looking at a beautiful group of artificial grasses and mosses ; she says—"A rough but intelligent country lad, who stood beside me for some minutes, after a gaze of silent wonder, broke out with the best compliment I had heard to the fidelity of these imitations, by remarking, in his own vernacular, that they only wanted a bird's nest to be nature itself."

Artificial flower-making is not an insignificant trade. An inquiry was made into the industrial statistics of Paris in eighteen hundred and forty-seven, which lets us into a little secret in this matter. The total manufacture of cambric flowers in that year was prodigious, amounting in value to more than four hundred thousand pounds sterling. We, in England, only took twelve thousand

pounds' worth of this value ; for we pride ourselves on being able to make our own artificial flowers. The cambric, muslin, gauze, velvet, silk, and other materials were procured from St. Etienne, St. Quentin, and Lyons ; the dyes and colours were prepared expressly for the purpose by manufacturing chemists ; the buds, leaves, petals, stamens, pistils, and other component parts, were made in small workshops by persons who each attended to only one part of a flower ; while the whole were fitted together in other workshops. Even these workshops are frequently limited to one single kind of flower each ; so completely is the division of labour carried out. There were about fifty small manufacturers of petals and stamens and other component parts, employing about five hundred persons ; while there were nearly six hundred dealers or vendors, who employed nearly six thousand persons in building up the various integers into whole groups of flowers. Of this immense number of persons, about five thousand were women, whose average earnings were estimated at about twenty-pence per day. Several of the manufacturers effect sales to the amount of ten thousand pounds a year each. We must therefore regard French flower manufacturers as commercial men of notable import.

Some of the French flowers are so extraordinary that they court criticism aided by magnifying-glasses ; and sometimes even then it remains doubtful what materials have been used. The French go to work in the right spirit in these matters ; for their best flower-makers are practical botanists, who pass through regular courses of study, until they become familiar with every minute peculiarity in the structure of a flower. The manufacturers, too, will not be content with a mere close imitation of nature ; they require a delicate taste to be possessed by the *monteurs* who form the flowers into bouquets, head-wreaths, and dress-trimmings. The very same flowers made up into the very same kind of group, will sell for double the money when made by a popular *monteur*, which they will command if made up by one of less note. This is elevating artificial flower-making to something approaching to a fine art. Besides the posey or the nosegay, there are the wreaths of orange blossom, and the sea-weed garlands, and the coral chaplets, and the wreaths of little water-plants, and the chaplets of corn-plants—all require an artistic building up, after the bits of cambric and sarsenet and wire have been made into flowers.

It is a dainty work to make a rose of these simple materials. Petals, and leaves, and calyx, and buds, and stem, and stalk—all have to be imitated ; and no little taste is required in the selection of materials which have the requisite texture of surface and shade of colour. The busy fingers of the workwoman, when about to make the petals of the rose, cut out very fine cambric by

means of punches, of which she has as many different sizes as there are petals in the rose to be imitated. Then she, or some other dexterous worker, holds each petal by a light grasp with pincers, dips it into carmine dye, then dips it into water (to soften the intensity of the colour near the edges), then touches it with a brush to deepen the tint near the centre, and then brushes in the tints of any little variegated spots or markings which the petal may require. While the petals are thus receiving their form and adornments, the leaves are being fashioned by other hands. They consist of small pieces of Florentine sarsenet, previously dyed to the proper tint, and then stretched while wet, that they may dry out smoothly. We all know that the two surfaces of a leaf present very different appearances; and the cunning of the imitator does not neglect this circumstance; for while she glazes one surface of her sarsenet leaf with thin gum-water, she imitates the velvet texture of the other with a layer of fine flock or cloth-powder, or sometimes by means of a wash of coloured starch-water. Nor are the ribs of the leaves neglected; for several leaves, placed one upon another, are pressed between *gauffroirs* or gossamer-irons of such patterns as to give the requisite markings or embossment. The little leaves or leaflets which form the calyx are cut or punched out of sarsenet, stiffened with starch-water after the dyeing.

The tiny buds are curiosities; they go beyond the region of cambrie or sarsenet; for they are often made of kid, dyed or painted to the proper tint, stuffed out into bud-like shape by an interior of cotton, or of gummed flax, or of crumb of bread, and tied with silk to pieces of thin iron wire. Whether Nature can make a bud more easily than a petal, she does not tell us; but Nature's imitators certainly find that it requires a greater variety of materials. By the aid of bits of brass wire and little knots of silk, the stamens and their anthers are imitated; and, by dipping the little silken anther into a glutinous liquid, it is made to retain a few very small seeds which represent the pollen. When these and a few other component parts are completed, and when an imitative stalk has been made by coating iron wire with cotton and green paper, the whole are built up artistically together into the form of a rose—a rose not intended to “blush unseen,” for it will parade itself very bravely on some tasteful bonnet or jaunty cap; nor to “waste its sweetness on the desert air,” for it happens that cambrie, and sarsenet, and kid, and gum-water, and flock, and wire have no sweetness to waste.

Far be it from us to say that this is the only mode of making a rose. Little do we doubt that all sorts of substitutes could be found for all of these materials, under the skilful hands of our magic rose-makers. Nay, those who look about them with well-opened

eyes will meet with artificial flowers made of feathers, of shells, of wax, of insects, of lace, of hair, of coral, of sea-weed, of ivory, of whalebone, of cloves, of nutmeg, of pimento, of gems, of maple, of box, of satin wood, of ebony—even of granite and marble and coal. One of the most beautiful productions displayed in the greatest of great exhibitions was a group of flowers made of Brazilian feathers. The South American birds are unrivalled in any part of the world for the gorgeous splendour of their plumage, and this plumage thus becomes a fitting material for imitating the equally dazzling splendour of South American flowers. The specimen under notice was a bouquet of flowers, including those of the coffee, cotton, and tobacco plants, all made of Brazilian feathers. English shells are, for the most part, far from being sufficiently beautiful for this art; yet those of the Atlantic are sometimes made up into delicate and lovely bouquets.

We must now do honour to the artists in wax. Miss Agnes Strickland in her life of James the Second's second wife, has something to say about wax flowers. “The beautiful imitations of natural flowers in wax which have lately afforded an attractive exercise for the taste and ingenuity of many of our youthful countrywomen, were first introduced into England by the mother of Mary Beatrice, as a present to her royal daughter; as we find by the following passage in a contemporary letter from a correspondent of the Lady Margaret Russell, which gives some information relative to the ornamental works then in vogue among ladies of rank in the court of Mary Beatrice. ‘In gum flowers, Mrs. Booth tells me you and she is to do something in that work which I suppose must be extraordinary. I hope it will be as great perfection as the fine wax-work y^e queen has, of nun's work, of fruit and flowers, that her mother did put up for her, and now she has 'em both for her chapel and her rooms. I do not know whether they be the four seasons of the year, but they say they are done so well, that they that see 'em can hardly think 'em other than the real.’”

Who can forget, after having once seen them, the recent productions of our lady wax flower-makers! How this simple material is fashioned into glorious imitative flowers is something to be admired and marvelled at. Wax faces we do not like: they are always—waxy; but the soft texture of wax renders it well suited for imitating flowers.

Wax flower-making has its literature. One authoress—in a smart little blue-covered, gilt-edged, hot-pressed, coloured-plated Royal Guide to Wax-Flower Modelling—tells her readers what they will have to procure, before they can become amateur artists in wax flowers. How that they must have white wax, yellow wax, orange wax, pink wax, and green wax; that they must have

an ivory pin with a large head, two steel pins with china heads, about a dozen bottles of different coloured powders, an assortment of large and small brushes, saucers and little slabs of white marble, green and white wire, scissors and down, and smalt, and sepia, and lake; that the wax must be soft, dull on one side, and sufficiently opaque to need no painting on the wrong side or under side of a flower; that the large ivory pin is useful for the Victoria Regia, the water lily, and other royal flowers; while the two smaller pins are of use for flowers of lesser magnitude; that the cake colours are to be rubbed down with the coloured powders before using; that the large white wire is to be used for the stems of dahlias and camellias, and such like flowers; the finer white wire to support the petals, and the green wire to make stems. The lady-artist then explains how to mix the colours and powders to produce the required tints; how to use the curling-pins, and the scissors, and the brushes. And then she takes, one by one, the principal kinds of flowers, and describes the method of modelling them in wax—the crocus, the snowdrop, the primrose, the violet, the anemone, the tulip, the narcissus, the jonquil, the daisy, the wallflower, the rhododendron, the jasmine, the rose in a dozen or so of varieties, the carnation, the myrtle, the honeysuckle, the fuchsia, the forget-me-not, the geranium, the mignonette, the orange blossom, the lily, the dahlia, the camellia, the passion-flower, the hollyhock, the cactus—all pass in succession under notice, and the means of imitating all are described. Let us see whether we can understand how to make a waxen snowdrop. "This charming pensive little flower should be prepared from double white wax. It consists of six petals, like its companion the crocus. The longest are left perfectly white, the others striped upon the inside with very light green paint; and upon the opposite or exterior side of the petal is placed a triangular green spot, near the off end. Cut a fine green wire, three inches long; cover it with a strip of light green wax, and affix to the end the stamina, cut from yellow wax. Place round these the striped petals, and those that are quite white immediately between; finish off the same by placing a little double green wax at the end of the flower, which forms the calyx; the flower-stem is then to be attached to a stronger stem: where they are united place a small sheath, cut from lemon wax, tinged round the edge with light green. The leaves are rather narrow, not so dark as the crocus, made from double wax. The head of the pin is merely rolled down the centre: they are attached a short way down the stem."

The largest flower yet modelled in wax is of course the magnificent Victoria Regia, that wonderful and peerless plant with the round table-top leaves; but the largest groups mount to four or five feet in height; and we have heard of mythic hundreds of pounds at which

such groups have been valued, and glass shades to cover them which beat all other glass shades in existence hollow.

AMONG THE SHALLOWS.

We trust there may be found no Star-chamber matter in it, but we have a belief that justice sometimes runs aground among the Shallows. In spite of their lineage, descended as they all are from Robert Shallow, esquire, in the county of Gloster, justice of peace and coram—ay, and eust alorum—ay, and ratolorum, and gentleman born, who wrote himself armigero.

When transportation was a ready punishment for all offenders there was odd-handed justice administered at quarter sessions, and in other high judicial places. There used to be a power given by the law to transport any one for larceny who had been once convicted of a felony. The power was one that required much tact and delicacy in the handling, and anything that requires tact and delicacy in the handling, it was natural to entrust to the keeping of the Shallow family, just as it might be natural for any man dealing extensively in glass and china to engage an elephant or bull as shop-walker. Such animals would promptly call attention to the delicacy of the wares.

So far as that last matter is concerned, we will take the part of elephant, and show some of the delicacies of the law. In the first place, it is well known that a true Shallow—honorary or stipendiary—must be terrible; 'tis in his blood; rogues and particularly vagabonds—who are the worst kind of rogues—must tremble when he clears his throat. He knows that what is worth doing is worth doing well; he does not like half measures of punishment; seven years' transportation is the lowest figure at which he can be said to do business with any degree of pleasure, and if a prisoner be rude, or should call Verges a pig, or fail in a just admiration of the court, his worship is ready to say another seven, make the term fourteen, and close the bargain. Thus Colonel Jebb informed the public in his report for eighteen hundred and fifty, that "During the last ten years there has not been an average of more than ten or twelve persons sentenced to a longer period than two years' imprisonment, and less than four hundred and fifty to two years and above one year; whereas the number sentenced to periods of seven years' and ten years' transportation has varied from three thousand nine hundred and twenty-one to two thousand two hundred and twenty-six." Furthermore we may add, that by the tables of criminal offenders for the year last closed, it appears that only three persons were sentenced to imprisonment for periods exceeding two years, and less than six hundred were imprisoned for two years or between one and two. But there were two or three thousand

transported for from seven to ten years, and of those eight hundred and forty-seven were so sentenced for simple acts of larceny. So we see what sort of sentencing the Shallows used to relish, and the great sweep lately made upon the transportation system must, it is to be feared, leave them as disconsolate as an alderman after a waiter has run off with his unfinished callipash and callipee.

Now, let us look under the surface, and ascertain if we can how justice is justified in these her ways. We take up an "Abstract Return of Persons tried for Larceny at Courts of Quarter Sessions for the Counties of Berks, Dorset, Somerset, Southampton (including the Isle of Wight), Sussex, and Wiltshire, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-nine." Here we read that in the county of Berkshire four persons, for thefts to the amount of eighteen and sixpence, received transportation to the amount of eight-and-twenty years; that in Dorsetshire thirteen persons, for thefts to the amount of sixty-one shillings and sixpence, received transportation to the amount of one hundred and twelve years; that in Wiltshire seventeen persons, for thefts to the value of four pounds and ninepence, received transportation to the amount of one hundred and thirty-two years; and again in Sussex eight persons, for thefts to the aggregate amount of fourteen shillings and sixpence, received transportation to the amount of sixty-two years, or the very great judicial bargain of four years and five months of convict life for the small sum of one shilling. Taking four dozen cases out of this report, and reckoning them up, we find that twelve pounds nine shillings and a pennyworth of larceny got in exchange three hundred and seventy-six years of transportation.

But we are still dealing in generalities. It is possible for a shilling to be stolen in a way that is more absolutely wicked than some other theft of fifty pounds. The robbers of the widow's mite cannot be punished too severely. Down we come, therefore, to special cases; and, not to be partial, will quit the south, and travel north to Yorkshire for them, after we have turned a few more abstract facts out of the Abstract Report now in our hands. In Dorset, G. B. received ten years' transportation for a shilling, T. C. ten years'. In Wiltshire, W. N., convicted on two charges—one for stealing property worth two shillings, and the other for property worth three—received seven years for the two shillings, and ten for the three; so that for five shillings he had seventeen years of the public hospitality.

Now we will take a special note or two, and observe what kind of larcenies they are which have brought down these thunderbolts from the Joves enthroned at Quarter Sessions. At the Spring Sessions for the East Riding of Yorkshire last year, George Ingram was transported for ten years; he had stolen five

pigeons. At the Midsummer Sessions of the same Riding, William Sanders was transported for ten years; finding a dead sheep, he had taken half of it. At the Norfolk Quarter Sessions for March eighteen hundred and fifty-three, William Flood was transported for ten years; he had stolen a faggot. At the same Sessions James Whip was transported for ten years, as a man who had received a coat, knowing it to be stolen, upon the sole evidence of the thief himself, who was the means of bringing him to justice.

At the Liverpool Borough Sessions, James MacGovan effected a great bargain—the wares of justice were in this case in fact given away like so much bankrupt stock; he obtained ten years' transportation for the sum of threepence-halfpenny.

At the Norfolk Quarter Sessions, last Midsummer, John Landimore for three successive thefts of corn from the same owner, received three successive sentences, and was transported accordingly for the term of thirty years. At the Leicester Borough Sessions last June, William Barret got ten years for tenpence. On the part of the justices, if we regard them as the shop-keepers of law, this must be considered very reckless trading.

Then, too, it is not fair trading. The very same County Criminal Reports, out of which we can pick forty-eight persons who had stolen, in all, less than thirteen pounds, and were therefore transported for three hundred and seventy-six years, being on an average seven or eight years per man, supply us also with the cases of another set of forty-eight prisoners who had stolen thirty times as much, in all more than four hundred pounds, and whose aggregate punishment was the mere trifle of imprisonment for sixteen years, two months and three days, being on an average four or five months per man. All depends on the temper, or the stomach, or the greater or less degree of shallowness in the particular cousin Shallow who may, in each case, be the prevailing dignitary.

We will not confine ourselves to generalities in making these comparisons. Let us take, here again, some sample cases from the busbel ready to our hand. At the Dorset Quarter Sessions one November, a man, for a robbery of eighty pounds, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. At the same Sessions, for the same offence at Midsummer, another man was sentenced to be transported for fourteen years. J. D. was then sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment for stealing ten pounds; but, at the Epiphany Sessions, E. A., who stole ten pounds, was imprisoned for two years. At the Michaelmas Sessions, R. F., for stealing property worth threepence, was sentenced to imprisonment for one day, and S. B., an old man of seventy, for a theft of the same magnitude, was sentenced to imprisonment for one year with hard labour.

At the Somerset Epiphany Sessions, eighteen hundred and forty-nine, W. H., for a three-

halfpenny theft was imprisoned for six months; and, at the Michaelmas Adjourned Sessions, B. C. received precisely the same punishment for a robbery of thirty-seven pounds.

At the Epiphany Sessions for Hampshire, eighteen hundred and forty-nine, T. W. received, for twenty-three pounds, six months' imprisonment, when J. G. got seven years of transportation for a shilling. We could continue almost indefinitely these chronicles of the Shallow family. We stop because they are becoming tedious. It is right, however, before we turn to other and more sensible topics, to point out that the inequalities of punishment thus evident are not to be accounted for by any theory within the reach of ordinary logic. They have little, and generally nothing, to do with previous convictions or the merits of the cases. We will show this by one or two other samples for which we have only to dip our hands into the bag.

At the Sussex Sessions, Midsummer eighteen hundred and forty-nine, S. H. was convicted upon three several charges for stealing property to the value of about eight pounds. He was sentenced to three days' imprisonment; upon a fourth case, for robbery to the value of three pounds, being proved against him, he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. But at the same Sessions, J. P. was sentenced for a theft of four shillings to one week's imprisonment, and, upon the proving of a second case against him—a theft of one pound, twelve and ninepence—was transported for seven years.

At the Norwich Assizes last July, John Brown, who had been previously convicted of felony, was indicted with three other persons on three separate charges for stealing wheat, the property of the same prosecutor. He was found guilty on each indictment and imprisoned for eighteen months. But at the Norfolk Quarter Sessions last June, John Landimore, before mentioned, who had never before been convicted, was indicted with three others for the same offence in precisely the same way, and was transported for thirty years.

We have quoted a sentence of ten years' transportation for the theft of a faggot. The thief had certainly been once before convicted. But at the Woodbridge Summer Sessions, Thomas Longford was proved to have stolen two faggots and to have been once before convicted, yet was only imprisoned for six months; and at the East Kent Midsummer Sessions Thomas Longford, who stole three faggots and had been twice before convicted, had only a sentence of twelve months' imprisonment.

At the Norwich City Sessions last July, Thomas Cudden, for stealing one pig, was imprisoned for twelve months; when at the same Sessions, six months before, Samuel

Brighton, who stole seven pigs, had only been imprisoned nine months, though he had been previously convicted of house-breaking and there had been recorded against him sentence of death.

Two boys, sixteen years old, were sentenced at the last York Summer Assizes to transportation, one for fifteen and the other for twenty years, in punishment for a theft of six shillings and sixpence from the person. A month afterwards, at the Liverpool Assizes, L., D., B., P. and K. were found guilty of a serious burglary. L., D., B. and P. had been convicted previously for felonies. L. had been convicted before of burglary and suffered eighteen months' imprisonment; had also been convicted of felony on one other occasion, six times again as a reputed thief. D. had been twice before found guilty of felony, and several times summarily convicted. P. had been twice convicted of felony, and once transported for ten years; also seven times summarily convicted. Punishments were distributed among them, varying from twelve months' imprisonment to twelve years' transportation; but not one of them had such a bargain as that allowed to the two boys who got between them thirty-five years of transportation for a highway robbery of six-and-sixpence.

It is not our matter that is now exhausted, but our patience. We must quit the Shallows. When we have found out how to paint lilies roses, we shall have learnt how to comment upon facts like these.

ONLY AN EARTHQUAKE.

Since the nuisance of a three or four weeks' quarantine has been abated, a run in Albania has been as natural to us of Corfu as a run in Wales may be to Londoners. It is twenty years since I first made a holiday trip on the mainland, with which I have since had occasion to become thoroughly familiar. Twenty years, however, do not dim the recollection of a merry holiday among the mountains, by a man who throughout life has been engaged, mostly, in climbing up and down an office stool.

I then glided across the smooth water between Corfu and Albania with three young officers—middle-aged men now, not to say elderly—delighting in their escape from garrison routine. The wind failing us, we finally rowed into the custom-house station of Sajades at the close of a long summer's day, and landed on the rough mole there provided. We were annoyed but little by official questioning, and as I had a note of introduction to the chief custom-house functionary, he very politely offered to us the accommodation of his private rooms, and promised that horses and mules should be sent for and got ready, so that we might set out upon our trip at dawn.

The custom-house building, seen, as we

saw it then, by torch-light, with the groups about it, made a pleasant scene. It was an upper story reared on columns, or say rather piles, some of wood, some of stone, some of brick; there was a ladder up to the front door, and under and about the house, lighted by torches and the rising moon, were scattered bales of goods, baggage, and merchandise of all sorts landed there or there awaiting embarkation. The ground was occupied too by the horses and the mules that brought the bales or that were to carry them away; there were small heaps of fodder that the cattle were to eat, and on the heaps of fodder there lay ragged boys asleep, set there to watch the property. Their sleeping brought no loss upon the animals, who kept guard for themselves over their provender. Those Eastern horses use their teeth upon the slightest provocation, and their heels too, with considerable energy. I shall never forget how I was once seized about the ribs and bitten into by an Arab steed, as though he were a schoolboy biting at an apple; and on that night, as we threaded our way to the ladder, among watchful quadrupeds, one of my military friends was laid low by a kick, from the effects of which he suffered throughout the remainder of our journey. When we had mounted to the door and got into the building, there was a great noise of talking suddenly hushed, and under a cloud of the smoke that had risen, and was then rising from a hundred and fifty to two hundred pipes, we saw that number of Albanian muleteers and countrymen, in picturesque attire, all stopping in their talk to look at us. They were not all in one room, but every door being open, there was a quaint vista made, extremely pleasant to the eye; the only sense, let me say, that received gratification. The men resumed their chattering in groups of six, ten, twelve, or sometimes twenty; the noise was bewildering, and the air was thick with the stench of garlic, onions, and tobacco. We were conducted by the custom-house chief into his private office, where he showed us a spare corner which he placed at our disposal. Here, presently, we supped upon a fish that we had just seen taken from the sea, and a hen that had been fetched out of her first nap to grill upon a fire that we could see flaring on a patch of brickwork in the midst of an adjoining room.

After supper we decamped, for we had made up our minds that it was better to sleep in our boat, under the summer moonlight, than lie under cover to be tortured. Every man of us was having his flesh torn by a thousand piners. I had come prepared to put up with a moderate amount of suffering from vermin, but I had not expected that only six hours after leaving Corfu, I should already be in danger of having my bones picked alive. We put our boat a little way from shore, and in the dusk of the night took off our clothes and shook them well

over the sea. In that way we got rid of some of the tormentors that had clung to us, but there remained enough to make us wretched.

One of our party being too tall to sleep comfortably, as the fourth man in the boat, bethought himself that he should lie more easily upon the deck of a large cutter that we saw by the moonlight anchored near us. We drew our boat under its stern, he got on board and lay down, then more at his ease, among the sleeping sailors. Our friend's heels, armed with adjutant's spurs, into which, anticipating trouble from the vicious horses of Albania, he had fitted some enormous rowels, came often in contact with the bare legs of his neighbours. Some, well accustomed to nocturnal torture, winced in their sleep and thought no more of it, but two or three got up, rubbing their legs, to see whom they had got for a bedfellow. Our friend still shifting his position restlessly, was fast asleep and unconscious of the disturbance he was causing, till a sailor seeing one of his long spurs glittering near him in the moonlight, and too sleepy to distinguish what it was, laid hold of it and immediately began, thoroughly aroused, to roar out lustily. Expecting nothing less than a ducking for our friend, I shouted out in explanation that he was an English officer who had not sleeping room on board our boat. An answer came to me from somebody who addressed me by name, asked after my wife and children, and told me that my friend should have a wide berth given him and welcome. The cutter belonged to the Turkish government. Who was my friend? He would not say; he went under a feigned name. On the next day, however, I should see and know him.

Before dawn we were aroused by the sound of horses' bells and the voice of our courier—we had inflicted on ourselves such an inconvenience—calling us to come and make our bargains. Then followed a scene of hurry and confusion. I, as a civilian, not clever in horseflesh, accepted the most vicious and ungainly of the horses; nevertheless, it turned out the most sure-footed and trusty beast in our whole cavalcade. I used the basta, or pack-saddle of the country; my friends had brought saddles of their own. That I had not done, because I knew that muleteers object to the strange saddles, partly because they consider them likely to hurt the backs of their animals, and chiefly because at the journey's end the animals are left bare-backed; and if they wish to go home with a return load they must purchase a new basta. Such considerations were all very well, but after my first experience of an Albanian saddle, I felt that I owed mercy to myself as well as to the muleteers. While packing upon my horse such things as would immediately be needed, my mysterious friend from the cutter touched my arm. He proved to be a

runaway Ionian convict who had joined the Turkish service as a sailor. Professing that I had twice done him great services, he desired, he said, to be grateful. I knew that he meant simply to sponge upon me, and was glad to send him away with a quarter dollar as I climbed the wall by which I was to mount my charger. My weight upon his back excited him to wrath, and caused him instantly to kick most furiously; in that way he soon made a clear space about him; and then starting off at full speed, charged down furiously upon the rear of my companions. Having overtaken their last horse, however, he at once fell into marching pace, and seemed to have made his mind up for a long and steady journey.

Albanian roads or paths are very tortuous, and so we twisted our way on, admiring the hill scenery, not sorry to see Corfu in the distance with its two citadels, backed by its dark green foliage. As we were wandering up hill, one of our party presently discovered that we were pursued by two horsemen. We examined them through a spy-glass, and all agreed that they were strongly armed; although their arms seemed to be carried about them in some very unusual manner. They were certainly not in military trim. As they were only two, though they were armed outrageously, we did not fear them, and allowed the foremost presently to dash in among us—a great boy of fifteen—who shouted, as he reached my horse's rear: "Well, we have overtaken you at last! You might as well have let us know, and then we could have all travelled together!" He was dressed coarsely and dirtily as an Albanian servant, and was mounted on a splendid mule, with a good deal of luggage attached to it. His chief luggage consisted, however, of muskets with their bayonets attached, which he had contrived so to fix round his saddle, that they formed a *chevaux de frise* about him. Four of them he had contrived to fix upright, two before and two behind him, like the posts of a bedstead; two pointed their bayonets over the horse's shoulders and two over the crupper, so that his charger might have run into an enemy with pretty much the same effect as an old British chariot armed with its scythes.

The youth was in a few minutes overtaken by his master, a stout respectable old Turk, completely winded. As soon as our new friends had breath enough they began to ask questions through our courier; and, as I was the only one who understood his language, the boy fastened himself to me. The old gentleman, he told me, was in the service of *Kuair Pacha*, governor of Albania, and because it had been understood that the English Government meant to sell the arms left by the French when the island was surrendered, they had been to Corfu to inspect the goods and fetch a dozen muskets for the Pacha himself to examine. Very likely he would

buy them for the "Tacticos"—the regular Albanian troops—then being organised. The boy was a wag, and had a great deal to say of his first visit to Corfu, where he had been, above all things, shocked by the bare faces of the ladies, and the bare knees of the Forty-second Royal Highlanders, at that time in our garrison.

So we went on our way, good company together, till we came into the little village of Monasteri, which I had seen for years from the esplanade of Corfu as a little speck upon the hills of the mainland. We Englishmen proceeded to the monastery itself, our Turkish companions went to join friends in the village. Before we parted our soldiers had been endeavouring to suggest to them a better way of carrying their muskets which would be easier to themselves and not so dangerous to neighbours; they were, however, not to be instructed, and we, finding that advice was wasted, said to them jestingly that they might as well put hangings to their bedsteads. They had only to stretch a cloth over the four upright bayonets and each of them might ride in state under his canopy.

We did not like our comrades, and gave them the slip; but they overtook us again in the afternoon, filling us with consternation at the consequence of our advice. They had followed it to the letter. They thanked us most heartily for the idea. The constant jolting of the mules slackened the ropes by which the upright muskets were fixed to the saddles, and the whole fabric therefore, every now and then, came down with a run upon one or the other rider, extinguishing him for a moment, and at the same time so frightening his mule that it would start off at full speed and compel every one who was in advance to leap aside and get clear of the bayonets. We did indeed receive now and then some awkward pricks.

The rascal of a boy was perpetually taken with a desire to ask some question about Corfu for his master or himself, and in that case always charged down upon me at full speed with his war-cry of Mr. Secretary—so he dubbed me. He used a nail as a goad, which he ran along his mule's back when any question came into his head, and then he dashed by every one, forcing all to clear the road before him in an instant, till he pushed up to me with his "Mr. Secretary, why is such a thing so and so in Corfu?" I lost patience at last; and, on one occasion, drawing into the ditch, let him rush by while I borrowed of one of our party a fine hunting-whip with a long thong. Then I rode up to my Albanian—who, smothered in his panoply, had stopped in the midst of a plain to readjust his bedstead—and, while he was so engaged, held forth to him upon the whipping he should get if he came down again upon me in like manner. I heard him tell his master what I had promised; and, for an hour he

remained quiet, but his self-control lasted no longer. We were descending a steep mountain path, only wide enough for one horseman, when I heard him thundering down after me with his cry of "Mr. Secretary," leaving me barely enough time to urge my horse to the degree of speed that would carry me down safe before him. At the bottom my horse of his own accord leaped over a ditch into a little meadow, and my persecutor's mule followed by instinct and alighted just before me. I at once began, in fulfilment of my pledge, to fan my young tormentor in the rear with the long hunting whip; he was not well protected by his petticoat of English calico, and as I chased him closely round the meadow I kept up my fanning rather mercilessly. His master rode by, roaring with laughter, and I left him with his canopy about his head, rubbing himself very ruefully.

He and his master went up to the village at which we were all to sleep, by a short path that was too steep for our more heavily laden animals. My friends thought, that as our late companions would arrive before us, they would be revenged for my castigation of the boy, by taking exclusive possession of such accommodation as the place would furnish. They did injustice to a Turk's politeness. The old gentleman met us at the entrance to the village, and conducted us to a spot where there was a house already being swept out for our reception; fire was made, our chickens, eggs, milk, and whatever else we should desire, had been already courteously sent for. Of course we invited the old Turk to sup with us, and liked his company. I was afraid, however, that I should have lost all credit with him at supper time. We had two boxes matching one another, one of which contained sugar, the other salt. He pointed to the salt-box, and, as he was at the time eating an egg, I thought he wanted it, and held it open to him. He taking it for sugar, put his fingers in and filled his mouth. The poor old fellow was a *bon vivant*, and grimaced awfully, but allowed himself very soon to be assured that my mistake was not intentional.

We retired after supper to our dormitory, a detached room on the ground floor, in which there had been a large fire lighted to drive out the mosquitoes. The heat being intense we left the door open, and lay down on our Greek carpets. Not having slept much in our boat on the preceding night, we were soon making amends for the lost time; but we could not have been long asleep before I, who happened to lie nearest to the door, was awakened by a series of violent pokes in the back. I started to my feet, and found that my enemy was a large pig who had just come to bed, and objected to my occupation of his chamber. The pig having been turned out, I lay down again to be a second time awakened by a goat, who had also his objections to my presence. The goat was strong, and forced me to a contest which awakened

and amused my friends, who, when afterwards we all stripped at Janina before entering a vapour-bath, were very much surprised at the black marks of the goat's horns upon my back and ribs. When I had turned out the goat I locked the door, bolted it, and disposed myself for a good rest. In half-an-hour, however, we were all of us awakened by an ominous noise of underground thunder twice or thrice repeated. Then the entire shed shook desperately, and the large flat stones with which the shed was roofed were brought rattling down about our ears. With no worse hurt than a few bruises we escaped instantly from the building, and finished our sleep on the grass of the garden in which we had supped.—It was only an earthquake.

MINE INN.

"SHALL I not take mine ease in mine inn?" asked that portly, witty, but most immoral and unprincipled knight who misused the king's press—somethingably—in the matter of his charge of foot; and, whilom, was so staunch a supporter of the Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap. Many men have taken their ease in their inn since the days of Sir John Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly. The meanest and the most famous have reposed in "mine inn;" and millions of reckonings have been paid, and millions of inn-frequentera take their ease now in that great, quiet hostelry, the Grave.

To the contemplative man, and to the lover of social antiquities, the subject of inns is associated with the pleasantest, the kindest, the most genial, and the most elevated humanities. Our interest in inns is as old as Christianity itself; and, in one instance, our interest is mingled with awe and reverence and loving gratitude. The good Samaritan took the wounded man to an inn, and left there twopence for his subsistence; and, to leave sacred for profane history, were there not inns in ancient Greece and Rome? Were not the remains of inns discovered in the excavations of Pompeii? Can any of us forget Horace's inn adventures in his journey to Brundisium? In England, inns are full of interest from the earliest ages. The brightest landmarks of our literary history lie in inns. From the Tabard Inn in Southwark set forth that gallant company of Canterbury Pilgrims, whom Chaucer has rendered famous to all ages. The knight and the pardoner, the cook and the wife of Bath: we can see them now, ambling, jingling, rushing in their quaint costume; laughing and story-telling as they issue from the low portal of the old Tabard. They shall not die, nor shall the pleasant memories of the Tabard and its fellow inns fade away while we have eyes to scan and pens to transmit the eulogies of Chaucer's glorious verse and of Stothard's pencil.

The Boar's Head in Eastcheap was a

taavern; but it must have been an inn likewise. At least Dame Quickly "let out beds;" for did not Sir John board and lodge there? Was it not in the dame's dolphin chamber, by a sea-coal fire that the knight sat while the placable landlady was dressing his wounded head, broken by Prince Hal for likening his father, the King, to a singing man at Windsor? Was it not into that dolphin chamber that entered unto Mrs. Quickly her gossip, the butcher's wife, who came to borrow a mess of vinegar for her dish of prawns; whereupon Sir John did desire to eat some, and was told by his considerate hostess that they were ill for a grec wound? Did he not in that same chamber bid the dame fetch him forty shillings? How many score of times forty shillings had been borrowed there, I wonder? Was it not in a room at the Boar's Head that Sir John departed his merry, disreputable life. There he picked at the sheets, and babbled o' green fields, and there was but one way with him, for his nose was as sharp as a pen. Here he died, and I will wager that had even that stern chief justice (who was so hard upon the knight for his excesses) read the exquisite account our Shakespeare has left us of Falstaff's death, the solemn magistrate would have dropped one tear to the memory of that humorous, incorrigible, immortal old sinner.

Fat Jack had his country as well as his town inns. In the Garter Inn, at Windsor, the glorious intrigue of the "Merry Wives" is chiefly conducted. Hither comes mine host of the Garter, and Master Brook, jealous and mysterious, and Bardolph with his flaming nose, transformed into a decorous drawer, fetching in Sir John a cup of sack—"simple? No, with eggs." Here was that notable quarrel between Falstaff and his acolytes, touching the stolen fan and the fifteenpence the knight received as his share, on the ground that he would not endanger his soul gratis. I doubt if Sir John ever paid his reckoning at the Garter after his discomfiture, and he had begun to perceive that he had been made an ass. I doubt very much indeed whether mine host, jolly and joke-loving as he was, ever had the face to present his little bill to the crest-fallen knight.

Inns, as I have said, abound with literary and historical land-marks. Ben Jonson's last comedy was called the New Inn. The first Protestant bishop (so Catholics say) was consecrated at an inn—the Nag's Head, in either Holborn or the Poultry. The ruin of King Charles the First was consummated in an inn. Old Hooker, the divine, coming to London to preach at Paul's Cross, and alighting very wet and weary at an inn mostly resorted to by clergymen, was so kindly received by an artful landlady; so coddled and cockered up with possets and warm toasts, that, being a simple-minded, guileless man, he was easily

inveigled into marrying the landlady's daughter, an ignorant boor and a shrew. The poor man went to the altar like a witless dolt to the correction of the stocks; to his correction, indeed; for his wife led him a dreadful life. One of his old pupils, a bishop's son, visiting him afterwards in his country parsonage, found him tending sheep with one hand and holding a Greek folio in the other; and even from this employment he was called by his virago wife to rock the baby's cradle! Sir Bulwer Lytton has a pleasant reminiscence of poor Hooker's married life in a scene in Pelham.

Sir Walter Scott is great on inns at home and abroad. Julian Peveril's despatches are stolen from him at an inn: the fearful tribunal of the Vehingericht hold their sittings in some awful subterranean cave beneath a German inn. The first scene of Kenilworth is laid at an inn: the most amusing scene in Rob Roy takes place in the Clachan inn of Aberfoil. Then we have the roadside inn, where the author of Waverley, in a white top coat and top boots appears so mysteriously, and consumes so many beefsteaks: we have the inn where Rob Roy, decently disguised as Campbell, forces his company on Morris; also, the inn for which Dick Tinto painted the sign: we have the inn of inns, which has immortalised the Tweed-side village of Innerleithen, where Meg Dods holds her hosterial state, and bids defiance to commercial travellers. I might multiply instances of the lustre which the Great Wizard has shed over inns, at home and abroad, until you and I were tired.

There is scarcely a great work by a great writer, but I find some pleasant mention of "mine inn" therein. To the Hercules Pillars Squire Western sent his chaplain to fetch his tobacco-box. At an inn did dear old Parson Adams fall into one of the most dreadful of his dilemmas. Don Quixote and inns are inseparable: in an inn he was drubbed; in an inn he was tossed in a blanket. Gil Blas received many lessons of practical philosophy in inns. In one did the sycophant praise him inordinately and devour his fish and his omelettes; telling him afterwards never to place confidence in any one who told him that he was the eighth wonder of the world. The first provincial letter of Pascal was written to a friend supposed to be lodging at an inn. The best French vaudeville I know (and from which our own Deaf as a Post is translated) is called *L'Auberge Pleine*—The Full Inn. Sir John Suckling the poet died at an inn in France. His servant had robbed him and absconded, and his master hastily pulling on his boots to pursue him, drew a rusty nail into his foot; the wound from which mortifying, Sir John Suckling died. At an inn at St Omer Titus Oates hatched some of his subtlest plots and made some of his grandest Popish discoveries. The inn adventures of the Chevalier de Grammont will not readily be

forgotten. Beaumarchais, the famous author of the *Marriage de Figaro*, was arrested at an inn in Vienna by order of Maria Theresa. To step centuries back, it was also in a Viennese inn that our Richard the Lion-hearted was discovered and captured by his perfidious enemy, the Duke of Austria. The author of *Manon Lescaut* died at an inn; and in an inn (or at least a private hotel) in Bond Street died Laurence Sterne. It was his wish to die so, tended by the hands of strangers, and his wish was accomplished to the letter. He had himself in his works helped to immortalise "mine inn." At the village inn lay sick to death Lieutenant Lefevre: there he was tended by his son: from that inn, and truly, staunch Corporal Trim declared that he would never march again; from that inn my Uncle Toby vowed that he *should* march. And the man who could write the story of Lefevre could be a sensualist and wish to die at an inn, untended and uncared for by friends and relatives, and could, and did die so.

"In the worst inn's worst room"—you know the rest—died the great George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. He had outlived his fame, his health, his fortune and his friends, and expired miserably at the house of a tenant at Kirby Moorside in Yorkshire. The deathless lines of Pope still place before us vividly the wretched apartment, half hung with mats, the plaster walls, the flock bed repaired with straw, the tape-tied curtains, the diamond George dangling from the bed where tawdry yellow vied with dirty red.

Verily inns have their moralities as well as their humours. While the glasses jingle, and toasts and healths are drunk, and the song circulates in the parlour, mortality is putting on immortality above stairs, clay is returning to clay, dust to dust, ashes to ashes, Georges and Garters, stars and ribbons, pomps and vanities, all sinking quietly into nothingness; there is nothing but a dead man in number three, and the undertaker must be sent for, and business will be rather dull above and brisk below until the gentleman in number three is buried. Do you remember that curious story in one of Theodore Hook's novels of the dead young lady in the inn bedroom? There is a whole history of inn philosophy in that. We sing and rejoice: hot meats are brought in and out, and presently there drives up to the door a hearse, and something is brought down the stairs—the same stairs we have so often mounted to the club-room; the mourners hide their faces in their white pocket-handkerchiefs; the mutes take their last drain of gin or porter; the "black job" (as the crazy Lord Portsmouth used to call a

funeral) moves slowly off; the traveller who had put up at that inn sick and had died there, is borne off on that journey from which no traveller returns; the windows are thrown up, the shutters opened, number three is dusted and arranged for, peradventure, wedding guests, and the inn resumes the current of its existence. Such are inns and such is life.

I have been so prolix about famous men who have, by their lives and writings, cast immortality upon inns that—not forgetting I have as yet omitted to notice how many good writers of our own time have been eloquent upon inns—we are not, with impunity, to forget the many excellent inns as excellently depicted in the novels of the author of *Pelham*. There is a certain Slaughters, an inn for military gentlemen; also a Bootjack Hotel; also a villanous thieves' inn, where one Corporal Brock and an Irish gentleman have a difficulty with Mrs. Catherine Hayes; all of which inns are artistically described in the best style of inn lore by a certain author, who may as well be nameless here, inasmuch as everybody knows him and his writings. And that famous scribe Washington Irving, has he not discoursed delightfully of inns in Flanders, to which bold dragoons resorted; of inns in England, notably at Stratford-on-Avon; and of a never-to-be-forgotten inn, in rainy weather, where there was a Stout Gentleman? Inns are not without their white days, their chronicles of royal and noble authors. From Apuleius in the *Golden Ass* to the editor of the *Times* in his yesterday's leaders, the wisest and most solemn big-wigs of literature have not thought inns (for praise or blame) beneath their notice.

It is not my intention in this present paper to enter upon the subject of hotels; the younger yet aristocratic brothers of inns. Touching hotel life, hotel charges, and hotel character, I have, saving your excellencies' permission, acquired a considerable amount of experience and information; but as the quarrel between travellers and hosts is a very pretty quarrel as it stands, I shall not meddle in it. Meanwhile I would commend to you the consideration of inns. "Mine inn" is rapidly becoming an institution of the past; it will soon be numbered among the things departed. The roadside inn, and the coaching inn, should have disappeared with post-chaises and fast stage coaches. They still linger on; but they are daily being pushed from their stools by Railway Hotels, Terminus Taverns, and Locomotive Coffee-houses. They will soon have to say with the Latin Accident, *eramus—we were*.

"Familiar in their Mouths as *HOUSEHOLD WORDS*,"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. VIII.

McELRATH & BARKER, PUBLISHERS.

Office No. 17 SPRUCE STREET, New York.

WHOLE No. 190.

UNSPOTTED SNOW.

TYPHOONS, hurricanes, and tropical heats, Inner Africa, Central America, China, Japan, and all such topics interest us; but there are no tales of risk and enterprise in which we English, men, women, and children, old and young, rich and poor, become interested so completely, as in the tales that come from the North Pole. We would rather hear of travellers among the snow flakes and ice floes than among cypress and myrtle; and we have good reasons for our preference. Snow and ice are emblems of the deeds done in their clime. For three hundred years the Arctic seas have now been visited by European sailors; their narratives supply some of the finest modern instances of human energy and daring, beat on a noble undertaking, and associated constantly with kindness, generosity, and simple piety. The history of Arctic enterprise is stainless as the Arctic snows, clean to the core as an ice mountain.

There is no other solid piece of human history so free from blot as this long and continuous narrative; this famous tale of Arctic navigation. It was first stimulated by a love of lucre; there was faith in Polar gold, and in a Polar passage to Cathay. But the men who were sent out to serve desires comparatively mean (not mean in themselves, for commerce is a mighty teacher, in whose school it is ordained that we shall have our faculties matured), the men sent out for love of gain—when they came among those seas and heard the crashing of the ice, and saw the icy mountains piled upon each other, and were brooded over by the Arctic night, and were amazed at wonders in the heavens, the mock suns and the flashings of aurora; they—impressed with a new sense of human weakness, floating as they were on shells (small vessels of a hundred or two hundred tons) away from home and from all neighbourhood with other men—poured out their kindness to one another, aided each other in endurance of all hardship, and in patient manful effort to surmount all difficulty. They too, astonished by the works and wonders which they saw, remembered Who watched over them in their distresses. Afterwards, when the dreams of gold and of a short way to

the East had been dispelled, the enterprise of Arctic navigators was continued and directed by a higher motive;—a desire to increase human knowledge, to help forward our race by heightening and widening our sense of the Divine wisdom. Lastly, there has been added to this, a strong motive of human sympathy; and the energies of many countries (quarrelling among themselves on other soil) have been devoted heartily and simultaneously to the peril of penetrating unexplored parts, and of searching all the most inaccessible regions of the Pole, for the survivors, or at least traces, of an expedition that has disappeared among its snows. Thus men who are elsewhere enemies and rivals hold Arctic ground—which has been consecrated by three centuries of heroism—to be sacred to the noblest spirit of humanity. Once, long ago, an Italian or a Spaniard did indeed pollute all the associations proper to the place with a design of capturing the Esquimaux for slavery; and there has been mutiny as far north as Davis Straits—never further to the north we think—and even that mutiny resulted in an act of heroism.

While, everywhere else, intercourse with ships has demoralised, more or less, untutored tribes dwelling on sea coasts, the Esquimaux that see only our northern navigators have learned no new crimes. They are a quiet amiable race; on amiable terms with visitors whose manners are invariably kind. When they see many new and attractive things lying about strange boats that come on rare occasions, they are not strong enough to resist always the desire to possess some of them; but a good-humoured watch is kept upon their fingers, their attempts at theft are frustrated in a pleasant way, but not resented. The only blood shed by our Europeans at the Pole has been the blood of animals, honestly killed to supply a real and pressing want of fresh provisions. Men from among us who have died there, have all died in the performance of an arduous duty, have died a death of heroes; upon which the mind dwells with a more tranquil satisfaction than upon the death met by a lower class of heroes on the battle field. They have left their memories to be preserved in records that will stir men's hearts in generation after generation, and from which the

humblest sailor's name will never be expunged.

Yet although we bear in mind the mournful tale of Willoughby and his companions, or credit our worst fears as to the fate of our own companions and friends who disappeared with Franklin, there have not fallen in the fight for knowledge at the Pole during three centuries as many men as are shot down in the first five minutes of some famous battle; the whole battle being but a fragment of some war bred of a mean cause, of petty misconstructions, or the bullying perhaps of a big potentate, who cannot keep his temper under fit control. Under the heats of Africa, or under the frosts of either pole, or in encountering for the gain of knowledge any risk of life that can be run between the Poles, it is most probable that in a thousand years, there have not perished so many investigators of the ways of nature, as there die yearly men, women, and children in one country only, killed by diseases that are bred of ignorance, or of that worst evil, inattention to results of knowledge.

We do not therefore account as rashness the firm resolution of the northern navigator which enables him to struggle forward through all perils and to die, if he must, in the execution of his duty. Even in those seas, the boldness that takes active mariners into the way of peril, teaches them how to escape from dangers that would overwhelm a coward. More lives are saved than lost by exercise of proper courage.

From first to last the Arctic search has been a work of dauntless perseverance, to which many nations have contributed men always resolute and never rash. Drawing back from foolhardiness, they have carried energy and determination always to their utmost limits. For resolution of that kind the poet finds an emblem in the northern ice and snow, when he lauds men

"In fixed resolves by reason justified,
That to their object cleaves like sleet,
Whitening a pine-tree's northern side,
When fields are naked far and wide,
And withered leaves, from earth's cold breast,
Up-caught in whirlwinds nowhere can find rest."

The first party of Europeans who endured an Arctic winter, and whose experiences are recorded, were the Dutchmen who had Barents for their pilot. The last accounts from among the ice are of Englishmen and of a Frenchman, Lieutenant Bellot, who worked with them; a young man of a true Arctic character, full of genius, enterprise and spirit, very brave and very gentle, warmly devoted to the pursuit of science, a man who deemed no fit companion to be to him a foreigner. He perished among the ice and was mourned as a brother by his English comrades. The people at home also, connecting in their hearts the Arctic Regions with those pure and noble thoughts about humanity that are

so thoroughly associated with them, talk of Lieutenant Bellot at their firesides; and are desiring to express their sympathy in stone; although stone has ceased for many years to be more durable than words. We add the stone, however, to the words, because we cannot give expression too emphatically to our belief that men of all races are one flesh in the Arctic Seas; nor should we be sorry to suggest by the same act that, beyond the Arctic circle they need not be disunited.

In a former volume of this Journal we gave a faint outline of the history of Arctic exploration.* We wish now to illustrate what has been said of the spirit of the Arctic navigators; and, to do that, we will indicate a few characteristic points belonging to the first and the last published accounts of Arctic wintering.

The first was the story of a voyage by the north-east in search of a passage to Cathay; during which the Dutchman Barents and his associates, two hundred and fifty-seven years ago, wintered upon the northern shores of Nova Zembla. The last is the account of the voyage of the British sailors, Commander McClure and his men, in search of Sir John Franklin narrated in despatches recently made public; a voyage which has resulted in the discovery of the long-sought north-west passage. Barents and his party were obliged finally to escape from their winter quarters by abandoning their vessel; and, in the case of Captain McClure, also, it is extremely doubtful whether he and his ship will not finally be left where we last heard of them, hopelessly frozen in. The account of the Dutch voyage was published at the time by one of the men engaged in it, Gerrit de Veer, and was shortly afterwards translated into English. It has been re-published lately with the other voyages of Barents; and forms one of the most agreeable of the volumes issued by the Hakluyt Society. The account of the English voyage has lately occupied our newspapers.

The Dutch account was illustrated with pictures not quite so highly finished as those brought home by explorers of the present day. The first picture that relates to their wintering voyage characterises, in one respect, the feelings of the Dutchmen very well; there is character even in its title: *A Wonder in the Heavens, and how we caught a Bear*. The wonder is a vision of three suns; each represented with a face and surrounded with the usual appearances attendant upon a perihelion. The Dutchmen, however, in two boats are attending chiefly to the bear, not only a wonder but a danger in their eyes; a former picture having shown how, as stated in their own label, "A frightful, cruel, big bear tore in pieces two of our companions." On the fifth of June the Dutchmen saw the first ice floating towards them, which they

wondered at, "at the first thinking that it had been white swannes, for," says the teller of the story, "one of our men walking on deck, on a suddaine began to cry out with a loude voyce, and sayd that hee sawe white swans: which wee that were below hearing, presently came up, and perceived that it was ice that came driving from the great heape, showing like swannes, it being then about evening." After further voyaging through perils and adventures, Gerrit de Veer tells us: "We at last sawe that we could not get out of the ice, but rather became faster, and could not loose our ship as at other times we had done, as also that it began to be winter; we tooke counsell together what we were best to doe according to the time, that we might winter there and attend such adventure as God would send us; and after we had debated upon the matter, to keepe and defend ourselves both from the cold and the wild beasts, we determined to build a house upon the land, to keep us therein as well as we could, and so commit ourselves unto the tuition of God. And to that end we went further into the land, to find out the convenientest place in our opinions to raise our house upon, and yet we had not much stufte to make it withall, in regard that there grew no trees nor any other thing in that country convenient to build it withall. But we leaving no occasion unsought"—among the good thoughts pertaining to the Arctic regions we should have said that it is a place in which no illness is known—"we leaving no occasion unsought, as our men went abroad to view the country and to see what good fortune might happen unto us, at last we found an unexpected comfort in our need, which was that we found certaine trees, roots and all (as our three companions had said before), which had bin driven upon the shoare, either from Tartaria, Muscovia, or elsewhere, for there was none growing upon that land, wherewith (as if God had purposely sent them unto us) we were much comforted, being in good hope that God would show us some further favour; for that wood served us not only to build our house, but also to burne and serve us all the winter long; otherwise without a doubt we had died there miserably with extreame cold."

The simple piety of speech, the quiet submission to a great and unexpected hardship noticeable in this passage runs through the whole Dutch narrative, and through the whole Arctic literature. It is as evident now, in the straightforward despatches of Captain McClure written the other day, as it was in the Dutch seaman's narrative written two hundred and fifty years ago. It does not court attention: it is never obtrusive, because it is always true.

"It grieved us much," said the Dutchmen, "to lye there all that cold winter, which we knew would fall out to be extreame bitter; but, being bereaved of all hope, we were com-

pelled to make necessitie a vertue, and with patience to attend what issue God would send us. The 26th of September we had a west wind and an open sea, but our ship lay fast, wherewith we were not a little grieved; but it was God's will, which we most patiently bare, and we began to make up our house." It became presently so cold that if in building that same house (the carpenter was dead) one of them put a nail into his mouth, it froze upon his lips and brought away with it the skin and blood. The ship had been lifted by the pressure of the ice above the sea level and rested on the top of a huge grounded ice hill. Again and again the sea became open all about it; but the Dutchmen's ship was not to be got off. Working between the house and ship and in great dread of bears, that were numerous and bold, the ice-bound men bore their lot without repining. Winter set in. "The 8th of October. All the night before it blew so hard and the same day also, and snowed so fast that we should have smothered if we had gone out into the aire; and, to speake truth, it had not beene possible for any man to have gone one ship's length, though his life had laine thereon; for it was not possible for us to go out of the house or ship." The men in the ship (where they had few clothes) it should be said lay under hatches, and the men in the house with outlets closed swallowing the smoke of their wood fires, which "sore tormented" them. They knew not how else to save their lives. Having sea-coal with them they, on one occasion, lighted a huge coal fire in the centre of their closed hut; and while they enjoyed the warmth, were being gradually suffocated by the products of combustion. The vapours from the fire had nearly made an end of them; when one tottered across to throw open the door. They dreaded coals for a long time thereafter. Then there was a sick comrade dragged by eight of them from the ship to the house upon a sledge, and disposed upon a bed near the central fire. The others slept on shelves that they had built for themselves round the wall. They had also a Dutch clock as well as a great sand glass, running twelve hours, and there was a lamp suspended from the roof. Reduction of food soon became inevitable; one article after another falling short. On the eighth of November, it is said, "we shared our bread among us, each man having four pound and ten ounces for his allowances in eight daies; so that then we were eight days eating a barrell of bread, whereas before we ate it up in five or six daies." Four days afterwards, "we began to share our wine, every man had two glasses a day; but commonly our drink was water, which we melt out of the snow." On the twenty-second of November, "we had but seventene cheeses, whereof one we ate amongst us, and the rest were devidid to every man one for his portion, which he might eat when he list." Two days after-

wards, illness becoming more general, four of them went into a bath. "When we came out our barber gave us a purgation, which did us much good." Food failing shorter still, "we made springes to get foxes; for it stood us upon to doe it, because they served us for meat, as if God had sent them purposely for us, for wee had not much meate." The foxes then were eaten thankfully by these good Arctic travellers, and of their skins caps were made "to keepe them warme from the extreme cold."

On the third of December they lay snowed-in within their hut, suffering sore cold because they dared not make much fire; so great was the torment of the smoke. In a small fire they heated stones to put against their feet; and lay, with the walls of their hut, and even the sides of the cots in which they slept, covered two fingers thick with ice. As they lay thus, they heard upon that day a huge noise made in the sea by the bursting and cracking of great ice hills, fathoms thick. Then followed an easterly wind with "extreme cold, almost not to be indured; whereupon," says the narrator, "we lookt pitifully one upon the other, being in great feare that if the extremity of the cold grew to be more and more we should all die there with cold; for that what fire soever we made would not warm us." Then followed the experiment with sea-coals, and days afterwards "although some of us were of opinion that we should lay more coles upon the fire to warme us, and that we should let the chimney stand open, yet we durst not do it, fearing the like danger we had escaped." On the sixteenth of December all the store of wood was burnt; and whatever more they used had to be dug out by the sailors from beneath the snows by which they were surrounded. Then they began to comfort each other with hopes of the returning sun; although by the twenty-seventh of December, the cold had increased so much, that neither fire nor covering, could warm them. They lay with hot stones, not only at their feet but on their bodies; yet they froze at their backs while their shins were burning; and as they sat within their hut "were al as white as the country-men use to be when they come in at the gates of the towne in Holland with their sleads, and have gone all night." One of their constant occupations was to mend the holes each man was perpetually burning in his stockings.

While thus bound to the house, the provisions of these men had to be eked out by still further reduction of allowances; and the wood failing when it was impossible to go abroad for more, they cut up for fire-wood their chopping block, and all the superfluous wood-work they could chip away from the walls and rafters of their dwelling. On the fourth of January, being still locked in by frost, they thrust a pole out at their chimney with a little flag on it, to see which way the wind blew. Their flag froze instantly and

became as hard as wood; so that it did not stir with the wind, and they only learnt by it that the cold outside was excessive. But their spirit was not broken. In that house of theirs they kept stout hearts, as is easily seen by passages like the following, which end the record of the fifth of January. "And when we had taken paines al day, we remembered ourselves that it was Twelf Even; and then we prayed our maister that we might be merry that night, and said that we were content to spend some of the wine that night which we had spared, and which was our share" (one glass) "every second day, and whereof for certaine daies we had not drunke; and so that night we made merry and drew for king. And therewith we had two pound of meale whereof we made pancakes with oyle, and every man had a white biscuit which we sopt in the wine. And so supposing that we were in our owne country and amongst our friends, it comforted us well as if we had made a great banquet in our owne house. And we also made tickets, and our gunner was king of Nova Zembla, which is at least eight hundred miles long, and lyeth betwene two seas."

Other and greater sufferings were yet to be endured, and were endured without a murmur; great efforts were to be made, and were made. Barents himself did not return home alive; but the survivors of the expedition, in two little open boats built by themselves in the dominions of the gunner, did at last cross the seas that parted them from home—a voyage of almost two thousand English miles.

From the first we turn now to the last winterers at the Pole; men placed in equal peril, having indeed a stronger ship and all the resources of our modern art and science spent on their behalf; but placed in conditions of even more imminent peril, and possessing less reason than the Dutchmen had to hope for escape. We note down first a little picture illustrative of the kind of intercourse that is established between Arctic voyagers and the few natives of those regions with whom they are brought into communication. "Many were dancing with our men; and so mutually happy were all parties, that it was near six o'clock before I could get them to leave the ship; indeed, had not the interpreter told them that we were going towards the pack, and would not again come near their tents, I very much question if we should have got them away without compulsion. We understood from them that the main pack is permanent, never leaving the shore above twelve or fourteen miles. They designate it 'the land of the White Bear,' as it abounds with these animals; which they appeared rather to dread; as, when we stood towards the pack in the forenoon, they entertained not to be left there, for they were fearful of the bears now that so many of their women were with them. One mother

mentioned that she had her little child carried away by one of them a short time previous, while playing on the shore a little distance from her. The poor creature shed tears on relating the catastrophe. At parting, several presents were bestowed upon them, which had the effect of eliciting promises of friendship for us or for any of our white brethren who might come on their coast."

Of the great perils encountered by Captain McClure's ship the *Investigator*, before it was locked up for two years in its winter quarters, and of the huge power of the ice, one or two little illustrations must be given. Once, after a large floe had raised the vessel six feet, another floe caught the mass of ice to which it was attached, under an overhanging ledge, and shouldered it up to a height of thirty feet. As it rose above the foreyard, all the men looked up in dread suspense; knowing that, if it should be turned completely over, the whole ship with those on board would instantly be crushed beneath it. "This suspense," says Captain McClure, "was but for a few minutes, as the floe rent, carrying away with it a large piece from the foundation of our asylum; when it gave several fearful rolls and resumed its former position; but, no longer capable of resisting the pressure, it was hurried onward with the drifting mass." Again, on the same day, the ship, attached to a large mass of ice, was driving down upon a floe, and grounded in nine fathoms. If she struck such a floe, she would be ground as between millstones between it and her own attendant floe-piece. To turn aside, was to be wrecked upon the beach. The gunner's mate was sent forward to destroy the obstacle by blasting. "He could not, however," writes Captain McClure, "find a sufficient space of water to sink the charge; but, remarking a large cavity upon the sea face of the floe, he fixed it there, which so far succeeded that it slightly fractured it in three places, which at the moment was scarcely observable from the heavy pressure it was sustaining. Those on board, therefore, did not see that it was broken. By this time the vessel was within a few feet of it, and every one was on deck in anxious suspense, awaiting what was apparently the crisis of our fate. Most fortunately the sternpost took it so fairly that the pressure was fore and aft, bringing the whole strength of the ship to bear. A heavy grind which shook every mast, and caused beams and decks to complain as she trembled to the violence of the shock, plainly indicated that the struggle would be but of short duration. At this moment the stream-cable was carried away, and several anchors drew; thinking that we had now sufficiently risked the vessel, orders were given to let go all the warps, and with that order I had made up my mind that in a few minutes she would be on the beach; but, as it was sloping, conceived she might still prove an asylum for the winter, and possibly be again got afloat; while, should

she be crushed between these large grounded pieces, she must inevitably go down in ten fathoms, which would be certain destruction to all; but before the orders could be obeyed, a merciful Providence interposed, causing the ice, which had been previously weakened, to separate into three pieces, and it floated onward with the mass, our stern still slightly jammed against but now protected by it." No wonder that among daily experiences of this character, men have their littleness crushed out of them.

Commander McClure and his men found shelter from many perils in a harbour which they called by a good Arctic name, the Bay of Mercy, close by the passage into Barrow's Straits; the existence of which solved the problem of the north-west passage. There, in regions never before visited by civilised man, they were frozen in. They arrived there on the twenty-fourth of September, eighteen hundred and fifty-one. Happily the land about them was remarkably well supplied with game. It seemed to form the retired meeting-place and feeding-ground of many animals.

When summer should have come to set them at liberty, the ice was still firm. About the middle of June "flocks of wild fowl," says Captain McClure, "consisting of swans, geese, and all descriptions of ducks, began to arrive; but, finding no water, merely took a flight round the north-west extreme of the land and returned to the southward, from which it would appear that the season is late; indeed, the land is as much covered with snow as in the depth of winter." So wrote the ice-bound captain while the cold summer passed by them, and the crew were employed daily on the hills gathering sorrel; which they all relished much, and ate with vinegar, as a protection against scurvy.

In the autumn of that year Captain McClure, having arranged to send home the weakly by boat in the succeeding spring, prepared for a prolonged detention. "Although," he writes, "we had already been twelve months upon two-thirds allowance, it was necessary to make preparations for meeting eighteen months more—a very severe deprivation and constitutional test, but one," says quietly the true Arctic seaman, "which the service we were employed upon called for; the vessel being as sound as the day she entered the ice. It would therefore be discreditably to desert her in eighteen hundred and fifty-three, when a favourable season would run her through the straits and admit of reaching England in safety." No favourable season came. On the anniversary of the ship's entering the Bay of Mercy—which she did with the thermometer at thirty-three and not a particle of ice upon the water—there stood the thermometer at two, and the whole place was frozen up, with every indication of a very severe winter.

The winter proved indeed to be the severest ever encountered by our sailors in the frozen regions. In January the average height of

the thermometer was seventy-six degrees below freezing point; and one day it fell to an almost incredible extent—ninety-seven degrees below freezing point; averaging ninety-four on the whole four-and-twenty hours. Nevertheless the crew worked manfully, travelled about on search parties, hunted for game, and remained, on the whole, in remarkably good health. "I can attribute our excellent salutary state," Captain McClure wrote, "to the causes previously alluded to in this narrative," (namely the courage and cheerfulness of the men, the cares of the surgeon, the excellent quality of the stores on board, and the good ventilation of the ship) "in conjunction with a bountiful supply of game which a merciful Providence has aided us with, and has so materially added to our otherwise scanty rations." In other despatches the commander is to be found providing manfully for the chance of his own destruction, and warning other ships who may be sent out to look for him by what signs they are to conclude that he and his companions are lost, and in what directions they are not to imperil other crews in looking for him.

Enough has been quoted to suggest how close is the identity of spirit manifested by each Arctic navigator, from the first down to the last; but, as we parted from the Dutchmen when they were fancying themselves at home again over the Twelfth Night sports, we will part as pleasantly with our own countrymen, by help of one more illustrative passage. "The supply of game kept up during the winter," Captain McClure wrote in his ice prison after Christmas last, "has enabled a fresh meal to be issued twice weekly, and the usual Christmas festivities to pass off with the greatest cheerfulness. As it was to be our last, the crew were determined to make it memorable, and their exertions were completely successful. Each mess was gaily illuminated and decorated with original paintings by our lower deck artists, exhibiting the ship in her perilous positions during the transit of the Polar Sea, and divers other subjects. But the grand features of the day were the enormous plum-puddings, some weighing twenty-six pounds; haunches of venison; hares roasted; and soup made of the same, with ptarmigan and sea-pies. Such dainties in such profusion I should imagine never before graced a ship's lower deck; any stranger to have witnessed this scene could but faintly imagine that he saw a crew which had passed upwards of two years in these dreary regions, and three entirely on their own resources, enjoying such excellent health; so joyful, so happy, indeed such a mirthful assemblage, under any circumstances, would be most gratifying to any officer; but in this lonely situation I could not but feel deeply impressed, as I contemplated the gay and plentiful sight, with the many and great mercies which a kind and beneficent Provi-

dence had extended towards us, to whom alone are due the heartfelt praises and thanksgivings of all for the great blessings which we have hitherto experienced in positions the most desolate which can be conceived."

Unfading be the laurels of our northern navigators thus won by exercise of all the finest qualities of manhood! Let us be glad, too, that we have one unspotted place upon this globe of ours; a Pole that, as it fetches truth out of a needle, so surely also gets all that is right-headed and right-hearted from the sailor whom the needle guides.

TWO COUSINS.

"He didn't care much about it," he said: "they might marry him, if they liked, and to whom they liked, provided he was not expected to make love. Give him his hookah, and a volume of Shelley, and really, wife or no wife, it was almost the same thing to him. By the bye, one thing he must stipulate for—that she should not hunt nor talk slang."

This Launcelot Chumley said, yawning—although it was only twelve o'clock, yet it was ten before he came down to breakfast—and, sauntering from the drawing-room through the open window on to the lawn, he stretched himself under the shadow of the chestnut-trees to dream vague poems all the day after; a mode of existence that seemed to him to fulfil the sacred destiny of his being.

Launcelot Chumley was a spoilt child. A spoilt child full of noble thoughts and generous impulses tarnished by prosperity, and choked for want of stimulants to exertion: he was also vain for want of wholesome opposition. Provided people left him alone, they might do as they liked, he used to say. Let them not disturb his books, nor cut down the chestnut-trees on the lawn, nor break his pipes, nor talk loud, nor make a noise; and he was perfectly satisfied. His indifference and indolence drove his mother to despair. She tried to tempt him to exertion by dazzling visions of distinction. But Launcelot prided himself on his want of ambition, and vowed he would not accept a dukedom if offered to him: it would be such a bore! His mother had indeed done her best to ruin him by unmitigated indulgence; and now she wrung her hands at her own work. But, as something must be done, she bethought herself of a marriage, which, woman-like, she fancied would cure every thing—indolence, vanity, selfishness.

Mrs. Chumley bethought her of a marriage—but with whom?

There were in London two Chumley cousins, Ella Limple and little Violet Tudor. These two young ladies were great friends after the fashion of young ladies generally. They had mysterious confidences together, and wrote wonderful letters. Ella Limple, being of pathetic and sentimental temperament, talked

of sorrow and sadness, and said there was no more happiness for her on earth, there being something she could never forget; though nobody knew what. Violet Tudor, her bosom friend, laughed at all sentiment, and expressed a shy contempt for lovers. She vowed also that she would never marry a less man than a lion king or a general who had seen severe service and been wounded badly; and then she did not know—perhaps she might. For Violet rode blood horses, and once pronounced an Indian officer a "mull," because he had never seen a tiger hunt. An expression that caused that gentleman to blush and to feel that kind of anger which is, among his own sex, usually assuaged in a duel.

It may be imagined, therefore, that Mrs. Chumley did not place Miss Violet Tudor very high in her scale of feminine graces; although she certainly did not know one half of that curly-headed gipsy's escapades. Consequently she was passed over at once. Ella was, on the contrary, all that Mrs. Chumley wished; young, pretty, mild, manageable; with gold, a stainless pedigree, and unexceptionable manners. What more could any mother demand for her son? Mrs. Chumley sent by that day's post an affectionate invitation asking Ella to pass a week with her, much to Ella's surprise and pleasure. For cousin Launcelet had long been a kind of heroic myth in that young lady's imagination; and she was glad to be asked to meet him. "Though dearest Vi knows that nothing could make me forget poor dear Henry, all alone in those terrible East Indies!" she mentioned in the letter which communicated the circumstance to her bosom friend. Out of curiosity then she accepted the invitation, and in less than a week's time she found herself at High Ashgrove, with all her prettiest dresses and her last new bonnet.

Ella's correspondence with Violet Tudor increased overwhelmingly during the visit. The early letters were gay, for her; but soon they deepened into a nameless melancholy; and were rife with mysterious hints. Occasionally there burst forth in them the most terrific self-accusings that English words could frame. If she had become the head of a society of coiners, or the high priestess of a heresy, she could not have used stronger expressions of guilt. Violet was frightened at first; but she remembered that it was Ella's habit to indulge in all sorts of exaggerated self-accusations. At last came a letter, which unveiled the mystery; reducing the terrible sphynx which devoured men's bones to a tame dog that stole his neighbour's cream—the usual ending of most young ladies' mysteries. "I do not know what my dearest Violet will think of her Ella—but if it is to be the death-blow of that long and tender love which has supported my sad heart through so many bitter trials, I must tell her the truth. Violet, I have broken my vows, and am

deserving of the fate of Inogen in that dreadful ballad. Poor dear Henry!

"Violet, love, I am engaged to my cousin Launcelet.

"My aunt made me the offer so supplicatingly, and Launcelet said so sweetly: 'I think you will make me a very nice wife, Miss Limple,' that I could not resist. Besides, cousin Launcelet is very handsome; and that goes a great way. You know I always found fault with poor dear Henry's figure; he was inclined to be too stout. Launcelet's figure is perfect. He is tall—six feet I should think—and with the most graceful manners possible. He is like a picture—has very bright brown hair, all in thick curls, not short and close like poor dear Henry's. He wears them very long, like the portraits of Raphael. Henry's hair, poor darling, was inclined to be red. His eyes are large and dark gray, with *such* a beautiful expression of melancholy in them. They are poems in themselves, Violet. Now Henry's, you know, were hazel; and hazel eyes are unpleasant—they are so quick and fiery. I like such eyes as Launcelet's—melancholy, poetic eyes, that seem to feel and think as well as to see. Hazel eyes only see. Don't you know the difference? He is very quiet, lies all day under the trees smoking out of the most exquisite hookah, and reading Shelley. I dote on Shelley, and hate Shakespeare. How fond Henry was of Shakespeare!—that wearisome Hamlet! And now her own Ella is going to beg and pray of her dearest Violet to come here as soon as possible. I enclose a note from Aunt Chumley, asking you; and, darling Vi, I will never forgive you if you don't come directly. For no lover in the world could ever separate me from my own Violet. If you don't come I shall think you are angry with me for my bad conduct to poor Henry; and indeed I feel how guilty I am. I had such a terrible dream of him last night. I thought he looked so pale and reproachful, just like his favourite Hamlet. Good bye. I can't write another word; for aunt wants me to go with her to the village. Do come, dearest Violet, and come immediately."

This letter delighted Ella's friend. She had never liked the flirtation with Cornet Henry Dampier; which she had thought very silly and sentimental; while this seemed to offer a real future. She wrote to her aunt—of whom she was considerably afraid; and, in a few days, arrived at High Ashgrove. She was received by Ella with a burst of enthusiasm; which, coming from one so calm, quite electrified Launcelet; by Aunt Chumley with no superfluity of kindness; and, by Launcelet himself, with a cold bow. Yet she was pretty enough. The thick raven hair, which it was her will and pleasure to wear crowding over her face in wide curly bands; her great black eyes that never rested for a moment; her tiny hand; her fabulous waist; her light fairy figure; her

wide red lips, and her untameable vivacity, made her appear like a wild bird alighting on the steps of that still, lazy, gentlemanlike house.

For the first two days Violet behaved herself with perfect propriety. She embroidered more than two square inches of Berlin work, and did not make a single allusion to the stables. She fell asleep only twice when Launcelot condescended to read aloud the mistiest parts of *Queen Mab*, and she tried hard to look as if she understood what *Epipsychidion* was all about. Poor little woman! she knew as much about either as if cousin Launce, as she called him, had informed her in the native dialect of the glories of the *Anax Andrôn*, or as if he had told her how arms and the man were sung at Mantua long ago. But this state of things could not last long. Old habits and old instincts entered their protest, and Violet Tudor felt that she must be natural or she would die. Launcelot said that she was noisy, and made his head ache; and he changed his resting-place for one farther off from the house, complaining of Miss Tudor's voice; which he declared was like a bird's whistle, that penetrated into his brain. This he said to his mother languidly, at the same time asking when she was going away again.

"You don't keep horses, Cousin Launce?" Violet said on the third morning at breakfast, raising her eyelids and fixing her eyes for an instant on him.

"Not for ladies, Miss Tudor," said Launcelot.

"Why do you call me Miss Tudor?" she asked again, "I am your own cousin. It is very rude of you!"

"I should think myself very impertinent if I called you by any other name," returned Launcelot still more coldly.

"How odd! Aunt, why is Cousin Launce so strange?"

"I don't know what you mean, Violet," said Mrs. Chumley, a little sternly; "I think *you* are strange—not my son!"

An answer that steadied the eyes for some time; for Violet looked down, feeling rebuked, and wondering how she had deserved rebuke. A moment after, Ella asked Launcelot for something in her gentle, quiet, unintoned voice, as if they had been strangers, and had met for the first time that day. It was a striking contrast; not unnoticed by Chumley, who was inwardly thankful that such a quiet wife had been chosen him; adding a grace of thanks for having escaped Violet Tudor. After breakfast he strolled, as usual, into the garden, Mrs. Chumley going about her household concerns; Violet went to the door, turning round for Ella.

"Come with me, Elly, darling," she said; "let us go and tease Launce. It is really too stupid here!—I can't endure it much longer. I want to see what that lazy fellow is really made of. I am not engaged to him, so I am

not afraid of him. Come!" And with one spring down the whole flight, she dashed upon the lawn like a flash of light. Ella descended like a well bred lady; but Violet skipped, and ran, and jumped, and once she hopped—until she found herself by Launcelot's side, as he lay on the grass, darting in between him and the sun like a humming bird.

"Cousin Launce, how lazy you are!" were her first words. "Why don't you do something to amuse us? You take no more notice of Ella than if she were a stranger, and you are not even ordinarily polite to me. It is really dreadful! What will you be when you are a man, if you are so idle and selfish now? There will be no living with you in a few years; for I am sure you are almost insupportable as you are!"

Launcelot had not been accustomed to this style of address; and, for the first few moments, was completely at fault. Ella looked frightened. She touched Violet, and whispered, "Don't hurt his feelings!" as if he had been a baby, and Violet an assassin.

"And what am I to do to please Miss Tudor?" Launcelot asked with an impertinent voice; "what herculean exertion must I go through to win favour in the eyes of my strong, brave, manly cousin?"

"Be a man yourself, Cousin Launce," answered Violet; "don't spend all your time dawdling over stupid poetry, which I am sure you don't understand. Take exercise—good strong exercise. Ride, hunt, shoot, take interest in something and in some one, and don't think yourself too good for everybody's society but your own. You give up your happiness for pride, I am sure you do; yet you are perfectly unconscious of how ridiculous you make yourself."

"You are severe, Miss Tudor," said Launcelot, with his face crimson. Violet was so small and so frank, he could not be angry with her.

"I tell you the truth," she persisted, "and you don't often hear the truth. Better for you if you did. You must not let it be a quarrel between us; for I speak only for your own good; and, if you will only condescend to be a little more like other men I will never say a word to you again. Let us go to the stables. I want to see your horses. You have horses?"

"Yes," said Launcelot; "but, as I remarked at breakfast, not ladies' horses."

"I don't care for ladies' horses: men's horses will suit me better!" said Violet, with a toss of her little head that was charming in its assertion of equality. "I would undertake to ride horses, Cousin Launce, you dare not mount; for I am sure you cannot be good at riding, lying on the grass all your life!"

Launcelot was excessively piqued. His blood made his face tingle, his brows contracted, and he felt humbled and annoyed;

but roused. Tears came into Ella's eyes. She went up to her friend and said :—"Oh, Violet, how cruel you are !"

Launcelot saw this little bye-scene. He was a man and a spoilt child in one ; and hated pity on the one side, as much as interference on the other. So poor Ella did not advance herself much in his eyes by her championship. On the contrary, he felt more humiliated by her tears than by Violet's rebukes : and, drawing himself up proudly, he said to Violet, as if he were giving away a kingdom, "If you please we will ride to-day."

"Bravo ! bravo, Cousin Launce !" Violet left the lovers together, hoping they would improve the opportunity ; but Ella was too well bred, and Launcelot was too cold ; and they only called each other Miss Limple and Mr. Chumley, and observed it was very fine weather ; which was the general extent of their love-making.

They arrived at the stable in time to hear some of Violet's candid criticisms. "That cob's off-fetlock wants looking to. The stupid groom ! whoever saw a beast's head tied up like that ? Why he wasn't a crib-biter, was he ?" and with a "Wo-ho, poor fellow ! steady there, steady !" Violet went dauntlessly up to the big carriage horse's head, and loosened the strain of his halter before Launcelot knew what she was about. She was in her element. She wandered in and out of the stalls, and did not mind how much the horses fidgetted ; nor, even if they turned themselves sideways as if they meant to crush her against the manger. Launcelot thought all this vulgar beyond words ; and he thought Ella Limple, who stood just at the door and looked frightened, infinitely the superior of the two ladies ; and thanked his good star again that had risen on Ella and not on Violet. Violet chose the biggest and the most spirited horse of all, Ella selecting an old grey that was as steady as a camel, and both went into the house to dress for their ride. When they came back, even Launcelot—very much disapproving of Amazons in general—could not but confess that they made a beautiful pair. Ella so fair and graceful, and Violet so full of life and beauty. He was obliged to allow that she was beautiful ; but of course not so beautiful as Ella. With this thought he threw himself cleverly into the saddle, and off the three started ; Ella holding her pummel very tightly.

They ambled down the avenue together ; but, when they got a short distance on the road, Violet raised herself in the saddle ; and, waving her small hand lost in its white gauntlets, darted off ; tearing along the road, till she became a mere speck in the distance. Launcelot's blood came up into his face. Something stirred his heart, strung his nerves up to their natural tone, and made him wavy and long and hate and admire all in a breath.

He turned to Ella and said hurriedly, "Shall we ride faster, Miss Limple ?"

"If you please," answered Ella, timidly ; "but I can't ride *very* fast, you know."

Launcelot bit his lip. "Oh, I remember ; yet I hate to see women riding like jockeys ; you are quite right ;" but he fretted his horse, and frowned. Then he observed very loudly, "Violet Tudor is a very vulgar little girl."

After a time Violet came back ; her black horse foaming, his head well up, his neck arched, his large eyes wild and bright : she flushed, animated, bright ; full of life and health. Launcelot sat negligently on his bay—one hand on the crupper as lazy men do sit on horseback—walking slowly. Ella's dozing grey hanging down his head and sleeping, with the flies settling on his twinkling pink eyelids.

"Dearest Violet, I thought you would have been killed," said Ella ; "what made you rush away in that manner ?"

"And what made you both ride as if you were in a procession, and were afraid of trampling on the crowd ?" retorted Violet. "Cousin Launcelot, you are something wonderful. A strong man like you to ride in that manner. Are you made of jelly that would break if shaken ? For shame. Have a canter. Your bay won't beat my black ; although my black is blown and your mare is fresh." Violet gave the bay a smart cut with her whip, which sent it off at a hand gallop. Away they both flew, clattering along the hard road, like dragoons. But Violet beat by a full length ; or, as she phrased it, "she won cleverly ;" telling Launcelot that he had a great deal to do yet before he could ride against her, which made him hate her as much as if she had been a Frenchman, or a Cossack ; and love Ella more than ever. And so he told her, as he lifted her tenderly from her grey, leaving Violet to spring from her black mammoth unassisted.

All that evening he was sulky to Violet, and peculiarly affectionate to Ella ; making the poor child's heart flutter like a caged bird.

"Cousin," whispered Violet, the next morning, laying her little hand on his shoulder, "have you a rifle in the house—or a pair of pistols ?" Launcelot was so taken by surprise that he hurriedly confessed to having guns and pistols and rifles, and all other murderous weapons necessary for the fit equipment of a gentleman.

"We will have some fun, then," she said, looking happy and full of mischief. Violet and Ella—Ella dragged sorely against her will, for the very sight of a pistol nearly threw her into hysterics—went into the shrubbery ; and there Violet challenged Launcelot to shoot with her at a mark at twenty paces ; then, as she grew vain, at thirty. Launcelot was too proud to refuse this challenge ; believing of

course that a little black-eyed girl, whose waist he could span between his thumb and little finger, and with hands that could hardly find gloves small enough for them, could not shoot so well as he.

Launcelot was nervous—that must be confessed; and Violet was excited. Launcelot's nervousness helped his failure; but Violet's excitement helped her success. Her bullet hit the mark every time straight in the centre, and Launcelot never hit once; which was not very pleasant in their respective conditions of lord and subject; for so Launcelot classed men and women—especially little women with small waists—in his own magnificent mind.

"He had not shot for a long time," he said, "and he was out of practice. He drank coffee for breakfast, and that had made his hand unsteady—"

"And confess too, Cousin Launce," said Violet, "that you were never very good at shooting any time of your life, without coffee or with it. Why, you don't even load properly; how can you shoot if you don't know how to load? We can't read without an alphabet!" In the prettiest manner possible she took the pistol from her cousin's hand and loaded it for him—first drawing his charge. "Now try again!" she said, speaking as if to a child; "nothing like perseverance."

Launcelot was provoked, but subdued, and he did as his little instructress bade him; to fail, once more. His bullet went wide of the target, and Violet's lodged in the bull's eye. So Launcelot flung the pistols on the grass and said, "It is a very unladylike amusement, Miss Tudor; and I was much to blame to encourage you in such nonsense." Offering his arm to Ella, he walked sulkily away.

Violet looked after them both for some time, watching them through the trees. There was a peculiar expression in her face—a mixture of whimsical humour, of pain, of triumph, and of a wistful kind of longing, that perhaps she was, in her own heart, unconscious of. She then turned away; and with a half sigh, said softly to herself: "It is a pity Cousin Launcelot has such a bad temper!"

After this Launcelot became more and more reserved to Violet, and more and more affectionate to Ella. Although he often wondered at himself for thinking so much of the one—though only in anger and dislike—and so little of the other. Why should he disturb himself about Violet?

On the other hand Violet was distressed at Launcelot's evident dislike for her. What had she said? What had she done? She was always good-tempered to him, and ready to oblige. To be sure she had told him several rough truths; but was not the truth always to be told? And just see the good she had done him! Look how much more active and less spoilt he was now than he used to be. It was all owing to her. She wished, for Ella's sake, that he liked her better; for it

would be very disagreeable for Ella when she married, if Ella's husband did not like to see her in his house. It was really very distressing. And Violet cried on her pillow that night, thinking over the dark future when she could not stay with Ella, because Ella's husband hated her.

This was after Violet had beaten Cousin Launcelot three games of chess consecutively. Launcelot had been furiously humiliated; for he was accounted the best chess-player of the neighbourhood. But Violet was really a good player, and had won the prize at a chess club, where she had been admitted by extraordinary courtesy; it not being the custom of that reputable institution to suffer womanhood within its sacred walls. But she was very unhappy about cousin Launce for all that; and the next day looked quite pale and cast down. Even Launcelot noticed his obnoxious cousin's changed looks and asked her, rather graciously, "If she were ill?" To which question Violet replied by a blush, a glad smile bursting out like a song, and a pretty pout, "No, I am not ill, thank you." Which ended their interchange of civilities for the day.

Launcelot became restless, feverish, melancholy, cross; at times boisterously gay, at times the very echo of despair. He was kind to Ella, and confessed to himself how fortunate he was in having chosen her; but he could not understand—knowing how much he loved her—the extraordinary effect she had upon his nerves. Her passiveness irritated him. Her soft and musical voice made him wretched; for he was incessantly watching for a change of intonation or an emphasis which never came. Her manners were certainly the perfection of manners—he desired none other in his wife—but, if she would sometimes move a little quicker, or look interested and pleased when he tried to amuse her, she would make him infinitely happier. And oh! if she would only do something more than work those eternal slippers, how glad he would be. "There they are," he exclaimed aloud, as the two cousins passed before his window. "By Jove, what a foot that Violet has; and her hair, what a lustrous black; and what eyes. Pshaw! what is it to me what hair or eyes she has?" And he closed his window and turned away. But, in a minute after, he was watching the two girls again, seeing only Violet. "The strange strength of hate," he said, as he stepped out on the lawn, to follow them.

Launcelot's life was very different now to what it had been. He wondered at himself. He had become passionately fond of riding and was looking forward to the hunting season with delight. He rode every day with his two cousins; and he and Violet had races together, which made them sometimes leave Ella and her grey for half an hour in the lanes. He used to shoot too—practising secretly—until one day he astonished Violet

by hitting the bull's eye as often as herself. He talked a great deal, and had not opened Shelley for a fortnight. He was more natural and less vain; and sometimes even condescended to laugh so as to be heard, and to appreciate a jest. But this was very rare, and always had the appearance of a condescension, as when men talk to children. He still hated Violet; and they quarrelled every day regularly, but were seldom apart. They hated each other so much that they could not be happy without bickering. Although to do Violet justice, it was all on Launcelet's side. Left to herself, she would never have said a cross word to him. But what could she do when he was so impertinent? Thus they rode, and shot, and played at chess, and quarrelled, and sulked, and became reconciled, and quarrelled again; and Ella, still and calm, looked on with her soft blue eyes, and often "wondered they were such children together."

One day, the three found themselves together on a bench under a fine old purple beech, which bent down its great branches like bowers about them. Ella gathered a few of the most beautiful leaves, and placed them in her hair. They did not look very well; her hair was too light; and Launcelet said so.

"Perhaps they will look better on you, Miss Tudor," he added, picking a broad and ruddy leaf, and laying it Bacchante fashion on her curly, thick black bands. His hand touched her cheek. He started, and dropped it suddenly, as if that round fresh face had been burning iron. Violet blushed deeply, and felt distressed, and ashamed, and angry. Trembling, and with a strange difficulty of breathing, she got up and ran away; saying, that she was going for her parasol—although she had it in her hand—and would be back immediately. But she stayed away a long time, wondering at cousin Launcelet's impertinence. When she came back no one was to be seen. Ella and Launcelet had gone into the shrubbery to look after a hare that had run across the path; and Violet sat down on the bench waiting for them, and very pleased they had gone. She heard a footstep. It was Launcelet without his cousin. "Ella had gone into the house," he said, "not quite understanding that Miss Tudor was coming back to the seat."

Violet instantly rose; a kind of terror was in her face, and she trembled more than ever. "I must go and look for her," she said, taking up her parasol.

"I am sorry, Miss Tudor, that my presence is so excessively disagreeable to you!" Launcelet said, moving aside to let her pass.

Violet looked full into his face, in utter astonishment. "Disagreeable! Your presence disagreeable to me? Why, cousin Launcelet, it is *you* who hate me!"

"You know the contrary," said Launcelet hurriedly. "You detest and despise me:

and take no pains to hide your feelings—not ordinary cousinly pains! I know that I am full of faults," speaking as if a dam had been removed, and the waters were rushing over in a torrent—"but still I am not so bad as you think me! I have done all I could to please you since you have been here. I have altered my former habits. I have adopted your advice, and followed your example. If I knew how to make you esteem me, I would try even more than I have already tried to succeed. I can endure anything rather than the humiliating contempt you feel for me!" Launcelet became suddenly afflicted with a choking sensation; there was a sense of fullness in his head, and his limbs shook. Suddenly tears came into his eyes. Yes, man as he was, he wept. Violet flung her arms round his neck; and took his head between her little hands. She bent her face till her breath came warm on his forehead, and spoke a few innocent words which might have been said to a brother. But they conjured up a strange world in both. Violet tried to disengage herself; for it was Launcelet now who held her. She hid her face; but he forced her to look up.

For a long time, she bethought only to be released; when suddenly, as if conquered by something stronger than herself, she flung herself from him, and darted into the house, in a state of excitement and tumult.

An agony of reflection succeeded to this agony of feeling; and Launcelet and Violet both felt as if they had committed or were about to commit some fearful sin. Could Violet betray her friend? Could she who had always upheld truth and honour, accept Ella's confidence only to deprive her of her lover? It was worse than guilt! Poor Violet wept the bitterest tears her bright eyes had ever shed; for she laboured under a sense of sin that was insupportable. She dared not look at Ella, but feigned a headache, and went into her own room to weep. Launcelet was shocked too; but Launcelet was a man; and the sense of a half-developed triumph somewhat deadened his sense of remorse. A certain dim unravelling of the mystery of the past was also pleasant. Without being dishonourable, he was less overcome.

On that dreadful day Launcelet and Violet spoke no more to each other. They did not even look at each other. Ella thought that some new quarrel had burst forth in her absence, and tried to make it up between them, in her amiable way. But ineffectually. Violet rushed away when Launcelet came near her, and she besought Ella to leave her alone so pathetically, that the poor girl, bewildered, only sighed at the dread of being unable to connect together the two greatest loves of her life.

The day after, Violet chanced to receive a letter from her mother, in which that poor woman, having had an attack of spasms in

her chest, and being otherwise quite out of sorts, expressed her firm belief that she should never see her sweet child again. The dear old lady consequently bade her adieu resignedly. On ordinary days Violet would have known what all this pathos meant; to-day she was glad to turn it to account, and to appear to believe it. She spoke to her aunt and to Ella, and told them that she must absolutely leave by the afternoon train—poor mamma was ill, and she could not let her be nursed by servants. There was nothing to oppose to this argument. Mrs. Chunley ordered the brougham to take her to the station precisely at two o'clock. Launcelot was not in the room when these arrangements were made; nor did he know anything that was taking place until he came down to luncheon, pale and haggard, to find Violet in her travelling dress, standing by her boxes.

"What is all this, Violet?" he cried, taken off his guard, and seizing her hands as he spoke.

"I am going away," said Violet as quietly as she could; but without looking at him.

He started as if an electric shock had passed through him. "Violet, going!" he cried in a suffocated voice. He was pale; and his hands, clasped on the back of the chair, were white with the strain. "Going? Why?"

"Mamma is ill," said Violet. It was all she could say.

"I am sorry we are to lose you," he then said very slowly—each word as if ground from him, as words are ground out, when they are the marks of intense passion.

His mother looked at him with surprise. Ella turned to Violet. Every one felt there was a mystery they did not know of. Ella went to her cousin.

"Dear Violet, what does all this mean?" she asked, her arm round the little one's neck, caressingly.

"Nothing," answered Violet with great difficulty. "There is nothing."

Big drops stood on Launcelot's forehead. "Ought you not to write first to your mother—to give her notice before you go?" he said.

"No," she answered, her flushed face quivering from brow to lip; "I must go at once."

At that moment a servant entered hurriedly to say the latest moment had arrived to enable them to catch the train. Adieus were given in all haste. Violet's tears, beginning to gather—but only to gather as yet, not to flow—kept bravely back for love and for pride. "Good bye," to Ella, warmly, tenderly, with her heart filled with self-reproach. "Good bye," to aunt: aunt herself very sad; and then "Good bye," to Launcelot. "Good bye, Mr. Chunley," she said, holding out her hand, but not looking into his face. He could not speak. He tried to bid her adieu; but his lips were dry,

and his voice would not come. All he did was to express in his features such exquisite suffering that Violet for a moment was overcome herself, and could scarcely draw away her hand. The hour struck; and duty with brave Violet before all. Launcelot stood where she left him. She ran down the lawn; she was almost out of sight, when "Violet! Violet!" rang from the house like the cry of death.

Violet—a moment irresolute—returned; then almost unconsciously she found herself kneeling beside Launcelot, who lay senseless in a chair; and saying, "Launcelot, I will not leave you!"

The burden of pain was shifted now. From Launcelot and her to Ella. But Ella—sentimental and conventional as she might be—was a girl who, like many, can perform great sacrifices with an unruffled brow; who can ice over their hearts, and feel without expression; who can consume their sorrows inwardly, the world the while believing them happy.

Many years after—by the time her graceful girlhood had waned into a faded womanhood and when Launcelot had become an active country gentleman and Violet a staid wife—Ella lost her sorrows, and came to her peace in the love of a disabled Indian officer, whom she had known many years ago—and whose sunset days she made days of warmth and joy; persuading herself and him too, that the Cornet Dampier she had flirted with when a girl, she had always loved.

THE DESERET NEWS.

A FEW years ago a power-loom weaver of Preston embraced the tenets of Joe Smith,* and betook himself, with his wife, his mother, and his goods, to the Great Salt Lake City, the present seat of the Mormon heresy in America. Until lately no tidings of him were received; but presently came letters and some copies of the *Deseret News*, to which the ex-weaver has become the reporter. The opportunity of a missionary coming home to the mother country to preach the doctrines of the Book of Mormon has been taken advantage of, not only for the transmission of these letters, but to enable the reporter of the *Deseret News* to circulate, in this country, a collection of discourses which he has reported.

The *Deseret News* is not a very imposing journal to look at. It is printed upon a small single sheet; the paper is thin but good; the printing is very fair; and the matter, however odd, is creditable. The motto of the *Deseret News* is *Truth and Liberty*; the date of the number before us is "Great Salt Lake City, U. T., Saturday, April 16, 1853."

* For a notice of whom see vol. III., page 885, of this journal.

The Journal does not contain a great variety of matter; but it is all readable and mostly to the point; one column only being set apart for levity and fiction. It contains a story headed *The Twins or Selling a Widow*; which tells how one Doctor Williamson, formerly of Staten Island, cured the widow Mehitabel of scandal-mongering, by telling her that twins had been born at the house of the Widow Sally, which twins, after great gossiping, proved to be only puppies. This column is filled up with quaint and puritanical anecdotes. "A woman was walking, and a man looked at her and followed her. The woman said, 'Why do you follow me?' He answered, 'Because I have fallen in love with you.' The woman said, 'Why are you in love with me? My sister is much handsomer than me; she is coming after me, go and make love to her.' The man turned back and saw a woman with an ugly face. Being greatly displeased, he went again to the other woman and said, 'Why did you tell a story?' The woman answered, 'Neither did you speak truth; for if you are in love with me, why did you go after another woman?' The man was confounded." We should rather think he was.

Next comes some original poetry from the pen of Miss E. K. Snow, who seems to be the L. E. L. of the Great Salt Lake City. The verses are not good, but they are very pious. Let us pass on to an instalment of "The History of Joseph Smith," which fills the next four columns and a half. It is in the form of a diary. The period referred to is July, 1838, when the Mormons, yet in their infancy, wandered about over the continent of America in search of a resting-place.

"Tuesday, 10th.—This morning the Councillors of the camp drew up six resolutions, which were unanimously adopted in substance, as follows: First, the Engineer shall receive advice from the Councillors concerning his duties.—Second, At four o'clock a. m. the horn shall blow for rising; and at twenty minutes past four for prayers, at which time each overseer shall see that the inmates of his tent are ready for worship.—Third, The head of each division shall keep a roll of all his able-bodied men to stand guard in turn, as called for by the Engineer; one half in the former, the other half in the latter, part of the night.—Fourth, Each company of the camp is entitled to an equal proportion of the milk, whether they own the cows or not.—Fifth, Thomas Butterfield shall be appointed herdsman to drive the cows and attend, and see that they are taken care of and call for assistance when needed.—Sixth, That, in no case at present, shall the camp move more than fifteen miles per day, unless circumstances absolutely require it.

"Wednesday, 11th.—The camp moved eleven miles, and tarried over night at Chippeway; and although they were thoroughly drenched with a heavy shower, and retired to their lodgings wet, a woman, who had been troubled with the rheumatism, and next morning (Thursday, 12th) he had not felt so well and spry for a long time. . . . Friday, 13th, passed on to Mohican, seventeen miles, exciting great curiosity among the inhabitants; attended with some hard speeches about Jo Smith; while one honest-looking Dutchman

said he wished he was ready to go along with them. . . . N. B. Baldwin preferred a charge against Abraham Bond for murmuring and other un-Christian-like conduct. After hearing both parties the Council referred them to the company of their own tent for settlement."

These wandering Mormons had to undergo much persecution; but they met it with firmness and constancy, fed, it must be admitted, with superstition, and supported by astounding miracles. Thus on Tuesday the 17th, we find that

"The Court was in session at Mansfield, and the case of the imprisoned brethren was called up at eight this morning; but no bill was found, and they were discharged at four minutes past one p. m., and joined the camp at seven, having travelled twenty-two miles. While in prison they prayed and sung, and rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer; and in the night a light equal to noonday burst into the prison. Elder Dunham took out his watch and saw that it was three minutes past one, and he received a testimony that they would be liberated the same hour that afternoon, which proved true. Thursday, 19th. Encamped on a prairie in a line for the first time. In their travels this day they fell in with a Lamanite of the Wyandot tribe. Elder Parker gave him the stick of Joseph, which pleased him much. When he saw the camp moving he exclaimed, 'Dis surprise me 'mazingly.' Sunday, 22nd. Received a salute of rotten eggs from a house as we passed; administered the sacrament for the first time on their journey. Monday, 23rd, a wheel of a wagon, heavily loaded, ran over the leg of Elder Peck's son, which nearly severed the flesh to the bone; Elder Peck laid his hands on his son in the name of the Lord, and he was able to walk; and the next morning there was not so much as a coloured spot to be seen on the leg! Tuesday, 24th, while the sisters were washing, the brethren chopped seven acres of underwood, and reaped and bound three acres of wheat, for which they received nineteen dollars."

Further on we have some details of the sort of opposition they met with in America.

"Some two weeks previous to this Judge Morin, who lived at Mill Post, informed John D. Leo and Levi Stewart that it was determined by the mob to prevent the Mormons from voting at the election on the sixth day of August, and thereby elect Colonel William P. Peniston, who led the mob in Clay County. He also advised them to go prepared for an attack, to stand their ground, and have their rights. The brethren, hoping better things, gave little heed to Judge Morin's friendly counsel, and repaired to the polls at Gallatin, the shire town of Davies County, without weapons. About eleven o'clock a. m., William P. Peniston ascended the head of a barrel and harangued the electors for the purpose of exciting them against the Mormons, saying that the Mormon leaders were a set of horse thieves, liars, counterfeiters, &c., and you know that they profess to heal the sick, cast out devils, &c.; and you know that is a lie: that the members of the church were dupes, and not too good to take a false oath on any common occasion; that they would steal, and did not conceive property safe where they were; that he was opposed to their settling there, and if they suffered the Mormons to vote, the people would soon lose their suffrage; and, said he (addressing the saints), 'I headed a mob to drive you out of Clay County, and would not prevent your being mobbed now.' When Richard (called Dick) Welding, the mob bully, just drunk enough for

the occasion, began a discussion with brother Samuel Brown by saying "The Mormons were not allowed to vote in Clay County, no more than the niggers," and attempted to strike Brown, who gradually retreated, parrying the blow with his umbrella, while Welding continued to press upon him, calling him a liar, &c.; and, while attempting to repeat the blow on Brown, Perry Murphy attempted to suppress the difficulty by holding Dick's arm, when five or six of the mobbers seized Murphy and commenced beating him with clubs, boards, &c., and crying "Kill him! kill him!" when a general scuffle commenced with fists and clubs (the mobbers being about ten to one of the saints). Abraham Nelson was knocked down and had his clothes torn off, and while trying to get up was attacked again; when his brother Hyrum Nelson ran in among them, and knocked the mobbers down with the butt of his whip. Riley Stewart struck Dick Welding on the head, which brought him to the ground. The mob cried out, "Dick Welding's dead! who killed Dick?" And they fell upon Riley, knocked him down, kicked him, and hallooed, "Kill him! kill him! shoot him!" and would have killed him had not John L. Butler sprung in amongst them and knocked them down; during about five minutes it was one continued knock down, when the mob dispersed to get fire-arms. Very few of the brethren voted. Riley, escaping across the river, had his wounds dressed and returned home."

Again, soon after, we find that

"About one hundred and fifty Missourians warred against from six to twelve of our brethren, who fought like lions; several Missourians had their skulls cracked—blessed be the memory of those few brethren who contended so strenuously for their constitutional rights and religious freedom, against such an overwhelming force of desperadoes."

The next article in the *Deseret News* is an official paper signed by the three presidents, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and Willard Richards, and which professes to be a report upon the progress and prospects of the Great Salt Lake City. It is styled: "The Ninth General Epistle of the Presidency of the Church of Latter-Day Saints, from Great Salt Lake Valley to the Saints scattered abroad throughout the Earth." It commences by congratulating the saints that the Lord hath prepared a hiding-place for his people, amidst the valleys of the everlasting hills. After some reference to their external position, the saints are informed that Elder Cannon is translating the Book of Mormon into the Owyhean language; that the population is fast upon the increase; and that the saints are prospering exceedingly. Domestic manufactures are improving; but not so fast as is desirable. The tanneries are gradually flourishing, and "considerable leather" has been produced. A manufactory for combs has commenced; the mountain mahogany bidding fair to supersede ivory in that description of manufacture. The iron foundries are reported to be in so prosperous a state that one pair of handirons had actually been exhibited to the conference. The Presidents go on to state further that much valued machinery has been added to the Templeshops; and that the Social

Hall was so far completed as to be occupied by meetings and dramatic entertainments, and was "dedicated" on the first of January. With respect to agriculture, the report states that "many young fruit trees have been transplanted this spring, and millions more would be if they could be had," which nobody will be disposed to doubt. The saints are solemnly enjoined to bring with them all choice seeds, from all parts of the earth.

The epistle goes on to record the ceremonial of laying the four corner-stones of the new Temple in terms of no small pride and gratulation. The immense assemblage of the saints (so vast that the ingress and egress of twenty-five hundred was scarcely noted); the Martial Music, Bands of Choirs, the banner of "Zion's Workmen" towering aloft, and the laying of each separate stone to an accompaniment of prayer, singing, and oration, is duly and eloquently described by the Presidents. "The corner-stones," say they, "now rest in their several positions, about sixteen feet below the surface of the eastern bank; beneath the reach of mountain floods, when the edifice shall be completed, and so deep beneath the surface that it will cost robbers and mobs too much labour to raze it to its foundation, leaving not one stone upon another, as they did the Temple of Jerusalem."

The epistle concludes with an adjuration to the brethren to "come home!"—but not empty-handed:—

"Bring your silver, your gold, and everything that will beautify and ennoble Zion, and establish the House of the Lord; not forgetting the seeds of all choice trees, and fruits and grains, and useful productions of the earth, and labour-saving machinery, keeping yourselves unspotted from the world by the way-side."

February the 14th was an important day in the Mormon calendar—manifestly the dawn of their church militant.

"In the presence of an immense concourse of people, assisted by the apostles and others, we broke the ground for the foundation of the Temple; and the day following, preparations were commenced for the erection of—an arsenal."

Next succeed the advertisements; and, from these may be gathered some strange phases of this community. Several general dealers advertise for sale superior wall and curtain paper, hats and caps, shoes, counterpanes, bonnets, whitewash, and scrubbing-brushes, locks and latches, paints and fancy goods for the ladies. Lower down, a Mr. W. H. Carpenter wishes "to inform the inhabitants of Utah Territory" that he intends "to engage in the manufacture of brooms." Mr. Thomas McKenzie announces himself as the proprietor of a hair-dressing, wig-making, and shaving saloon, at which for cash only "except those who are engaged on the public works," he is prepared to shave the saints for fivepence each. A shilling and a halfpenny are his terms for hair-cutting; and the like

additional sons for "curling" and for "shampooing." A shampooed Mormon must be a spectacle quite worth the money to see. Mr. Thomas McKenzie is, we elsewhere notice, also engaged in business as a butcher. Perhaps he kills the mutton as a butcher that supplies the bear's grease which he uses as a barber. Ingenious commercial versatility!

Charles White, under a heading of "Positively next to the last Call," makes the following pithy announcement:—

"All those indebted to me by note or account will please to call and settle forthwith; and if there are any that I owe, now is the time to get your pay."

The most peculiar of all these advertisements is one signed by President Brigham Young; which gives too clear an insight into the system upon which public buildings are erected in the Great Salt Lake City, to need any comment or explanation.

"NOTICE is hereby given to the Seventies, and all others interested, that the accounts of indebtedness on subscriptions for the erection of the Seventies' Hall are now in my hands, together with the names of subscribers. I do not deem it necessary to publish the list of names and indebtedness at this time—every person must necessarily know whether he owes anything or not—but I do request each and every one who knows that he is indebted to inform me immediately how, and in what manner, he intends to discharge the same. If in labour, what kind, mechanical or common, and what branch; whether team-work can be had, distinguishing whether it will be hauling timber, lumber, stone, lime, or sand. It is my intention to have the adobe made upon the ground; consequently will require the hauling of the clay from the low land to mix with the dirt and gravel on the ground. Now, before the spring work commences, is the time to do this, as well as the stone hauling, as soon as they can be quarried. I wish the brethren who will do this kind of work to notify me without delay, that I may be enabled to direct them, as I wish to place the material upon the ground in such a manner as to obviate unnecessary hauling. All those who intend to pay in cash, produce, nails, glass, oil, paint, door-trimmings, stock or lumber, and have it now on hand, are hereby informed that I am now prepared to receive and credit the same on subscription of stock to the Hall. As you have made me your building Committee, I desire the particular attention of the brethren to this call, for information as respects their designs, as I shall also expect their prompt attention at the proper time, as the season for building advances, to fulfil and perform the same accordingly that the work may progress. All property, as heretofore, will be delivered to brother Jos. Young. Address through the Post Office must be post paid."

It reads like a dream that in these times living men, who speak our own tongue, should build a temple in the same manner as the tribes of Israel built their temples when they returned from their captivity. It is a return to primitive life. Even commerce is conducted on old world principles. The advertisements show that barter is rather courted than objected to. A surgeon announces that "all

agues can be settled through the Tithing Office, in wool, wheat, flour, potatoes, lumber, &c." But there are notices also. Consequently among the advertisements we notice one inserted by "our own reporter," in which that useful individual states that he is "on hand, when called for, to make verbatim reports of the blessings of children, confirmations, sermons, lectures, &c."

Among the letters sent by the ex-weaver to his friends, is one that treats of the question of polygamy, from the Mormon point of view. "I have not," writes the ex-weaver, "married any more wives yet; my wife [noble disinterestedness!] "has manifested a disposition for me to marry a few more wives, that I may have a numerous offspring."

Then comes a fine burst of enthusiasm! "O Christendom! famed and extolled to the heavens for thy religion, piety, and charitable institutions; thy face is fair to look upon, thy form is comely, and thy voice is musical and soothing as the summer breezes; but thy heart is a pit of corruption, thy throat a sepulchre of rottenness, beneath thy tongue is concealed the poison of asps, and death and destruction follow the touch of thy unhallowed breath! There is neither vice nor disease among the saints; the women are all virtuous and good; their chastity is protected by the strong arm of the law; our children are legitimate; and a mighty nation is springing up in the midst of these mountains that will ultimately sway the sceptre of power over all the earth, and purge it of its filthiness, that Messiah may come and reign with all his saints."

Amongst all the rhodomontade and wild ignorant superstition of the Mormons, it is impossible not to feel interested in them as the embryo of a nation founded upon industry, and upon a theorem of communism which has occupied the attention of philosophers from Plato downwards.

COLOUR-BLINDNESS.

Every one is able to detect in himself or in others what is termed a bad ear for music; that is, an ear incapable of distinguishing one melody from another, or unable to note errors in the performance of a familiar tune. Few, however, are so cognisant of visual defects. A dog leading a beggar; a pair of green or purple spectacles on the nose of a passenger in the street; an eye-glass dangling from the neck of a fine gentleman—are known as signs of some optical infirmity. But it is possible that the nearest friend may never yet have known the true colour of a rose, a geranium, or of a railway danger-lamp; and that his deficiency of eye-sight be unknown even to himself.

Colour-blindness has been a subject of investigation since sixteen hundred and eighty

four; although it did not at that time excite much attention. More than a century afterwards Dalton discovered his incapacity to distinguish colours; and then, from the consideration which it received at his hands, the matter was noised abroad. The Academy of Geneva attached most incorrectly the term Daltonian to all who laboured under a similar defect. It would have been equally rational to have called every one after Cromwell who rejoined in scars, or to have made Whitefield a synonyme for squinting. Contemporary with Dalton, Dugald Stewart and Sismondi were both subject to this peculiarity of vision. The topic was lost sight of, however, by the scientific world until eighteen hundred and twenty-six, when an elaborate paper appeared by Professor Wartman of Lausanne, which was translated and published in Taylor's Scientific Memoirs. Dr. George Wilson, of Edinburgh, the biographer of Cavendish, himself a chemist, has recently revived the discussion. He had his attention first directed to it by the blunders made by some of his chemical pupils in reference to the colours of compounds. Although to a normal eye very marked changes were soon to occur when acids or alkalis acted upon vegetable colouring matter, yet to some students no difference was perceptible. One intelligent pupil constantly erred in deciding on the colours of precipitates; and Dr. Wilson was led to investigate his case, which soon proved to be one of colour-blindness. Further researches were made and the disease was found to show itself in three ways.

1. Inability to discern any colour, so that black and white or light and shade are the only variations of tint perceived.

2. Inability to discriminate between the nicer shades of composite colours; such as browns, greys, and neutral tints.

3. Inability to distinguish between the primary colours, red, blue and yellow, or between these and the secondary and tertiary colours, such as green, purple, orange and brown.

Total colour-blindness is very rare; but several well-marked instances were discovered. One was that of a house-painter now in Australia. He could not distinguish any colours but black and white. The explanation of his prosecuting a calling for which he was so unfitted is, he was an excellent draughtsman, with a good eye for form and great skill in designing. He trusted to his wife to keep him right in selecting and mixing colours; but, on one occasion when she was out of the way and workmen were scarce, he helped to paint a public building. He mixed the colours himself, and believed that he had produced a stone-tint, with which he proceeded to cover the walls; but, after he had gone over some square yards, he was informed that he was painting the building a conspicuous blue.

Dr. Wilson goes so far as to assert his

belief that the second kind of colour-blindness is apparently the rule, not the exception, amongst male persons in this country. This, he says, arises from the sense of colour being too little cultivated. Many men hesitate to pronounce between scarlet and crimson, and often declare all their shades to be red. If difficulty in naming be accepted as implying difficulty in distinguishing colours, it is inferred that the true perception of them is a rare gift. The examiner of the chemical class of the Edinburgh Veterinary College, numbering about sixty persons, observed that the great majority declined to give names to any colours except red, blue, yellow, green, and brown. Purple and orange they would not name, although they described the relation of these to red, blue, and yellow with accuracy. The difference between pink and pale blue is a puzzle even to persons who do not otherwise confound colours. Thus instances are adduced of three dyers who constantly commit mistakes with these tints; of a draper who can match all colours except drabs; of a professor of chemistry, who is never sure of the difference between blue and green; and of others who are equally at a loss to distinguish pink from pale yellow. These, however, are all differences of degree.

The most important variety of the affection belongs to the third class. It comprehends those who mistake red, blue, yellow, purple, orange, green and brown for other colours, or who confound all these colours together. In extreme cases, although some colours are at times correctly named, there is no certainty as to any one of them—in milder instances the majority of these colours are seen; but two (red and green) and frequently four (the two last and olive and brown) are not often distinguished from each other. It is singular that yellow, which is thought to be one of the most critical of the primary colours, is, in reality, that with which the colour-blind have least difficulty. Blue is also well seen, but the combination of blue and yellow—green—is one of the most perplexing in the whole prism; being often mistaken for blue, yellow, or even red. Red is still more distracting; some do not see it at all, others mistake it for green; and in one case it was confounded with black. Sufferers under this third class of visual deficiency are extremely numerous. Thus, a soldier may have risen through many grades of the service without ever knowing under what colours he fought; and a sailor may have obeyed signals which his better-sighted messmate read off like print, without being able to distinguish one flag from another. The defect is thought to exist amongst dyers, painters, weavers, clothiers, and others, whose calling involves familiarity with colour. It was at one time an object of curiosity to discover the fate of diseased giants, and a similar interest may be excited for the destiny of colour-blind haberdashers and

silk-mercers. "They end," said one of the fraternity, who had an excellent eye for colour, "as mourning warehousemen." There are certain professions and trades, therefore, on which no youth should enter until he satisfies himself that his vision as to colour is faultless; for it is evident that if he is deficient in this respect the circumstance will be a never-ending source of annoyance to himself, as well as to all who have professional dealings with him. It is thought that colour-blindness exists more frequently among women than among men. Most men set little value on a nice sense of colour; but women highly value it, and are not ready to confess to a want of it.

Several instances of colour-blindness have come to our knowledge. One gentleman owns that he cannot distinguish at any distance ripe cherries on a tree, or strawberries from their leaves. "The flowers of a scarlet geranium I cannot see distinctly at a distance by daylight; but by candle-light there is a marked contrast between them and the leaves. I have no conception of what is meant by complimentary colours, or of the agreement of different colours when blended together; as, for instance, what kind of a carpet accords with red curtains in a room. The dry dirt of the street I could equally suppose to be green." This gentleman's eyes are quite normal and healthy in their appearance. Several of his relations have exhibited similar defects of perception; but they do not appear in his children.

Another gentleman unexpectedly discovered his defect in the discernment of colours, in consequence of a piece of enamel which he had prepared and believed to be pearl-white, being pronounced by others to be a bright green. He was with difficulty convinced of the truth; but he gradually became satisfied of his peculiarity of vision in consequence of several inconvenient mistakes into which it led him.

A third case illustrates a point of great practical importance. A medical student, who began life as a civil engineer, when engaged as such on a railway, frequently rode on one of the engines without, however, taking any part in managing it. On these occasions he observed that, although his undivided attention was directed to the signal lamps, the light of which was visible to him a long way off, he could not, until he was close to them, distinguish whether they were red or green; yet he could tell a blue from a red light at any practicable distance. Distance therefore is an element of deception. It has indeed been proved that the majority of colour-blind persons are able to distinguish red from bright green when these are bright, near the eye, and well illuminated; but the power of distinguishing diminishes with great rapidity in proportion to the distance they are removed from the eye. Colour-blindness in those who are thus quickly deceived by

distance in reference to red and bright green, may be detected by their inability to distinguish, close at hand, russet and ruddy browns from olives and dark greens. This is well worthy of serious attention. The coloured day-signals on railways—especially the flags, which alone are available in some of the most pressing emergencies—soon tarnish and darken, and consequently diminish the distances at which the two danger signals can be distinguished. Railway directors have, therefore, an emphatic interest in this subject. They should invariably ascertain that the men in their employment really and truly know one danger-signal from another; or danger-signals from ordinary signals. But, in truth, railway signalling should be reformed altogether; for what can be more preposterous than to expect an engineer, after looking into his red, blazing furnace until his eyesight is almost obliterated, to be able at the next moment, and when travelling at a speed of fifty miles an hour, to see a Lilliputian red light, or a dim and dirty brick-coloured flag; or, seeing it, that he should lose the impression of the fire-colour on his retina time enough to distinguish the colour of a lamp-signal?

TURKS IN BULGARIA.

THE province of Bulgaria, which may shortly become the seat of war, is a long slip of country something in the shape of a half-moon, extending to the south of the Danube from the borders of Servia to the Black Sea. It is divided from the plains of Roumelia or Thrace by a narrow range of mountains, the name of which is beginning to become familiar in our mouths. The Balkans extend from near the neighbourhood of the city of Sophia to Cape Emineh, a distance of about two hundred and forty miles. In many places the range is not more than twelve miles across. Their southern slopes descend almost sheer to the plain like a wall; but a series of hills, divided by longitudinal valleys, extends on the northern or Bulgarian side, gradually diminishing in height, to the banks of the Danube.

When a great river emerges from a mountain range into a plain, its tendency is rarely to cross that plain in a direct line; but to feel its way along the bases of the bordering hills. In this manner the Danube presses as far as it can to the south, leaving the lowlands of Wallachia on one side. It has been said that, of old, it continued its course from Rasova straight to the Black Sea; but, in reality, it is turned aside at that point by elevations which, if not very striking to the eye, are quite sufficient to divert the course of a river. The Wallachian bank seldom rises to the height of more than fifty or sixty feet above the level of the sea; whilst at Silistria, Roustchuk, Siatova, and Nicopoli there are heights of from

one to three hundred feet. A little further inland, for example at Razgrad, there are elevations of nine hundred feet; and, further on, before arriving at Schumla, there is a table-land that reaches the elevation of one thousand four hundred and fifty feet. It is amongst these hills, along the foot of the great Balkan range, that the Turkish army is now encamped, having its central position at Schumla.

The Balkan range is divided into two sections, the greater and the lesser. The former has peaks between five thousand and six thousand feet in height, whilst the mean height of the latter is about two thousand five hundred feet. One of the peculiar features of the lesser Balkan is that its approach is much more difficult from the south than from the north. The route that traverses it, leading from Routchuk by Schumla direct to Adrianople, is one of the best in European Turkey; that is to say, if the traveller proceeds southward; whilst, if he pursue the opposite route, he encounters in many places great difficulties. It is said that a considerable part of this southward journey might be performed in a wheeled vehicle. The custom, however, in Turkey is to travel on horseback, generally at full speed, under the guidance of a Tartar: hence the oriental term in constant use to express swift travelling is "Riding Tartar."

The general shape of the lesser Balkan has been compared to half a roof; there being a single abrupt rise from the plains of Roumelia to the extreme summit of the ridge; whence, as we have said, there is a gradual descent towards the Danube—not, it is true, by one slope; but by a series of valleys of constantly decreasing depth until the last forms the bed of the Danube, beyond which stretch the great levels of Wallachia. Along several of these valleys flow rivers in the direction of the bay of Varna. One of them is called the Mad River, on account of its sudden rises and falls; and another the Intelligent River, on account of its regularity.

These details, which, under ordinary circumstances might appear dry, are not without their interest at the present moment. We shall endeavour to give a still clearer notion of this country, by describing the details of a journey south-eastward from Routchuk (where at present the main body of the Turkish army is posted), to Schumla, which is the centre of the defensive operations, and which stands half way between the Danube and the Black Sea.

Routchuk is a considerable town in Bulgaria, of some thirty thousand inhabitants, situated on a promontory advancing into the Danube. From the roofs of its houses a splendid view may be obtained over the vast winding river, which is sufficiently deep to carry merchantmen of large size. An immense number of vessels are constantly anchored along the quays. From a distance the town

has a magnificent appearance; but, as usual, the streets are narrow, dirty, and dismal. The lower parts of the houses, as is the case everywhere in Turkey, are without windows. The shops are generally tolerably well supplied with merchandise. Travellers bound for Constantinople hire horses at this place, and put themselves, as we have said, under the guidance of a Tartar. The distance to Schumla is reckoned generally at twenty-two hours. The road is picturesque; and, for some time after starting, the valley of the Danube remains in sight. Between Siniouscha and Tomlak it is descried, however, for the last time from a lofty table-land. The road then enters the valley of the Lom, bordered on both sides by precipices and carpeted with verdure. As you proceed, the ground rises and the path leads across hills and valleys, here and there covered with brushwood. All this country is thinly inhabited. Now and then Bulgarian villages may be seen in the distance; but on the road are only one or two solitary Khans. The neighbourhood of hidden inhabited places is indicated by wells on the road side, from which paths lead up into the mountains. Women with jars upon their heads are sometimes seen coming down for water. The first halt is usually at Razgrad, a town inhabited by about fifteen thousand Moslems and a few Bulgarian families. As a rule, the Christians, whose occupations are almost entirely agricultural, are disseminated in small villages throughout the country. Their number is estimated at between four and five millions. The Turks, infinitely less numerous, are congregated in the great towns; but there are some villages here and there entirely Turkish. As they are generally placed in commanding positions, they are probably inhabited by descendants of old military colonies, established to keep the country in subjection. Beyond Razgrad there still continues a succession of valleys and hills. The latter increase gradually in height until, from the table-land of Buratlaré, the heights of Schumla and the long range of the Balkans stretching with the uniformity of a wall behind, come in sight. A little further on the view suddenly opens to the left, and the eye, following the magnificent valley of Paravadi, distinguishes in fine weather the deep bay of Varna on the Black Sea. Crossing a steep range of hills, by a defile commanded by a redoubt—probably at present by many such fortifications—we came at length in sight of the great defensive works of Schumla, to reach which the road makes a considerable curve.

Schumla contains more than twenty thousand inhabitants, with fifty mosques; one of which has a peristyle which has been compared to that of St. Peter's at Rome. The city has always been rather a vast intrenched camp than a fortress. It is situated in a deep indentation in the hills; which have a steep slope both behind it from the

Balkan range, and in front down to the valley. Though these slopes are not of a very regular form, they constitute an amphitheatre, with a series of steps; all of which are now covered with fortifications and batteries. There is a citadel well built of stone on a little table-land to the north-east of the town; which it commands as well as the road from Razgrad. According to all military authorities, Schumla is a very strong position for an army; but, like most great military works, it requires too large a garrison to render it impregnable. To man it completely a whole army is necessary.

Beyond Schumla the road to Constantinople—rising towards the summit of the Balkan, now up steep slopes, now through rugged defiles—becomes very difficult. Most of the hills are covered with trees, which are clothed with numerous kinds of creepers. Torrents, dry in summer but impetuous in winter, are met with at almost every step. The road, if road it can be called, is obstructed by loose stones, and travellers have been alarmed for their safety even on horseback. However, waggons have been taken across, and Sultan Mahmoud once performed the journey with a considerable suite.

From Schumla to Aidos the distance is reckoned at sixteen hours. Many streams and torrents have to be traversed. Several Turkish villages occur on the way, and one or two Bulgarian villages. The extreme summit of the Balkan, which—although so well marked at a distance, is passed almost without being noticed—is met with about half way. The road crosses the Mad river and the Intelligent river; otherwise the greater and lesser Kantschik. We are now properly speaking in Roumelia, although the Bulgarian population still continues mixed with Greeks. The direct road to Constantinople from Aidos is by Kirkilise; but native travellers vary their route almost at every journey, giving as a reason the unsettled state of the country and the danger of falling into ambuscades.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THAT the Merry Monarch might be very merry indeed in the merry times when his people were suffering under pestilence and fire, he drank and gambled and flung away among his favourites the money which the Parliament had voted for the war. The consequence of this was, that the stout-hearted English sailors were merrily starving of want and dying in the streets; while the Dutch, under their admirals DE WITT and DE ROYTER, came into the River Thames, and even up the River Medway as far as Upnor, burned the guard-ships, silenced the weak batteries, and did what they would to the English coast for six whole weeks. Most of the English ships that could have prevented them had neither

powder nor shot on board; in this merry reign, public officers made themselves as merry as the King did with the public money; and when it was entrusted to them to spend in national defences or preparations, they put it into their own pockets with the merriest grace in the world.

Lord Clarendon had, by this time, run as long a course as is usually allotted to the unscrupulous ministers of bad kings. He was impeached by his political opponents, but unsuccessfully. The King then commanded him to withdraw from England and retire to France, which he did, after defending himself in writing. He was no great loss at home, and died abroad some seven years afterwards.

There then came into power a ministry called the Cabal Ministry, because it was composed of LORD CLIFFORD, the EARL OF ARLINGTON, the DUKE OF BECKINGHAM (a great rascal, formerly Earl of Rochester, and the King's most powerful favourite), LORD ASHLEY, and the DUKE OF LAUDERDALE; C. A. B. A. L. As the French were making conquests in Flanders, the first Cabal proceeding was to make a treaty with the Dutch for uniting with Spain to oppose the French. It was no sooner made than the Merry Monarch, who always wanted to get money without being accountable to a Parliament for his expenditure, apologised to the King of France for having had anything to do with it, and concluded a secret treaty with him, making himself his infamous pensioner to the amount of two millions of livres down, and three millions more a year; and engaging to desert that very Spain, to make war against those very Dutch, and to declare himself a Catholic when a convenient time should arrive. This religious King had lately been crying to his Catholic brother on the subject of his strong desire to be a Catholic; and now he merrily concluded this treasonable conspiracy against the country he governed, by undertaking to become one as soon as he safely could. For all of which, though he had had ten merry heads instead of one, he richly deserved to lose them by the headsmen's axe.

As his one merry head might have been far from safe if these things had been known, they were kept very quiet, and war was declared by France and England against the Dutch. But, a very uncommon man, afterwards most important to English history and to the religion and liberty of this land, arose among them, and for many long years defeated the whole projects of France. This was WILLIAM OF NASSAU, PRINCE OF ORANGE, son of the last Prince of Orange of the same name, who married the daughter of Charles the First of England. He was a young man at this time, only just of age; but he was brave, cool, intrepid and wise. His father had been so detested that, upon his death, the Dutch had abolished the authority to which

his son would have otherwise succeeded (Stadtholder, it was called) and placed the chief power in the hands of JOHN DE WITT, who educated this young prince. Now, the Prince became very popular, and John De Witt's brother CORNELIUS was sentenced to banishment on a false accusation of conspiring to kill him. John went to the prison where he was, to take him away to exile, in his coach; and a great mob who collected on the occasion, then and there cruelly murdered both the brothers. This left the government in the hands of the Prince, who was really the choice of the nation; and from this time he exercised it with the greatest vigour, against the whole power of France under its famous generals CONDÉ and TURENNE, and in support of the Protestant religion. It was full seven years before this war ended in a treaty of peace made at Nimeguen, and its details would occupy a very considerable space. It is enough to say that William of Orange established a famous character with the whole world; and that the Merry Monarch, adding to and improving on his former baseness, bound himself to do everything the King of France liked, and nothing the King of France did not like, for a pension of one hundred thousand pounds a year, which was afterwards doubled. Besides this, the King of France, by means of his corrupt ambassador—who wrote accounts of his proceedings in England, which are not always to be believed, I think—bought our English members of Parliament as he wanted them. So, in point of fact, during a considerable portion of this merry reign, the King of France was the real King of this country.

But there was a better time to come, and it was to come (though his royal uncle little thought so) through that very William, Prince of Orange. He came over to England, saw Mary the elder daughter of the Duke of York, and married her. We shall see by and bye what came of that marriage, and why it is never to be forgotten.

This daughter was a Protestant, but her mother died a Catholic. She and her sister ANNE, also a Protestant, were the only survivors of eight children. Anne afterwards married GEORGE, PRINCE OF DENMARK, brother to the King of that country.

Least you should do the Merry Monarch the injustice of supposing that he was even good-humoured (except when he had everything his own way), or that he was high-spirited and honourable, I will mention here what was done to a Member of the House of Commons, SIR JOHN COVENTRY. He made a remark in a debate about taxing the theatres, which gave the King offence. He agreed with his illegitimate son, who had been born abroad, and whom he had made DUKE OF MONMOUTH, to take the following merry *vengeance*. To waylay him at night, fifteen

armed men to one, and to slit his nose with a penknife. Like master, like man. The King's favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, was strongly suspected of setting on an assassin to murder the DUKE OF ORMOND as he was returning home from a dinner; and that Duke's spirited son, LORD OSSORY, was so persuaded of his guilt, that he said to him at Court, even as he stood beside the King, "My Lord, I know very well that you are at the bottom of this late attempt upon my father. But I give you warning! If he ever come to a violent end, his blood shall be upon you, and, wherever I meet you I will pistol you! I will do so, though I find you standing behind the King's chair, and I tell you this in His Majesty's presence that you may be quite sure of my doing what I threaten." Those were merry times indeed.

There was a fellow named BLOOD, who was seized for making, with two companions, an audacious attempt to steal the crown, the globe, and sceptre, from the place where the jewels were kept, in the Tower. This robber, who was a swaggering ruffian, being taken, declared that he was the man who had endeavoured to kill the Duke of Ormond, and that he had meant to kill the King too, but was overawed by the majesty of his appearance, when he might otherwise have done it, as he was bathing at Battersea. The King being but an ill-looking fellow, I don't believe a word of this. Whether he was flattered, or whether he knew that Buckingham had really set Blood on to murder the Duke, is uncertain. But it is quite certain that he pardoned this thief, gave him an estate of five hundred a year in Ireland (which had had the honour of giving him birth), and presented him at Court to the debauched lords and the shameless ladies, who made a great deal of him—as I have no doubt they would have made of the Devil himself, if the King had introduced him.

Infamously pensioned as he was, the King still wanted money, and consequently was obliged to call Parliaments. In these, the great object of the Protestants was to thwart the Catholic Duke of York, who married a second time; his new wife being a young lady only fifteen years old, the Catholic sister of the DUKE OF MODENA. In this they were seconded by the Protestant Dissenters, though to their own disadvantage, since, to exclude Catholics from power, they were even willing to exclude themselves. The King's object was to pretend to be a Protestant, while he was really a Catholic; to swear to the bishops that he was devotedly attached to the English Church, while he knew he had bargained it away to the King of France; and, by cheating and deceiving them, and all who were attached to royalty, to become despotic and be powerful enough to confess what a rascal he was. Meantime, the King

of France, knowing his merry pensioner well, intrigued with the King's opponents in Parliament, as well as with the King and his friends.

The fears that the country had of the Catholic religion being restored, if the Duke of York should come to the throne, and the low cunning of the King in pretending to share their alarms, led to some very terrible results. A certain Dr. TONGE, a dull clergyman in the city, fell into the hands of a certain **TITUS OATES**, a most infamous character, who pretended to have acquired among the Jesuits abroad, a knowledge of a great plot for the murder of the King, and the re-establishment of the Catholic religion. Titus Oates being produced by this unlucky Dr. Tonge and solemnly examined before the council, contradicted himself in a thousand ways, told the most ridiculous and improbable stories, and implicated **COLEMAN**, the Secretary of the Duchess of York. Now, although what he charged against Coleman was not true, and although you and I know very well that the real dangerous Catholic plot was that one with the King of France of which the Merry Monarch was himself the head, there happened to be found among Coleman's papers, some letters, in which he did praise the days of Bloody Queen Mary, and abuse the Protestant religion. This was great good fortune for Titus, as it seemed to confirm him; but better still was in store. Sir **EDMOND-BURY GODFREY**, the magistrate who had first examined him, being unexpectedly found dead near Primrose Hill, was confidently believed to have been killed by the Catholics. I think there is no doubt that he had been melancholy mad, and that he killed himself; but he had a great Protestant funeral, and Titus was called the Saver of the Nation, and received a pension of twelve hundred pounds a year.

As soon as Oates's wickedness had met with this success, up started another villain, named **WILLIAM BEDLOE**, who, attracted by a reward of five hundred pounds offered for the apprehension of the murderers of Godfrey, came forward and charged two Jesuits and some other persons with having committed it at the Queen's desire. Oates, going into partnership with this new informer, had the audacity to accuse the poor Queen herself of high treason. Then appeared a third informer, as had as either of the two, and accused a Catholic banker named **STAYLEY** of having said that the King was the greatest rogue in the world (which would not have been far from the truth), and that he would kill him with his own hand. This banker, being at once tried and executed, Coleman and two others were tried and executed. Then, a miserable wretch named **FRANCE**, a Catholic silversmith, being accused by Bedloe, was tortured into confessing that he had taken part in Godfrey's murder, and into accusing three other men of having committed it.

Then, five Jesuits were accused by Oates, Bedloe, and France together, and were all found guilty, and executed on the same kind of contradictory and absurd evidence. The Queen's physician and three monks were next put on their trial; but Oates and Bedloe had for the time gone far enough, and these four were acquitted. The public mind, however, was so full of a Catholic plot, and so strong against the Duke of York, that James consented to obey a written order from his brother, and to go with his family to Brussels, provided that his rights should never be sacrificed in his absence to the Duke of Monmouth. The House of Commons, not satisfied with this, as the King hoped, passed a bill to exclude the Duke from ever succeeding to the throne. In return, the King dissolved the Parliament. He had deserted his old favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, who was now in the opposition.

To give any sufficient idea of the miseries of Scotland in this merry reign would occupy a hundred pages. Because the people would not have bishops, and were resolved to stand by their solemn League and Covenant, such cruelties were inflicted upon them as make the blood run cold. Ferocious dragoons galloped through the country to punish the peasants for deserting the churches; sons were hanged up at their fathers' doors for refusing to disclose where their fathers were concealed; wives were tortured to death for not betraying their husbands; people were taken out of their fields and gardens and shot on the public roads without trial; lighted matches were tied to the fingers of prisoners, and a most horrible torment called the Boot was invented, and constantly applied, which ground and mashed the victims' legs with iron wedges. Witnesses were tortured as well as prisoners. All the prisons were full; all the gibbets were heavy with bodies; murder and plunder devastated the whole country. In spite of all, the Covenanters were by no means to be dragged into the churches, and persisted in worshipping God as they thought right. A body of ferocious Highlanders, turned upon them from the mountains of their own country, had no greater effect than the English dragoons under **GRAHAME OF CLAYHOUSE**, the most cruel and rapacious of all their enemies, whose name will ever be cursed through the length and breadth of Scotland. Archbishop Sharp had ever aided and abetted all these outrages. But he fell at last; for, when the injuries of the Scottish people were at their height, he was seen, in his coach-and-six, coming across a moor, by a body of men, headed by one **JOHN BALFOUR**, who were waiting for another of their oppressors. Upon this they cried out that Heaven had delivered him into their hands, and killed him with many wounds. If ever a man deserved such a death, I think Archbishop Sharp did.

It made a great noise directly, and the Merry Monarch—strongly suspected of having goaded the Scottish people on, that he might have an excuse for a greater army than the Parliament were willing to give him—sent down his son, the Duke of Monmouth, as commander-in-chief, with instructions to attack the Scottish rebels, or Whigs as they were called, whenever he came up with them. Marching with ten thousand men from Edinburgh, he found them, in number four or five thousand, drawn up at Bothwell Bridge, by the Clyde. They were soon dispersed, and Monmouth showed a more humane character towards them than he had shown towards that Member of Parliament whose nose he had caused to be slit with a pen-knife. But the Duke of Lauderdale was their bitter foe, and sent Claverhouse to finish them.

As the Duke of York became more and more unpopular, the Duke of Monmouth became more and more popular. It would have been decent in the latter not to have voted in favour of the renewed bill for the exclusion of James from the throne; but he did so, much to the King's amusement, who used to sit in the House of Lords by the fire, hearing the debates, which he said were as good as a play. The House of Commons passed the bill by a large majority, and it was carried up to the House of Lords by LORD RUSSELL, one of the best of the leaders on the Protestant side. It was rejected there, chiefly because the bishops helped the King to get rid of it; and the fear of Catholic plots revived again. There had been another got up, by a fellow out of Newgate, named DANGERFIELD, which is more famous than it deserves to be, under the name of the MEAL-TUB PLOT. This jail-bird having been got out of Newgate by a MRS. CELLIER, a Catholic nurse, had turned Catholic himself, and pretended that he knew of a plot among the Presbyterians against the King's life. This was very pleasant to the Duke of York, who hated the Presbyterians, who returned the compliment. He gave Dangerfield twenty guineas, and sent him to the King his brother. But Dangerfield breaking down altogether in his charge, and being sent back to Newgate, almost astonished the Duke out of his five senses by suddenly swearing that the Catholic nurse had put that false design into his head, and that what he really knew about, was, a Catholic plot against the King, the evidence of which would be found in some papers, concealed in a meal-tub in Mrs. Cellier's house. There they were, of course, as he had put them there himself; and so the tub gave the name to the plot. But, the nurse was acquitted on her trial, and it came to nothing.

Lord Ashley, of the Cabal, was now Lord Shaftesbury, and was strong against the succession of the Duke of York. The House of Commons, aggravated to the utmost extent, as we may well suppose, by suspicions of

the King's conspiracy with the King of France, made a desperate point of the exclusion still, and were bitter against the Catholics generally. So unjustly bitter were they, I grieve to say, that they impeached the venerable Lord Stafford, a Catholic nobleman seventy years old, of a design to kill the King. The witnesses were that atrocious Oates and two other birds of the same feather. He was found guilty on evidence quite as foolish as it was false, and was beheaded on Tower Hill. The people were opposed to him when he first appeared upon the scaffold, but, when he had addressed them and shown them how innocent he was, and how wickedly he was sent there, their better nature was aroused, and they said, "We believe you, my Lord. God bless you, my Lord!"

The House of Commons refused to let the King have any money until he should consent to the Exclusion Bill; but, as he could get it and did get it from his master the King of France, he could afford to hold them very cheap. He called a Parliament at Oxford, to which he went down with a great show of being armed and protected as if he were in danger of his life, and to which the opposition members also went armed and protected, alleging that they were in fear of the Papists, who were numerous among the King's guards. However, they went on with the Exclusion Bill, and were so earnest upon it that they would have carried it again, if the King had not popped his crown and state robes into a sedan chair, bundled himself into it along with them, hurried down to the Chamber where the House of Lords met, and dissolved the Parliament. After which he scampered home, and the members of Parliament scampered home too, as fast as their legs could carry them.

The Duke of York, then residing in Scotland, had, under the law which excluded Catholics from public trust, no right whatever to public employment. Nevertheless, he was openly employed as the King's representative in Scotland, and there gratified his sullen and cruel nature to his heart's content by directing the dreadful cruelties against the Covenanters. There were two ministers named CARGILL and CAMERON, who had escaped from the battle of Bothwell Bridge, and who returned to Scotland and raised the miserable but still brave and unsubdued Covenanters afresh, under the name of Cameronians. As Cameron publicly posted a declaration that the King was a sworn tyrant, no mercy was shown to his unhappy followers after he was slain in battle. The Duke of York, who was particularly fond of the Boot and derived great pleasure from having it applied, offered their lives to some of these people, if they would cry on the scaffold "God save the King!" But their relations, friends, and countrymen, had been so barbarously tortured and murdered in this merry reign, that they preferred to die, and

did die. The Duke then obtained his merry brother's permission to hold a Parliament in Scotland, which first, with most shameless deceit, confirmed the laws for securing the Protestant religion against Popery, and then declared that nothing must or should prevent the succession of the Popish Duke. After this double-faced beginning, it established an oath which no human being could understand, but which everybody was to take, as a proof that this religion was the lawful religion. The Earl of Argyll, taking it with the explanation that he did not consider it to prevent him from favouring any alteration either in the Church or State, which was not inconsistent with the Protestant religion or with his loyalty, was tried for high treason before a Scottish jury of which the Marquess of Montrose was foreman, and was found guilty. He escaped the scaffold for that time, by getting away, in the disguise of a page, in the train of his daughter, *LADY SOPHIA LINDSAY*. It was absolutely proposed by certain members of the Scottish Council that this lady should be whipped through the streets of Edinburgh. But this was too much even for the Duke, who had the malignancy then (he had very little at most times) to remark that Englishmen were not accustomed to treat ladies in that manner. In those merry times nothing could equal the brutal servility of the Scottish fawners, but the conduct of similar degraded beings in England.

After the settlement of these little affairs, the Duke returned to England and soon resumed his place at the Council, and his office of High Admiral—all by his brother's favour, and in open defiance of the law. It would have been no loss to the country if he had been drowned when his ship, in going to Scotland to fetch his family, struck on a sand-bank, and was lost with two hundred souls on board. But he escaped in a boat with some friends, and the sailors were so brave and unselfish that when they saw him rowing away, they gave three cheers, while they themselves were going down for ever.

The Merry Monarch, having got rid of his Parliament, went to work to make himself despotic with all speed. Having had the rillany to order the execution of *OLIVER PLUNKET*, BISHOP OF ARMAGH, falsely accused of a plot to establish Popery in that country by means of a French army—the very thing this royal traitor was himself trying to do at home—and having tried to ruin Lord Shaftesbury, and failed—he turned his hand to controlling the corporations all over the country; because, if he could only do that, he could get what juries he chose, to bring in perjured verdicts, and could get what members he chose, returned to Parliament. These merry times produced and made Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, a drunken ruffian of the name of

JEFFREYS; a red-faced, swollen, bloated, horrible creature, with a bullying roaring voice and a more savage nature, perhaps, than was ever lodged in any human breast. This monster was the Merry Monarch's especial favourite, and he testified his admiration of him by giving him a ring from his own finger, which the people used to call, Judge Jeffrey's Bloodstone. Him the King employed to go about and bully the corporations, beginning with London; or, as Jeffreys himself elegantly called it, "to give them a lick with the rough side of his tongue." And he did it so thoroughly, that they soon became the basest and most sycophantic bodies in the kingdom—except the University of Oxford, which, in that respect, was quite pre-eminent and unapproachable.

Lord Shaftesbury (who died soon after the King's failure against him), *LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL*, the Duke of Monmouth, *LORD HOWARD*, *LORD JERSEY*, *ALGERNON SIDNEY*, *JOHN HAMPDEN* (grandson of the great Hampden), and some others, used to hold a council together after the dissolution of the Parliament, arranging what it might be necessary to do, if the king carried his Popish plot to the utmost height. Lord Shaftesbury having been much the most violent of this party, brought two violent men into their secrets—*RUSSEX*, who had been a soldier in the Republican army; and *WEST*, a lawyer. These two knew an old officer of Cromwell's, called *RUMBOLD*, who had married a maltster's widow, and so had come into possession of a solitary dwelling called the Rye House, near Hoddesdon, in Hertfordshire. Rumbold said to them what a capital place this house of his would be from which to shoot at the King, who often passed there going to and fro from Newmarket. They liked the idea, and entertained it. But, one of their body gave information, and they together with *SHERNEED*, a wine merchant, Lord Russell, Algernon Sidney, Lord Essex, Lord Howard, and Hampden, were all arrested.

Lord Russell might have easily escaped but scorned to do so, being innocent of any wrong; Lord Essex might have easily escaped, but scorned to do so, lest his flight should prejudice Lord Russell. But it weighed upon his mind that he had brought into their council Lord Howard, who now turned a miserable traitor, against a great dislike Lord Russell had always had of him. He could not bear the reflection, and destroyed himself before Lord Russell was brought to trial at the Old Bailey.

He knew very well that he had nothing to hope, having always been manful in the Protestant cause against the two false brothers, the one on the throne, and the other standing next to it. He had a wife, one of the noblest and best of women, who acted as his secretary on his trial, who comforted him in his prison, who supped with him on the night before he died, and whose love and virtue and

devotion have made her name imperishable. Of course, he was found guilty, and was sentenced to be beheaded in Lincoln's Inn Fields, not many yards from his own house. When he had parted from his children on the evening before his death, his wife still stayed with him until ten o'clock at night; and when their final separation in this world was over, and he had kissed her many times, he still sat for a long while in his prison, talking of her goodness. Hearing the rain fall fast at that time, he calmly said, "Such a rain to-morrow will spoil a great show, which is a dull thing on a rainy day." At midnight, he went to bed, and slept till four; even when his servant called him, he fell asleep again while his clothes were being made ready. He rode to the scaffold in his own carriage, attended by two famous clergymen, TILLOTSON and BURNET, and sang a psalm to himself very softly, as he went along. He was as quiet and as steady, as if he had been going out for an ordinary ride. After saying that he was surprised to see so great a crowd, he laid down his head upon the block, as if it had been the pillow of his bed, and had it struck off at the second blow. His noble wife was busy for him even then, for the true-hearted lady printed and widely circulated his last words, of which he had given her a copy. They made the blood of all the honest men in England boil.

The University of Oxford distinguished itself on the very same day by pretending to believe that the accusation against Lord Russell was true, and by calling the King, in a written paper, the Breath of their Nostrils and the Anointed of the Lord. This paper the Parliament afterwards caused to be burned by the common hangman, which I am sorry for, as I wish it had been framed and glazed and hung up in some public place, as a monument of baseness for the scorn of mankind.

Next came the trial of Algernon Sidney, at which Jeffreys presided, like a great crimson toad, sweltering and swelling with rage. "I pray God, Mr. Sidney," said this Chief Justice of a merry reign, after passing sentence, "to work in you a temper fit to go to the other world, for I see you are not fit for this." "My lord," said the prisoner, composedly holding out his arm, "feel my pulse, and see if I be disordered. I thank Heaven I never was in better temper than I am now." Algernon Sidney was executed on Tower Hill, on the seventh of December, one thousand six hundred and eighty three. He died a hero, and died, in his own words, "For that good old cause in which he had been engaged from his youth, and for which

God had so often and so wonderfully declared himself."

The Duke of Monmouth had been making his uncle, the Duke of York, very jealous, by going about the country in a royal sort of way, playing at the people's games, becoming godfather to their children, and even touching for the king's evil, or stroking the faces of the sick to cure them—though for the matter of that, I should say he did them about as much good as any crowned king could have done. His father had got him to write a letter, confessing his having had a part in the conspiracy, for which Lord Russell had been beheaded; but he was ever a weak man, and as soon as he had written it, he was ashamed of it, and got it back again. For this, he was banished to the Netherlands; but he soon returned and had an interview with his father, unknown to his uncle. It would seem that he was coming into the Merry Monarch's favour again, and that the Duke of York was sliding out of it, when Death appeared to the merry galleries at Whitehall, and astonished the debauched lords and gentlemen, and the shameless ladies, very considerably.

On Monday, the second of February, one thousand six hundred and eighty-five, the merry pensioner and servant of the King of France fell down in a fit of apoplexy. By the Wednesday his case was hopeless, and on the Thursday he was told so. As he made a difficulty about taking the sacrament from the Protestant Bishop of Bath, the Duke of York got all who were present away from the bed, and asked his brother, in a whisper, if he should send for a Catholic priest. The King replied, "For God's sake, brother, do!" The Duke smuggled in, up the back stairs, disguised in a wig and gown, a priest named HUDDLESTON, who had saved the King's life after the battle of Worcester: telling him that this worthy man in the wig had once saved his body, and was now come to save his soul.

The Merry Monarch lived through that night, and died before noon on the next day, which was Friday the sixth. Two of the last things he said were of a human sort and your remembrance will give him the full benefit of them. When the Queen sent to say she was too unwell to attend him and to ask his pardon, he said, "Alas! poor woman, *she* beg *my* pardon! I beg hers with all my heart. Take back that answer to her." And he also said, in reference to Nell Gwyn, "Do not let poor Nelly starve."

He died in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and the twenty-fifth of his reign.

"Familiar in their Mouths as *HOUSEHOLD WORDS*."—*SHAKESPEARE*.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. VIII.

McELRATH & BARKER, PUBLISHERS.

Office No. 17 BRIDGE STREET, NEW YORK.

WHOLE No. 191.

MORTON HALL.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

OUR old Hall is to be pulled down, and they are going to build streets on the site. I said to my sister, "Ethelinda! if they really pull down Morton Hall, it will be a worse piece of work than the Repeal of the Corn Laws." And, after some consideration she replied, that if she must speak what was on her mind, she would own that she thought the Papists had something to do with it; that they had never forgiven the Morton who had been with Lord Montague when he discovered the Gunpowder Plot; for we knew that somewhere in Rome there was a book kept, and which had been kept for generations, giving an account of the secret private history of every English family of note, and registering the names of those to whom the Papists owed either grudges or gratitude.

We were silent for some time; but I am sure the same thought was in both our minds; our ancestor, a Sidebotham, had been a follower of the Morton of that day; it had always been said in the family that he had been with his master, when he went with the Lord Montague, and found Guy Fawkes and his dark lantern under the Parliament House; and the question flashed across our minds, Were the Sidebothams marked with a black mark in that terrible mysterious book which was kept under lock and key by the Pope and the Cardinals in Rome? It was terrible; yet, somehow, rather pleasant to think of. So many of the misfortunes which had happened to us through life, and which we had called "mysterious dispensations," but which some of our neighbours had attributed to our want of prudence and foresight, were accounted for at once, if we were objects of the deadly hatred of such a powerful order as the Jesuits; of whom we had lived in dread ever since we had read the Female Jesuit. Whether this last idea suggested what my sister said next I can't tell; we did know the Female Jesuit's second cousin, so might be said to have literary connexions, and from that the startling thought might spring up in my sister's mind, for, said she, "Biddy!" (my name is Bridget, and no one but my sister calls me Biddy) "suppose you

write some account of Morton Hall; we have known much in our time of the Mortons, and it will be a shame if they pass away completely from men's memories while we can speak or write." I was pleased with the notion, I confess; but I felt ashamed to agree to it all at once, though even as I objected for modesty's sake, it came into my mind how much I had heard of the old place in its former days, and how it was perhaps all I could now do for the Mortons, under whom our ancestors had lived as tenants for more than three hundred years. So at last I agreed; and, for fear of mistakes, I showed it to Mr. Swinton, our young curate, who has put it quite in order for me.

Morton Hall is situated about five miles from the centre of Drumble. It stands on the outskirts of a village, which, when the Hall was built, was probably as large as Drumble in those days; and even I can remember when there was a long piece of rather lonely road, with high hedges on either side, between Morton village and Drumble. Now it is all street, and Morton seems but a suburb of the great town near. Our farm stood where Liverpool Street runs now; and people used to come snipe-shooting just where the Baptist Chapel is built. Our farm must have been older than the Hall, for we had a date of fourteen hundred and sixty on one of the cross-beams. My father was rather proud of this advantage, for the Hall had no date older than fifteen hundred and fifty-four; and I remember his affronting Mrs. Dawson, the housekeeper, by dwelling too much on this circumstance one evening when she came to drink tea with my mother, when Ethelinda and I were mere children. But my mother, seeing that Mrs. Dawson would never allow that any house in the parish could be older than the Hall, and that she was getting very warm, and almost insinuating that the Sidebothams had forged the date to disparage the squire's family, and set themselves up as having the older blood, asked Mrs. Dawson to tell us the story of old Sir John Morton before we went to bed; I silly reminded my father that Jack, our man, was not always so careful as might be in housing the Alderney in good time in the autumn evenings. So he started up, and went off to see after Jack; and Mrs. Dawson and

we drew nearer the fire to hear the story about Sir John.

Sir John Morton had lived some time about the restoration. The Mortons had taken the right side, so when Oliver Cromwell came into power he gave away their lands to one of his Puritan followers—a man who had been but a praying, canting, Scotch pedlar, till the war broke out; and Sir John had to go and live with his royal master at Bruges. The upstart's name was Carr who came to live at Morton Hall; and, I'm proud to say, we—I mean our ancestors—led him a pretty life. He had hard work to get any rent at all from the tenantry, who knew their duty better than to pay it to a Roundhead. If he took the law to them, the law officers fared so badly, that they were shy of coming out to Morton—all along that lonely road I told you of—again. Strange noises were heard about the Hall, which got the credit of being haunted; but as those noises were never heard before or since that Richard Carr lived there, I leave you to guess if the evil spirits did not know well over whom they had power—over schismatic rebels, and no one else. They durst not trouble the Mortons, who were true and loyal, and were faithful followers of King Charles in word and deed. At last old Oliver died, and folks did say that on that wild and stormy night his voice was heard high up in the air, where you hear the flocks of wild geese skirl, crying out for his true follower Richard Carr to accompany him in the terrible chase the fiends were giving him before carrying him down to hell. Anyway Richard Carr died within a week—summoned by the dead or not, he went his way down to his master, and his master's master.

Then his daughter Alice came into possession. Her mother was somehow related to General Monk, who was beginning to come into power about that time. So when Charles the Second came back to his throne, and many of the sneaking Puritans had to quit their ill-gotten land, and turn to the right about, Alice Carr was still left at Morton Hall to queen it there. She was taller than most women, and a great beauty I have heard. But for all her beauty, she was a stern, hard woman. The tenants had known her to be hard in her father's lifetime, but now that she was the owner and had the power, she was worse than ever. She hated the Stuarts worse than ever her father had done; had calves' head for dinner every thirtieth of January; and when the first twenty-ninth of May came round, and every mother's son in the village gilded his oak leaves, and wore them in his hat, she closed the windows of the great hall with her own hands, and sate throughout the day in darkness and mourning. People did not like to go against her by force, because she was a young and beautiful woman. It was said the king got her *cousin*, the Duke of Albemarle, to ask her to

court, just as courteously as if she had been the Queen of Sheba, and King Charles, Solomon, praying her to visit him in Jerusalem. But she would not go; not she! She lived a very lonely life, for now the King had got his own again, no servant but her nurse would stay with her in the Hall; and none of the tenants would pay her any money, for all that her father had purchased the lands from the Parliament, and paid the price down in good red gold.

All this time, Sir John was somewhere in the Virginian plantations; and the ships sailed from thence only twice a year; but his royal master had sent for him home; and home he came that second summer after the restoration. No one knew if Mistress Alice had heard of his landing in England or not; all the villagers and tenantry knew and were not surprised, and turned out in their best dresses and with great branches of oak to welcome him as he rode into the village one July morning, with many gay-looking gentlemen by his side, laughing and talking and making merry, and speaking gaily and pleasantly to the village people. They came in on the opposite side to the Drumble Road; indeed Drumble was nothing of a place then, as I have told you. Between the last cottage in the village and the gates to the old Hall, there was a shady part of the road, where the branches nearly met overhead, and made a green gloom. If you'll notice, when many people are talking merrily out of doors in sunlight, they will stop talking for an instant, when they come into the cool green shade, and either be silent for some little time, or else speak graver and slower and softer. And so old people say those gay gentlemen did; for several people followed to see Alice Carr's pride taken down. They used to tell how the cavaliers had to bow their plumed hats in passing under the unlopped and drooping boughs. I fancy Sir John expected that the lady would have rallied her friends, and got ready for a sort of battle to defend the entrance to the house; but she had no friends. She had no nearer relations than the Duke of Albemarle, and he was mad with her for having refused to come to court, and so gave her estate according to his advice.

Well, Sir John rode on, in silence; the tramp of the many horses' feet, and the clumping sound of the clogs of the village people were all that was heard. Heavy as the great gate was, they swung it wide on its hinges, and up they rode to the Hall steps, where the lady stood, in her close plain Puritan dress, her cheeks one crimson flush, her great eyes flashing fire, and no one behind her, or with her, or near her, or to be seen, but the old trembling nurse catching at her gown in pleading terror. Sir John was taken aback; he could not go out with swords and warlike weapons against a woman; his very preparations for forcing an entrance made him ridiculous in his own eyes, and he well

knew in the eyes of his gay scornful comrades too ; so he turned him round about, and bade them stay where they were, while he rode close to the steps, and spoke to the young lady ; and there they saw him, hat in hand, speaking to her ; and she, lofty and unmoved, holding her own as if she had been a sovereign queen with an army at her back. What they said, no one heard ; but he rode back very grave and much changed in his look, though his grey eye showed more hawk-like than ever, as if seeing the way to his end, though as yet afar off. He was not one to be jested with before his face ; so when he professed to have changed his mind, and not to wish to disturb so fair a lady in possession, he and his cavaliers rode back to the village inn, and roystered there all day, and feasted the tenantry, cutting down the branches that had incommoded them in their morning's ride to make a bonfire of on the village green, in which they burnt a figure, which some called Old Noll, and others Richard Carr ; and it might do for either, folks said, for unless they had given it the name of a man, most people would have taken it for a forked log of wood.

But the lady's nurse told the villagers afterwards that Mistress Alice went in from the sunny Hall steps into the chill house shadow, and sate her down and wept, as her poor faithful servant had never seen her do before, and could not have imagined her proud young lady ever doing. All through that summer's day she cried ; and if for very weariness she ceased for a time, and only sighed as if her heart were breaking, they heard through the upper windows—which were open because of the heat—the village bells ringing merrily through the trees, and bursts of chorusses to gay cavalier songs, all in favour of the Stuarts. All the young lady said was once or twice " Oh God ! I am very friendless ! "—and the old nurse knew it was true, and could not contradict her ; and always thought, as she said long after, that such weary weeping showed there was some great sorrow at hand.

I suppose it was the dreariest sorrow that ever a proud woman had ; but it came in the shape of a gay wedding. How, the village never knew. The gay gentlemen rode away from Morton the next day as lightly and carelessly as if they had attained their end, and Sir John had taken possession ; and, by and bye, the nurse came timidously out to market in the village, and Mistress Alice was met in the wood walks just as grand and as proud as ever in her ways, only a little more pale and a little more sad. The truth was, as I have been told, that she and Sir John had each taken a fancy to each other in that parley they held on the Hall steps ; she, in the deep wild way in which she took the impressions of her whole life, deep down, as if they were burnt in. Sir John was a gallant-looking man, and had a kind of foreign grace

and courtliness about him. The way he fancied her was very different—a man's way, they tell me. She was a beautiful woman to be tamed, and made to come to his beck and call ; and perhaps he read in her softening eyes that she might be won, and so all legal troubles about the possession of the estate came to an end in an easy pleasant manner. He came to stay with friends in the neighbourhood ; he was met in her favourite walks with his plumed hat in his hand pleading with her, and she looking softer and far more lovely than ever ; and lastly, the tenants were told of the marriage then nigh at hand.

After they were wedded he stayed for a time with her at the Hall, and then off back to court. They do say that her obstinate refusal to go with him to London was the cause of their first quarrel ; but such fierce strong wills would quarrel the first day of their wedded life. She said that the court was no place for an honest woman ; but surely Sir John knew best, and she might have trusted him to take care of her. However, he left her all alone ; and at first she cried most bitterly, and then she took to her old pride, and was more haughty and gloomy than ever. By and bye she found out hidden conventicles ; and, as Sir John never stinted her of money, she gathered the remnants of the old Puritan party about her, and tried to comfort herself with long prayers, snuffled through the nose, for the absence of her husband, but it was of no use. Treat her as he would she loved him still with a terrible love. Once, they say, she put on her waiting maid's dress, and stole up to London to find out what kept him there ; and something she saw or heard that changed her altogether, for she came back as if her heart was broken. They say that the only person she loved with all the wild strength of her heart, had proved false to her ; and if so, what wonder ! At the best of times she was but a gloomy creature, and it was a great honour for her father's daughter to be wedded to a Morton. She should not have expected too much.

After her despondency came her religion. Every old Puritan preacher in the country was welcome at Morton Hall. Surely that was enough to disgust Sir John. The Mortons had never cared to have much religion, but what they had had been good of its kind hitherto. So, when Sir John came down wanting a gay greeting, and a tender show of love, his lady exhorted him, and prayed over him, and quoted the last Puritan text she had heard at him ; and he swore at her, and at her preachers ; and made a deadly oath that none of them should find harbour or welcome in any house of his. She looked scornfully back at him, and said she had yet to learn in what county of England the house he spoke of was to be found ; but in the house her father purchased, and she inherited, all who preached the Gospel should be welcome, let kings make what laws, and

kings' minions swear what oaths they would. He said nothing to this; the worse sign for her; but he set his teeth at her; and in an hour's time he rode away back to the French witch that had beguiled him.

Before he went away from Morton he set his spies. He longed to catch his wife in his fierce clutch, and punish her for defying him. She had made him hate her with her Puritanical ways. He counted the days till the messenger came, splashed up to the top of his deep leather boots, to say that my lady had invited the canting Puritan preachers of the neighbourhood to a prayer-meeting, and a dinner, and a night's rest at her house. Sir John smiled, as he gave the messenger five gold pieces for his pains; and straight took post-horses, and rode long days till he got to Morton; and only just in time; for it was the very day of the prayer-meeting. Dinners were then at one o'clock in the country. The great people in London might keep late hours, and dine at three in the afternoon or so; but the Mortons they always clung to the good old ways, and, as the church bells were ringing twelve when Sir John came riding into the village, he knew he might slacken bridle; and, casting one glance at the smoke which came hurrying up as if from a newly-mended fire, just behind the wood, where he knew the Hall-kitchen chimney stood, Sir John stopped at the smithy, and pretended to question the smith about his horse's shoes; but he took little heed of the answers, being more occupied by an old serving man from the Hall, who had been loitering about the smithy half the morning, as folk thought afterwards, to keep some appointment with Sir John. When their talk was ended, Sir John lifted himself straight in his saddle; cleared his throat, and spoke out aloud:—

"I grieve to hear your lady is so ill." The smith wondered at this, for all the village knew of the coming feast at the Hall; the spring-chickens had been bought up, and the cack-lambs killed; for the preachers in those days, if they fasted they fasted, if they fought they fought, if they prayed they prayed; sometimes for three hours at a standing; and if they feasted they feasted, and knew what good eating was, believe me.

"My lady ill?" said the smith, as if he doubted the old prim serving-man's word. And the latter would have chopped in with an angry asseveration (he had been at Worcester and fought on the right side), but Sir John cut him short.

"My lady is very ill, good Master Fox. It touches her here," continued he, pointing to his head. "I am come down to take her to London, where the King's own physician shall prescribe for her." And he rode slowly up to the Hall.

The lady was as well as ever she had been in her life, and happier than she had often been—for in a few minutes some of those

whom she esteemed so highly would be about her; some of those who had known and valued her father—her dead father, to whom her sorrowful heart turned in its woe, as the only true lover and friend she had ever had on earth. Many of the preachers would have ridden far—was all in order in their rooms, and on the table in the great dining parlour? She had got into restless hurried ways of late. She went round below, and then she mounted the great oak staircase to see if the tower bed-chamber was all in order for old Master Hilton, the oldest among the preachers. Meanwhile, the maidens below were carrying in mighty cold rounds of spiced beef, quarters of lamb, chicken pies, and all such provisions, when suddenly, they knew not how, they found themselves each seized by strong arms, their aprons thrown over their heads, after the manner of a gag, and themselves borne out of the house on to the poultry green behind, where, with threats of what worse might befall them, they were sent with many a shameful word—(Sir John could not always command his men, many of whom had been soldiers in the French wars)—back into the village. They scudded away like frightened hares. My lady was strewing the white-headed preacher's room with the last year's lavender, and stirring up the sweet-pot on the dressing-table when she heard a step on the echoing stairs. It was no measured tread of any Puritan; it was the clang of a man of war coming nearer and nearer, with loud rapid strides. She knew the step; her heart stopped beating, not for fear, but because she loved Sir John even yet; and she took a step forward to meet him, and then stood still and trembled, for the flattering false thought came before her that he might have come yet in some quick impulse of reviving love, and that his hasty step might be prompted by the passionate tenderness of a husband. But when he reached the door, she looked as calm and indifferent as ever.

"My lady," said he, "you are gathering your friends to some feast; may I know who are thus invited to revel in my house? Some graceless fellows, I see, from the store of meat and drink below: wine-bibbers and drunkards I fear."

But, by the working glance of his eye she saw that he knew all; and she spoke with a cold distinctness:

"Master Ephraim Dixon, Master Zerubabel Hopkins, Master Help-me-or-I-perish Perkins, and some other godly ministers, come to spend the afternoon in my house."

He went to her, and in his rage he struck her. She put up no arm to save herself, but reddened a little with the pain, and then, drawing her neckerchief on one side, she looked at the crimson mark on her white neck.

"It serves me right," she said. "I wedded one of my father's enemies; one of those who

would have hunted the old man to death. I gave my father's enemy house and lands, when he came as a beggar to my door;—I followed my wicked wayward heart in this, instead of minding my dying father's words. Strike again, and avenge him yet more!"

But he would not, because she bade him. He unloosed his sash, and bound her arms tight, tight together, and she never struggled or spoke. Then pushing her so, that she was obliged to sit down on the bed side:

"Sit there," he said, "and hear how I will welcome the old hypocrites you have dared to ask to my house—my house and my ancestors' house, long before your father—a canting pedlar—hawked his goods about, and cheated honest men."

And, opening the chamber window right above those Hall-steps where she had awaited him in her maiden beauty scarce three short years ago, he greeted the company of preachers as they rode up to the Hall with such terrible hideous language, (my lady had provoked him past all bearing, you see,) that the old men turned round aghast, and made the best of their way back to their own places.

Meanwhile, Sir John's serving-men below had obeyed their master's orders. They had gone through the house, closing every window, every shutter, and every door, but leaving all else just as it was;—the cold meats on the table, the hot meats on the spit, the silver flagons on the side-board—all just as if it were ready for a feast; and then Sir John's head-servant, he that I spoke of before, came up and told his master all was ready.

"Is the horse and the pillion all ready? Then you and I must be my lady's tire-women;" and as it seemed to her in mockery, but in reality with a deep purpose, they dressed the helpless woman in her riding things all awry, and, strange and disorderly, Sir John carried her down stairs; and he and his man bound her on the pillion; and Sir John mounted before. The man shut and locked the great house-door, and the echoes of the clang went through the empty Hall with an ominous sound. "Throw the key," said Sir John, "deep into the mere yonder. My lady may go seek it if she lists, when next I set her arms at liberty. Till then I know whose house Morton Hall shall be called."

"Sir John! it shall be called the Devil's House, and you shall be his steward."

But the poor lady had better have held her tongue; for Sir John only laughed, and told her to rave on. As he passed through the village, with his serving men riding behind, the tenantry came out and stood at their doors, and pitied him for having a mad wife, and praised him for his care of her, and of the chance he gave her of amendment by

taking her up to be seen by the King's physician. But somehow the Hall got an ugly name; the roast and boiled meats, the ducks, the chickens had time to drop into dust, before any human being now dared to enter in; or, indeed, had any right to enter in, for Sir John never came back to Morton; and as for my lady, some said she was dead, and some said she was mad and shut up in London, and some said Sir John had taken her to a convent abroad.

"And what did become of her?" asked we, creeping up to Mrs. Dawson.

"Nay, how should I know?"

"But what do you think?" we asked, pertinaciously.

"I cannot tell. I have heard that after Sir John was killed at the battle of the Boyne she got loose and came wandering back to Morton, to her old nurse's house; but indeed, she was mad then out and out, and I've no doubt Sir John had seen it coming on. She used to have visions and dream dreams; and some thought her a prophetess; and some thought her fairly crazy. What she said about the Mortons was awful. She doomed them to die out of the land, and their house to be razed to the ground, while pedlars and huxters such as her own people, her father, had been should dwell where the knightly Mortons had once lived. One winter's night she strayed away, and the next morning they found the poor crazy woman frozen to death in Drumble meeting-house yard; and the Mr. Morton who had succeeded to Sir John had her decently buried where she was found, by the side of her father's grave."

We were silent for a time. "And when was the old Hall opened, Mrs. Dawson, please?"

"Oh! when the Mr. Morton, our Squire Morton's grandfather, came into possession. He was a distant cousin of Sir John's, a much quieter kind of man. He had all the old rooms opened wide, and aired, and fumigated; and the strange fragments of musty food were collected and burnt in the yard; but somehow that old dining-parlour had always a charnel-house smell, and no one ever liked making merry in it—thinking of the grey old preachers, whose ghosts might be even then scenting the meats afar off, and trooping unbidden to a feast, that was not that of which they were baulked. I was glad for one when the Squire's father built another dining-room; and no servant in the house will go an errand into the old dining-parlour after dark, I can assure ye."

"I wonder if the way the last Mr. Morton had to sell his land to the people at Drumble had anything to do with old Lady Morton's prophecy," said my mother, musingly.

"Not at all," said Mrs. Dawson, sharply. "My lady was crazy, and her words not to be minded. I should like to see the cotton-spinners of Drumble offer to purchase land from the Squire. Besides, there's a strict

entail now. They can't purchase the land if they would. A set of trading pedlars indeed!"

I remember Ethelinda and I looked at each other at this word "pedlars;" which was the very word she had put into Sir John's mouth when taunting his wife with her father's low birth and calling. We thought, "We shall see."

Alas! we have seen.

Soon after that evening our good old friend Mrs. Dawson died. I remember it well, because Ethelinda and I were put into mourning for the first time in our lives. A dear little brother of ours had died only the year before; and then my father and mother had decided that we were too young; that there was no necessity for their incurring the expense of black frocks. We mourned for the little delicate darling in our hearts, I know; and, to this day, I often wonder what it would have been to have had a brother. But when Mrs. Dawson died it became a sort of duty we owed to the Squire's family to go into black, and very proud and pleased Ethelinda and I were with our new frocks. I remember dreaming Mrs. Dawson was alive again, and crying, because I thought my new frock would be taken away from me. But all this has nothing to do with Morton Hall.

When I first became aware of the greatness of the Squire's station in life, his family consisted of himself, his wife (a frail delicate lady), his only son, "little master," as Mrs. Dawson was allowed to call him, "the young Squire," as we in the village always termed him. His name was John Marmaduke. He was always called John; and after Mrs. Dawson's story of the old Sir John, I used to wish he might not bear that ill-omened name. He used to ride through the village in his bright scarlet coat, his long fair curling hair falling over his lace collar, and his broad black hat and feather shading his merry blue eyes. Ethelinda and I thought then, and I always shall think, there never was such a boy. He had a fine high spirit too of his own, and once horse-whipped a groom twice as big as himself, who had thwarted him. To see him and Miss Phillis go tearing through the village on their pretty Arabian horses, laughing as they met the west wind, and their long golden curls flying behind them, you would have thought them brother and sister rather than nephew and aunt; for Miss Phillis was the Squire's sister, much younger than himself; indeed at the time I speak of, I don't think she could have been above seventeen, and the young Squire, her nephew, was nearly ten. I remember Mrs. Dawson sending for my mother and me up to the Hall that we might see Miss Phillis dressed ready to go with her brother to a ball given at some great lord's house to Prince William of Gloucester, nephew to good old George the Third.

When Mrs. Elizabeth, Mrs. Morton's maid, saw us at tea in Mrs. Dawson's room, she asked Ethelinda and me if we would not like to come into Miss Phillis's dressing-room and watch her dress; and then she said, if we could promise to keep from touching anything, she would make interest for us to go. We would have promised to stand on our heads, and would have tried to do so too, to earn such a privilege. So in we went, and stood together hand-in-hand up in a corner out of the way, feeling very red, and shy, and hot, till Miss Phillis put us at our ease by playing all manner of comical tricks, just to make us laugh, which at last we did outright in spite of all our endeavours to be grave, lest Mrs. Elizabeth should complain of us to my mother. I recollect the scent of the *maréchale* powder with which Miss Phillis's hair was just sprinkled; and how she shook her head, like a young colt, to work the hair loose which Mrs. Elizabeth was straining up over a cushion. Then Mrs. Elizabeth would try a little of Mrs. Morton's rouge; and Miss Phillis would wash it off with a wet towel, saying that she liked her own paleness better than any perfumer's colour; and when Mrs. Elizabeth wanted just to touch her cheeks once more, she hid herself behind the great arm-chair, peeping out with her sweet merry face, first at one side and then at another, till we all heard the Squire's voice at the door, asking her, if she was dressed, to come and show herself to Madam, her sister-in-law; for, as I said, Mrs. Morton was a great invalid, and unable to go out to any grand parties like this. We were all silent in an instant; and even Mrs. Elizabeth thought no more of the rouge, but how to get Miss Phillis's beautiful blue dress on quick enough. She had cherry-coloured knots in her hair, and her breast-knots were of the same ribbon. Her gown was open in front, to a quilted white silk skirt. We felt very shy of her as she stood there fully dressed—she looked so much grander than anything we had ever seen; and it was like a relief when Mrs. Elizabeth told us to go down to Mrs. Dawson's parlour, where my mother was sitting all this time.

Just as we were telling how merry and comical Miss Phillis had been, in came a footman. "Mrs. Dawson," said he, "the Squire bids me ask you to go with Mrs. Sidebotham into the west parlour, to have a look at Miss Morton before she goes." We went too, clinging to my mother. Miss Phillis looked rather shy as we came in, and stood just by the door. I think we all must have shown her that we had never seen anything so beautiful, as she was, in our lives before; for she went very scarlet at our fixed gaze of admiration, and to relieve herself she began to play all manner of antics, whirling round, and making cheeses with her rich silk petticoat, unfurling her fan (a present from Madam to complete her dress), and peeping first on one side and then on the other, just as she had

done upstairs; and then catching hold of her nephew, and insisting that he should dance a minuet with her until the carriage came, which proposal made him very angry, as it was an insult to his manhood (at nine years old) to suppose he could dance. "It was all very well for girls to make fools of themselves," he said, "but it did not do for men." And Ethelinda and I thought we had never heard so fine a speech before. But the carriage came before we had half feasted our eyes enough; and the Squire came from his wife's room to order the little master to bed, and hand his sister to the carriage.

I remember a good deal of talk about royal dukes and unequal marriages that night. I believe Miss Phillis did dance with Prince William; and I have often heard that she bore away the bell at the ball, and that no one came near her for beauty and pretty merry ways. In a day or two after I saw her scampering through the village, looking just as she did before she had danced with a royal duke. We all thought she would marry some one great, and used to look out for the lord who was to take her away. But poor Madam died, and there was no one but Miss Phillis to comfort her brother, for the young Squire was gone away to some great school down south; and Miss Phillis grew grave, and reined in her pony to keep by the Squire's side, when he rode out on his steady old mare in his lazy careless way.

We did not hear so much of the doings at the Hall now Mrs. Dawson was dead; so I cannot tell how it was; but by and bye there was talk of bills that were once paid weekly, being now allowed to run to quarter day; and then instead of being settled every quarter day, they were put off to Christmas; and many said they had hard enough work to get their money then. A buzz went through the village that the young squire played high at college, and that he made away with more money than his father could afford. But when he came down to Morton, he was as handsome as ever; and I, for one, never believed evil of him; though I'll allow others might cheat him, and he never suspect it. His aunt was as fond of him as ever; and he of her. Many is the time I have seen them out walking together, sometimes sad enough, sometimes merry as ever. By and bye, my father heard of sales of small pieces of land, not included in the entail; and at last, things got so bad, that the very crops were sold yet green upon the ground, for any price folks would give, so that there was but ready money paid. The Squire at length gave way entirely, and never left the house; and the young master in London; and poor Miss Phillis used to go about trying to see after the workmen and labourers, and save what she could. By this time she would be above thirty; Ethelinda and I were nineteen and twenty-one when my mother died,

and that was some years before this. Well, at last the Squire died; they do say of a broken heart at his son's extravagance; and, though the lawyers kept it very close, it began to be rumoured that Miss Phillis's fortune had gone too. Any way the creditors came down on the estate like wolves. It was entailed and it could not be sold; but they put it into the hands of a lawyer who was to get what he could out of it, and have no pity for the poor young Squire who had not a roof for his head. Miss Phillis went to live by herself in a little cottage in the village, at the end of the property, which the lawyer allowed her to have because he could not let it to any one, it was so tumble-down and old. We never knew what she lived on, poor lady, but she said she was well in health, which was all we durst ask about. She came to see my father just before he died; and he seemed made bold with the feeling that he was a dying man; so he asked, what I had longed to know for many a year, where was the young squire? He had never been seen in Morton since his father's funeral. Miss Phillis said he was gone abroad; but in what part he was then, she herself hardly knew; only she had a feeling that, sooner or later, he would come back to the old place; where she should strive to keep a home for him whenever he was tired of wandering about, and trying to make his fortune.

"Trying to make his fortune still?" asked my father, his questioning eyes saying more than his words. Miss Phillis shook her head with a sad meaning in her face; and we understood it all. He was at some French gaming-table, if he was not at an English one.

Miss Phillis was right. It might be a year after my father's death when he came back, looking old and grey and worn. He came to our door just after we had barred it one winter's evening. Ethelinda and I still lived at the farm, trying to keep it up and make it pay; but it was hard work. We heard a step coming up the straight pebble walk; and then it stopped right at our door, under the very porch, and we heard a man's breathing, quick and short.

"Shall I open the door?" said I.

"No, wait!" said Ethelinda; for we lived alone, and there was no cottage near us. We held our breaths. There came a knock.

"Who's there?" I cried.

"Where does Miss Morton live—Miss Phillis?"

We were not sure if we would answer him; for she, like us, lived alone.

"Who's there?" again said I.

"Your master," he answered, proud and angry. "My name is John Morton. Where does Miss Phillis live?"

We had the door unbarred in a trice, and begged him to come in; to pardon our rudeness. We would have given him of our best.

as was his due from us ; but he only listened to the directions we gave him to his aunt's, and took no notice of our apologies.

THE CAMP AT HELFAUT.

MECHANICIANS estimate the value of any motive agent which they contrive to invent, by the space which it occupies in proportion to its efficiency. What they want is, an epitome of strength. Cumbersome machinery, falling to pieces by its own weight, and incapable of movement in consequence of its own friction, finds no favour. To obtain the greatest amount of active or resisting power with the smallest quantity of material substance, is the problem which clever heads are every day more and more successfully solving.

A pinch of gunpowder will kill your game in better style than all the cross-bows, *arbalètes* and bird-bolts in the world. A small dose of cannon-balls will breach you a hole in a fortification sooner and wider than a dozen lumbering catapults. A few atoms of detonating powder are preferred to solid flint and steel. A single small hydraulic press will screw you down tighter and reduce you more rapidly to the form of a pancake, than countless pairs of the brawniest arms. A steam-engine of a hundred horse power will finish, in no time, a job which two hundred horses strung together could not even touch or begin. Archimedes, with all his boasting, could have done very little with his lever that should move the world ; unless it were a lever he could hold in his hand, and pry like a crow-bar or a kitchen poker.

The world he thought of was the world of matter. But there is yet another world to be moved ; the world of men, the world of mind. And to stir it, to compress it, to guide it, and to make it grow, miniature apparatus, with springs and levers that are scarcely visible, are getting the victory over costly, enormous, and unwieldy tools.

These fancies came into my brain as I was leisurely strolling in a foreign land, one thought-compelling spring-tide morning. It is not every idle stroll which has the power of suggesting comparisons to the mind. Critical epochs of the year, peculiar localities, and, still more frequently, the discordant union of incongruous objects, will often strike out the latent spark with which to light up a luminous idea.

I had started from the town of St. Omer in the direction of the cemetery, and had mounted the hill on which it lies, commanding a view of considerable interest. Behind, a picturesque mass of buildings grouped around the heavy grey cathedral, the dingy, red-brick, pretentious and desecrated Jesuit's church, the heavy dome of the Hôtel de Ville is all walled in and held together by a formidable rampart of fortifications. Green

meadows and swelling hills lead the eye into distant wanderings. Before, rises a table-land, whose broken slope faces you boldly. On its level plain, which forms the horizon, you can just perceive what might be a multitude of gipsy tents ; though not enough to accommodate the entire gipsy population of Christendom. That is the famous Plaine des Bruyères, the manœuvring field, or Camp of Helfaut. Unlike our own ephemeral Chobham, this is a permanent institution, performing its functions with more or less of annual vigour, according to the aspect of the times, or the military tastes of the ruling powers. All sorts of reputations within the last forty years have galloped over its sterile surface—from the steady fame of our Wellington to the phantom-like names of Charles the Tenth and the Duke d'Angoulême.

I had crossed the troubled waters of the Aa, wondering at a long wooden trough which stood on the shelving brink of the stream, and was half way up the grassy slope leading to the Helfaut camp. Seen from below its aspect is that of a continuous and far from ugly range of hills ; the outline of whose more commanding promontories was faintly traced, and gilded by the blossoms of stunted furze bushes. On the topmost knoll, immediately before me, a group of cattle were enjoying the prospect, and calmly ruminating the sweet short herbage on which they had made their morning meal. I could just catch the point of a white stone spire on the summit, apparently belonging to a village church ; but really the fleeting monument to a fleeting memory—to Louis Philippe's heir, the Duke of Orleans, whose statue in bronze, intended publicly to decorate St. Omer's market-place, has found instead a refuge and a hiding-place in the museum of the town. But even this form of disgrace shows an improvement in the times. Had the reverse of fortune happened some sixty years ago, the colossal duke would have been stamped into *sous*.

To mount at leisure the green declivity, is even a more agreeable mode of ascent, than to follow the zig-zags of that excellent road. We are on level ground, and can breathe and gaze. The camp is before us, a wide-stretched body, like a rickety giant with but little soul just now to animate it, and not at all in its Sunday clothes. For at Helfaut the soldiers' dwellings are not tents, but low huts, or hovels, or wigwams, with clay walls and thatched roofs, a door at each end, mostly, and precious little window. In fact, they are anything but good-looking homes, and do not promise to enervate the men by making them too comfortable. The vast assemblage of permanent tents is now no better than the apothecary's "beggary account of empty boxes ;" a boarding-school at holiday time ; Cambridge during the long vacation ; an actress in her morning dishabille ; a London theatre out of season, with

not even a rehearsal to enliven it; or the scaffolding of a mighty building without the edifice rising before it. It is yet too early in the year at present for the men to assemble for summer drill. There it lies, inert and straggling; a nuisance to the ground it covers, by hindering the wholesome growth of grass, to the detriment of cows and sheep.

Although the outward panorama is more inviting, let us enter the sleeping city of the absent, and inspect the way in which this awkward piece of mechanism is made to do its fair-weather work. Not a cat, nor a sparrow, nor a dog, nor a chicken, nor even a stray cabbage-stalk, or tossed-out dust-heap are to be seen, in evidence of human life and society. Here is a sort of lane or opening, leading apparently into one of the main streets. But lo! after stepping forward two or three paces, it appears that we, unseasonable visitors, were neither quite alone, nor unobserved. A door opens suddenly, and out of one of the cannibal-like sheds a soldier advances and makes us a bow. We return the bow politely, and walk on, as if nothing had happened. Upon which, the hero steps before us and opens his mouth, to the effect that "Monsieur is doubtless aware that entrance to the camp is forbidden."

"Monsieur is a stranger, and is not aware of anything of the kind. Monsieur will turn back with pleasure" (since he cannot help it), "though loath to leave such a cheerful village. Pray, is it permitted to Monsieur to walk round the outside of this lively scene?"

"Certainly; Monsieur is free to walk round it, and outside, but Monsieur may not enter it." More bows and salutations! I never was so beautifully bowed out in my life.

This is dull work; I have had quite enough of it; and moreover, have seen quite as much of the attractive spot as any reasonable being, not a spy or a traitor, can desire to become acquainted with. It is nothing but an enormous shell without a body; a lobster's claw with no muscle in it; one of the tools for governing the world which a great many people are getting tired of using, especially as they confidently believe that better implements are in existence. Let us turn our backs on the courtly camp-keeper and trot down the hill to that thrifty-looking village yonder, whose buildings bestride the course of the Aa, and rattle with the sound of water-wheels.

There is something there to make up for our disappointment. Read the address of this note, which I happen to have brought:—"To Monsieur Dambricourt, Wizernes." We will step and deliver it forthwith. It procures us bows and salutations; but admission also, instead of right-about face.

We enter a light and airy apartment of magic—a hall of wondrous metamorphoses—down the centre of which flows an enchanted

stream, whose sources are a couple of monstrous tubs partly hidden in the regions above. Each tub is called an Agitator, from some wooden arms which move within it. It is a big-bellied receptacle, constantly in a turmoil, with such a deal of splutter, and splash, and noise, and thumping, that I could not help thinking of the late Daniel O'Connell. In its vast interior are stirred about the materials which now constitute one of the world's most available active powers—the innocent-looking tissue which is familiar to the public in general under the everyday name of Paper, and for testimonies to whose efficiency see the London journals *passim*. As Household Words has already given an account of the details of paper manufacture, I spare you all the rag-picking and rag-clipping here, the water-wheel of fifty horse power grinding up old shirts and sheets by means of a cylinder with fifty blades, till they become the finished pulp or *raffiné*. I say nothing about testing the fineness of the pulp in a basin of clear water, of colouring it for fancy work, or leaving it white for fact and fiction—I merely wish to tell you, that by means of a modest ten-horse power steam-engine, an enchanted stream, flowing down a channel something like a yard-and-a-half wide, was, by means of air and water, by blowing up and pressing down, by gauzes of wire and solid rollers, changed in one minute from a fluid to a solid. At second the first, particles of vegetable fibre were floating loose in a liquid medium; at second the sixtieth, they were woven compactly into the convenient sheet on which I now am writing, and were instantly cut by an unseen knife into squares and oblongs of suitable size. Nothing more was required to be done but to examine and fold them, and, in extraordinary cases, to press them, and afterwards to pack and send them away. Altogether, two hundred men, women, and children find amusement, and something better, in the service of this miraculous stream.

Here, thought I, is a rival power to the machinery we left at the top of the hill. We have here an element which furnishes weapons that may one day prevail over military force. With a conscientious and industrious pen, guided by an observant eye, with a printing-press boldly and ably manned, and an abundant supply of this suddenly-created film, it is possible to make even Emperors uneasy, and to cause such magnanimous heroes as Haynau to fear they are not going to have it all their own way. This moderate establishment, backed by one or two others of equal dimensions, analogically employed in forging and sharpening the brilliant armour of the brain, *might* make way, if there were no others to help them, against the fiercest autocrat in Europe. Their panoply is small, but concentrated. One civilian can instruct and persuade a hundred thousand armed warriors, if they only be allowed to listen.

to him—and listen they will, sooner or later.

A few weeks had passed away, and I again took a walk out of St. Omer. Things had greatly changed in the interval—the trees were thickly covered with leaves, the fields were heavily laden with corn. Once more I passed the bridge which spans the bed of the industrious Aa. The extraordinary trough was still by its side, and a soldier was busy pumping it full. And then down the opposite hill came troops of horses—two by two—to take the draught which they could not otherwise get without considerable risk of drowning. The blossoms of the furze were faded and gone—no yellow outline defined the hills. The knoll on which I had beheld those tranquil cows chewing the cud, was now occupied by a numerous herd of animals of quite a different species and family. Drummer boys were perched all over it, on the summit of every anthill and clod, practising rataplan and the devil's tattoo, till I have no doubt their wrists had enough of it. They do not prevent the silly sheep from feeding quietly just below, any more than the rumours of war make nations rise to put down great conquerors. I drove up the zig-zag road, meeting omnibuses in the service of the camp, baggage carts, canteen vehicles, soldiers in their shirt-sleeves out for a little amateur reservoir-making, mounted officers in full uniform, and officers' wives come to give their opinion. By the way, what very capital fellows those French officers' wives do seem to be! On the hill-side were men toiling with wheelbarrows full of mould and green turf—all for amusement's sake, as will be seen by and bye; others were laboriously causing to mount milk-white blocks of chalky limestone.

The camp at last has changed its aspect; all is flutter and fanfaronade. The hovels are full; the streets are crowded; a stranger is no longer looked on with suspicion. An extempore chapel has been raised, more like a large summer-house open in front than usual religious edifices, before which the troops may see mass, if, as is probable, they cannot hear it. But fun, rather than devotion, is the order of the day, not even excepting duty. What an alteration in the externals of the place! Scarcely a single shed can be seen that has not its own little garden before it. This indeed displays true wisdom, to make yourselves as comfortable as you can, even in an adverse and temporary fix. One stout-hearted Australian discoverer, whenever he halted for the night in the desert interior, used to convert his sleeping-place into a leafy bower, and to plant lilies before the door, although he knew that in all probability he should never see that spot again. That was the height of adaptive philosophy. Here, there are ten thousand men placed in a strait which most folks would call uncomfortable, sleeping on hurdles covered with a

mattress, and consenting to things which no furnished apartments on earth would have the face to propose to a tenant; and yet their care is judiciously bestowed on the embellishment of their narrow and short-tenured lodging. The tiny parterres at the camp therefore are not only admirable specimens of toy gardens, they are excellent examples and practical lessons of the art of making as good a use as possible of the circumstances under which we happen to be placed.

These little horticultural plots lie just before the door of each shed or cabin. Let us walk along the front row of huts, and we mark an infinite variety of taste and style. Flowers, fountains even, sun-dials, "Laramé," (a sort of pantaloons) with his mill, and other mills; fortifications mounted with chalk cannon and tenanted by little chalk houses; miniature streams turning water-mills; ornaments tastefully cut in chalk; A l'Empereur and A l'Impératrice, in ornate white letters laid on the turf; sanded walks; mountains serving as the reservoirs of hidden springs to supply the aforesaid fountains and streamlets; eagles, crosses of honour, hearts, and what-nots neatly carved in turf and brought out into relief with moss and gravel; greenhouse plants; monumental gardening with inscriptions to the memory of a general, a friend, or the fragment of a battalion; patriotic and military mottoes—*Honneur et Patrie, Valeur et Discipline*.

The camp is gay; but after all it is imperfect, though less so than our own display at Chobham. There, there was hardly a single thing to remind the visitor of the shady side of warfare. But the plain of Helfaut holds beneath its busy surface one hint that all has not been always so bright. The commune of Wizernes still possesses a number of caves (though many are closed) called *muohes*, in which the inhabitants used to hide themselves when war was made in real earnest. In the eighth and ninth centuries these compulsory retirements became so frequent, that the very cattle got to know the meaning of the alarm-bell, and came to the *muches* of their own accord as soon as they heard the warning signal. But English ideas about peace and war would be considerably modified if Great Britain were, for once in a while, the scene of an actual and business-like battle. Helfaut, I repeat, is incomplete; Chobham was more so.

For, this is my view of the case:—An exhibition of any art or process, in order to approach perfectness as a means of instruction, must give a series of facts and things, and not the mere surprising result. We must have, as at the Crystal Palace, the raw silk and the power-loom as well as the resplendent brocade. We ought to have the power of inspecting both the ore, the roughly-smelted metal, and the glittering ornaments of diamond-like steel. But camps

like those of Chobham and Helfaut are nothing but the rose and blossom of war. We see nothing of the hidden root and origin—mostly the pernicious ambition of individuals; nothing of the thorns and branches; private sorrows and international bittermesses; nothing of the fruit and produce; ignorance, impoverishment, and debt.

As I lay on my back upon the heather of Helfaut, imbibing the sunshine, and listening to the military band which was dashing off a polka with almost superhuman precision; in spite of the luxury of the scene, my thoughts could not help wandering. It was not that, at a distance, to the right and the left, other bands were triumphantly attracting other groups of listeners; it was not the curious intermittances of rhythm and melody produced by a bar of a waltz crossing a bar of a march, on its passage over the breezy plain; nor was it recollections of the silent and half-dead Trappist convents just visible on the cloud-like hills of the *Monts des Cats* and *Trinite*. It struck me that something was wanting here. The camp was far too one-sided a specimen. To give the people a correct idea of war, other details were requisite.

Years ago, in Belgium, I had visited the citadel of Antwerp, a few months after the siege was raised. The remembrance of that place of horrors often haunts me to this very day; and yet it was not worse, nor so bad as many other places of the kind. The den in which the wounded were deposited, to die, be amputated, or take their chance of surgical aid, was the thing I wished to bring to Helfaut, and myself exhibit to the holiday crowd. Of course, a faithful duplicate would also have to be sent to England. It was a low gloomy shelter, in which you could not stand upright—four or five feet high, perhaps. To form a correct appreciation of the whole scene, one sense only was necessary. I should like to read a description of that dismal den, dictated by some blind traveller. Remember it was now several months after the siege, and the stench was still insufferable. This—a necessary appendage of war; as necessary as the glittering camp—this was the refuge to which human beings were brought, that their souls might depart from their bodies—in peace! A monstrous abomination! Jackals and wolves, with the slightest practice, would scent it at the distance of a league or two. But who, I ask, will venture to say that, with no hint or specimen of a state of siege, the display at the camp suggested the whole truth? Such as this, and not Chelsea Hospital nor the Invalides, is the fate of the majority of wounded soldiers.

Another embellishment was wanting, too. We gazed upon hundreds of young, strong, healthy conscripts; but we saw nothing of the relations they had left behind them. I would have had, within easy reach, a select

encampment of weeping mothers, with hearts tortured by the thought of the Algerian horrors their sons were any day liable to suffer; of girls, whom the forced absence of their not faithless sweethearts hindered from marrying; of fathers, though worn out with toil, struggling still to toil for seven years longer, till the blessed end of the term of service should give back again, to their own little bit of land, the much-needed help of a pair of willing and vigorous arms. With no domestic groups like these, with nothing but music, glitter, and show, of what value is the teaching of the camp to him who desires to look to the bottom of things? Nor would I allow to be omitted a choice hospital-museum collection of remarkable gun-shot wounds and fractures.

By a curious but true coincidence, I had in one pocket an English newspaper, giving a charming account of the merry pranks which our soldiers played on and in Virginia Water. Ducks and drakes; soft water bath, so delightful in August. Who would not learn to swim, if he might but take part in such pretty sports as these? Warfare, really, after all, must be a most entertaining profession. My other pocket, however, contained a *pendant* to this amusing picture. It was simply a number of Household Words. Another camp was the scene of the episode, where they also played at soldiers, though sometimes in a regular style. Napoleon, while practising his flat-bottomed boats at Boulogne, did not scruple to drown a couple of hundred men.

And what is the end of all this camping?—the lesson which it leaves most firmly impressed upon the mind? The General of Division, Aide de Camp to the Emperor, Superior Commandant of the camp at Helfaut, tells us what it left upon him. He thus takes leave of his dispersing comrades:—"When one has had the honour of commanding such soldiers as you are, the most ardent wish one can entertain is to be called to lead them to the enemy." But what enemy, in an empire of peace? Suppose that there exists no enemy? Never mind we will try and find one. What is the use of a carving-knife, when there is no mutton to cut up with it?

The camp at Helfaut with its cumbrous machinery is stopped until, next summer. But Monsieur Dambricourt's paper mill works all the year round. Huzza for Dambricourt! If we only bestowed on the organisation of peace one quarter of the time and trouble, and one-sixteenth portion of the treasure, which we squander on the trappings and tools of glorious war, how much wiser and happier we should be! But restless spirits abroad will not allow us to be wise and happy. We are obliged to keep up a warlike defence against them. Would that the Czar and the Sultan when dull, and in want of a *luxe* ex-

citing diversion, would try a paper war: each engaging a private tutor to perfect them in parliamentary Billingsgate. They would find it a much more amusing pastime than they could ever have conceived beforehand.

SONG FOR NOVEMBER.

THE brown fogs are rising,
The yellow leaves falling,
The song birds are silent,
The harsh winds are wailing;
The days have shrunk shorter,
The nights have grown longer;
Warmth becomes weaker,
Cold waxed stronger;
Yet, in close darkness
Which no eye can sever,
The World-strength is shaping
Blossoms for ever.

Life is fast sinking,
Sun-like and bright;
As out of the heavens
Falls the great night.
Yet, fear I never
Leaving this earth-place,
Knowing the grave is
Also a birth-place;
And the soul, growing
With God-power vernal,
Will it not burst into
Blossoms eternal?

KENSINGTON CHURCH.

In some moods of the mind the juxtaposition is very painful of a churchyard and a public way. It looks as if death itself were no escape from the turmoils of life. We feel as if the noise of carts and cries were never to be out of one's hearing; as if the tears, however hidden, of those who stood mournfully looking at our graves, were to be mocked by the passing crowd of indifferent spectators; as if the dead might be sensible of the very market going on with all its night-lights and bustle (as it does here on Saturdays); of the noise of drunken husbands and wives persisting in bringing a curse of misery into the last home.

On the other hand, the sociable man may sometimes be disposed to regard with complacency this kind of posthumous intercourse with the living. We may feel as if the dead were hardly the departed; as if they were still abiding among their friends and fellow-creatures; not displeased even to hear the noise and the bustle; or at least, as if in ceasing to hear our voices, they were still, so to speak, reposing in our arms. Morning, somehow, in this view of the case, would seem to be still theirs, though they choose to lie in bed; cheerful noon is with them, without their having any of the trouble of it; the names may be read on their tombstones as familiarly as they used to be at their doors; children play about their graves, unthinkingly indeed, but joyously, and with as little thought of irreverence as butterflies;

and the good fellow going home at night from his party, breathes a jovial instead of a sad blessing on their memories. Perhaps he knew them. Perhaps he has been joining in one of their old favourite glees by Callcott or Spofforth, the former of whom, by the way, was a Kensington man, and the latter of whom lies buried here, and is recorded at the church door. And assuredly the dead Spofforth would find no fault with his living remembrancer.

In quiet country places there is, in fact, a sort of compromise in this instance between the two feelings of privacy and publicity, which we have often thought very pleasing. The dead in a small sequestered village seem hardly removed from their own houses. The last home seems almost a portion of the first. The clergyman's house often has the churchyard as close to it as the garden; and when he goes into his grave, he seems but removed into another room; gone to bed, and to his sleep. He has not left. He lies there with his family still, ready to waken with them all, on the heavenly morning.

This however is a feeling upon the matter, which we find it difficult to realise in a bustling town. We are there convinced upon the whole, that whether near to houses or away from them, the sense of quiet is requisite to the proper idea of the churchyard. The dead being actually severed from us—no longer visible, no longer having voices—all sights and words but of the gentlest and quietest kind seem to be impertinences towards them; not to belong to them—quiet being the thing farthest removed from cities—and what we imagine to pervade all space, and the gulfs between the stars, is requisite to make us feel that we are standing on the threshold of heaven.

Upon the whole, therefore, we cannot approve of churchyards in noisy thoroughfares, and thus must needs object to the one in the place before us; though there are portions of it to the north and west of the church, more sequestered (for a small remove in these cases makes a great difference), and in those portions the most noticeable of the graves are situate. They are not many; nor have we much to say of persons lying in the church itself, or in the church vaults.

But first we must return to the church itself. From what we have said of it, the reader will conclude that it is remarkable as an edifice for nothing but the smallness and homeliness of its appearance; but it has this curious additional claim to consideration; namely, that what with partial rebuildings and wholesale repairs, it has been altered, since the year sixteen hundred and eighty-three, nearly a dozen times. How often before then, we cannot say; nor do we know when it was first built. But the alterations, for the most part, appear to have been as bad as what they altered. They beat the silk stocking, the repeated mendings

of which turned it into worsted. They were always worsted—badly darned. They resembled the scapegrace relation of the famous Penn, whom our punning ancestors described as a pen that had been "often cut, but never mended." What were improvements or requirements in some respects became defacements in others, or things to be wished away. The painted window was meagre; the galleries clogged up a space already too little, and looked as if they would slide into the pews; the pews themselves were too tall, and aggravated that sense of closeness and crowding, to which the increasing population naturally tended, and which is still the first thing that strikes a visitor of the church. While writing this article, however (for the church is now undergoing another repair), we have the pleasure of observing that the pews are in the act of being made lower; and we hail this undoubted improvement as an evidence of the better taste which new authorities have at last brought even into Kensington parish church, and which indeed was to be expected from what they have done in other respects. We must add, that its prosody appears to have been for some time past superior to that of most churches, owing, it would seem, to the accomplished family of the Calcotts, who have long been residents of the parish, and one of whom, no great while ago, was organist. Nor should the writer omit that the parish authorities, both clerical and laical, and their servants also, do justice to the example at their head, and are as courteous as becomes their position.

Here, in church or churchyard, among other less noticeable persons, have been buried:—

Imprimis, in the year fifteen hundred and ten, Philip Meawtis, son and heir of John Meawtis; which said John Meawtis, described in a pardon granted by Edward the Fifth as "John Meawtis of our town of Calais, clerk, otherwise called John de Meautis, lately of London, gentleman, otherwise called John de Meawtis, lately of Kensington, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, otherwise called John de Mewtice, of the town of Westminster, in the county of Middlesex, yeoman, or under whatsoever name he may be registered, is forgiven and absolved from outlawry and all other consequences of neglects, contempts, concealments, conspiracies, extortions, murders, (*maudra!*) and whatsoever other felonies and enormities he may have been guilty of." Probably it was a pardon from Richard, the poor little king's uncle, upon the understanding that an enemy of the house of York was to become a friend; an expectation which did not hinder John Meawtis or his son Philip (we know not which) from becoming secretary to Kings Henry the Seventh and Eighth. We notice the name for two other reasons; first, because it was that of Bacon's faithful secretary Sir Thomas Muzwtis, who raised the charac-

teristic statue to the philosopher which sits thinking on his monument at St. Alban's; second, to observe that the *alias* of Meautis or Mewtice (the name being obviously of French origin) renders it probable that there is more propriety in the vulgar pronunciation of Bewfort for Beaufort, than might otherwise be supposed, especially as we retain it in the word beauty, the English of *beauté*. There is reason to believe that it was the real old French pronunciation. We have read in some book, but forget where, that the existing mode of speaking French (which has so frittered and clipped it, and rendered its prosody such a puzzle to English readers) is not older than the time of Louis the Fourteenth's boyhood.

The next distinguished burial we meet with is that of one Sir Manhood Penraddock; a gentleman whose peremptory baptismal name, joined to his chivalrous rank and to the nature of his death, appears to insist on attention to his memory, upon pain of a challenge from his ghost. He was "slain at Notting Wood" (saith the parish register) "in fight;" that is to say, we take it, in a duel; for it was in the year sixteen hundred and eight, during the pacific times of King James the First. Sir Manhood was most likely some hot-headed Welshman, the son of a corresponding father, who had thus christened him by way of injunction to uphold the fame of his ancestors.

From Sir Manhood we are borne over a considerable interval of time, and brought to Addison's Earl of Warwick, who died in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-one, at the age of four-and-twenty. He was son of the countess whom Addison married, and was the youth to whom the novelist is said to have addressed the famous words, "See how a Christian can die." A statue of him in marble, and in good condition, is still remaining in the church, on the right-hand side of the principal entrance from the street. It sits under his epitaph, leaning on an urn; and has an aspect which, at first sight, you hardly know whether to be male or female. This is owing partly to the delicate smooth face and flowing hair, and partly to the robe, which has something of the look of a lady's gown. On turning to the legs, and finding them in ancient sandals, you discover that the gown is a Roman toga. Either the face is unlike, or the compliment to its manliness (strangely paid in the first person—*virile nescio quid*) is clearly undeserved. The whole epitaph indeed is contradictory to the tradition handed down respecting the rakery of this young nobleman; probably on no better foundation than Addison's dying words, which have been supposed to imply some special moral necessity for them on the part of his hearer. Writers complimented the earl on his virtues while he was living, and Addison, in some pleasant letters to him on the subject of birds,

speaks of his "more severe studies," and of their common friend, Virgil. The probability is that he was of a delicate constitution and of a lively enough mind, and that his attention had been drawn to the writings of Shaftesbury and others, with a vivacity that Addison thought fit to repress.

Francis Colman, in seventeen hundred and thirty-three, father and grandfather of the two George Colmans, the dramatists, both buried here also. He was sometime British Minister at the Court of Tuscany. The dramatic propensity of the family appears to have commenced with this gentleman, who interested himself in operatic affairs, and wrote the words of Handel's *Ariadne in Naxos*. He was an intimate friend of Gay.

Dr. John Jortin, in the year seventeen hundred and seventy, aged seventy-one. Author of the *Life of Erasmus*; an elegant scholar, critic, and theologian. He lies in the churchyard under a flat-stone, which is surrounded with iron rails, and briefly inscribed with his name, age, and the day on which he ceased to be mortal (*mortalis esse desinit*). Among the improvements which the authorities here are making, we trust we shall see these good words rescued from the dirt which has obscured them. There were some curious inconsistencies in Jortin. He was a good-natured man, with unattractive manners; was a writer of elegant sermons, which he read very badly; and was always intimating that he ought to have had greater preferment in the Church, though he was suspected, not unreasonably, of differing with it on some points held essential to orthodoxy. His *Life* was written by Dr. Disney, the Unitarian. The doctor's book ought to have been more amusing, considering that Jortin had the reputation of being a wit.

Mr. Thomas Wright, seventeen hundred and seventy-six. One of those didactic gentlemen who cannot leave off the habit of fault-finding even in their graves, but must needs lecture and snub the readers of their tombstones. This posthumous busybody—who informs us that his own head is quiet—seems determined that the case shall be different with ours. The following is his epitaph in the churchyard:—

"Farewell, vain world! I've had enough of thee;
I value not what thou can'st say of me;
Thy smiles I value not, nor frowns don't fear;
All's one to me; my head is quiet here;
What faults you've seen in me take care to shun;
Go home, and see there's something to be done."

Of course there is. But why could not Mr. Thomas Wright let us have a little quiet as well as himself? Did he despair of being able to give us any pleasure in his company alive or dead?

The Rev. Martin Madan, seventeen hundred and ninety, aged sixty-four. His mother

was a Cowper, and aunt of the poet. He made himself conspicuous in his day, and very unpopular with the religious world, by writing a curious book called *Thelyphthora* (female ruin), in which, upon the strength of the Mosaic law, he recommended polygamy as a remedy for seduction. His arguments were learned and acute; but were accompanied with so much bigotry, that, in conjunction with the usual repugnance of the community to touch upon one of the sorest of social questions, they left him at the mercy of opponents who might otherwise have found them very puzzling.

George Colman the elder, seventeen hundred and ninety-four, aged sixty-one. Author of *The Jealous Wife* and other comedies; joint-author with Garrick of the *Clandestine Marriage*; with Bonnell Thornton of the periodical work *The Connoisseur*; and translator of Terence's *Plays* and Horace's *Art of Poetry*. An elegant scholar, and lively and amusing, but in no respects great writer. He comes much nearer to Murphy than to Varbrugh and Farquhar. He saw pleasantly into the surface of things, but little further.

Dr. Warren, in seventeen hundred and ninety-seven, aged sixty-six. The elder of two celebrated physicians of that name, father and son, Dr. Warren seems to have been a model of his class. He was no formalist, but impressed and interested his patients with the most sterling qualities, both professional and personal; and had the art (a very great and important art in a physician) of entertaining them and keeping up their spirits. We have heard it said, on the best of all authorities on such a point—that of an amiable and intelligent woman—that the "finest eyes in the world" were hereditary in the Warrens; so that, under all the circumstances, the reader will not wonder to be told that Mrs. Inchbald, who was one of his patients, was secretly in love with him, and would pace Sackville Street after dark purely to have the pleasure of seeing a light in his window. A pleasant answer is recorded of him to Lady Spencer. Her Ladyship questioned whether the minds of physicians must not be frequently embittered by the reflection, that a different mode of treatment might have saved the lives of their patients. Dr. Warren thought otherwise. "The balance between satisfaction and remorse must," he considered, "be greatly in favour of satisfaction;" and as an instance of it, he hoped he should have the pleasure of curing her ladyship "forty times before he killed her."

James Elphinstone, in eighteen hundred and four, aged eighty-eight. The good dominie before mentioned; translator of *Martial*. The marble tablet inscribed to his memory, on the outside of the eastern wall, was set up by his wife, which reminds us of an omission in our former notice of him; to wit, that after his return from a visit to France, when a

young man, he never altered his dress. It was a suit of drab colour, with bag-wig and toupee, all made according to the fashion which prevailed at the time. Latterly, however, he more than once offered to make any change in it "which Mrs. Elphinstone might deem proper;" but the good lady's eyes had been so accustomed to see her husband as he was, that she could not bear the thought of beholding him otherwise; or, to use the more emphatic language of one of his pupils (the late Mr. R. O. Dallas, the novelist), his virtues and worth had so "sanctified" his appearance in her eyes, "that she would have thought the alteration a sacrilege." It appears also, from accounts given us by the same gentleman, that the worthy schoolmaster, to his zeal for the purity of the English language, added no less for that of the appearance of the ladies: for Mr. Dallas tells us, that when any were in company, whose sleeves were at a distance from their elbows, or whose bosoms were at all exposed, he would sidget from place to place, look askance with a slight convulsion of his left eye, and never rest till he approached some of them; and, pointing to their arms, would say, "Oh yes, indeed! it is very pretty; but it betrays more fashion than modesty;" or some such familiar phrase, after which he became very good-humoured. One fancies good Mrs. Elphinstone bridling up at these times in the consciousness of her own well-covered charms, and approving her husband for thus combining his admiration of ladies' beauties in the abstract, with objections to the fair challengers of it in the particular.

But we shall forget the place of which we are talking; though, indeed, to speak of such deceased people as the Elphinstones is the next thing to looking at children playing over their graves. Their smiles excuse one's own.

The ensuing record on a stone in the churchyard recalls all our gravity:—

CAROLINE NELSON BIANCHI,

Died June 29, 1807, aged 5.

Also, Francesco Bianchi,

di Cremona, died 27 November, 1810, aged 59.

We mention both these names for the affecting reason that they record a father who died broken-hearted for the loss of his child. He was a distinguished musical composer, and wrote operas that were favourites with the Billingtons of his day. It hardly need be added that he was a most amiable and benevolent man. What a death he must have died! Three years of wasting sorrow! Yet death thus loses its sting; and in the last moments there is the blissful hope of rejoining the object of affection. Those are great payments of their kind; great privileges; unable as the sufferer must be, till sure of dying, to rejoice in their possession.

Elizabeth Inchbald, before mentioned, eighteen hundred and twenty-one. She lies at the western extremity of the churchyard, close to a son of Canning, the verses on whose tombstone by his father have little merit beyond that of conventional elegance. They are not unaffecting; for if Nature speaks at all, she must speak to some purpose, whatever be her language; but compared with it in other respects the plain prose tribute to Mrs. Inchbald is characteristic of the prevailing difference in the minds of the two persons—that to the woman being truth itself, while the statesman's is truth after a fashion; and the fashion addresses itself to one's attention as much as the truth.

Sacred to the memory
of

ELIZABETH INCHBALD;

Whose Writings will be cherished

While Truth, Simplicity, and Feeling

Command Public Admiration;

And whose Retired and Exemplary Life

Closed, as it Existed,

In Acts of Charity and Benevolence.

"Existed" is hardly the right word. It should have been "was passed," or something of that kind. But it is intelligible, and was true. We take the opportunity of observing, in addition to our previous notice of this lady, that although we have spoken but of the latest and profoundest of her two novels, the *Simple Story*; the other, *Nature and Art*, is also full of genius, and would alone have rendered the steps of her pilgrimage in this life worthy the tracing. It is one of the earliest works of fiction in this country that sounded in the ears of the prosperous the great modern note of Justice to All. No reader of the least reflection can forget the impression made on him by the trial of the poor girl, whose crime was owing to the very judge on the bench that sentences her to death.

Reginald Spofforth, the glee composer, in eighteen hundred and twenty-seven, aged thirty-seven. There is a tablet to his memory on the left-hand side on the outer wall of the church, close by the principal entrance. Bacon has compared the fragrance of flowers out-of-doors to the coming and going of the warbling of music. The *crescendos* and *diminuendos* in Spofforth's beautiful composition, *Health to my Dear*, always remind us of that charming smile. Musicians, for the most part, are not as long-lived as painters, or even as poets, though the latter are so excitable a race. The reason is not perhaps so much that the musical art is of the more sensuous nature, as that musicians, owing to the demands of their profession, continue all their lives to go more into company and to keep late hours. The painter (barring corporate jealousies) can live as quiet as a

hermit; and the poet, from the habit of seeing so much in everything that he looks on, makes a refuge for himself against vicissitude out of his books and his fireside.

James Mill, in June, eighteen hundred and thirty-six, aged sixty-two, the historian of British India. He has a tablet on one of the pillars in the church. Mr. Mill persuaded himself that a man who had never been in India, and who knew none of its languages, was better qualified to write a history of that country than one who had. The consequence of this paradox was, that after his death the bookseller found it necessary to employ one of the persons thus described as less competent for the purpose of correcting the mistakes of his predecessor. Nevertheless, Mr. Mill's history was a work so remarkable for its ability, that although he had found great fault with the East India Company, they, much to the credit of their feelings or their policy, appointed him to a considerable office in their establishment. Would to Heaven they had empowered him to give the unfortunate millions under their government fewer reasons to curse their officers in general, and a little more salt to their rice.

George Colman the younger, in October, eighteen hundred and thirty-six, aged seventy-four; a more amusing though not so judicious a dramatist as his father. His excellence lay in farce. His greatest defect was in sentiment, for which he substituted noise or common-place. In the decline of life he attained to a very unlucky piece of prosperity. He was appointed dramatic censor; that is to say, reviser, under government, of plays offered to managers for performance; and in the exercise of this office, with a ludicrous and unblushing severity he struck out of the pieces submitted to him every the least oath and adjuration, with which his own plays had been plentifully garnished.

"A. H. C., eighteen hundred and thirty-seven, aged three years and eight months;" and "T. F. C., eighteen hundred and fifty-one, aged twenty-one years." We know not who the C's were; we notice them, because their grave, the only one in the churchyard so distinguished, is adorned with flowers. A printed tablet requests people not to pluck the flowers; and the request appears to be attended to. Human kind are disposed to be reasonable and feeling, if reasonable appeal is made to them, and a chord in the heart is touched. The public cemeteries, which we have imitated from the French, appear to have brought back among us this inclination to put flowers on graves. The custom has prevailed more or less in almost all parts of the world, according as nations and religions have been kindly. It is the Puritans who would seem to have done it away in England and Scotland. Wales, we believe, is the only part of the island in which it has never been discontinued. The custom is surely good

and desirable. It does not follow that those who are slow to resume it must be unfeeling, any more than that those who are quick must of necessity be otherwise. A variety of thoughts on the subject of death itself may produce different impressions in this respect on different minds. But, generally speaking, evidence is in favour of the flowers. You are sure that those who put them think of the dead somehow. Whatever motives may be mixed up with it, the respectful attention solicited towards the departed is unequivocal; and this circumstance is pleasing to the living, and may benefit their dispositions. They think that their own memories may probably be cherished in like manner; and thoughtfulness is awakened in them, towards living as well as dead. It is the peculiar privilege too of flowers to beset every place in which they appear, and to contribute to its best associations. We had almost said, they are incapable of being put to unworthy use. The contradiction would look simply monstrous, and the flowers be pitied for the insult. No butcher would think of putting them in a slaughter-house; unless indeed they could overpower its odour. No inquisitor was ever cruel or impudent enough to wreath flowers about a rack. Flowers, besides being beautiful themselves, are suggesters of every other kind of beauty—of gentleness, of youthfulness, of hope. They are evidences of Nature's good-nature; proofs manifest that she means us well, and more than well; that she loves to give us the beautiful in addition to the useful. They neutralize bad with good; beautify good itself; make life livelier; human bloom more blooming; and anticipate the spring of heaven over the winter of the grave. Their very frailty, and the shortness of their lives, please us, because of this their indestructible association with beauty; for while they make us regret our own like transitory existence, they soothe us with a consciousness, however dim, of our power to perceive beauty; therefore of our link with something divine and deathless, and of our right to hope that immortal thoughts will have immortal realisation. And it is for all these reasons that flowers on graves are beautiful, and that we hope to see them prosper accordingly. But we have two more reasons for noticing the particular grave before us. One is, that when we saw it for the first time, a dog came nestling against it, as if with affection; taking up his bed (in which we left him) as though he had again settled himself beside a master. The other, that while again looking at the grave, and thinking how becomingly the flowers were attended to, being as fresh as when we saw them before, a voice behind us said gently, "Those are my dear children!" It was the mother. She had seen us perhaps, looking longer than was customary, and thus been induced to speak. We violate no delicacy in mentioning the circumstance. Records on

tombstones are introducers of the living to the dead; makers of mortal acquaintances; and "one touch of nature," in making the "whole world kin," gives them the right of speaking like kindred to, and of, one another. It is a pleasure to see the flowers so well kept, and for so long a time. The mother said they would be so as long as she lived. It is impossible not to respect and sympathise with feelings like these. We should say, nevertheless (and as questions of this kind are of general interest, we address the remark to all loving survivors), that although a life-long observance of such attentions could do anything but dishonour to living or dead, the discontinuance of it after a certain lapse of time would not, of necessity, be a reproach to either: for the practice concerns the feelings of the one still more than the memory of the other; and in cases where it might keep open the wounds of remembrance too long and too sorely, no loving persons, while alive, could wish that their survivors should take such pains to hinder themselves from being relieved. It is natural for some time, often for too long a time, to associate with the idea of the departed the bodies in which they lived and in which we loved them. Few of us can so spiritualise their new condition all at once, as to visit them in thought nowhere but in another world. We have been too much accustomed to them bodily in this. In fact, they are still bodily with us; still in our world, if not on it; and for a time we must reconcile that thought to ourselves as well as we can; warm it with our tears; put it on an equality with us, by means of our very sorrow, from which, whatsoever its other disadvantages, it is now exempt; give it earthly privileges of some kind, whether of flowers or of fondness.

Returning from the church into the High Street there presents itself, not many yards further, on the right side of the way, a curious looking brick edifice, at once slender and robust (if the reader can imagine such a combination); or tall and sturdy; or narrow, compact, and thick in the walls. Over the second story is a square tower, probably intended to hold a bell; and originally there was another tower above that, which must have made the whole edifice appear unaccountably tall. Finally, to adopt the convenient word of that late eminent antiquary, Mr. John Carter, there stands on each side of the first story, the "costumed statue of a charity-child."

It is the old Kensington Charity School, built by Sir John Vanbrugh; now a savings' bank, with a new school-room by the side of it.

Sir John, as is well known, was a wit full of mirth in his comedies, and an architect full of gravity in his buildings. He was the son of a Dutchman by a French mother. A certain Dr. Evans who was addicted to the like extremes in literature, though neither his

mirth nor his gravity were so good, wrote a jesting epitaph on Sir John, the final couplet of which has become famous:—

"Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee."

Sir Joshua Reynolds, however, was of opinion that Vanbrugh's style was misconstrued, and that it was very poetical and noble. The present building has certainly contrived to look heavy, even though it is narrow; but nobody who looks at it can doubt that it was built to endure. If suffered to remain it will, even now, probably outlast the whole of Kensington. Look at it, reader, as you go, with an eye to this supposition. Think also what interest a celebrated name can attach to a homely structure; and wonder to reflect that he who built it was the same Captain Vanbrugh, a man of wit and pleasure about town, who wrote the characters of romping Miss Hoyden and the dandy Lord Foppington.

Next to Sir John Vanbrugh's old edifice is the new Vestry Hall, a building lately erected in the style that prevailed in the reign of James the first, and which has acquired a nautral popularity in this suburb from the presence of Holland House. There is something in the style too very suitable to the British climate, its bow windows largely admitting the light, while the comparatively blind and solid walls are characteristic of warmth and snugness. The warm colours also of yellow and red that prevail in the exterior of these buildings, and the bricks of which they are composed in preference to stone and stucco, are far better for us than the cold whites of the latter. Honest old red is the best of all. The most miserable object in England on a rainy day (next to the pauper that inhabits it) is a tumble-down hut of lath and plaster.

CHIPS.

CHINESE PLAYERS.

In the Chinese quarter of George Town, Prince of Wales Island, there is of course a Pagoda. It is a spacious building, with several courts and temples containing grotesque idols. Two granite lions, shaped fantastically, guard the entrance. Now the Chinese—in Prince of Wales Island, at any rate—do not allow their idols to be selfish; they borrow the use of their temples from them for mundane purposes of pleasure, and they themselves eat at least half of the good things they place upon the tables of the gods. I first entered the George Town Pagoda during Chinese holidays. In front of it a theatre had been erected under the open sky. Its entertainment had been offered gratuitously—in the promenade form—to the public, who were invited also to purchase refreshments from the stalls in the

temples; which stalls were, in fact, the altars of the gods.

I did not hear or see the beginning or end of the play. The middle, I must own, puzzled me exceedingly. The affair was complicated. There were some spectators who had paid for a few special privileges, one of which was a right, if they could secure it, to establish a seat on the stage; but the stage was very small and the number of actors was very great, and the spectators on the stage had a good deal of by-play with each other, so that it was really hard to tell what belonged to the piece, and what did not. Then, though the story required us to suppose many changes of place, the scene, whether it represented palace, forest, camp, or dungeon, was always one and the same saloon, with a door at each side and a throne in the middle, flanked by musical instruments. The play was, nevertheless, gorgeously got up, according to Chinese fashion; that is to say, no expense had been spared in the dressing of the actors. Chinese managers pay lavishly when they desire to set up a piece so as to produce a great sensation; they pay their money, however, not to the scene-painters, but to the tailors. The story of the play about which I am speaking seemed to concern a Chinese boy, magnificently costumed as a princess; boys, as formerly in Europe, representing always female characters. This princess pined in prison, but was about to be delivered by a knight who sang a song, —heart-rending, I dare say, ear-rending I know—and was on the point of success when the vigilant keeper of the tower moved the princess down into a dungeon, deeper and darker than ever, with two side doors and a throne in the middle, upon which throne tea-cups were placed; and the princess, the jailor, the knight, a brave army of twelve, and eighteen people who were sitting on the stage, drank tea together in a most confusing manner. The great body of spectators looked at the whole performance very reverently. The Chinese respect the dignity of the stage much more than that of the altar, I should think; there were no loud plaudits or hand clappings—only subdued moans and sighs expressed the admiration and the interest of the whole animated multitude.

The Chinese drama is sustained by actors who are very perfect masters of pantomime, and by pieces written with considerable care. The comedies differ from the tragedies chiefly in being more interspersed with music, and in treating of everyday life; the tragedies treat commonly of events that took place under the dynasties before the Tartars.

There is another kind of play delightful to the Chinaman; he greatly enjoys games of chance. The Chinese ragamuffin to whom a *piece* is thrown, runs off to hazard it at double or quits with a playfellow; nobles and princes stake estates and lands; and the people often justify their passion by describing

the gratification of it as a religious duty. The British Government, in eighteen hundred and ten, closed all the public gambling houses in George Town, and enacted penalties against the gamblers. In the first eight years after the enactment came into force as many as one thousand four hundred Chinese were indicted for gambling, some of whom were convicted even for the ninth time. In the main, however, Chinese cunning has been more than a match for the police, the cunning being aided by all the machinery that can be brought into its service by the secret associations called the Congia. The Congis embody a class of Chinamen whose character is so bad that their interests run altogether counter to good government. They are at the bottom of a great deal of dishonesty, and excite also many a disturbance, especially on the occasion of the Loya festival—a period of Saturnalia during which the Loyas, at all other seasons contemned outcasts, are feasted and venerated as though they were prophets. It happens, therefore, through the aid of these secret associations, that very few gamblers are convicted in Penang, though George Town is full of "hells," and so is Singapore.

I went to one of them. Was led out of the street into a long dark passage, and then suddenly pushed through a door into a large dirty room well lighted with lanterns. It had no windows, and no other outlet except by a flight of stairs that led up to I know not what. A great number of Chinese were at play round a roulette table. I was told that in their game cheating was impossible, and therefore wondered very much that almost everybody lost except the banker. I followed out of the room a Chinese hand-labourer, who had lost all but a small fragment of his week's wages. He went to the opium inn.

There, behind mosquito-curtains, a few Chinamen lay stretched upon a hard couch, with their heads resting on pillows made of plaited cane. A lamp burned on a table near them, and there lay near it a few paper kindlers, a small jar of opium (in the shape of a juice thicker than molasses), and an opium pipe. Every now and then one of the dozers raised himself on one arm drowsily, smeared a little juice over the hollow of his pipe, set light to it, and inhaled a mouthful or two of smoke, then handed the pipe to his neighbour as he sank back into blissful stupefaction. The dull eyes of these men stared, empty of thought, from pale and sunken faces. One of them was poring over a blank sheet of paper, as though he were reading from it interesting matter. A dirty Malay girl sat between two others, smoking a cigar, and occasionally putting aside the tobacco for a whiff of opium when one of her fish-eyed admirers offered her the pipe. A handsome fresh-coloured young fellow in the corner sat in a state of amazed intoxication

It was the first of his visits to the place perhaps; and, unhappily, it would not be the last.

AN ANCIENT TARIFF.

MERCHANTS and traders must, I think, have been dreadfully confused in the super-excellent old days of restrictive Customs' duty, when a tariff was as uneven as a shrew's temper, and on the whole as hard upon its victims, and as unaccountable in all its whims and changes. Two great financiers, one following another's lead, have in our own days done Petruchio's work on Mistress Tariff so effectively, that one more bridegroom will reduce her wholly, perhaps, to the laws of reason. It is dreadful to think of how it was with her, two hundred years ago. Then, the space between the Tower and London Bridge, still occupied by what are called the legal quays, was the whole space appropriated to the lading and unlading of goods. "Certaine orders, &c., for the guidance of merchants and officers of the crown," set forth that "The marchants trading into the Port of London have free libertie to lade and unlade their goods at any the lawfull keyes and places of shipping and landing goods between the Tower of London and London Bridge." This order is from a book dated sixteen hundred and forty-two, setting forth the "Subsidie granted to the king of tonnage, poundage, and other summes of money payable upon Marchandize imported and exported, according to a Book of Rates agreed unto by the honourable House of Commons, and" says the title of the book, "hereunto annexed." A peep into this book of rates gives a full view of Madame Tariff in her tantrums.

Tariff meddled in the first place with two hundred and ninety drugs; not many more were to be found in shops. Some of those were of an edifying kind;—such as Scorpions, paying duty by the piece, Oil of Scorpions, Crab's eyes, Pig's bread, Aspalathus and Gum Taccamahabacæ. I dare say the last was good for something, its name sounds tremendously powerful.

What enlightened nation in those days of ignorance sent Alphabets to England? and why did the spiteful tariff tax them at five shillings "the set containing twenty-foure," treating A, B, C like dominoes, and making them pay more than twopence a-piece as imported articles? Was there ever a trade in contraband letters, and were there people in those days whose very handwritings were smuggled?

Babies were let in easily: at thirteen and four-pence for the gross of twelve dozen, so that four-and-twenty babies paid less duty than an alphabet of four-and-twenty letters. There was, however, a somewhat restrictive duty upon babies' heads; they were not admitted under ten shillings the dozen. It may be proper to explain that the babies were such

children's babies as are brought now-a-days to our bazaars from fairy-land; though not, I suppose, so transcendantly beautiful, nor so clear in their complexions; for the babies' or puppets' heads paying tenpence a-piece duty were things of earth, that is to say, earthen.

Babies bring with them thoughts of caps. The duty charged on children's caps was then a pound a dozen, and on the mature "double or cockared caps," two pounds eight shillings. Satin or velvet nightcaps—horrible things—three pounds a dozen. There was a heavy duty, too, levied on gloves; gloves silk knit were fined two pounds the dozen; and gloves of "Canary, Millen, Venice or French, wrought with gold or silver," four pounds the dozen pair.

Another bit of polite hand-furniture, the hawk, had of course duty to pay. Upon a goshawk the tariff levied three pounds six and eightpence, upon a falcon four pounds, and upon a ger-falcon four pounds ten, and so on, every hawk being taxed according to its kind. There being some supposed connexion existing between a hawk and a hand-saw, I come next very naturally to metal work. The duty paid by imported armour was not excessive. On a plain morion five shillings, on an engraved morion twice as much, upon a cuirass or "curat" twelve and sixpence, and a pound on a complete corselet.

Feminine daggers, pins, were freely imported; and the duty payable was thirty shillings for twelve thousand of them. Ladies' silk ribbon was four pounds the pound, and silk stockings were taxed—by a tariff envious of all grace and beauty, horrible to relate—at the rate of four pounds the pair.

Ladies and gentlemen, and the public generally, were however much better off in one respect than we are now; so far as tariff is concerned. There was no more than a reasonable duty upon foreign wines. French wines paid three pounds the ton in every port but London; where they paid thirty shillings more. Sack paid by the pipe thirty shillings everywhere; but in London fifteen shillings more, and so forth. There was a favour shown to British importers. Merchant strangers bringing wine to England paid thirty shillings a ton extra for the privilege, beside Southampton dues upon Levantine wines, and upon all wines the "antient duty of butlerage," kept up out of respect to its antiquity.

The bad habit of making differences between ourselves and our neighbours is now gradually falling out of favour. The tariff of those days let in the tobacco of our own plantations at about the same duty that it now pays; but prohibited foreign tobacco by a duty of three pounds sterling on the pound weight. The tariff also dreaded loss of warmth and exercise. It was a fearful thing for any one to send out of the country coals or horses. Sea coals paid an export duty on the chaldron by Newcastle measure of eleven

pounds six shillings and eightpence, and on the chaldron by London measure of eight pounds and two six-and-eightpences. Horses were kept at home with even more determination. Upon each horse, gelding, or nag, there was an export duty of sixty-six pounds and two six-and-eightpences, and upon each mare a duty of one hundred and twenty-six pounds and two six-and-eightpences. The six-and-eightpences in all these cases are so many little hyphens which connect such tariff charges with the majesty of British law.

In picking my way over this book I have become suddenly bogged among such articles as Dugeon, Duretty and Dutties. Being quite out of my depth, I vanish.

A LITTLE REPUBLIC.

WE were once strolling along the principal street of Old Cairo that runs parallel to the river, and looks with its small houses or cottages on either hand—their lines broken by drooping trees—something like the rough thoroughfare of a green English village, when seeing us stop at a brook leading down to the waterside, a lad came up and asked us if we wished to cross over into the island of Rhoda. The Englishman there, he said, would be glad to see us. These Easterns have delightful notions of hospitality. The lad did not know that we had already visited Mr. Tucker, the most comfortable gardener in the whole world, some years before; and on the occasion of this visit had neglected to renew our call. Our consciences smote us; so we went down to the ferry-boat—the suggestion was made in view of a piastre—and submitted to be rowed across. Once afloat there came a revelation. Mr. Tucker was no longer at Rhoda; he might come back; but of that no one was sure. His house was temporarily inhabited by another Englishman, who of course would be equally delighted to receive us. We were not quite so sure of that. However, the first step having been taken, retreat would have been pusillanimous.

As we had not taken the ordinary ferry-boat we had to row down the stream a little way to a flight of stone steps, by which the steep side of the island was to be ascended. There are few strips of water more beautiful than that branch of the Nile, bordered by white villas, graceful kiosques, palms, sycamores, terraces; and dotted with long painted barges gently bending under sails that spread out on either hand like the wings of a bird—a huge bird of course, a roc, or a Brobdignagian sea-gull. Even a Venetian canal does not surpass it. We felt almost inclined to forego our visit, and order the boatman to continue his melancholy chaunt and take us elsewhere. There was a great galley full of Levantine women coming up against stream; and we began to reflect whether,

among the bright eyes that were glancing in our direction, there was not a pair that would like to go elsewhere too. That land is best visited in company; but the ladies, as could be divined by the baskets of provisions, had come out with a very definite purpose. They were pick-nicking—bound for some landing-place higher up, some secluded nook of the garden, perhaps some walled-off Paradise where they could doze and dream in the shade. A pleasant day to them; for the lad who has kidnapped us signals the Englishman smoking his pipe under an Indian Gault on the water side.

The Englishman turned out to be a Frenchman; but this was not apparent at first, for he was dressed in a native costume, exactly like a Turk of the old school, minus the turban. Most Frenchmen exhibit a marvellous alacrity in adopting the easy drapery and easier manners of the East. M. Armoire was quite a Turk in externals. He received us with a grave salute and an irreproachable *salaam*. "Ingleso," cried the lad, on whose invitation we came, using the universal medium of the East. The gentleman, who seemed to have prepared himself to astonish and overawe a countryman, at once set aside his dignity and said in French, that he was charmed by our visit. We threw the whole of the blame of the intrusion on the ferry-boy, who was rowing off with his piastre. The human heart is inscrutable; but really M. Armoire seemed sincere when he forbade us to apologise.

"Cimber," said he to a little black imp coiled up in the sun not far off, "go and fetch my great pipe." The imp was away and back before we had recovered from our perplexity. Cimber was not an Arab name that we knew of. Perhaps it was a coincidence in the language of Bagirmet or Dar Fertyt. Whilst we were meditating, M. Armoire inquired, quite naturally, "Is Scevola preparing the coffee?" "*Atoua*," replied the imp as he stooped down to blow the cinder upon my pipe; but we observed that the young rascal's face glowed as much with a grin as with the glare of the charcoal. If we had been the hero of an Arabian tale admitted to hospitality only on condition of discretion, we could not have remained silent any longer, had not a still stranger circumstance attracted our notice. There was a large basket at the foot of a neighbouring palm; the cover popped suddenly off and up jumped a little nigger, with huge frightened eyes and a mouth so vast that it seemed about to swallow the head to which it belonged. This strange thing clapped its hands and uttered sounds that we soon guessed to be meant for "*Vive la liberté! Vive la République!*" "*Ya seedi*," added the dark child, in Arabic, "I have been two whole hours in this basket; I promise never to steal any more bananas; and I plead for the intercession of this stranger." "Spartacus," replied mine host gravely, "thou

art pardoned; but beware how you offend again." Master Spartacus's face at once brightened into a miraculous laugh; and rolling out of his prison he came and kissed his lord's hand, and then squatted down by the side of Cimber. At this moment appeared Scevola, also a black, with a tray of sweetmeats.

All these things must have given us a puzzled appearance; for, anticipating our curiosity—for which we were grateful, since there is nothing so polite as to answer a question before it is asked—M. Armoire having cleared his lungs of a vast cloud of smoke observed, "You see I am taking the first step towards civilising these savages, by giving them decent Christian names, and inoculating them with notions of independence." Our eyes glanced towards the basket. "What you are about to remark is very true," continued the lord of Rhoda, "but somebody has said that the best preparation for liberty is to learn obedience; besides, in my Republic, I shall not allow gluttony and theft; and Spartacus has every abominable instinct that a child is capable of. Not a day passes that he does not commit some petty villany or other; and the more I punish him, the worse he seems to become."

The worthy gentleman's commonwealth was forgetting his beginning. We did not, however, make the observation. He was one of those pedants of progress so often met with among Frenchmen—and in other countries too—who believe they have done a great deal when they have given new names to men and things; and are yet, in the practical relations of life, reduced to act like all other vulgar mortals. M. Armoire, in his small, harmless way, was an exact type of all the reformers whom the Great Pasha gathered around him. They taught him to use the vocabulary of civilisation; and must have been surprised at the ingenuity with which he applied their fine words to the pieces of his barbarous mechanism.

M. Armoire was one of those St. Simonians who, after the dispersion of that celebrated school, went to seek their fortunes in Egypt. He did not, however, belong to the first invasion which went about with their long flowing locks in search of the Free Woman; but had already given up all those extravagances before he saw the Nile. He remained, however, fervently attached to ideas of liberty; and, although he did express his feelings in a grotesque manner, quite touched us by his enthusiasm. The pleasantest thing, however, was to see that the little black triumvirate—in spite of prison baskets and oddities—were sincerely attached to the worthy gentleman. This could be divined by their looks as well as by the eagerness with which they obeyed the slightest hint. It is unnecessary to add that they were slaves; for M. Armoire had never thought of even nominally emancipating them.

Whilst we were smoking our pipes a great black fellow—who answered to the name of Mansoor, and had probably rebelled against being newly baptised—came out from under the trees with a whip of hippopotamus hide in one hand and three slates in the other. The three little niggers at once began to look very serious. School-hours had begun; and it was evident they would have preferred basking all their lives in the sunshine without knowing the shape of a letter. However, they obediently squatted down in a semi-circle and did not giggle very much whilst their master, who had a great turban on his head as big as a millstone, and looked like a true Wazeer of some Arabian tale, set them their copies. "You see," observed my host, "that I take care of their intellects as well as their morals. They are tolerable proficient in reading; but of what use is it to a miserable Mahomedan to learn to read after all? They have not a notion of the beauty of republican principles."

We said he might choose a more useful book; which he doubted. After a few more puffs he asked us to go with him and be introduced to his lady. We complied, expecting to see a second Madame Roland. The house was a neat little cottage in a semi-European style; but, as we approached, there was a regular Eastern hurry-scurry of women at sight of a stranger. M. Armoire, however, stopped the retreat by calling out in a stern voice, "Fatimah!" We thought he had married a Moslem woman, and wondered he had not new-named her. Portia or Cornelia would have agreed with his notions. Fatimah came forward, however, looking very foolish in her embroidered jacket and muslin trowsers. We at once saw through the disguise; and recognised a regular Provençal beauty. The eccentric Armoire, forgetting his principles, had discarded the common appellatives of Marie Françoise to adopt the more romantic and euphonious Fatimah. He half apologised by saying it was a fancy or whim, "an isolated fact!" as he expressed it.

We soon knew that Armoire, after having spent some years in Egypt, had found that in that country especially it is not good for man to be alone. His friends had proposed various native matches; but, as he said, he thought it more safe to send home for a second-cousin, whom he had made love to formerly, and who had not seemed very "antipathic to his person." Fatimah blushed and looked pretty. So it was a love-match. None the worse for that. The young lady's parents had at first objected; but what woman wills—at any rate there she was, and there also was a little fellow about a year old scrambling on the floor in a little fez without a tassel. We asked his name. The father became very red; the mother laughed; and the hopeful son himself betrayed the dreadful secret. He was called "Jean," otherwise "Jack."

It was easy to guess who had chosen that name. We determined not to re-open the wound; and so began to talk of France. What more fertile topic in such company? Hours flew by; and it was dark before we thought of moving. Scévola came in to say that the soup was on the table; and they compelled me to stop and take my share. There was good Bordeaux; and we absolutely drank healths—France, England, and the progress of humanity. Spartacus even slipped in with a piece of a cocoa-nut shell and insisted on joining in the last toast. Fatimah in vain objected, that Mansoor would be angry next day if his disciple tasted wine. M. Armoire could not resist the cry of "*Vive la République!*" pronounced in a theatrical attitude by the horrid little black wretch, who I now saw was a favourite and therefore likely to be ruined. He tossed off his shellful and wanted more; but Fatimah chased him out of the room with a fly-flapper, and the dinner ended cheerfully. When we rose to depart, M. Armoire reminded us that we had not seen the new improvements at Rhoda—a hint to return which assuredly we did not neglect. We found that our friend had only a small portion under his care; but it was elegantly planted. "You remind us of Coriolanus," said we to M. Armoire finding him with tucked up sleeves trimming a tree. That word completed the conquest of his heart.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

THE Houses that Jack has taken to build lately are extremely flimsy houses, very much after the pattern of Adeliza Castle, described in a recent page. They are built of brickwork so thin, that they sometimes tumble down about our ears. Or they have so little material which can resist fire, that they are always in danger of being burned down. Or they are so wretchedly drained as to give vent to offensive odours, and thus invite dangerous diseases. Or they have fire-places and chimneys so perverse, that the smoke which is desired to ascend, will persist in descending. Or—thanks to the window-tax of past times—they have windows so few and so small, and so inefficient, that their inmates can hardly obtain a breath of air without fighting for it. Or they have so much lath and so little solid material, that lumps of plaster are continually tumbling down about their ears.

Jack is, however, let us not deny it, beginning to build his houses a little better. He contrives his model lodging-houses with comforts and conveniences which are, as yet, denied to those who pay five times as much model rental. The model lodging-house in George Street, for example, though mainly of brick and wood, is not without those modern improvements in material and arrangement which call forth commendation. There is a bath, supplied with hot and cold water;

there is a pantry-hatch, providing a secure and well-ventilated safe for the food of each inmate; there is a large coffee-room paved with red tiles laid on brick arches; there is a stone staircase with iron railing, rendering the building all the more fire-proof; there is a ventilating shaft at one end of every room, and also up the staircase, which can be supplied with warm air if necessary; there is gas carried up to every room; there are washing-closets on each floor, with slate linings and japanned or enamelled iron basins; there are iron bedsteads in the dormitories, very few of wood having been admitted. Analogous in many respects are the workmen's dwellings ("model lodging-house" ought now to be abandoned, and some other designation selected) in Pancras Road, in Bagnigge Wells Road, Spitalfields, St. Giles's, and in other parts of town. Another and later example is the building in the immediate vicinity of Mesars. Goding's brewery, near Golden Square; the first stone of which was laid in the spring. The structure has a neat frontage, with stone copings and three entrances; and the interior has, or is to have when completed, all those judicious arrangements to enable a family to live in privacy, and to carry out all the measures of family neatness, in complete independence of the other dwellers under the same roof.

A brave attempt is that now made at Birkenhead. The workmen's dwellings erected by the Dock Company almost shame the London edifices. The whole group is divided into six ranges by five parallel avenues; which avenues are well drained, well paved, and have handsome iron gates at each end. Each avenue has, on one side, the front of one row of houses, and the back of another row on the opposite side; so that there are front and back entrances to every house. The back entrance has within it a stone passage, with a stone staircase leading up to the several stories. These stories, four in number, comprise two sets of rooms each; and each set, consisting of the apartments requisite for a complete dwelling, has an outer door (which practically constitutes a street-door) opening upon the stone staircase. Almost everything in and about the house is made of brick, iron, and stone, wood being sparingly employed. Even this woodwork is so backed by less combustible materials, that a destructive fire would seem to be impossible. There is an immense advantage in this matter alone, irrespective of all others; for a fire-proof workman's dwelling is better than an inflammable palace. Eight tenements, or sets of rooms, thus form a house; and each dwelling comprises a sitting-room and two bed-rooms, with such a supply of all necessary conveniences and comforts as will enable any careful housewife to keep her house clean and tidy. There is good drainage for every dwelling, down to the basement; a joint-stock, dust-shaft, and universal water

and gas. The top of each house is terrace-built, like the houses of the East; with posts and pegs and lines for hanging clothes; a protecting parapet of sufficient height around, and sufficient space to enable the dwellers to botanise with a few flower-pots, and to sit and chat, and smoke, and breathe fresh air. The sewerage, the dust, the water, and the gas, are not left to the carelessness of each family. One system manages the whole of these matters for the whole of the dwellings; and a trifling expenditure of time and trouble by a central authority, suffices to maintain good order in these very essential particulars. Ventilation is ensured by the use of air bricks, ventilating shafts, and by windows made of cast iron, hung upon pivots and glazed with plate glass, such as can be opened with ease and readiness. Such are the workmen's dwellings built by the Birkenhead Dock Company with the intention of letting each complete dwelling at a rent varying from three to five shillings a week, and with a view of obtaining a fair but not large interest for the capital expended.

The house that Jack built, however, or is about to build, or ought to build, in the regular streets of a regular town, is in many respects not so curious as that which is required in the new lands of the west and south. Of Canvas town, a community living under and around tents, we have more recently had an example at Chobham; and of a still more remarkable Canvas Town in the vicinity of Melbourne, the reader will remember a notice in the three hundred and sixty-first page of our seventh volume. But let us see how Jack builds his go-ahead houses in wood and iron and papier-maché?

The problem to be solved is, how to build a house in England, to take it to pieces, to pack it in a box or into a compact mass, to convey it on shipboard to the New World, and then to set it upright again on its feet in a morning. Now this is done very cleverly indeed. Sometimes a cunning artificer makes a cart, so shafted and wheeled and tilted, that it will furnish the emigrant with a snug sleeping-room for the first few nights of his sojourn at his new home; while, on the voyage, it does duty as a packing-case, in which his traps may be stowed away. Sometimes a carpenter so fashions a wooden house, that the flooring-boards form a large box into which the whole of the rest of the house is packed. We must not say that a man, after having finished his breakfast some fine morning, could take up his floor, wrap up his house in it, and carry it off on his shoulders; but the truth makes as near an approach to this state of things as any reasonable person could desire. Sometimes the builder goes a little beyond the region of timber, and furnishes his portable house with ridge-pieces of grooved iron, and zinc plates and felt to form a roofing.

When California was in the first throes of

its madness, after the discovery of the gold in eighteen hundred and forty-seven, and before the construction of large and commodious buildings, Jack assisted by his cousin Jonathan, found by a stroke of genius a house ready built to his hands. Among the ships that went to San Francisco was one of a thousand tons burthen. No sooner did it cast anchor, than the sailors jumped ashore and scampered off to the diggings as fast as their legs could carry them. The captain, left alone with nobody to "start" and nobody to navigate his ship, bethought him of turning it into a shop. He purchased such commodities as his small capital placed within his reach, and opened shop in his ship; which formed a storehouse, paying neither rent nor rates nor taxes. In China, ship-shops are not such imprudent matters; the rivers, and canals, and harbours bear a floating population who wholly live on the water; the boats are their shops, warehouses, sitting-rooms, bed-rooms, and kitchens. There is in this something analogous to the pedlar's cart; the Chinese and the pedlar bring the shop to the customers; whereas, in the ordinary course of everyday life, the customers go to the shop.

Jack now uses sheet iron to house his emigrants. It is said that the iron-house manufactory at Bedminster, near Bristol, owed its establishment to the endeavours of the proprietor to build an iron house for his own son when about to depart for Australia. He succeeded so well as to establish by degrees a business in that department of manufacture, now occupying a large number of busy workmen. There are three groups of subjects to which attention is here paid—the ironwork, the woodwork, and the ventilation. The ironwork (galvanised corrugated sheet iron) comprises the walls, roof, and ridge capping, and is well protected from the rusting action of the weather. The woodwork (the framing, sills, doors, sashes, &c.) undergoes a seasoning process in a hot room, heated to a higher temperature than any to which the house will be exposed in the region to which it is to be transported. The ventilation is insured by leaving a space of three inches or so between the iron walls and the wood lining; through which space the air can circulate. By this construction, too, the interior of the building is very much shielded from summer heat and winter cold; and this equalising tendency is further aided by the employment of felt as a non-conductor of heat. The corrugating and the galvanising of sheet iron are really most advantageous inventions for all such purposes: the one gives strength, and the other preserves the metal from rust.

An iron church for Australia was built about half a year ago; and a smart little church it is. It comprises a nave, two side aisles, pulpit, reading-desk, baptistry, vestry, and tower, mostly of iron. It is seventy feet long by forty-eight feet wide. The outside consists entirely of galvanised corrugated

sheet iron; while the interior has a lining of half-inch boarding. The roof is also of iron, with a lining of canvas, paper, and inodorous felt. The order of architecture is neither Ionic, Corinthian, nor Composite, but this new church is a fine specimen of the corrugated iron style. It has sittings for seven hundred persons, and was, it appears, built in five weeks, at a cost of about a thousand pounds. And if iron will suffice for a church, why not for other public buildings, and for private dwellings? A parsonage-house for Melbourne has been sent out, valued at two hundred and fifty guineas—a wondrously small price for a parsonage-house. No less a personage than the auditor of Melbourne has caused to be sent out to him a house of four rooms, with an entrance hall, a detached kitchen, Venetian blinds to every window, and a verandah running all round the villa. Melbourne can also, by this time, boast of its iron hotel, comprising fourteen bedrooms, so constructed as to divide into four compartments each; thus enabling the owner to make up fifty-six beds. The iron warehouses of Melbourne and the diggings are in many cases very large; for, as we know by many recent railway structures, corrugated sheet iron can be spread about for walls and roofs to an almost endless extent; and, by packing the sheets so that the convexities of one may fall into the concavities of another, an extraordinary surface of iron walling and roofing may be transported in a very small bulk. We have only to remember the iron ball-room at Balmoral, to convince us that the uses of iron are only beginning to be developed. We are not aware that the veteran Green has yet ascended in a galvanised corrugated sheet-iron balloon; but there is nothing very ridiculous in the thought; for the material is light enough and thin enough. Rely upon it that we shall yet see more of iron houses, not only for Australia and California, but for diggings much nearer home.

Sometimes Jack builds houses as he would spin cotton or stamp buttons; in a large factory where the division of labour is fully carried out, and where steam engines and exquisite machines are employed. Such is Mr. Cubitt's place at Pimlico—a regular house factory—where twenty acres of ground are covered with workshops and workyards where four large steam engines give motive power to we know not how many scores of machines; where the smoke from all the furnaces ascends a chimney so handsome, as to be more like an Italian campanile than anything else; where there are tanks of water in every part for the extinguishing of any accidental fire; where one range of workshops is for floors, another for street doors, and another for inner doors, and others for sashes and balustrades, and so on; where there is a monster hot-room for seasoning the timber, and beautiful machines for sawing,

planing, moulding, tenoning, morticing, and turning wood; where there are hydraulic presses for proving the strength of iron joists and trusses and girders; where all the marble and stone work for a row of houses is prepared; where the grates and rails and other iron work are either made or put together, or both; where two or three men are always employed in sharpening tools, and where one man has the whole of his busy hours employed in keeping the glue-pots filled and warm; where we might order a street of houses just as if it were a suit of clothes or a pair of boots, with a full reliance on having the order executed to a precise day and hour; and where, if anywhere, we might learn how to build a really good, substantial, durable, sensible, wholesome, and creditable house.

"A papier-maché village for Australia!" is an attractive heading for a newspaper paragraph. It appears that a Mr. Seymour—about to take up his abode in the land of nuggets—commissioned Messrs. Bielefeld to construct a number of portable houses, mainly with that material which they have been so instrumental in rendering publicly useful, papier-maché!*. The paper village, when made, was temporarily set up in the grounds of the factory. It consisted of ten houses. One of these was a villa with nine rooms; each twelve feet high; another was a storehouse, eighty feet long, with a sitting-room, kitchen, and two bed-rooms attached; while the rest were small houses varying from two to six rooms each. The villa had a drawing-room, and a dining-room, each with a bay window, a hall, several bed-rooms, two closets, and a kitchen. The chief material of all the houses is papier-maché, rendered waterproof by a patented process. It is not the simple papier-maché as ordinarily used, but contains an admixture of rags not reduced to pulp, which enables it to solidify as hard as a board. The walls are double to ensure ventilation; the partitions have a strength and durability which will put to shame the lath and plaster mockeries of too many of the London houses that Jack built. The roofs are nearly flat, just inclined sufficiently to throw off rain-water. The flooring, with the joists attached, is made in large square pieces; and, like the walls and the ceilings, is so planned as to be transported with ease and rapidly set up. It was found on trial, that one of the smaller houses could be pulled down and built up again in four hours. If, as is stated, this paper and rag building material can be advantageously used for barracks, and park-lodges, and shooting boxes, and billiard-rooms, we see no reason why Australia should monopolise these paper houses.

This is the last house that Jack built; what his next house will be built of we wait to see.

* See Volume IV. of this Miscellany, page 308.

"Familiar in their Mouths as *HOUSEHOLD WORDS*,"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. VIII.

McELRATH & BARKER, PUBLISHERS.

OFFICE NO. 17 SPECKERS STREET, NEW YORK.

WHOLE NO. 102.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

"No man can tell," wrote that good Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore, whose elevation to the mitre in an unbelieving and profligate age is at least one jewel of pure water in the besmirched diadem of Charles the Second, "No man can tell," wrote Jeremy Taylor, "but he who loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges. Their childishness, their stammering, their little anger, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society." With all due respect and reverence to my beloved author of the "Golden Grove," the "warbler of poetic prose," I must dissent from his first proposition. A man who loves children can tell, without necessarily having any of his own, how delightful is their society, how delicious are their accents, their persons, their little ways. It may be I write these lines in a cheerless garret, my only friends my books, the only other thing beside me that has life, my lamp; yet do you not think that I can sympathise with, without envying, the merry party at the merry house over the way?—the house with all the windows lighted up, the braaghams and hack cabs at the door; the prim, white neckclothed visitors taking off their paletots in the passage; the smiling, ringletted, rosy cheeked, rosy ribboned young person who attends to the ladies' bonnets and the tea and coffee; the jangling of Collard and Collard's piano; the tinkling of Erard's harp; the oscillations in their upstairs passage of the negus glasses; the singing, the dancing, the flirtation, and the supper. Yet, I know nothing about Mrs. Saint Ballin and her evening party. She never invited me to it; she does not know, very probably, of my existence; yet I am sure I wish most sincerely that her "at home" may be perfectly satisfactory and successful; that every body may get as much as he wants to eat and drink at supper; that the supply of lobster salad and iced champagne may not run short; that Miss Strumminson's "Cossacco della Volga" may be sung by that young lady amid general applause; that all General Fogey's stories may tell, and that none of young Miller's jokes

may have been heard before; that the right men may secure their right hats and right wrappers; that all the young ladies may depart duly shawled and bonnetted, to the deliance and confusion of the demon cold; that all mammas may be placable; all true lovers satisfied with their innocent flirtations; all stolen camellias, seraps of ribbon and odd gloves warmly prized; that years to come there may be little children laughing and playing round papa and mamma, all unconscious that papa and mamma first thought of love and courtship and matrimony over lobster salad, iced champagne, or the *cuisse à deux temps* at Mrs. Saint-Ballin's "at home."

Come! Though I am not bidden to the banquet—though there be no cover laid for me at the table matrimonial—may I not feast (though in no ogre fashion) upon little children? Some day perhaps Hymen's table d'hôte may lack guests; and, messengers being sent out into the highways in quest of the lame, the halt, and the blind, I may have a chance.

I might speculate upon little children in a purely negative fashion for some time. For instance: as regards the child being father to the man: of men being but children of a larger growth. These are both very easy things to say; and we get them by heart pat, and somewhat in the parrot manner; and we go on repeating our pet phrase, over and over, backwards and forwards, time after time, till we firmly believe it to be true; and, if any one presume to argue or dissent, we grow indignant, and cry "turn him out;" as the member of the Peace Society did the other day, when an opinionated person happened to dissent from the whole hog proposition that the world was to be pacified, and universal fraternity established, by the lambs shearing the wool off their backs, and taking it to the wolves in a neat parcel, with a speech about arbitration.

Now at the risk of being turned out myself, I must venture to dissent from the axiom that the child is father to the man. I say that he is not. Can you persist in telling me that this fair-haired innocent; this little sportive, prattling, loveable child, with dimpled, dumpling hands that almost fold themselves spontaneously into the attitude

of supplication and prayer; with cherry lip—"some bee has stung it newly"—lisp- ing thanksgiving and love; with arms that long to embrace; with eyes beaming confidence, joy, pity, tenderness:—am I to be told that this infant is father to yon hulking, sodden, sallow-faced, blue-gilled, crop-haired, leaden-eyed, livid-lipped, bow-shouldered, shrunken-legged, swollen-handed convict in a hideous grey uniform branded with the broad arrow; with ribbed worsted hose and fetters at his ankles, sullenly skulking through his drudgery under the rattan of an overseer and the bayonet of a marine in Woolwich dock-yard? Is the child whom I love and in whom I hope, father to yon wretch with a neck already half-dislocated with fear, with lips half-dead, with heart wholly so, who crouches on his miserable pallet in Newgate cell, his chin on his breast, his hands between his knees, his legs shambling; the stony walls around him; the taciturn gaolers watching him; a bible by his side, in whose pages, when he tries to read, the letters slide and fall away from under his eye? Is this the father to—can this ever become that?

Not only in your world-verbiage must the child be father to the man, but the man is merely a child of a larger growth. I deny it. Some boys are tyrants, bullies, hypocrites, and liars for fear of punishment; thieves, alas, through ill-example oftentimes. Some girls are tell-tales, jealous, spiteful, slanderous, vain and giddy, I grant. If you were to tell me that bad boys and girls often grow up to be bad men and women, I should agree with you. The evil example of you bad men and women begins to corrupt boys and girls early enough, Heaven knows; but do not brand the child—you know when infancy begins and childhood terminates—with being but your own wickedness seen through the small end of the glass. The man a child of larger growth? Did you ever know a man of smaller growth—a child—to discount bills at forty per cent., and offer you for the balance half cash, and the rest poison (put down in the bill as "wine") and opera stalls? Did you ever know a child to pawn his sister's playthings, or rob his playmate of his pocket money to gamble, and to cheat while gambling, and to go hang or drown himself when he had lost his winnings and his stolen capital? Could you ever discern a hankering in a child to accumulate dollars by trading in the flesh and blood of his fellow-creatures? Did you ever know a child to hoard halfpence in a rag or a trapot, to store rinds of mouldy cheese in secret, or to grow rich in rotten apple parings? Did you ever hear a child express an opinion that his friend Tommy must eternally be burnt, for not holding exactly the same religious opinions as he, Billy, did? Are children false swearers for hire, liars for gain, parasites for profit? Do they begin to throw mud with their earliest pothooks and hangers; do they libel their

nurse and vilify the doctor? Men have their playthings, it is true, and somewhat resemble overgrown children in their puerile eagerness for a blue ribbon, an embroidered garter, a silver cross dangling to a morsel of red silk, or a gilt walking stick. But will the child crawl in the gutter for the blue ribbon, or walk barefoot over broken bottles for the garter, or wallow in the mire for the gilt walking stick? I think not. Give him a string of red beads, a penny trumpet, or a stick of barley sugar, and he will let the ribbons and garters go hang. Try to persuade, with your larger growth theory, one of your smaller men to walk backwards down a staircase before the King of Lilliput. Persuade Colonel Fitz Tommy, aged four, to stand for five hours on one leg behind the King of Lilliput's chair in his box at the Marionette Theatre. Try to induce little Lady Totsey, aged three, to accede to the proposal of being maid of honour to her doll. Tommy and Totsey leave such tomfooleries to be monopolised by the larger children.

We have another school of axiomatic philosophers; who, abandoning the theorem that manhood is but the enlarged identity of infancy, maintain that the child is an intellectual negation—nothing at all physically or mentally. The enlightened M. Fourier has denied children the possession of sex, calling them Neuters; and numbers of philosophers, with their attendant schools of disciples, have pleased themselves by comparing the child's mind to a blank sheet of paper; innocent, but capable of receiving moral calligraphy good or bad. The mind of a child like a blank sheet of Bath post? The sheet is fair, hot-pressed, undefiled by blot or erasure if you will, but it is not blank. In legible, ineffaceable characters thereupon, you may read Faith and strong belief. The child believes without mental reservation; he does not require to be convinced; and if even, now and then, some little struggling dawn of argumentative scepticism leads him to doubt faintly, and to ask how bogey can always manage to live in the cellar among the coals; how the black dog can be on his shoulder, when he sees no dog there; why little boys should not ask questions, and why the doctor should have brought baby with him under his cloak—he is easily silenced by the reply that good children always believe what is told them; and that he must believe; so he does believe. His faith was but shaken for a moment. Belief was written too strongly in his little heart to be eradicated by his little logic. Would that when he comes to be a child of larger growth, forsooth, no subtle powers of reasoning should prompt him to dissect and anatomise his body of belief, till nothing but dry bones remain, and it fall into a pit of indifference and scepticism!

That child has a maimed child-mind who does not believe implicitly in all the fairy tales—in the existence of ogres, fairies, giants,

and dwarfs. I dare say thousands will read this who have lain a-bed as children, awake, and quaking lest Hurleythumbo, or the dread Giant Bloodybones, or the wolf that devoured little Red Riding Hood should enter unto them and devour them. How many do I address who have cherished one especial beanstalk in the back garden as the very identical beanstalk up which Jack clomb; and, in the slightness of their childish vision, deemed that the stalk grew up and up till it reached the wondrous land—who, also, have firmly believed that the huge pack the old Jew pedlar carried on his back was full of naughty children; that from parsley-beds, by means of silver spades, marvellous fruits were procured. I remember having when a very little child two strong levers of belief. One was a very bright fire-place with a very bright fender, very bright fire-irons, and a very bright coloured rug before it. I can see them now, all polished steel, brass and gay worsted work—all of which I was strictly forbidden to touch. The other was a certain steel engraving in an album, a landscape with a lake, and swans and ladies with parasols. I know the fire-place now to have been a mere register stove with proper appurtenances, and the picture an engraving of the Parc of St. Cloud after Turner; but I asseverate that I firmly, heartily, uncompromisingly believed then, that angels' trumpets were like those fire-irons, and that the gay rug, and the pretty landscape was an accurate view if not an actual peep into Fairyland itself. A little dead sister of mine used to draw what we called fairyland on her slate. 'Twas after all, I dare say, but a vile childish scrawl, done over a half smeared-out game of oughts and crosses, with a morsel of slate pencil, two sticks a halfpenny. Yet I and she and all of us believed in the fairyland she drew. We could pluck the golden fruit on the boughs, and hear the silver-voiced birds, and see the fairy elves with their queen (drawn very possibly with a head like a deformed oyster) dancing beneath the big round moon upon the yellow sands. I am sure my sister believed her doll was alive and peculiarly susceptible to catching cold from draughts. I am certain that I never questioned the animated nature of the eight day clock on the staircase that ticked so awfully in the hot silent summer nights, and gnashed his teeth so frightfully when his weights were moved. My aunt promised everything when her ship came home; and I believed in the ship that was always coming and never did come, without one spark of scepticism. I believed in, and shuddered at, all the stories about that famous juvenile (always held up to us as a warning and example, and alluded to as "there was once a little boy who") who was always doing the things he ought not to have done; and was, in consequence, so perpetually being

whipped, caught in door jambs and suspended in the air by meat-hooks, eaten up alive by wild beasts, burned to death in consequence of playing "with Tommy at lighting straws," that I have often wondered, so many have been his perils, by flood and field, that there should be any of that little boy left. He is alive though, never the less, and still implicitly believed in. I was under the necessity the other day of relating a horrible misadventure of his to a little nephew, showing how the little boy reached over a dining table to put his digits into a sugar dish, and came to signal shame by knocking over a tumbler and cutting his fingers therewith; and I am happy to state that my anecdote was not only received as genuine, but met with the additional criticism from my small nephew (his own fingers still sticky with the sugar) that it "served the little boy right." Faith and strong belief! When children play at King or Queen, or Castles or School, they believe that they are in verity the persons they enact. We children of a larger growth yawn through our parts, requiring a great deal of prompting and waiting, now and then, for the applause; or, if we be of the audience, applaud listlessly, knowing the play to be a deception.

Faith and strong belief! How is the child to distinguish between the Witch of Endor and the Witch of Edmonton; between Goliath whom David slew, and the Giant whom Jack killed? Let him believe it all in his happy believing childhood, I say. Do not think I wish to propagate or encourage error. But that young flowret is too tender yet to bear the crude blast of uncompromising fact. And battle with error in the child's mind as you will, feed him with diagrams and clothe him with Euclid's Elements before he is breeched, the innate belief that is in him, even though draped in imaginations and harmless fictions, will beat your logic and philosophy hollow.

On that blank sheet of paper to which you compare a child's mind, I find yet more words written that all may read. I find truth. Prone to believe the most extravagant fictions, because his belief is indiscriminate by innocence, he is yet essentially and legibly a truth-teller and is logically true. If he objects to you or me he tells us candidly, "I don't like you." If asked to assign a reason for his dislike, he answers as candidly: "Because you are old—because you are ugly—because you smell—snuff." If he likes his old nurse better than his new nurse he tells her so plainly. Here is no cogging, no qualifying, no constructive lying. When he demands a present or *backsheesh*, he employs no bowing or scraping; no beating about the bush to effect his purpose. He says simply, "Give Duddy a sugar-plum," and holds out his hand. Years to come he will learn to cringe and fawn, and write begging letters, and attribute his want of sugar-plums to the hardness of the times,

or to his having to "take up a little bill." So blunt is his truthfulness that it frequently becomes inconvenient and embarrassing. He makes the most alarming revelations, in all innocence and unconsciousness, respecting the malpractices of the servants, and the criticisms passed by his relatives upon the appearance and manners of their friends and acquaintances. He suffers in the flesh for this, and is a martyr to his truthfulness. Not strong enough in purpose to hate, he is yet afraid and ashamed to lie. He blushes and stammers over an untruth. 'Tis practice makes the liar perfect. The infant knows the truth and its seat, for it is in his heart, and he has no need to go wandering about the earth in search of it, like that mad fellow, who hearing that Truth lay at the bottom of a well, jumped into a well and was drowned; finding indeed Truth at the bottom—for he found Death. You, foolish, cockering mothers, teach your children to lie, when you aid them in denying or concealing their faults from those who would be stern with them. You, unreasoning, impetuous parents, nourish lying scorpions in your bosom, when you beat your children savagely for an involuntary accident, for a broken vase, or a torn frock. You give the child a motive for concealment; you sow lying seed that will bear black fruit; you make truth to mean punishment, and falsehood impunity.

In letters as large and bold, as beautiful and clear to view, is written on the sheet of paper you are pleased to call blank in little children's minds the word charity. Large-hearted, open-handed, self-denying charity. Unreasoning, indiscreet, indiscriminate, perchance, but still charity of the Christian sort, which, done in secret shall be rewarded openly. I am compelled to admit that little children know nothing about the Mendicity Society and the indefatigable Mr. Horsford; that they have never perused the terrible leaders in the Times against street mendicancy and the sin of indiscriminate alms-giving; that they would, if they could read bad writing, become an easy prey to begging letter impostors, and would never be able to steel their hearts against the appeals to the benevolent in the newspapers. I must own, too, that their charity does not stop at humanity but extends itself to the animal creation. I never saw a child feed a donkey with macaroons; but I have seen one little girl press pound-cake upon a Shetland poney, and another little girl give half of her cake to a four-footed acquaintance of the Newfoundland breed. I have watched the charitable instincts of children from babyhood to schoolhood, when hopes and cankering fears, desire of praise, solicitude for favour and lust of gain begin, shutting up charity in an iron-bound strong box of small-worldliness. Children love to give. Is it to feed the ducks in the park, or slide warm pennies into the

palsied hands of cripples, or drop them into the trays of blind men's dogs, or pop them, smiling, into the slits of money-boxes, or administer elementary sustenance to Bunny and Tiny the rabbits, or give the pig a "poon"—to give is indeed their delight. They want no tuition in charity; it is in them, God-sent. Yonder little chubby sheet of blank stationery who is mumbling a piece of parliament in his nurse's arms, has scarcely consciousness of musical power sufficient to teach him to hold the sweetmeat fast; yet, if I ask baby half by word half by gesture to give me a bit, this young short-coated Samaritan—who not long since began to take notice, and can only just ejaculate da-da, ma-ma—will gravely remove the parliament from his own lips and offer it to mine. Were he a very few months older he would clutch it tighter in his tiny hand, and break a piece off, and give it me. Is not this charity? He does not know, this young neophyte, that the parliament is moist and sticky with much sucking and mumbling; that I am too big to eat parliament; and that it is mean and paltry in me, a great, hulking, able-bodied, working man, to beg cates of him, a helpless infant. But he knows in his instinctive sapience that he cannot fill my belly with wise saws, or with precepts of political economy. He cannot quote Adam Smith, Ricardo, or S. G. O. to me; he administers, in his instinctive charity, corporeal sustenance to my corporeal necessity. The avaricious infant is a monster.

What word is that that shines so brightly—whose letters dance and glitter like precious gems on the so-called blank scroll? Love. Instinct of instincts, inborn of all innate things, little children begin to love as soon as they begin to live. When mere flaccid helpless babes their tiny faces mantle with smiles—ah! so full of love and tenderness—in their sleep. The first use they make of their arms is to clasp them round the neck of those they love. And whom will they not love? If the witch Sycorax had nursed Miranda and Caliban had been her foster-brother, the little monster and the little maiden would have loved each other, and Prospero's little child would have kissed and fondled her hideous nurse. The first words children utter are words of love. And these are not necessarily taught them; for their very inarticulate ejaculations are full of love. They love all things. The parrot, though he bites them; the cat, though she scratches; the great bushy blundering house-dog; the poultry in the yard; the wooden-legged, one-eyed negro who brings the beer; the country lout with clouted shoon who smells so terribly of the stable; the red-faced cook, the grubby little knife-boy, the foolish fat scullion, the cross nurse. They love all these; together with horses, trees, gardens, and toys, and break their little hearts (easily mended again, thank Heaven), if they are obliged to part from them. And chiefer still, they love that large

man with the gruff voice, the blue rough chin, the large eyes, whose knees comprise such an inexhaustible supply of cock-horses always standing at livery, yet always ready to ride post-haste to Coventry: they love papa. And, chiefest of all, they love her of the soft voice, the smiles, the tears, the hopes, the cares, the tenderness—who is all in all, the first, the last to them in their tender fragile happy childhood.

Mamma is the centre of love. Papa was an after acquaintance. He improves upon acquaintance, too; but mamma was always with them to love, to soothe, to caress, to care for, to watch over. When a child wakes up hot and feverish from some night dream, it is upon his mother he calls. Each childish pain, each childish grief, each childish difficulty is to be soothed, assuaged, explained by her. They have no secrets; they understand each other. The child clings to her. The little boy in the Greek epigram that was creeping down a precipice was invited to his safety, when nothing else could induce him to return, by the sight of his mother's breast.

You who have little children and love them—you will have borne patiently with me, I know, through all these trivialities. And you strong-minded philosophers who "celibate, sit like a fly in the heart of an apple," and dwell indeed in perpetual sweetness, but sit alone and are confined and die in singularity, excuse my puerility, my little theme, my smaller argument, my smallest conclusions. Remember the Master suffered little children to come unto him; and that, strong-minded philosophers as we are, we were all of us, once, but little helpless innocents.

MORTON HALL.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Up to this time we had felt it rather impertinent to tell each other of our individual silent wonder as to what Miss Phillis lived on; but I know in our hearts we each thought about it, with a kind of respectful pity for her fallen low estate. Miss Phillis, that we remembered like an angel for beauty, and like a little princess for the imperious sway she exercised, and which was such sweet compulsion that we had all felt proud to be her slaves; Miss Phillis was now a worn, plain woman, in homely dress, tending towards old age; and looking—at that time I dared not have spoken so insolent a thought, not even to myself—but she did look as if she had hardly the proper nourishing food she required. One day, I remember Mrs. Jones the butcher's wife—(she was a Drumble person)—saying in her saucy way, that she was not surprised to see Miss Morton so bloodless and pale, for she only treated herself to a Sunday's dinner of meat, and lived on slop and bread-and-butter all the rest of the week. Ethelinda put on her severe face—a look that

I am afraid of to this day—and said, "Mrs. Jones, do you suppose Miss Morton can eat your half-starved meat? You do not know how choice and dainty she is, as becomes one born and bred like her. What was it we had to bring for her only last Saturday from the grand new butcher's in Drumble, Biddy?"—(We took our eggs to market in Drumble every Saturday, for the cotton-spinners would give us a higher price than the Morton people; the more fools they!)

I thought it rather cowardly of Ethelinda to put the story-telling on me; but she always thought a great deal of saving her soul; more than I did, I am afraid, for I made answer, as bold as a lion, "Two sweetbreads, at a shilling a-piece; and a fore-quarter of house-lamb, at eighteenpence a pound." So off went Mrs. Jones in a huff, saying "their meat was good enough for Mrs. Donkin the great mill-owner's widow, and might serve a beggarly Morton any day." When we were alone, I said to Ethelinda, "I'm afraid we shall have to pay for our lies at the great day of account," and Ethelinda answered very sharply—(she's a good sister in the main)—"Speak for yourself, Biddy. I never said a word. I only asked questions. How could I help it if you told lies? I'm sure I wondered at you, how glib you spoke out what was not true." But I knew she was glad I told the lies in her heart.

After the poor Squire came to live with his aunt, Miss Phillis, we ventured to speak a bit to ourselves. We were sure they were pinched. They looked like it. He had a bad hacking cough at times; though he was so dignified and proud he would never cough when any one was near. I have seen him up before it was day, sweeping the dung off the roads, to try and get enough to manure the little plot of ground behind the cottage, which Miss Phillis had let alone, but which her nephew used to dig in and till; for, said he, one day, in his grand slow way, "he was always fond of experiments in agriculture." Ethelinda and I do believe that the two or three score of cabbages he raised were all they had to live on that winter, besides the bit of meal and tea they got at the village shop.

One Friday night I said to Ethelinda, "It is a shame to take these eggs to Drumble to sell, and never to offer one to the Squire, on whose lands we were born." She answered, "I have thought so many a time; but how can we do it? I, for one, dare not offer them to the Squire; and as for Miss Phillis it would seem like impertinence." "I'll try at it," said I.

So that night I took some eggs—fresh yellow eggs from our own pheasant hen, the like of which there were not for twenty miles round—and I laid them softly after dusk on one of the little stone seats in the porch of Miss Phillis's cottage. But, alas! when we went to market at Drumble, early the next

morning, there were my eggs all shattered and splashed, making an ugly yellow pool in the road just in front of the cottage. I had meant to have followed it up by a chicken or so; but I saw now that it would never do. Miss Phillis came now and then to call on us; she was a little more high and distant than she had been when a girl, and we felt we must keep our place. I suppose we had affronted the young Squire, for he never came near our house.

Well! there came a hard winter, and provisions rose; and Ethelinda and I had much ado to make ends meet. If it had not been for my sister's good management, we should have been in debt I know; but she proposed that we should go without dinner, and only have a breakfast and a tea, to which I agreed, you may be sure.

One baking day I had made some cakes for tea—potato-cakes we called them. They had a savoury hot smell about them; and, to tempt Ethelinda, who was not quite well, I cooked a rasher of bacon. Just as we were sitting down Miss Phillis knocked at our door. We let her in. God only knows how white and haggard she looked. The heat of our kitchen made her totter, and for a while she could not speak. But all the time she looked at the food on the table as if she feared to shut her eyes lest it should all vanish away. It was an eager stare like that of some animal, poor soul! "If I durst," said Ethelinda, wishing to ask her to share our meal, but being afraid to speak out. I did not speak, but handed her the good hot buttered cake; on which she seized, and putting it up to her lips as if to taste it, she fell back in her chair, crying.

We had never seen a Morton cry before; and it was something awful. We stood silent and aghast. She recovered herself, but did not taste the food; on the contrary, she covered it up with both her hands, as if afraid of losing it. "If you'll allow me," said she in a stately kind of way to make up for our having seen her crying, "I'll take it to my nephew." And she got up to go away; but she could hardly stand for very weakness, and had to sit down again; she smiled at us, and said she was a little dizzy, but it would soon go off; but as she smiled, the bloodless lips were drawn far back over her teeth, making her face seem somehow like a death's head. "Miss Morton," said I, "do honour us by taking tea with us this once. The Squire, your father, once took a luncheon with my father, and we are proud of it to this day." I poured her out some tea, which she drank; the food she shrank away from as if the very sight of it turned her sick again. But when she rose to go she looked at it with her sad wolfish eyes, as if she could not leave it; and at last she broke into a low cry and said, "Oh, Bridget, we are starving! we are starving for want of food! I can bear it; I don't mind; but he suffers, oh, how

he suffers! Let me take him food for this one night."

We could hardly speak; our hearts were in our throats, and the tears ran down our cheeks like rain. We packed up a basket, and carried it to her very door, never venturing to speak a word, for we knew what it must have cost her to say that. When we left her at the cottage we made her our usual deep courtesy, but she fell upon our necks, and kissed us. For several nights after she hovered round our house about dusk; but she would never come in again, and face us in candle and fire-light, much less meet us by daylight. We took our food to her as regularly as might be, and gave it to her in silence, and with the deepest courtesies we could make, we felt so honoured. We had many plans now she had permitted us to know of her distress. We hoped she would allow us to go on serving her in some way as became us as Sidebothams. But one night she never came; we staid out in the cold bleak wind looking into the dark for her thin worn figure; all in vain. Late the next afternoon the young Squire lifted the latch, and stood right in the middle of our house-places. The roof was low overhead; and made lower by the deep beams supporting the floor above; he stooped as he looked at us, and tried to form words, but no sound came out of his lips. I never saw such gaunt woe; no, never! At last he took me by the shoulder, and led me out of the house.

"Come with me!" he said, when we were in the open air, as if that gave him strength to speak audibly. I needed no second word. We entered Miss Phillis's cottage; a liberty I had never taken before. What little furniture was there it was clear to be seen were cast-off fragments of the old splendour of Morton Hall. No fire. Grey wood ashes lay on the hearth. An old settee, once white and gold, now doubly shabby in its fall from its former estate. On it lay Miss Phillis, very pale; very still; her eyes shut.

"Tell me!" he gasped. "Is she dead?" I think she is asleep; but she looks so strange—as if she might be—"He could not say the awful word again. I stooped and felt no warmth; only a cold chill atmosphere seemed to surround her.

"She is dead!" I replied at length. "Oh, Miss Phillis! Miss Phillis!" and, like a fool, I began to cry. But he sat down without a tear, and looked vacantly at the empty hearth. I dared not cry any more when I saw him so stony sad. I did not know what to do. I could not leave him; and yet I had no excuse for staying. I went up to Miss Phillis, and softly arranged the grey ragged locks about her face.

"Aye!" said he. "She must be laid out. Who so fit to do it as you and your sister, children of good old Robert Sidebotham."

"Oh! my master," I said, "this is no fit place for you. Let me fetch my sister to sit

up with me all night; and honour us by sleeping at our poor little cottage."

I did not expect he would have done it; but after a few minutes' silence he agreed to my proposal. I hastened home, and told Ethelinda, and both of us crying, we heaped up the fire, and spread the table with food, and made up a bed in one corner of the floor. While I stood ready to go I saw Ethelinda open the great chest in which we kept our treasures; and out she took a fine Holland shift that had been one of my mother's wedding shifts; and, seeing what she was after, I went upstairs and brought down a piece of rare old lace, a good deal darned to be sure, but still old Brussels point, bequeathed to me long ago by my god-mother, Mrs. Dawson. We huddled these things under our cloaks, locked the door behind us and set out to do all we could now for poor Miss Phillis. We found the Squire sitting just as we left him; I hardly knew if he understood me when I told him how to unlock our door, and gave him the key; though I spoke as distinctly as ever I could for the choking in my throat. At last he rose and went; and Ethelinda and I composed her poor thin limbs to decent rest, and wrapped her in the fine Holland shift; and then I plaited up my lace into a close cap to tie up the wasted features. When all was done we looked upon her from a little distance.

"A Morton to die of hunger!" said Ethelinda solemnly. "We should not have dared to think that such a thing was within the chances of life; do you remember that evening, when you and I were little children, and she a merry young lady, peeping at us from behind her fan?"

We did not cry any more; we felt very still and awe-struck. After a while I said, "I wonder if after all the young Squire did go to our house. He had a strange look about him. If I dared I would go and see." I opened the door; the night was black as pitch; the air very still. "I'll go," said I; and off I went, not meeting a creature, for it was long past eleven. I reached our house; the window was long and low, and the shutters were old and ahrunk. I could peep between them well, and see all that was going on. He was there sitting over the fire, never shedding a tear; but seeming as if he saw his past life in the embers. The food we had prepared was untouched. Once or twice, during my long watch (I was more than an hour away), he turned towards the food, and made as though he would have eaten it, and then shuddered back; but at last he seized it, and tore it with his teeth, and laughed and rejoiced over it like some starved animal. I could not keep from crying then. He gorged himself with great morsels; and when he could eat no more it seemed as if his strength for suffering had come back; he threw himself on the bed, and such a passion of despair I never heard of, much less ever saw. I

could not bear to witness it. The dead Miss Phillis lay calm and still; her trials were over. I would go back and watch with Ethelinda.

When the pale grey morning dawn stole in, making us shiver and shake after our vigil, the Squire returned. We were both mortal afraid of him, we knew not why. He looked quiet enough—the lines were worn deep before—no new traces were there. He stood and looked at his aunt for a minute or two. Then he went up into the loft above the room where we were; he brought a small paper parcel down; bade us keep on our watch yet a little time. First one and then the other of us went home to get some food. It was a bitter black frost; no one was out, who could stop indoors; and those who were out cared not to stop to speak. Towards afternoon the air darkened, and a great snow-storm came on. We durst not be left, only one alone; yet at the cottage where Miss Phillis had lived there was neither fire nor fuel. So we sat and shivered and shook till morning. The Squire never came that night nor all next day.

"What must we do?" asked Ethelinda, broken down entirely. "I shall die if I stop here another night. We must tell the neighbours and get help for the watch."

"So we must," said I, very low and grieved. I went out and told the news at the nearest house, taking care, you may be sure, never to speak of the hunger and cold Miss Phillis must have endured in silence. It was bad enough to have them come in, and make their remarks on the poor bits of furniture; for no one had known their bitter straits even as much as Ethelinda and me, and we had been shocked at the bareness of the place. I did hear that one or two of the more ill-conditioned had said, it was not for nothing we had kept the death to ourselves for two nights; that to judge from the lace on her cap there must have been some pretty pickings. Ethelinda would have contradicted this, but I bade her let it alone; it would save the memory of the proud Mortons from the shame that poverty is thought to be; and as for us, why we could live it down. But on the whole people came forward kindly; money was not wanting to bury her well, if not grandly as became her birth; and many a one was bidden to the funeral who might have looked after her a little more in her lifetime. Among others was Squire Hargreaves from Bothwick Hall over the Moors. He was some kind of far-away cousin to the Mortons. So when he came he was asked to go chief mourner in Squire Morton's strange absence, which I should have wondered at the more if I had not thought him almost crazy when I watched his ways through the shutter that night. Squire Hargreaves started when they paid him the compliment of asking him to take the head of the coffin.

"Where is her nephew?" asked he.

"No one has seen him since eight o'clock last Thursday morning."

"But I saw him at noon on Thursday," said Squire Hargreaves with a round oath. "He came over the moors to tell me of his aunt's death; and to ask me to give him a little money to bury her, on the pledge of his gold shirt-buttons. He said I was a cousin, and could pity a gentleman in such sore need. That the buttons were his mother's first gift to him; and that I was to keep them safe, for some day he would make his fortune and come back to redeem them. He had not known his aunt was so ill, or he would have parted with these buttons sooner, though he held them as more precious than he could tell me. I gave him money; but I could not find in my heart to take the buttons. He bade me not tell of all this; but when a man is missing it is my duty to give all the clue I can."

And so their poverty was blazoned abroad! But folk forgot it all in the search for the Squire on the moor side. Two days they searched in vain; the third, upwards of a hundred men turned out hand-in-hand, step to step, to leave no foot of ground unsearched. They found him stark and stiff, with Squire Hargreaves' money, and his mother's gold buttons, safe in his waistcoat pocket.

And we laid him down by the side of his poor Aunt Phillis.

After the Squire, John Marmaduke Morton, had been found dead in that sad way on the dreary moors, the creditors seemed to lose all hold on the property; which indeed, during the seven years they had had it, they had drained as dry as a sucked orange. But for a long time no one seemed to know who rightly was the owner of Morton Hall and lands. The old house fell out of repair; the chimneys were full of starlings' nests; the flags in the terrace in front were hidden by the long grass; the panes in the windows were broken, no one knew how or why, for the children of the village got up a tale that the house was haunted. Ethelinda and I went sometimes in the summer mornings, and gathered some of the roses that were being strangled by the bind-weed that spread over all; and we used to try and weed the old flower-garden a little; but we were no longer young and the stooping made our backs ache. Still we always felt happier if we cleared but ever such a little space. Yet we did not go there willingly in the afternoons, and left the garden always long before the first slight shade of dusk.

We did not choose to ask the common people—many of them were weavers for the Drumble manufacturers, and no longer decent hedgers and ditchers—we did not choose to ask them, I say, who was squire now, or where he lived. But one day, a great London lawyer came to the Morton Arms, and made a pretty stir. He came on behalf of a Gen-

eral Morton, who was squire now, though he was far away in India. He had been written to, and they had proved him heir, though he was a very distant cousin; farther back than Sir John, I think. And now he had sent word they were to take money of his that was in England, and put the house in thorough repair; for that three maiden sisters of his, who lived in some town in the north, would come and live at Morton Hall till his return. So the lawyer sent for a Drumble builder, and gave him directions. We thought it would have been prettier if he had hired John Cobb, the Morton builder and joiner, he that had made the Squire's coffin, and the Squire's father's before that. Instead, came a troop of Drumble men, knocking and tumbling about in the Hall, and making their jests up and down all those stately rooms. Ethelinda and I never went near the place till they were gone, bag and baggage. And then what a change! the old casement windows, with their heavy leaded panes half overgrown with vines and roses, were taken away, and great staring sash windows were in their stead. New grates inside; all modern, new-fangled, and smoking, instead of the brass dogs which held the mighty logs of wood in the old Squire's time. The little square Turkey carpet under the dining table, which had served Miss Phillis, was not good enough for these new Mortons; the dining-room was all carpeted over. We peeped into the old dining-parlour; that parlour where the dinner for the Puritan preachers had been laid out; the flag parlour as it had been called of late years. But it had a damp earthy smell, and was used as a lumber-room. We shut the door quicker than we had opened it. We came away disappointed. The Hall was no longer like our own honoured Morton Hall.

"After all, these three ladies are Mortons," said Ethelinda to me. "We must not forget that: we must go and pay our duty to them as soon as they have appeared in church."

Accordingly we went. But we had heard and seen a little of them before we paid our respects at the Hall. Their maid had been down in the village; their maid as she was called now; but a maid-of-all-work she had been until now, as she very soon let out when we questioned her. However, we were never proud; and she was a good honest farmer's daughter out of Northumberland. What work she did make with the Queen's English! The folk in Lancashire are said to speak broad; but I could always understand our own kindly tongue, whereas when Mrs. Turner told me her name, both Ethelinda and I could have sworn she said Donagh, and were afraid she was an Irishwoman. Her ladies were what you may call past the bloom of youth; Miss Sophronia—Miss Morton, properly—was just sixty; Miss Annabella, three years younger; and Miss Dorothy (or Baby, as they called her, when they were by

themselves), was two years younger still. Mrs. Turner was very confidential to us, partly because I doubt not she had heard of our old connexion with the family, and partly because she was an arrant talker, and was glad of anybody who would listen to her. So we heard the very first week how each of the ladies had wished for the east bedroom; that which faced the north-east; which no one slept in in the old Squire's days; but there were two steps leading up into it, and said Miss Sophronia, she would never let a younger sister have a room more elevated than she had herself. She was the eldest, and she had a right to the steps. So she bolted herself in for two days while she unpacked her clothes, and then came out looking like a hen that has laid an egg, and defies any one to take that honour from her.

But her sisters were very deferential to her in general; that must be said. They never had more than two black feathers in their bonnets; while she had always three. Mrs. Turner said that once, when they thought Miss Annabella had been going to have an offer of marriage made her, Miss Sophronia had not objected to her wearing three that winter; but when it all ended in smoke, Miss Annabella had to pluck it out, as became a younger sister. Poor Miss Annabella! she had been a beauty (Mrs. Turner said), and great things had been expected of her. Her brother, the General, and her mother had both spoilt her, rather than cross her unnecessarily, and so spoil her good looks; which, old Mrs. Morton had always expected, would make the fortune of the family. Her sisters were angry with her for not having married some great rich gentleman; though, as she used to say to Mrs. Turner, how could she help it. She was willing enough, but no rich gentleman came to ask her. We agreed that it really was not her fault; but her sisters thought it was: and now that she had lost her beauty, they were always casting it up what they would have done if they had had her gifts. There were some Miss Burrells they had heard of, each of whom had married a lord; and these Miss Burrells had not been such great beauties. So Miss Sophronia used to work the question by the rule of three, and put it in this way—If Miss Burrell, with a tolerable pair of eyes, a snub nose, and a wide mouth, married a baron, what rank of peer ought our pretty Annabella to have espoused? And the worst was, Miss Annabella—who had never had any ambition—wanted to have married a poor curate in her youth; but was pulled up by her mother and sisters reminding her of the duty she owed to her family. Miss Dorothy had done her best—Miss Morton always praised her for it. With not half the good looks of Miss Annabella, she had danced with an honourable at Harrogate three times running; and, even now, she persevered in trying; which was

more than could be said of Miss Annabella, who was very broken-spirited.

I do believe Mrs. Turner told us all this before we had ever seen the ladies. We had let them know, through Mrs. Turner, of our wish to pay them our respects; so we ventured to go up to the front door, and rap modestly. We had reasoned about it before, and agreed that if we were going in our everyday clothes, to offer a little present of eggs, or to call on Mrs. Turner (as she had asked us to do), the back door would have been the appropriate entrance for us. But going, however humbly, to pay our respects, and offer our reverential welcome to the Miss Mortons, we took rank as their visitors, and should go to the front door. We were shown up the wide stairs, along the gallery, up two steps, into Miss Sophronia's room. She put away some papers hastily as we came in. We heard afterwards that she was writing a book, to be called "The Female Chesterfield, or Letters from a Lady of Quality to her niece." And the little niece sat there in a high chair, with a flat board tied to her back, and her feet in stocks on the rail of the chair, so that she had nothing to do but listen to her aunt's letters; which were read aloud to her as they were written, in order to mark their effect on her manners. I was not sure whether Miss Sophronia liked our interruption; but I know little Miss Cordelia Mannisty did.

"Is the young lady crooked?" asked Ethelinda during a pause in our conversation. I had noticed that my sister's eyes would rest on the child; although by an effort she sometimes succeeded in looking at something else occasionally.

"No! indeed, ma'am," said Miss Morton. "But she was born in India, and her backbone has never properly hardened. Besides, I and my two sisters each take charge of her for a week; and, their systems of education—I might say non-education—differ so totally and entirely from my ideas, that, when Miss Mannisty comes to me, I consider myself fortunate if I can undo the—hem!—that has been done during a fortnight's absence. Cordelia, my dear, repeat to these good ladies the geography lesson you learnt this morning?"

Poor little Miss Mannisty began to tell us a great deal about some river in Yorkshire of which we had never heard, though I dare say we ought to, and then a great deal more about the towns that it passed by and what they were famous for; and all I can remember—indeed could understand at the time—was, that Pomfret was famous for Pomfret cakes, which I knew before. But Ethelinda gasped for breath before it was done, she was so nearly choked up with astonishment; and when it was ended, she said, "Pretty dear! it's wonderful!" Miss Morton looked a little displeased, and replied, "Not at all. Good little girls can learn anything they choose, even French verbs. Yes, Cordelia, they

can. And to be good is better than to be pretty. We don't think about looks here. You may get down, child, and go into the garden, and take care you put your bonnet on, or you'll be all over freckles." We got up to take leave at the same time, and followed the little girl out of the room. Ethelinda fumbled in her pocket.

"Here's sixpence, my dear, for you. Nay, I am sure you may take it from an old woman like me, to whom you've told over more geography than I ever thought there was out of the Bible." For Ethelinda always maintained that the long chapters in the Bible which were all names were geography; and though I knew well enough they were not, yet I had forgotten what the right word was, so I let her alone; for one hard word did as well as another. Little Miss looked as if she was not sure if she might take it; but I suppose we had two kindly old faces, for at last the smile came into her eyes—not to her mouth—she had lived too much with grave and quiet people for that; and, looking wistfully at us, she said:

"Thank you. But won't you go and see Aunt Annabella?" We said we should like to pay our respects to both her other aunts if we might take that liberty; and perhaps she would show us the way. But, at the door of a room, she stopped short, and said sorrowfully, "I mayn't go in; it is not my week for being with Aunt Annabella;" and then she went slowly and heavily towards the garden door.

"That child is cowed by somebody," said I to Ethelinda.

"But she knows a deal of geography"—Ethelinda's speech was cut short by the opening of the door in answer to our knock. The once beautiful Miss Annabella Morton stood before us, and bade us enter. She was dressed in white, with a turned up velvet hat, and two or three short drooping black feathers in it. I should not like to say she rouged, but she had a very pretty colour in her cheeks; that much can do neither good nor harm. At first she looked so unlike anybody I had ever seen, that I wondered what the child could have found to like in her; for like her she did, that was very clear. But, when Miss Annabella spoke, I came under the charm. Her voice was very sweet and plaintive, and suited well with the kind of things she said; all about charms of nature, and tears, and grief, and such sort of talk, which reminded me rather of poetry—very pretty to listen to; though I never could understand it as well as plain comfortable prose. Still I hardly know why I liked Miss Annabella. I think I was sorry for her; though whether I should have been if she had not put it in my head, I don't know. The room looked very comfortable; a spinnet in a corner to amuse herself with, and a good sofa to lie down upon. By and bye, we got her to talk of her little niece, and she too had her system

of education. She said she hoped to develop the sensibilities, and to cultivate the tastes. While with her, her darling niece read works of imagination, and acquired all that Miss Annabella could impart of the fine arts. We neither of us quite knew what she was hinting at at the time; but afterwards, by dint of questioning little Miss, and using our own eyes and ears, we found that she read aloud to her aunt while she lay on the sofa; Santo Sebastian, or the Young Protector, was what they were deep in at this time; and, as it was in five volumes and the heroine spoke broken English—which required to be read twice over to make it intelligible—it lasted them a long time. She also learned to play on the spinnet; not much—for I never heard above two tunes; one of which was God save the King, and the other was not. But I fancy the poor child was lectured by one aunt, and frightened by the other's sharp ways and numerous fancies. She might well be fond of her gentle, pensive (Miss Annabella told me she was pensive, so I know I am right in calling her so) aunt with her soft voice, and her never ending novels, and the sweet scents that hovered about the sleepy room.

No one tempted us towards Miss Dorothy's apartment when we left Miss Annabella; so we did not see the youngest Miss Morton this first day. We had each of us treasured up many little mysteries to be explained by our dictionary, Mrs. Turner.

"Who is little Miss Mannisty?" we asked in one breath, when we saw our friend from the Hall. And then we learnt that there had been a fourth—a younger Miss Morton, who was no beauty, and no wit, and no anything; so Miss Sophronia, her eldest sister, had allowed her to marry a Mr. Mannisty, and ever after spoke of her as "my poor sister Jane." She and her husband had gone out to India; and both had died there; and the General had made it a sort of condition with his sisters that they should take charge of the child, or else none of them liked children except Miss Annabella.

"Miss Annabella likes children!" said I. "Then that's the reason children like her."

"I can't say she likes children; for we never have any in our house but Miss Cordelia; but her she does like dearly."

"Poor little Miss!" said Ethelinda, "does she never get a game of play with other little girls?" And I am sure from that time Ethelinda considered her in a diseased state from this very circumstance, and that her knowledge of geography was one of the symptoms of the disorder; for she used often to say, "I wish she did not know so much geography! I'm sure it is not quite right."

Whether or not her geography was right I don't know; but the child pined for companions. A very few days after we had called—and yet long enough to have passed her into Miss Annabella's week—I saw Miss Cordelia in a corner of the church green,

playing with awkward humility, along with some of the rough village girls, who were as expert at the game as she was unapt and slow. I hesitated a little, and at last I called to her.

"How do you, my dear?" I said. "How come you here, so far from home?"

She reddened, and then looked up at me with her large serious eyes.

"Aunt Annabel sent me into the wood to meditate—and—and—it was very dull—and I heard these little girls playing and laughing—and I had my sixpence with me and—it was not wrong, was it ma'am?—I came to them and told one of them I would give it to her if she would ask the others to let me play with them."

"But my dear, they are—some of them—very rough little children, and not fit companions for a Morton."

"But I am a Mannisty, ma'am!" she pleaded, with so much entreaty in her ways that, if I had not known what naughty bad girls some of them were, I could not have resisted her longing for companions of her own age. As it was, I was angry with them for having taken her sixpence; but, when she had told me which it was, and saw that I was going to reclaim it, she clung to me, and said:—

"Oh! don't, ma'am—you must not. I gave it to her quite of my own self."

So I turned away; for there was truth in what the child said. But to this day I have never told Ethelinda what became of her sixpence. I took Miss Cordelia home with me while I changed my dress to be fit to take her back to the Hall. And on the way, to make up for her disappointment, I began talking of my dear Miss Phillis and her bright pretty youth. I had never named her name since her death to any one but Ethelinda—and that only on Sundays and quiet times. And I could not have spoken of her to a grown-up person; but somehow to Miss Cordelia it came out quite natural. Not of her litter days, of course; but of her pony, and her little black King Charles's dogs, and all the living creatures that were glad in her presence when first I knew her. And nothing would satisfy the child but I must go into the Hall garden and show her where Miss Phillis's garden had been. We were deep in our talk, and she was stooping down to clear the plot from weeds, when I heard a sharp voice cry out, "Cordelia! Cordelia! Dirtying your frock with kneeling on the wet grass! It is not my week: but I shall tell your Aunt Annabella of you."

And the window was shut down with a jerk. It was Miss Dorothy. And I felt almost as guilty as poor little Miss Cordelia: for I had heard from Mrs. Turner that we had given great offence to Miss Dorothy by not going to call on her in her room that day on which we had paid our respects to her sisters; and I had a sort of an idea that seeing Miss Cor-

delia with me was almost as much of a fault as the kneeling down on the wet grass. So I thought I would take the bull by the horns. "Will you take me to your Aunt Dorothy, my dear?" said I.

The little girl had no longing to go into her aunt Dorothy's room, as she had so evidently had at Miss Arabella's door. On the contrary, she pointed it out to me at a safe distance, and then went away in the measured step she was taught to use in that house; where such things as running, going upstairs two steps at a time, or jumping down three, were considered undignified and vulgar. Miss Dorothy's room was the least prepossessing of any. Somehow it had a north-east look about it, though it did face direct south; and, as for Miss Dorothy herself, she was more like a "Cousin Betty" than anything else; if you know what a Cousin Betty is, and perhaps it is too old-fashioned a word to be understood by any one who has learnt the foreign languages: but when I was a girl, there used to be poor crazy women rambling about the country, one or two in a district. They never did any harm that I know of; they might have been born idiots, poor creatures, or crossed in love, who knows? But they roamed the country, and were well known at the farm-houses; where they often got food and shelter for as long a time as their restless minds would allow them to stay in any one place; and the farmer's wife would, maybe, rummage up a ribbon, or a feather, or a smart old breadth of silk, to please the harmless vanity of these poor crazy women; and they would go about so bedizened sometimes that, as we called them always "Cousin Betty," we made it into a kind of proverb for any one dressed in a fly-away showy style, and said they were like a Cousin Betty. So now you know what I mean that Miss Dorothy was like. Her dress was white, like Miss Annabella's; but, instead of the black velvet hat her sister wore, she had on, even in the house, a small black silk bonnet. This sounds as if it should be less like a Cousin Betty than a hat; but wait till I tell you how it was lined—with strips of red silk, broad near the face, narrow near the brim; for all the world like the rays of the rising sun, as they are painted on the public-house sign. And her face was like the sun; as round as an apple; and with rouge on, without any doubt; indeed, she told me once, a lady was not dressed unless she had put her rouge on. Mrs. Turner told us she studied reflections a great deal; not that she was a thinking woman in general, I should say; and that this rayed lining was the fruit of her study. She had her hair pulled together, so that her forehead was quite covered with it; and I won't deny that I rather wished myself at home, as I stood facing her in the doorway. She pretended she did not know who I was, and made me tell all about myself; and then it turned

out she knew all about me, and she hoped I had recovered from my fatigue the other day.

"What fatigue?" asked I, immovably. Oh! she had understood I was very much tired after visiting her sisters; otherwise, of course, I should not have felt it too much to come on to her room. She kept hinting at me in so many ways, that I could have asked her gladly to slap my face and have done with it, only I wanted to make Miss Cordelia's peace with her for kneeling down and dirtying her frock. I did say what I could to make things straight; but I don't know if I did any good. Mrs. Turner told me how suspicious and jealous she was of everybody, and of Miss Annabella in particular, who had been set over her in her youth because of her beauty; but, since it had faded, Miss Morton and Miss Dorothy had never ceased pecking at her; and Miss Dorothy worst of all. If it had not been for little Miss Cordelia's love, Miss Annabella might have wished to die; she did often wish she had had the smallpox as a baby. Miss Morton was stately and cold to her, as one who had not done her duty to her family, and was put in the corner for her bad behaviour. Miss Dorothy was continually talking at her, and particularly dwelling on the fact of her being the older sister. Now she was but two years older; and was still so pretty and gentle looking, that I should have forgotten it continually but for Miss Dorothy.

The rules that were made for Miss Cordelia! She was to eat her meals standing, that was one thing! Another was, that she was to drink two cups of cold water before she had any pudding; and it just made the child loathe cold water. Then there were ever so many words she might not use; each aunt had her own set of words which were ungentle or improper for some reason or another. Miss Dorothy would never let her say "red;" it was always to be pink, or crimson, or scarlet. Miss Cordelia used at one time to come to us, and tell us she had a "pain at her chest" so often, that Ethelinda and I began to be uneasy, and questioned Mrs. Turner to know if her mother had died of consumption; and many a good pot of currant jelly have I given her, and only made her pain at the chest worse; for—would you believe it?—Miss Morton told her never to say she had got a stomach-ache, for that it was not proper to say so. I had heard it called by a worse name still in my youth, and so had Ethelinda; and we sat and wondered to ourselves how it was that some kinds of pain were genteel and others were not. I said that old families, like the Mortons, generally thought it showed good blood to have their complaints as high in the body as they could—brain-fevers and headaches had a better sound, and did perhaps belong more to the aristocracy. I thought I had got the right view in saying this, when Ethelinda would put in that she

had often heard of Lord Toffey having the gout and being lame, and that nonplussed me. If there is one thing I do dislike more than another, it is a person saying something on the other side when I am trying to make up my mind—how can I reason if I am to be disturbed by another person's arguments?

But though I tell all these peculiarities of the Miss Mortons, they were good women in the main; even Miss Dorothy had her times of kindness, and really did love her little niece, though she was always laying traps to catch her doing wrong. Miss Morton I got to respect, if I never liked her. They would ask us up to tea; and we would put on our best gowns; and taking the house-key in my pocket, we used to walk slowly through the village, wishing that people who had been living in our youth could have seen us now, going by invitation to drink tea with the family at the Hall—not in the housekeeper's room, but with the family, mind you. But since they began to weave in Morton, everybody seemed too busy to notice us; so we were fain to be content with reminding each other how we should never have believed it in our youth that we could have lived to this day. After tea, Miss Morton would set us to talk of the real old family, whom they had never known; and you may be sure we told of all their pomp and grandeur and stately ways; but Ethelinda and I never spoke of what was to ourselves like the memory of a sad, terrible dream. So they thought of the Squire in his coach-and-four as High Sheriff, and Madam lying in her morning-room in her Genoa velvet wrapping-robe, all over peacock's eyes (it was a piece of velvet the Squire brought back from Italy, when he had been the grand tour), and Miss Phillis going to a ball at a great lord's house and dancing with a royal duke. The three ladies were never tired of listening to the tale of the splendour that had been going on here, while they and their mother had been starving in genteel poverty up in Northumberland; and as for Miss Cordelia, she sat on a stool at her Aunt Annabella's knee, her hand in her aunt's, and listened, open-mouthed and unnoticed, to all we could say.

One day, the child came crying to our house. It was the old story; Aunt Dorothy had been so unkind to Aunt Annabella! The little girl said she would run away to India, and tell her uncle the General, and seemed in such a paroxysm of anger, and grief, and despair, that a sudden thought came over me. I thought I would try and teach her something of the deep sorrow that lies awaiting all at some part of their lives, and of the way in which it ought to be borne, by telling her of Miss Phillis's love and endurance for her wasteful, handsome nephew. So from little, I got to more, and I told her all; the child's great eyes filling slowly with tears, which brimmed over and came rolling down her cheeks unnoticed as I spoke. I scarcely needed to

make her promise not to speak about all this to any one. She said, "I could not—no! not even to Aunt Annabella." And to this day she never has named it again, not even to me; but she tried to make herself more patient, and more silently helpful in the strange household among whom she was cast.

By and bye, Miss Morton grew pale and grey, and worn, amid all her stiffness. Mrs. Turner whispered to us that for all her stern, unmoved looks, she was ill unto death; that she had been secretly to see the great doctor at Drumble; and he had told her she must set her house in order. Not even her sisters knew this; but it preyed upon Mrs. Turner's mind and she told us. Long after this, she kept up her week of discipline with Miss Cordelia; and walked in her straight, soldier-like way about the village, scolding people for having too large families, and burning too much coal, and eating too much butter. One morning she sent Mrs. Turner for her sisters; and while she was away, she rummaged out an old locket made of the four Miss Mortons' hair when they were all children; and, threading the eye of the locket with a piece of brown ribbon, she tied it round Cordelia's neck, and kissing her, told her she had been a good girl, and had cured herself of stooping; that she must fear God and honour the King; and that now she might go and have a holiday. Even while the child looked at her in wonder at the unusual tenderness with which this was said, a grim spasm passed over her face, and Cordelia ran in affright to call Mrs. Turner. But when she came, and the other two sisters came, she was quite herself again. She had her sisters in her room alone when she wished them goodbye; so no one knows what she said, or how she told them (who were thinking of her as in health) that the signs of near-approaching death, which the doctor had foretold, were upon her. One thing they both agreed in saying—and it was much that Miss Dorothy agreed in anything—that she bequeathed her sitting room, up the two steps, to Miss Annabella as being next in age. Then they left her room crying, and went both together into Miss Annabella's room, sitting hand in hand, (for the first time since childhood I should think,) listening for the sound of the little hand-bell, which was to be placed close by her, in case, in her agony, she required Mrs. Turner's presence. But it never rang. Noon became twilight. Miss Cordelia stole in from the garden with its long, black, green shadows, and strange eerie sounds of the night wind through the trees, and crept to the kitchen fire. At last, Mrs. Turner knocked at Miss Morton's door, and hearing no reply, went in and found her cold and dead in her chair.

I suppose that sometime or other we had told them of the funeral the old Squire had; Miss Phillis's father, I sacan. He had had a

procession of tenantry half-a-mile long to follow him to the grave. Miss Dorothy sent for me to tell her what tenantry of her brother's could follow Miss Morton's coffin; but what with people working in mills, and land having passed away from the family, we could but muster up twenty people, men and women and all; and one or two were dirty enough to be paid for their loss of time.

Poor Miss Annabella did not wish to go into the room up two steps; nor yet dared she stay behind; for Miss Dorothy, in a kind of spite for not having had it bequeathed to her, kept telling Miss Annabella it was her duty to occupy it; that it was Miss Sophronia's dying wish, and that she should not wonder if Miss Sophronia were to haunt Miss Annabella, if she did not leave her warm room, full of ease and sweet scent, for the grim north-east chamber. We told Mrs. Turner we were afraid Miss Dorothy would lord it sadly over Miss Annabella, and she only shook her head; which, from so talkative a woman, meant a great deal. But, just as Miss Cordelia had begun to droop the General came home, without any one knowing he was coming. Sharp and sudden was the word with him. He sent Miss Cordelia off to school; but not before she had had time to tell us that she loved her uncle dearly, in spite of his quick hasty ways. He carried his sisters off to Cheltenham; and it was astonishing how young they made themselves look before they came back again. He was always here, there, and everywhere; and very civil to us into the bargain; leaving the key of the Hall with us whenever they went from home. Miss Dorothy was afraid of him, which was a blessing, for it kept her in order; and really I was rather sorry when she died, and, as for Miss Annabella, she fretted after her till she injured her health, and Miss Cordelia had to leave school to come and keep her company. Miss Cordelia was not pretty; she had too sad and grave a look for that; but she had winning ways, and was to have her uncle's fortune some day, so I expected to hear of her being soon snapt up. But the General said her husband was to take the name of Morton; and what did my young lady do but begin to care for one of the great mill owners at Drumble, as if there were not all the lords and commons to choose from besides? Mrs. Turner was dead; and there was no one to tell us about it; but I could see Miss Cordelia growing thinner and paler every time they came back to Morton Hall; and I longed to tell her to pluck up a spirit, and be above a cotton-spinner. One day, not half a year before the General's death, she came to see us, and told us, blushing like a rose, that her uncle had given his consent; and so, although "he" had refused to take the name of Morton, and had wanted to marry her without a penny, and without her uncle's leave, it had all come right at last, and they were to be married at once;

and their house was to be a kind of home for her Aunt Annabella, who was getting tired of being perpetually on the ramble with the General.

"Dear old friends!" said our young lady, "You must like him. I am sure you will; he is so handsome, and brave, and good. Do you know, he says a relation of his ancestors lived at Morton Hall in the time of the Commonwealth."

"His ancestors?" said Ethelinda. "Has he got ancestors? That's one good point about him, at any rate. I didn't know cotton-spinners had ancestors."

"What is his name?" asked I.

"Mr. Marmaduke Carr," said she, sounding each *r* with the old Northumberland burr, which was softened into a pretty pride and effort to give distinctness to each letter of the beloved name.

"Carr," said I, "Carr and Morton! Be it so! It was prophesied of old!" But she was too much absorbed in the thought of her own secret happiness to notice my poor sayings.

He was and is a good gentleman; and a real gentleman too. They never lived at Morton Hall. Just as I was writing this, Ethelinda came in with two pieces of news. Never again say I am superstitious! There is no one living in Morton that knows the tradition of Sir John Morton and Alice Carr; yet the very first part of the Hall the Drum-builder has pulled down is the old stone dining-parlour where the great dinner for the preachers mouldered away—flesh from flesh, crumb from crumb! And the street they are going to build right through the rooms through which Alice Carr was dragged in her agony of despair at her husband's loathing hatred is to be called Carr Street!

And Miss Cordelia has got a baby; a little girl; and writes in pencil two lines at the end of her husband's note to say she means to call it Phillis.

Phillis Carr! I am glad he did not take the name of Morton. I like to keep the name of Phillis Morton in my memory very still and unspoken.

NOW.

Arise! for the day is passing,
While you lie dreaming on;
Your brothers are cased in armour,
And forth to the fight are gone;
Your place in the ranks awaits you;
Each man has a part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern to-day.

Arise from your dreams of the future—
Of gaining a hard fought field;
Of storming the airy fortress;
Of bidding the giant yield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honour (God grant it may!)
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or needed as now—to-day.

Arise! If the past detain you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever;
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Arise! for the hour is passing;
The sound that you dimly hear,
Is your enemy marching to battle,
Rise! rise! for the foe is here!
Stay not to brighten your weapons
Or the hour will strike at last;
And, from dreams of a coming battle,
You will waken and find it past.

A SENSIBLE TOWN.

If ever you desire to spend a pleasant week in France, and to see that wonder of the civilised world, a wholesome town, go to Amiens in the valley of the Somme. In Amiens there is to be found a wise municipality; there is no room for sanitary agitation: there is everything that there should be for the health and satisfaction of the people. Its valley is a happy valley. You see now and then short reaches of the Somme; and, if your taste be in the least agricultural and rural, you admire the rich alluvial soil which throws up, as out of a cornucopia, flax, hemp and cameline, acres of fragrant bean-blossom and scarlet poppy, rich in oil, and wheat, and a whole Gizeh of apples. You come among stacks of turf and see the water standing in the black holes under trees, out of which, or near which, they have been dug. In those ponds are the richest eels and pike; and over them fly wild ducks.

The first public thing I did when I first went to Amiens was to mount the very curious and disproportioned spire of the cathedral, which an Englishman has likened to a giant in repose, and a Frenchman to a vast poem. When I visit any town I always make it my first business to go up the greatest number of stairs open to the public, and begin my survey with a general view; just as I glance over the table of contents before I read a volume. From the top of Amiens' spire I had not very much to see, always excepting the cathedral roof. I had seen the whole misty marvel of London this side of the Surrey hills (London beyond the hills will soon be added) from the top of St. Paul's; the purple Campagna and the quicksilver stripe of the Mediterranean visible in the horizon from St. Peter's, at Rome; the Gulf of St. Malo, from Coutances, with Jersey for a distant object, and the incomparable twin spires close at hand; nor am I ashamed to name with these impressive sights the fen panorama which surrounds the tower of Ely. From Amiens' spire I saw a mass of grey-looking houses uniformly spread

beneath me, without any very noticeable difference of level, although one part is said to belong to the upper, and another to the lower town. I observed at once, however, one agreeable arrangement; almost every house has its own little garden. I was told, too, that the houses are almost all occupied by single families. In a population of nearly sixty-five thousand, there must be many exceptions to the rule, but there are in Amiens no suffocating cellar dwellings, as at Dunkerque, Lille, and St. Omer. In one part of the town, too, there is quite a mass of green. Now, without setting myself up for a town guide, I should like to point out to those who are interested in their own health, or in the health of towns, one or two facts concerning Amiens. The ground on which the town is built, let me first say, generally slopes to the river; society accommodates itself to that convenient slope; the upper classes live in the upper town, the middle in the middle, and the lower in the lower; the lowest being next the mud upon the river banks.

The Somme, as it enters Amiens, is a beautiful stream, "strong without rage, without o'erflowing full." One of my first walks was to follow its course through the town. Beginning at the Port d'Amont, or Eastern port, and following the Rue de la Voirie, I came upon the "Chinese Baths," authenticated by a picture of a Chinaman; a swimming-school, authorised by the Mayor; and the baths at the sign of "The First Waters"—clear waters they are, too; decidedly preferable to such East Waters as I have scooped my way over among the stagnant porridge of a Venetian canal. Then I went on by a twisting road among the famous little gardens of the Somme—a wilderness of pumpkins and asparagus beds; of canals, wide and narrow; pollard willows, ducks and drakes; of currant and gooseberry bushes, fruit trees now and then meagrely, but gracefully festooned with vines; of celery, of the superbest salad, leeks; of little ponds, and of reed fences, of roomy flat-bottomed high-prowed boats that were often filled with gorgeous heaps of what the painters would call "still life," and beside the road that brought us through these pleasant things were hospitable benches placed at welcome intervals. The road ended at a ferry on the Somme. All this good soil supported nothing but a wood some thirty years ago, a pleasant place for children, who played hide and seek, and a perfect mine of fagots. The towing path on the other side of the river is fringed now by a continuous row of aspens; and, as the eye looks up and down stream, it rests everywhere upon such masses of sparkling verdure that one may feel there as tranquil as a Dutchman.

Then I took another walk, beginning at the before-mentioned Port d'Amont, to make some observations on the splitting up and subdividing of the river by the men of Amiens. The integral stream is split into twelve

fractions or streamlets, each of which has at least a score of duties to perform; they are all torn and broken upon wheels, among which they rush, and roar, and splutter, some becoming stained, as with ink; others escaping from the work with a strong smell of hides upon them. The canals cut the land up into little islands. Louis the Eleventh called Amiens "his little Venice;" but there is more real life in one Amiens canal than in all the Venetian waters put together. The comparison was not bad for a king; but there is not much sense in it. The Venetian waters are like beasts of burden; they just carry what is put upon them. The Picard rivulets work with intelligence, earn money by their active power, put out for the benefit of their masters skilfully. Following their course through the streets—Cow's Tail Street, or Great Turnip Street—and crossing a few of their innumerable bridges, I determined that though union makes strength, division may sometimes beget activity. This separation of the waters of the Somme is but of short continuance. With the exception of two or three canals, the mouths of which are carried further down stream because they have been doing filthier work than the rest, the streams are again united at the Bridge of St. Michael just below the town. The river, restored to its natural dimensions, forms the Port which is called d'Aval, or of the west.

Standing on St. Michael's Bridge, and looking down the stream, that is, with my back to the town, there were pointed out to me, on the right and left bank respectively, two very important edifices—the gas-works, and the abattoir, or general slaughter-house, where only animals may be killed. The outscourings of the abattoirs, and also the gas-oozings from the opposite side, as well as the foul brooks which have served the uses of the dyer and the tanner, all enter the stream below, and surely may as well do that as run into it, through it and round about it. The Amiens baths are, on the other hand, above the town, and catch the freshest waters. It is quite possible, however, to imagine a congregation of human beings, say even a Body Corporate, who shall, through chance, want of forethought, or obstinate individual selfishness, place the slaughter-house, the gas-works, and the dyeing-offices at the inlet, and the baths at the outlet of a stream passing through the midst of their camp. It is not so at Amiens. The Somme at Amiens is the best used river in the world. I have not yet named all the services extracted from it. At St. Michael's Bridge it supplies the people for whose benefit it has been toiling with pure water; not, of course, its own. In the middle of the bridge stands a square solid building, known as the hydraulic machine. Of this the river is the motive power, and by it there is poured into reservoirs in the upper town an abundant supply of pure water from springs near the town. From the springs to the river

level at the bridge, it is brought easily enough in covered aqueducts.

A hundred and twelve public fountains, or rather taps, within the town distribute water to the population at large, and there are from seven hundred and fifty to eight hundred private water customers. Constant high pressure water supply to every house is one of the good things yet to come even in Amiens; but the water as it is, is pure and plentiful. The principal reservoir is roofed with brickwork, vaulted like a cellar, and supported internally by columns, so that the water is completely sheltered against soot and dust, and all defilement.

The principal streets of Amiens have been lately repaved, with underground drains, foot-pavements, and a surface which is highest in the centre; in others the gutter runs down the middle, with no footpath, in old fashioned style. I saw no street with a small stream of clear water constantly flowing through it, like that refreshing current which passes down Trumpington Street, from Hobson's Conduit at Cambridge.

And now I will catalogue some of the treasures of the townspeople. They have a Garden of Paris, just large enough to aid and encourage any taste for botany; of which the grounds form also a pleasant walking-place, open gratuitously to the public. A museum attached to the garden contains a small collection of natural history specimens. Then the town is peculiarly rich in Boulevards: it is almost perfectly encircled by them. From whatever quarter the wind may blow, inhabitants of Amiens can drive or walk under fine rows of horse chestnuts, elms, limes, or aspens, and catch the breeze, as it sweeps in upon them from the open country.

In the fourteenth century Amiens was surrounded, not with these delicious groves, but with ditches and fortifications, which included the suburbs. The walls were flanked with towers, and four gates were pierced through them. In the seventeenth century, these ramparts, reckoned among the best and handsomest in France, occupied a breadth of eleven yards, and a length of nearly twenty thousand paces. Of all this mass of fortifications nothing remains except one picturesque old fragment of wall, which has been suffered to stand, out of fear lest the removal of it might disturb certain springs that supply the hydraulic machine with water. On the site of the old ramparts are now planted the Boulevards, defending against a thousand enemies to health with a stout wall of living green. The railway runs in the old moat; and rows of trees and sloping gardens form the outworks of this peaceful fortress. The gardens laid out on the side of the old ditch and over the railway tunnels are all open to the public. I would have every young town crowned in this way with a garland of green boulevards. It is a good charm against sickness. It is good, too, when the town outgrows them, and

they still separate the suburbs from the parent nucleus by a cool circle of fresh air.

Passing down the Boulevard Fontaine, the dweller in the paradise of Amiens can turn to the right, down the Boulevard St. Jacques, and reach an opening which gives him, to the left, a peep at the famous Promenade de la Hotoie, a noble park, one of the best possessions of the town. Marie de la Hotoie gave it in the fourteenth century, for the Picard youth to make merry in. Its plan, by Le-nôtre, is quite simple, and old-fashioned. A long straight central avenue shoots far away down to the open country. Among the trees on either side are four angular and prim spaces of well-trodden turf, devoted to the exercise of four national games. There is, on one side, the tennis green—within the limits of which the ball is retained by temporary nets—and the foot-ball ground; on the other side there are spaces for ball-play and the *jeu de tamis*, in which latter game a small ball, made of leather and egg-shells, is struck with a sort of wooden boxing-glove. Of cricket, the French have not a notion.

Cross-roads, that run like vaults under the trees, conduct from the centre of this park to lateral avenues, which had branched, right and left, from the main trunk promenade at its entrance; and these side walks, after making a slight bend, run boldly out into the distant perspective. The end of all those walks or rides (for they are also carriage ways) is an exactly circular lake, containing two exactly circular islands and a pair of milk-white swans. Round the lake is a circular drive—the ring of Amiens under a zone of trees.

From this part of the park a foot-bridge leads over a stream of water to the Little Hotoie, where the promenader, tired of trees, may wander among flowers, flanked in the distance by a few acres of beet-root. At the entrance to this garden is a lodge built like a Swiss cottage, and called the Chalet. There dwell maids with milking-pails, and there are kept the cows, who eat the beet-root growing in the distance, and with whose milk the promenaders can refresh themselves. There are even occasions on which the municipality of Amiens allow the holiday folks a gratuitous supply of syllabub from this establishment. The wanderer among the flowers may return by another foot-bridge to the trees of the Great Hotoie, and all the sunshine, all the air, and all the beauty of the Hotoies is his own; the poorest may walk there and is required only to respect the grass and trees.

The plan of the Hotoie demanded regularity; and, after all was finished, one little strip of ground remained unused. Of that a convenient market was eventually made—a market quite out of the town—for pigs, cows, sheep, and bullocks. No droves of animals ever appear to create confusion in the streets of the most sensible town of Amiens. The

cattle market is not only out of the town, but close behind the abattoir. The butcher having made his purchase in the market, goes at once to the adjoining slaughter-ground, and so the animals are brought into the town only as meat. In the heart of the town, though there is no Smithfield, there is a handsome covered fruit and vegetable market, a legacy left of old time to the community by one of its rich citizens.

There is another thing to be said about this well ordered town, in which they have placed the baths up-stream, the slaughter-house down-stream; the theatre half-way up the principal street; the fruit-market in the town, the brute-market out of it; in which the dyers and fell-mongers have canals to themselves; and every body has green walks and parks in addition to his own private and domestic garden.

How do the people of Amiens bury their dead? Sensibly, of course. There are no intramural grave yards. The cemetery is not, indeed, within a stone's throw of the living. If the visitor would walk thither he must take up his staff and stretch out quite into the country. It is to be found by the side of a swelling hill, where it has been established on a subsoil of chalk, that the beds of the sleepers may be dry. One sees but little of it from the road. Trees, and shrubs, with a not too gay admixture of flowers, screen the tombs from the eyes of passers by.

To make the story quite complete, let me now follow the prevailing fashion, and show my hotel bill to the public. The railway fare from Boulogne to Amiens is eight shillings and one half-penny, second-class; and second-class travelling in France is very comfortable, the seats and backs of the carriages are stuffed, the number of places is limited, and smoking is forbidden under a fine. I had been recommended to an inn at Amiens, the *Hôtel de l'Ecu de France*, by a friend who knew that I wished for every reasonable comfort, but that I could not afford to be extravagant. My party consisted of four persons—my sister, her daughters, and myself. The ladies occupied a double-bedded room. We were not thrust into out-of-the-way back apartments; but our windows (we had two in each bedroom) looked into the handsome little *Place St. Denis*—a neat square, with a statue in the middle, and bordered round the edge by rows of clipped acacias. These apartments were well furnished, with arm-chairs, marble-topped tables, and so forth, and with bedding, as I have always found it in the north of France, of the most scrupulous purity and neatness. For these accommodations, I was charged a franc a bed. Our breakfasts were twenty-five sous, or a shilling, a head; for which we were supplied with coffee, milk, and sugar, eggs, and ham, beef-steak, and wonderfully well-fried potatoes, according to the caprice of appetite. Our dinner was fifteen-pence a head, and our

bill of fare on the last day of our dining there was this: vermicelli soup, boiled fowls with exquisite white sauce, fried soles admirably executed, a brace of partridges, apple conserve and cream tarts, followed by a dessert of Gruyère cheese, pears, and sugar biscuits. Beer at discretion was included in the charge; and, still more marvellous, two of my ladies—one seven years of age, the other a young miss in her teens—were set down in the bill as having but one head between them. The cookery in general was first-rate; for the cook, who almost always sang over his work, was evidently happy in his mind, and frame of mind always operates very much on the result of work done by all artists. The wine that we took was, of course, an extra. We had very good light Bordeaux for fifteen-pence the bottle.

During our stay, I invited to dinner a Frenchman who had obliged me, and we fraternised with a bottle of champagne (four shillings), and a more sumptuous dinner and dessert than usual. I had told the landlady that I should not be nice about the spending of a few francs, if she would but do her best for me. We were served accordingly, and had grapes, peaches, fresh figs, and other dainties. For this grand, epicurean outbreak, I had only to pay twenty-pence a head. On that occasion, and on the day of our arrival, it being market-day, we had a small dining-parlour to ourselves. At other times, we ate in the public room. We spent five days at Amiens. My bill on leaving, which was made to include, with wine and all extras, the service of the house, amounted to less than four pounds English! Go, therefore, O Briton needing rest, to Amiens for a holiday, to Amiens in the happy valley of the Somme.

CHIPS.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

THE life and adventures of the Cornish clergy during the eighteenth century would form a graphic volume of ecclesiastical lore. Afar off from the din of the noisy world, almost unconscious of the badgewords, High Church and Low Church, they dwelt in their quaint gray vicarages by the churchyard wall, the saddened and unsympathising witnesses of those wild fierce usages of the west, which they were utterly powerless to control. The glebe whereon I write has been the scene of many an unavailing contest in the cause of morality between the clergyman and his flock. One aged parishioner recalls and relates the run, that is the rescue, of a cargo of kegs underneath the benches and in the tower stairs of the church. "We bribed Tom Hockaday, the sexton," so the legend ran, "and we had the goods safe in the seats by Saturday night. The parson did wonder at the large congregation, for divers of them

were not regular church-goers at other times, and if he had known what was going on he could not have preached a more suitable discourse, for it was 'Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess.' One of his best sermons; but there it did not touch us you see, for we never tasted anything but brandy or gin. Ah! he was a dear old man our parson, mild as milk, nothing ever put him out. Once I mind, in the middle of morning prayer there was a buzz down by the porch, and the folks began to get up and go out of church one by one. At last there was hardly three left. So the parson shut the book and took off his surplice, and he said to the clerk, 'There is surely something amiss.' And so there certainly was, for when we came out on the cliff there was a king's cutter in chase of our vessel, the Black Prince, close under the land, and there was our departed congregation looking on. Well, at last Whorwell, who commanded our trader, ran for the Gullkoch (where it was certain death for anything to follow him), and the revenue commander sheered away to save his ship. Then off went our hats, and we gave Whorwell three cheers. So, when there was a little peace, the parson said to us all, 'And now, my friends, let us return and proceed with divine service.' We did return; and it was surprising after all that bustle and uproar to hear how Parson Trenowth went on, just as if nothing had come to pass:—'Here beginneth the Second Lesson.'

But, on another occasion, the equanimity and forbearance of the parson were sorely tried; he presided, as the custom was, at a parish feast, in cassock and bands, and had, with his white hair and venerable countenance, quite an apostolic aspect and mien. On a sudden, a busy whisper among the farmers at the lower end of the table attracted his notice, interspersed as it was by sundry nods and glances towards himself. At last, one bolder than the rest, addressed him, and said that they had a great wish to ask his reverence a question if he would kindly grant them a reply; it was on a religious subject that they had dispute, he said. The bland old man assured them of his readiness to yield them any information or answer in his power.

"But what was the point in debate?"

"Why, sir, we wished to be informed if there were not sins which God Almighty would never forgive?"

Surprised and somewhat shocked, he told them "that he trusted there were no transgressions, common to themselves, but if repented of and abjured they might clearly hope to be forgiven." But, with a natural curiosity, he inquired what kind of iniquities they had discussed as too vile to look for pardon. "Why, sir," replied their spokesman, "we thought that if a man should find out where run goods was deposited and should inform the gauger, that such a villain was too bad for mercy."

How widely the doctrinal discussions of those days differed from our own! Let us not, however, suppose that all the clergy were as gentle and unobtrusive as old Parson Trenowth. A tale is told of an adjacent parish, situated also on the sea-shore, of far more stirring kind. It was full sea in the evening of an autumn day when a traveller arrived where the road ran along by a sandy beach just above high-water mark. The stranger, who was a native of some inland town and utterly unacquainted with Cornwall and its ways, had reached the brink of the tide just as a "landing" was coming off. It was a scene not only to instruct a townsman, but also to dazzle and surprise. At sea just beyond the billows, lay the vessel well moored with anchors at stem and stern. Between the ship and the shore boats laden to the gunwale passed to and fro. Crowds assembled on the beach to help the cargo ashore. On the one hand a boisterous group surrounded a keg with the head knocked in, for simplicity of access to the good Cognac, into which they dipped whatsoever vessel came first to hand; one man had filled his shoe. On the other side they fought and wrestled, cursed and swore. Horrified at what he saw, the stranger lost all self-command, and oblivious of personal danger, he began to shout, "What a horrible sight! Have you no shame? Is there no magistrate at hand? Cannot any justice of the peace be found in this fearful country?"

"No. Thanks be to God," answered a hoarse, gruff voice, "none within eight miles."

"Well then!" screamed the stranger, "Is there no clergyman hereabout? Does no minister of the parish live among you on this coast?"

"Ay! to be sure there is," said the same deep voice.

"Well, how far off does he live? Where is he?"

"That's he, sir, yonder, with the lanthorn."

And sure enough there he stood, on a rock, and poured, with pastoral diligence, the light of other days on a busy congregation.

SENTIMENTAL GEOGRAPHY.

ANTHONY VAN DIEMEN, Governor of Batavia, had a daughter, whose name was Maria. Since she was not only charming and accomplished, but also the only child of a rich papa who was governor of the Dutch East Indies, Maria's image was impressed on many a heart, and she had no lack of suitors. There were great men among them; but, with maiden-like perversity, Maria most favoured a poor young sailor—a handsome, dashing fellow, who was very skilful in his business; but who had no pockets, or no use for any. The young sailor's name was Abel Janzen Tasman. He was devoted to Maria heart and soul, had exchanged pledges with her, and had

brought matters to so serious a pass, that the proud father determined to put the young adventurer quietly and courteously out of sight: the doing so he took to be a better and more fatherly course than the institution of a great family quarrel. That his Maria should become Mrs. Tasman, he knew very well was a thing not for a moment to be thought of. Whoever won his daughter must have wealth and a patent of nobility. She was no fit mate for a poor sailor. Tasman, however, could be easily dismissed from dangling after her.

The Batavian traders had at that time a vague notion that there was a vast continent—an unknown Austral land somewhere near the South Pole; and Van Diemen determined to send Tasman out to see about it. If he never came back it would not matter; but, at any rate, he would be certainly a long time gone. Van Diemen therefore fitted out an expedition, and gave to young Tasman the command of it.

Off the young fellow set, in the year 1642, and, like an enamoured swain as he was, the first new ground he discovered—a considerable stretch of land, now forming a very well known English colony—he named after his dear love, Van Diemen's Land, and put Miss Van Diemen's Christian name beside her patronymic, by giving the name of Maria to a small adjoining island close to the south-eastern extremity of the new land. That land—Van Diemen's Land—we have of late begun very generally to call after its discoverer, Tasmania.

Continuing his journey southward, the young sailor anchored his ships on the eighteenth of December, in a sheltered bay, which he called Moodenare's (Murderer's) Bay, because the natives there attacked his ships, and killed three of his men. Travelling on, he reached, after some days, the islands which he called after the three kings, because he saw them on the feast of the Epiphany; and then, coming upon New Zealand from the north, he called it in a patriotic way, after the States of Holland, Staten Land; but the extreme northern point of it, a fine bold headland jutting out into the sea, strong as his love, he entitled again Cape Maria. For he had gone out resolved not indeed to "carve her name on trunks of trees," but to do his mistress the same sort of honour in a way that would be nobler, manlier, and more enduring.

After a long and prosperous voyage, graced by one or two more discoveries, Tasman came back to Batavia. He had more than earned his wife; for he had won for himself sudden and high renown, court favour, rank, and fortune. Governor Van Diemen got a famous son-in-law, and there was no cross to the rest of the career of the most comfortable married couple, Abel and Maria. Tasman did not make another journey to New Zealand; it remained unvisited until 1769, when it was re-discovered by Captain Cook,

who very quickly recognised it as a portion of the land that had been first seen by the love-lorn sailor.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XLIV.

KING JAMES THE SECOND was a man so very disagreeable, that even the best of historians has favoured his brother Charles, as becoming, by comparison, quite a pleasant character. The one object of his short reign was to re-establish the Catholic religion in England; and this he doggedly pursued with such a stupid obstinacy that his career very soon came to a close.

The first thing he did, was, to assure his council that he would make it his endeavour to preserve the Government, both in Church and State, as it was by law established; and that he would always take care to defend and support the Church. Great public acclamations were raised over this fair speech, and a great deal was said, from the pulpits and elsewhere, about the word of a King which was never broken, by credulous people who little supposed that he had formed a secret council for Catholic affairs, of which a mischievous Jesuit, called FATHER PETRE, was one of the chief members. With tears of joy in his eyes, he received as the beginning of his pension from the King of France five hundred thousand livres; yet, with a mixture of meanness and arrogance that belonged to his contemptible character, he was always jealous of making some show of being independent of the King of France, while he pocketed his money. As—notwithstanding his publishing two papers in favour of Popery, (and not likely to do it much service, I should think) written by the King, his brother, and found in his strong box; and his open display of himself attending mass—the Parliament was very obsequious, and granted him a large sum of money, he began his reign with a belief that he could do what he pleased, and with a determination to do it.

Before we proceed to its principal events, let us dispose of Titus Oates. He was tried for perjury a fortnight after the coronation, and besides being very heavily fined, was sentenced to stand twice in the pillory, to be whipped from Aldgate to Newgate one day, and from Newgate to Tyburn two days afterwards, and to stand in the pillory five times a year as long as he lived. This fearful sentence was actually inflicted on the rascal. Being unable to stand after his first flogging, he was dragged on a sledge from Newgate to Tyburn, and flogged as he was drawn along. He was so strong a villain that he did not die under the torture, but lived to be afterwards pardoned and rewarded, though not to be ever believed in any more. Dangerfield, the only other one

of that crew left alive, was not so fortunate. He was almost killed by a whipping from Newgate to Tyburn, and, as if that were not punishment enough, a ferocious barrister of Gray's Inn gave him a poke in the eye with his cane, which caused his death; for which the ferocious barrister was deservedly tried and executed.

As soon as James was on the throne, Argyle and Monmouth went from Brussels to Rotterdam, and attended a meeting of Scottish exiles held there, to concert measures for a rising in England. It was agreed that Argyle should effect a landing in Scotland, and Monmouth in England, and that two Englishmen should be sent with Argyle to be in his confidence, and two Scotchmen with the Duke of Monmouth.

Argyle was the first to act upon this contract. But, two of his men being taken prisoners at the Orkney Islands, the Government became aware of his intentions, and was able to act against him with such vigour as to prevent his raising more than two or three thousand Highlanders, although he sent a fiery cross, by trusty messengers, from clan to clan and from glen to glen, as the custom then was when those wild people were to be excited by their chiefs. As he was moving towards Glasgow with his small force, he was betrayed by some of his followers, taken, and carried, with his hands tied behind his back, to his old prison in Edinburgh Castle. James ordered him to be executed, on his old shamefully unjust sentence, within three days, and appears to have been anxious that his legs should have been pounded with his old favourite the boot. However, the boot was not applied; he was simply beheaded, and his head was set upon the top of Edinburgh Jail. One of those Englishmen who had been assigned to him was that old soldier Rumbold, the master of the Rye House. He was sorely wounded, and within a week after Argyle had suffered with great courage, was brought up for trial, lest he should die and disappoint the King. He, too, was executed, after defending himself with great spirit, and saying that he did not believe that God had made the greater part of mankind to carry saddles on their backs and bridles in their mouths, and to be ridden by a few, booted and spurred for the purpose—in which I thoroughly agree with Rumbold.

The Duke of Monmouth, partly through being detained and partly through idling his time away, was five or six weeks behind his friend when he landed at Lyme, in Dorset, having at his right hand an unlucky nobleman called LORD GREY OF WERE, who of himself would have ruined a far more promising expedition. He immediately set up his standard in the market-place, and proclaimed the King a tyrant, and a Popish usurper, and I know not what else; charging him, not only with what he had done, which was bad enough, but with what neither he nor anybody else had done, such as setting

fire to London, and poisoning the late King. Raising some four thousand men by these means, he marched on to Taunton, where there were many Protestant dissenters who were strongly opposed to the Catholics. Here, both the rich and poor turned out to receive him, ladies waved a welcome to him from all the windows as he passed along the streets, flowers were strewn in his way, and every compliment and honour that could be devised was showered upon him. Among the rest, twenty young ladies came forward, in their best clothes and in their brightest beauty, and gave him a Bible ornamented with their own fair hands, together with other presents.

Encouraged by this homage, he proclaimed himself King, and went on to Bridgewater. But, here the Government troops, under the EARL OF FEVERSHAM, were close at hand; and he was so dispirited at finding that he made but few powerful friends after all, that it was a question whether he should disband his army and endeavour to escape. It was resolved, at the instance of that unlucky Lord Grey, to make a night attack on the King's army, as it lay encamped on the edge of a morass called Scdgemoor. The horsemen were commanded by the same unlucky lord, who was not a brave man. He gave up the battle almost at the first obstacle—which was a deep drain; and although the poor countrymen, who had turned out for Monmouth, fought bravely with scythes, poles, pitchforks, and such poor weapons as they had, they were soon dispersed by the trained soldiers, and fled in all directions. When the Duke of Monmouth himself fled, was not known in the confusion; but the unlucky lord was taken early next day, and then another of the party was taken, who confessed that he had parted from the Duke only four hours before. Strict search being made, he was found disguised as a peasant, hidden in a ditch under fern and nettles, with a few peas in his pocket which he had gathered in the fields to eat. The only other articles he had upon him were a few papers and little books; one of the latter being a strange jumble, in his own writing, of charms, songs, recipes, and prayers. He was completely broken. He wrote a miserable letter to the King, beseeching and entreating to be allowed to see him. When he was taken to London, and conveyed bound into the King's presence, he crawled to him on his knees, and made a most degrading exhibition. As James never forgave or relented towards any body, he was not likely to soften towards the issuer of the Lyme proclamation, so he told the suppliant to prepare for death.

On the fifteenth of July, one thousand six hundred and eighty-five, this unfortunate favourite of the people was brought out to die on Tower Hill. The crowd was immense, and the tops of all the houses were covered with gazers. He had seen his wife, the daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch, in the

Tower, and had talked much of a lady whom he loved far better—the LADY HARRIET WENTWORTH—who was one of the last persons he remembered in this life. Before laying down his head upon the block he felt the edge of the axe, and told the executioner that he feared it was not sharp enough, and that the axe was not heavy enough. On the executioner replying that it was of the proper kind, the Duke said, "I pray you have a care, and do not use me so awkwardly as you used my Lord Russell." The executioner made nervous by this, and trembling, struck once and merely gashed him in the neck. Upon this the Duke of Monmouth raised his head and looked the man reproachfully in the face. Then he struck twice, and then thrice, and then threw down the axe, and cried out in a voice of horror that he could not finish that work. The sheriffs, however, threatening him with what should be done to himself if he did not, he took it up again and struck a fourth time and a fifth time. Then the wretched head at last fell off, and James, Duke of Monmouth, was dead, in the thirty-sixth year of his age. He was a showy, graceful man, with many popular qualities, and had found much favour in the open hearts of the English.

The atrocities committed by the Government which followed this Monmouth rebellion, form the blackest and most lamentable page in English history. The poor peasants, having been dispersed with great loss, and their leaders having been taken, one would think that the implacable King might have been satisfied. But no; he let loose upon them, among other intolerable monsters, a COLONEL KIRK, who had served against the Moors, and whose soldiers—called by the people Kirk's lambs, because they bore a lamb upon their flag, as the emblem of Christianity—were worthy of their leader. The atrocities committed by these demons in human shape are far too horrible to be related here. It is enough to say, that besides most ruthlessly murdering and robbing them, and ruining them by making them buy their pardons at the price of all they possessed, it was one of Kirk's favourite amusements, as he and his officers sat drinking after dinner, and toasting the King, to have batches of prisoners hanged outside the windows for the company's diversion; and that when their feet quivered in the convulsions of death, he used to swear that they should have music to their dancing, and would order the drums to beat and the trumpets to play. The detestable King informed him, as an acknowledgment of these services, that he was "very well satisfied with his proceedings." But the King's great delight, was in the proceedings of Jeffreys, now a peer, who went down into the west, with four other judges, to try persons accused of having had any share in the rebellion. The King pleasantly called this "Jeffreys's campaign." The people

down in that part of the country remember it to this hour as *The Bloody Assize*.

It began at Winchester, where a poor deaf old lady, Mrs. ALICIA LISLE, the widow of one of the judges of Charles the First (who had been murdered abroad by some Royalist assassins,) was charged with having given shelter in her house to two fugitives from Sedgemoor. Three times the jury refused to find her guilty, until Jeffreys bullied and frightened them into that false verdict. When he had extorted it from them, he said, "Gentlemen, if I had been one of you, and she had been my own mother, I would have found her guilty;"—as I dare say he would. He sentenced her to be burned alive that very afternoon. The clergy of the cathedral and some others interfered in her favour, and she was beheaded within a week. As a high mark of his approbation, the King made Jeffreys Lord Chancellor; and he then went on to Dorchester, to Exeter, to Taunton, and to Wells. It is astonishing, when we read of the enormous injustice and barbarity of this beast, to know that no one struck him dead on the judgment seat. It was enough for any man or woman to be accused by an enemy, before Jeffreys, to be found guilty of high treason. One man who pleaded not guilty, he ordered to be taken out of court upon the instant, and hanged; and this so terrified the prisoners in general that they mostly pleaded guilty at once. At Dorchester alone, in the course of a few days, Jeffreys hanged eighty people, besides whipping, transporting, imprisoning, and selling as slaves, great numbers. He executed in all two hundred and fifty or three hundred.

These executions took place, among the neighbours and friends of the sentenced, in thirty-six towns and villages. Their bodies were mangled, steeped in caldrons of boiling pitch and tar, and hung up by the road sides, in the streets, over the very churches. The sight and smell of heads and limbs, the hissing and bubbling of the infernal caldrons, and the tears and terrors of the people, were dreadful beyond all description. One rustic, who was forced to steep the remains in the black pot, was ever afterwards called "Tom Boilman." The hangman has ever since been called Jack Ketch, because a man of that name went hanging and hanging, all day long, in the train of Jeffreys. You will hear much of the horrors of the great French Revolution. Many and terrible they were, there is no doubt; but I know of nothing worse, done by the maddened people of France in that awful time, than was done by the highest judge in England, with the express approval of the King of England, in the *Bloody Assize*.

Nor was even this all. Jeffreys was as fond of money for himself as of misery for others, and he sold pardons wholesale to fill his pockets. The King ordered, at one time, a thousand prisoners to be given to certain

of his favourites, in order that they might bargain with them for their pardons. Those young ladies of Taunton who had presented the Bible, were bestowed upon the maids of honour at court; and those precious ladies made very bad bargains with them, indeed—employing a Quaker to drive the said bargains. When The Bloody Assize was at its most dismal height, the King was diverting himself with horse-races in the very place where Mrs. Lisle had been executed. When Jeffreys had done his worst, and came home again, he was particularly complimented in the Royal Gazette; and when the King heard that through drunkenness and raging he was very ill, his odious Majesty remarked that such another man could not easily be found in England. Besides all this, a former sheriff of London, named CORNISH, was hanged within sight of his own house, after an abominably conducted trial, for having had a share in the Rye House Plot, on evidence given by Rumsey, which that villain was obliged to confess was directly opposed to the evidence he had given on the trial of Lord Russell. And on the very same day, a worthy widow, named ELIZABETH GAUNT, was burned alive at Tyburn, for having sheltered a wretch who himself gave evidence against her. She settled the fuel about her with her own hands, so that the flames should reach her quickly; and nobly said, with her last breath, that she had obeyed the sacred command of God, to give refuge to the out-cast, and not to betray the wanderer.

After all this hanging, beheading, burning, boiling, mutilating, exposing, robbing, transporting, and selling into slavery, of his unhappy subjects, the King not unnaturally thought that he could do whatever he would. So, he went to work to change the religion of the country with all possible speed; and what he did was this.

He first of all tried to get rid of what was called the Test Act, which prevented the Catholics from holding public employments, by his own power of dispensing with the penalties. He tried it in one case, and eleven of the twelve judges deciding in his favour he exercised it in three others, being those of three dignitaries of University College, Oxford, who had become Papists (which such people never do now, I believe,) and whom he kept in their places and sanctioned. He revived the hated Ecclesiastical Commission, to get rid of COMPTON, Bishop of London, who manfully opposed him. He solicited the Pope to favour England with an ambassador, which the Pope (who was a sensible man then) rather unwillingly did. He flourished Father Petre before the eyes of the people on all possible occasions. He favoured the establishment of convents in several parts of London. He was delighted to have the streets, and even the court itself, filled with Monks and Friars in the habits of their orders. He constantly

endeavoured to make Catholics of the Protestants about him. He held private interviews, which he called "closetings," with those Members of Parliament who held offices, to persuade them to consent to the design he had in view. When they did not consent, they were removed, or resigned of themselves, and their places were given to Catholics. He displaced Protestant officers from the army by every means in his power, and got Catholics into their places too. He tried the same thing with corporations, and also (though not so successfully) with the Lord Lieutenants of counties. To terrify the people into the endurance of all these measures, he kept an army of fifteen thousand men encamped on Hounslow Heath, where mass was openly performed in the General's tent, and where priests went among the soldiers endeavouring to persuade them to become Catholics. For circulating a paper among those men advising them to be true to their religion, a Protestant clergyman, named JOHNSON, the chaplain of the late Lord Russell, was actually sentenced to stand three times in the pillory, and was actually whipped from Newgate to Tyburn. He dismissed his own brother-in-law from his Council because he was a Protestant, and made a Privy Councillor of the before-mentioned Father Petre. He handed Ireland over to RICHARD TALBOT, EARL OF TYRCONNEL, a worthless, dissolute knave, who played the same game there for his master, and who played the deeper game for himself of one day putting it under the protection of the French King. In going to these extremities, every man of sense and judgment among the Catholics, from the Pope to a porter, knew that the King was a mere bigoted fool, who would undo himself and the cause he sought to advance, but he was deaf to all reason, and, happily for England ever afterwards, went tumbling off his throne in his own blind way.

A spirit began to arise in the country, which the besotted blunderer little expected. He first found it out in the University of Cambridge. Having made a Catholic, a dean, at Oxford, without any opposition, he tried to make a monk a master of arts at Cambridge: which attempt the University resisted and defeated him. He then went back to his favourite Oxford. On the death of the President of Magdalen College, he commanded that there should be elected to succeed him one MR. ANTHONY FARMER, whose only recommendation was, that he was of the King's religion. The University plucked up courage at last, and refused. The King substituted another man, and it still refused, resolving to stand by its own election of a MR. HOUER. The dull tyrant, upon this, punished Mr. Hough and five-and-twenty more, by causing them to be expelled and declared incapable of holding any church preferment; then he proceeded to what he supposed to be his highest

step, but to what was, in fact, the last plunge head foremost in his tumble off his throne.

He had issued a declaration that there should be no religious tests or penal laws, in order to let in the Catholics more easily; but the Protestant dissenters, unmindful of themselves, had gallantly joined the regular church in opposing it tooth and nail. The King and Father Petre now resolved to have this read, on a certain Sunday, in all the churches, and to order it to be circulated for that purpose by the bishops. The latter took counsel with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was in disgrace; and they resolved that the declaration should not be read, and that they would petition the King against it. The Archbishop himself wrote out the petition, and six bishops went into the King's bed-chamber the same night to present it, to his infinite astonishment. Next day was the Sunday fixed for the reading, and it was only read by two hundred clergymen out of ten thousand. The King resolved against all advice to prosecute the bishops in the Court of King's Bench, and within three weeks they were summoned before the Privy Council and committed to the Tower. As the six bishops were taken to that dismal place, by water, the people who were assembled in immense numbers fell upon their knees, and wept for them, and prayed for them. When they got to the Tower, the officers and soldiers on guard besought them for their blessing. While they were confined there, the soldiers every day drank to their release, with loud shouts. When they were brought to the Court of King's Bench for their trial, which the Attorney-General said was for the high offence of censuring the Government, and giving their opinion about affairs of state, they were attended by similar multitudes, and surrounded by a throng of noblemen and gentlemen. When the jury went out at seven o'clock at night to consider of their verdict, everybody (except the King) knew that they would rather starve than yield to the King's brewer, who was one of them, and wanted a verdict for his customer. When they came into court next morning, after resisting the brewer all night, and gave a verdict of not guilty, such a shout rose up in Westminster Hall as it had never heard before; and it was passed on among the people away to Temple Bar, and away again to the Tower. It did not pass only to the east, but passed to the west too, until it reached the camp at Bounslow, where the fifteen thousand soldiers took it up and echoed it. And still, when the dull King, who was then with Lord Feversham, heard the mighty roar, asked in alarm what it was, and was told that it was "nothing but the acquittal of the bishops," he said, in his dogged way, "Call you that nothing? It is so much the worse for them."

Between the petition and the trial, the Queen had given birth to a son, which

Father Petre rather thought was owing to Saint Winifred. But I doubt if Saint Winifred had as much to do with it as the King's friend, inasmuch as the entirely new prospect of a Catholic successor (for both the King's daughters were Protestants,) determined the EARLS OF SHREWSBURY, DANBY, and DEVONSHIRE, LORD LUMLEY, the BISHOP OF LONDON, ADMIRAL RUSSELL and COLONEL SIDNEY to invite the Prince of Orange over to England. The Royal Mole, seeing his danger at last, made, in his fright, many great concessions, besides raising an army of forty thousand men; but the Prince of Orange was not a man for James the Second to cope with; his preparations were extraordinarily vigorous; and his mind was resolved.

For a fortnight after the Prince was ready to sail for England, a great wind from the west prevented the departure of his fleet. Even when the wind lulled, and it did sail, it was dispersed by a storm, and was obliged to put back to refit. At last, on the first of November, one thousand six hundred and eighty-eight, the Protestant east wind, as it was long called, began to blow; and on the third, the people of Dover and the people of Calais saw a fleet twenty miles long sailing gallantly by, between the two places. On Monday, the fifth, it anchored at Torbay, in Devonshire, and the Prince, with a splendid retinue of officers and men, marched into Exeter. But the people in that western part of the country had suffered so much in The Bloody Assize, that they had lost heart. Few people joined him, and he began to think of returning, and publishing the invitation he had received from those lords, as his justification for having come at all. At this crisis, some of the gentry joined him; the Royal army began to falter; an engagement was signed, by which all who set their hand to it, declared that they would support one another in defence of the laws and liberties of the three Kingdoms, of the Protestant religion, and of the Prince of Orange. From that time, the cause received no check; the greatest towns in England began, one after another, to declare for the Prince; and he knew that it was all safe with him when the University of Oxford offered to melt down its plate if he wanted any money.

By this time the King was running about in a pitiable way, touching people for the King's evil in one place, reviewing his troops in another, and bleeding from the nose in a third. The young Prince was sent to Portsmouth, Father Petre went off like a shot to France, and there was a general and swift dispersal of all the priests and friars. One after another, the King's most important officers and friends deserted him and went over to the Prince. In the night, his daughter Anne fled from Whitehall Palace; and the Bishop of London, who had once been a soldier, rode before her with a drawn sword in his hand and pistols at his saddle. "God help me," cried the miserable

King: "my very children have forsaken me!" In his wildness, after debating with such lords as were in London, whether he should or should not call a Parliament, and after naming three of them to negotiate with the Prince, he resolved to fly to France. He had the little Prince of Wales brought back from Portsmouth; and the child and the Queen crossed the river to Lambeth in an open boat, on a miserable wet night, and got safely away. This was on the night of the ninth of December.

At one o'clock on the morning of the eleventh, the King, who had, in the meantime, received a letter from the Prince of Orange, stating his objects, got out of bed, told Lord Northumberland who lay in his room not to open the door until the usual hour in the morning, and went down the back stairs (the same, I suppose, by which the priest in the wig and gown had come up to his brother,) and crossed the river in a small boat: sinking the great seal by the way. Horses having been provided, he rode, accompanied by Sir Edward Hales, to Faversham, where he embarked in a Custom House Hoy. The Master of this Hoy, wanting more ballast, ran into the Isle of Sheppey to get it, where the fishermen and smugglers crowded about the boat, and informed the King of their suspicions that he was a "hatchet-faced Jesuit." As they took his money and would not let him go, he told them who he was, and that the Prince of Orange wanted to take his life; and began to scream for a boat; and then to cry, because he had lost a piece of wood on his ride which he called a fragment of our Saviour's cross. He put himself into the hands of the Lord Lieutenant of the county, and his detention was made known to the Prince of Orange at Windsor—who, only wanting to get rid of him, and not caring where he went, so that he went away, was very much disconcerted that they did not let him go. However, there was nothing for it but to have him brought back, with some state in the way of Life Guards to Whitehall. And as soon as he got there, in his infatuation, he heard mass, and set a Jesuit to say grace at his public dinner.

The people had been thrown into the strangest state of confusion by his flight, and had taken it into their heads that the Irish part of the army were going to murder the Protestants. Therefore, they set the bells ringing, and lighted watch-fires, and burned Catholic Chapels, and looked about in all directions for Father Petre and the Jesuits, while the Pope's ambassador was running away in the dress of a footman. They found no Jesuits; but a man who had once been a frightened witness before Jeffreys in court, saw a swollen, drunken face, looking though

a window down at Wapping, which he well remembered. The face was in a sailor's dress, but he knew it to be the face of that accursed Judge, and he seized him. The people, to their lasting honour, did not tear him to pieces. After knocking him about a little, they took him, in the basest agonies of terror, to the Lord Mayor, who sent him, at his own shrieking petitions, to the Tower for safety. There he died.

Their bewilderment continuing, the people now lighted bonfires and made rejoicings, as if they had any reason to be glad to have the King back again. But, his stay was very short, for the English guards were removed from Whitehall, Dutch guards were marched up to it, and he was told by one of his late ministers that the Prince would enter London next day and he had better go to Ham. He said, Ham was a cold damp place, and he would rather go to Rochester. He thought himself very cunning in this as he meant to escape from Rochester to France. The Prince of Orange and his friends knew that, perfectly well, and desired nothing more. So, he went to Gravesend, in his royal barge, attended by certain lords, and watched by Dutch troops, and pitied by the generous people, who were far more forgiving than he had ever been, when they saw him in his humiliation. On the night of the twenty-third of December, not even then understanding that everybody wanted to get rid of him, he went out, absurdly, through his Rochester garden, down to the Medway, and got away to France where he rejoined the Queen.

There had been a council in his absence, of the lords, and the authorities of London. When the Prince came, on the day after the King's departure, he summoned the Lords to meet him, and soon afterwards, all those who had served in any of the Parliaments of King Charles the Second. It was finally resolved by these authorities that the throne was vacant by the conduct of King James the Second, that it was inconsistent with the safety and welfare of this Protestant kingdom to be governed by a Popish prince, that the Prince and Princess of Orange should be King and Queen during their lives and the life of the survivor of them, and that their children should succeed them if they had any. That if they had none, the Princess Anne and her children should succeed; and if she had none, the heirs of the Prince of Orange.

On the thirteenth of January, one thousand six hundred and eighty-nine, the Prince and Princess, sitting on a throne in Whitehall, bound themselves to these conditions. The Protestant religion was established in England, and England's great and glorious Revolution was complete.

"Familiar in their Mouths as *HOUSEHOLD WORDS*."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. VIII.

McELRATH & BARKER, PUBLISHERS.

Office No. 17 SPRING STREET, NEW YORK.

WHOLE No. 193.

FAIRYLAND IN 'FIFTY-FOUR.

O, BROTHERS GRIMM; O, Madame D'Anois, O, Sultana Scheherazade and Princess Coddadad, why did you die? O, Merlin, Albertus Magnus, Friar Bacon, Nostradamus, Doctor Dee, why did I implicitly believe in your magic; and then have my confidence utterly abused by Davy, Brewster, Liebig, Faraday, Lord Brougham and Dr. Bachhoffner of the Polytechnic Institution? What have I done that all the gold and jewels and flowers of Fairyland should have been ground in a base mechanical mill and kneaded by you—ruthless unimaginative philosophers—into Household Bread of Useful Knowledge administered to me in tough slices at lectures and forced down my throat by convincing experiments? Are the Good People, the Brownies, the Leprechauns, the Banshees, the Witchwolves, White Ladies, Witches, Pixies, Willis, Giants, Ogres, Fairy god-mothers, Good Women in the Wood, Genii, Ghoules, Afrites, Peris, Elves, to give up the ghost; and am I to be deprived of all the delicious imaginings of my childhood and have nothing in their stead?

"By no means," answers a burly Djinn in a white hat and a frock coat with a huge lily in the button-hole, "Come with me, and I will conjure for you, by the aid of my crystal (a million times bigger and clearer than the crystal of Raphael the astrologer), a fairy palace with fairy terraces, and fairy gardens, and fairy fountains, compared to which the palace of Sardanapalus was a hovel, and the gardens of the Hesperides a howling waste. You shall see, through my crystal, so far into the past, that the retrospection shall not end until the world before the flood is revealed to you, with the fat, slimy, scaly monsters which then had life upon it. You shall be made as well acquainted with an Egyptian tomb as you are with St. Clement's churchyard, and shall wander into the *cella* of a Nubian temple as familiarly as you would enter your own parish church. You shall sit awe-struck on the steps of an Assyrian palace; you shall draw hard breath in a Grecian temple; you shall slake your thirst at the fountain in a Byzantine court; you shall tread on the prayer-carpet in a Moorish mosque; you shall wag your beard in the

hall of a Mediæval castle; and you shall be hospitably entertained in a Pompeian house. You shall see, in their habits as they were, the heroes and sages of all time, and the Art of all time and the skill of all nations. You shall be transported in one minute from this, your native cold and wet, to the warm and spicy airs of the tropics; and, in one step, you shall exchange your own hedge thorn and stunted herbage for the gigantic palms and rich grasses of the East. You shall range over the earth's surface and cull the choicest trees and fruits and flowers; you shall behold the lion in his native lair and the tiger in his jungle. Only look through my crystal long enough; and, beginning as ignorant as a Hottentot, you shall end wiser a hundred fold than Solon. Enter!"

The magician is right; but as Beauty's chamber was guarded by griffins, and all enchanted castles are defended by dragons, so is Fairyland guarded by gnomes; blue, and uncompromising. One occupies a little crypt on either side of the door by which visitors are admitted to Fairyland in Crystal. To judge from the costumes of these gnomes you would take them to be plain constables of the Metropolitan Police; but, my word for it, they have all the gnomical et ceteras beneath their uniform and oilskin. The entrance to Fairyland is not effected by rubbing a lamp, or clapping the hands three times, or by exclaiming "Open Sesame;" but, as a concession to the non-magical tendencies of some of the visitors, a commutation is accepted in the shape of five shillings current money of the realm. These may be paid in the very palpable and business-like shape of two half crowns; but you may be sure they no sooner enter the exchequer of Fairyland than they change into dry leaves. In a like spirit of concession to mundane prejudices, you undergo a ceremony, apparently that of signing your name in a book; but which is doubtless the preliminary for having your horoscope cast. So also you are presented with a document ostensibly resembling a pass-check, but which is a talisman of the Abracadabraic description; for the moment you receive it, you find yourself framed and glazed in the very middle of the great magic crystal.

Don't look about you—don't look to

penetrate yet into any one of the Fine Art Courts into which this fairy crystal is divided, but hurry up the very first staircase. Pursue its geometrical windings up, and up and up, till you can mount no further. Then approach the railing of the topmost, endmost gallery. Grasp the balustrade firmly; suppress whatever sudden impulse may come over you to turn giddy, to faint away, or to throw yourself headlong from the gallery. Set your lips firm, and look straight ahead—along the glorious length and breadth of the nave of the Crystal Palace. Messrs. Aladdin, Vathek, and Company, built very magnificent palaces in their time; but *this* one is immeasurably beyond them. Castles of steel, brass, cedar, adamant, amber, and chalcidony hide your diminished heads! Grand Cairo, Stamboul, Bagdad, Ispahan, Tyre, Sidon, Rhodes, Nineveh, you possessed—all of you—some very magnificent structures; your architectural glories will last as long as human knowledge, yet *this* thought never struck you. You never could combine magnificence, strength, lightness, space, perspective, colour, out of glass and iron, deal boards and zinc *lourra*. Your fairies were clumsy architects compared with the great magician of the lily. "Not a frieze, nor a pediment, nor a portico," sighs Vitruvius. "Not a single Corinthian pilaster or a Doric entablature," grumbles Palladio. "Where are the Parian marbles, the mahogany, the carving, the gilding, and the enriched mouldings?" roars Orlando Gibbins. "It's very nice and very pretty, but it's only a perpetual repetition of a column, a girder, a truss, a gallery, a window, and a ridge-and-furrow roof." "Of course," answers Cosmos Murchison, "could it be otherwise? Isn't it a crystal? and isn't a crystal an agglomeration of identical forms. Split a crystal, and will not the fractures be precisely of the same shape as the parent piece?" It is this very Fairy-like repetition, this geometrical painting, if I may call it so, that constitutes, in my mind, the chiefest beauty of Crystal Fairy-land. The repetition of girder and gallery and column; the multifarious intersections of shaft and girder, quadrangle following quadrangle, nave and aisles, transept and wings, courts and galleries interlacing, intercepting, in such admirably regular irregularity—in such rigid yet fanciful perspective; all, when taken singly, patterns of sublimity; all, when combined into a whole, a grand spectacle of artistic contrivance, which has left the mark of the modern magician's wand.

Gaze yet your fill up and down this glorious nave. Can you have any doubt of this being Fairyland? Look at that huge female head in the far, far distance. That only marks the centre of the nave. Gaze at the working fairies below, tinkling and hammering, and the Palace growing, it would seem, visibly beneath their fingers. They seem few and far between, these working fairies, yet

there are four thousand of them employed about Fairyland. You come on them unawares—a nail is being driven here, a rivet fastened, a sash fitted there; but from the gallery the nave looks a vast solitude. It being a fairy palace, the visitors and the workmen are swallowed up in its immensity.

Very wonderful is the mixture of familiar things with those that in their grandeur approach the sublime. The hall of the Fairy Palace is strangely strewn with tools and fragments of planking and old ropes. We look above, and the eye wanders through maze after maze of bright but harmonious colours. We look below, and the eye falls on brick pits (like neat family graves), being built for stoves, or for the reservoirs of fountains; on yawning caverns, disclosing neat arrays of anything but supernatural gas and water pipes; on mounds of bricks (some thousands in each doubtless), which look from the lofty gallery no bigger than dust heaps; and, stranger than all, in the midst of all this finished and unfinished beauty, the dusky fairies sprinkle themselves about in their fustian and corduroy.

Descend. Down, and down, and down, we follow the windings of the corkscrew staircase; iron, as what is not that is to be strong in this wonderful place? We are on the ground floor. Glancing, above, straightway we see a giddy scaffolding and a forest of poles, and columns, and girders, the skeleton of another wing of the Fairy Palace yet unglazed and incomplete. And without too, through the transparent walls we see towering high, a gigantic elaboration of our acquaintance the corkscrew staircase, winding up and up, and hugging, like a serpent, a lofty campanile. This is to be the enchanted tower of the Fairy Palace, which is to give water power to those grand fountains which are to laugh the vaunted *grandes eaux* of Versailles to scorn, and cause the statue of the *grand monarque* to hide his diminished wig. Passing yet along, elbowing by sheds, plankings, travelling paint-pots, locomotive steam engines, poles and ladders, we see too, another scaffolding, and passing it we shudder, and think of the scaffolding that fell the other day; when all the wisdom of the magician, and all the subtlety of the contractors could avail nothing against the stern will of the demon Gravity.

We pass a fustian fairy who is deliberately cutting bread and cheese with a very unfairy-like knife, and we are in Egypt. In Egypt. Here is Rameses, and here are all his dynasties. Here is the god Anubis. Here Isis, cat, dog, crocodile, and cow divinities; hieroglyphies, sarcophagi, strange doorways with winged summits, beehiving massive columns with palm tree capitals. Where are the priests of Isis, to feed the sacred crocodiles upon cakes of flour and honey? Where is old Herodotus, to sit upon

the plinth of this huge statue and tell us diverting lies? Where is Pharaoh's butler, and where Pharaoh's baker? Yonder is the frowning, gigantic, towering, enigmatical head of the sphinx. Where is the desert, and where are the pyramids, and the Hebrew brickmakers, and the straw, without which they could not make the bricks? Yonder are the legs of Memnon; where is his temple, where the plain of Thebes, where Memphis, where the labyrinth of Morris, and the mysteries?

Rub your eyes. Dear me! dear me! This is not Egypt; but merely a court of the Fairy Palace, representing the progress of Egyptian art. The sphinx is only plaster of Paris, and two Italian modellers in dusty moustaches and blouses, flaked with white like the frost of a twelfth cake, are giving the finishing touch to the legs of Memnon. So from Egypt into Nineveh, from Nineveh into Greece, from Greece into Rome, from Rome to the Renaissance, from the Renaissance to the Louis Quatorze. We wander from court to court, each firmly stamping in our mind's eye the use and progress, and culmination and decadence of every school, losing ourselves in the mazes of antiquity, and finding ourselves in the Crystal Palace again. Lost every now and then in wonders of art and architecture, from the winged lions of Nineveh to Rane's great statue of Bavaria; from the triumphs of Sesostris to Pradier's colossal Victories sculptured for the tomb of Napoleon; from the Discobolus, the Dying Gladiator, the Medicean Venus, to Marochetti's statue of Washington.

Somebody tells me, that in 'Afty-four, these splendid courts of art will exhibit the finest collection of models of sculpture in the world. Every museum in Europe has been ransacked, and the cream of each has been brought to Fairyland to teach the English people to understand, to appreciate, to love art. I say, to teach them. They are teachable, docile, eager even to learn; but they have not been taught as yet. They shall leave the penny plain and twopence coloured style, and the smooth album landscapes and poonah exteriors, and smirking heads; the highly finished engravings of stags ripping up one another's entrails with their horns, the colossal statues of kings without stirrups, and kings with pig-tails, and dukes upon the tops of doors, and admirals on the tops of masts. Here, in the Fairy Palace of our modern magician, Josephus Liliensis, will be spread before them a banquet culled from the choicest treasures of the Louvre, the Vatican, the Museo Borbonico, the Pitti Palace, and the Glyptotheca, and as they run they will read—aye, and read to a glorious purpose.

A curious population may be noted in this department of Fairyland. Hirsute men with faces full of stern determination are busily putting together, and finishing, and furbishing up great statues, and busts, and groups

of animals. Giacomo Perugio, from Bologna, perchance, is skilfully adjusting, in an anatomical manner, the arm of the Farnese Hercules; while Bartolomeo Guari is peacefully heating plaster of Paris in a homely iron saucepan wherewith to fasten on the head of the Erycinian boar. Huge, baker-like sacks, containing the flour of art—the snowy gypsum of which these goodly sculpture leaves are moulded—are strewn about, with their plain canvas and riddled sides in curious propinquity to the most exquisite creations of Phidias and Praxiteles, to the mysterious aspirations of the nameless but deathless sculptors of Babylon and Egypt. Diana the huntress, and Antinow, and the Gladiator, and the Fawn dancing, and the Fawn laughing, Grecian and Roman Fairyland holds them all. They are all here, breathing that immortal life of beauty and poetry which laughs at the scythe of Time, and the fury of barbarism, and the neglect of ignorance; which has survived—and will through all ages, even though it be only in a shattered torso or a maimed limb—the fanaticism of the iconoclast, the antiquarian sacrilege of the Christian, the shells and gunpowder of the barbarous Turk. These Fine Art Courts of the Fairy Palace not only carry the mind back thousands of years—to the Forum and the Acropolis, to Semiramis and Sennacherib, to Alcibiades and Augustus; but, by the mere potency of their beauty and refinement of embodied thought, purifies and enlightens, elevates and ennobles our intellects and our hearts. These plaster casts are monuments of pure, honest, soulful art. Their prototypes were chiselled, doubtless, by pagans and pantheists; but of a surety, even though unknown to them, a breath from heaven must have touched the strings of these men's souls; the lux, the light, the fire of genius, must have been in them, with them—in their plastic fingers, with their fervent hearts, when they moulded these forms and faces—immortal, unapproachable, save by the human frames whose most exquisite conditions they delineate.

Fairy-land behind the scenes! The wonders of the Forum and the Acropolis standing on wooden plinths (afterwards to be plasterified) labelled "Fragile, with care, this side up." Greece and Athens have come to Sydenham by railway. The Emperor Trajan has travelled by a vile, mechanical luggage train on the South-Eastern Railway. The Medicean Venus has been in the care of Messrs. Chaplin and Horne, and the Laocoon has been delivered by Messrs. Pickford as if he had been a grand pianoforte or an engine boiler. Brought to the very portals of Fairy-land by a burly carter, with a brass-clasped blotting-paper-interleaved account book, in which he has requested the authorities of Fairy-land to register the receipt of the package.

Fairy-land begins to assume a pantomimia

appearance—so many and so sudden are the transitions. Delighted with Greece and Rome, our minds saturated with classical associations, we saunter along, looking back, with something quite like regret and gentle love on the days of the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, and trochees, and dactyls, and spondees. The mystic numbers of the *As in presenti* float through our memory like strains of bygone music; we sigh to toil once more over the arches of the *Pons asinorum*, when, *præsto*, we are in the midst of steam engines, hot water pipes, fairies in fustian, and bricks and tiles.

Tiles, certainly; but somebody points out to us that we have not quite done with the classics yet. These tiles, as somebody commends to our attention, are of a peculiar shape and make. They were fashioned very probably by a simple Teddy the Tiler, or some other industrial equally innocent of the classics, for a special and very classical purpose. For that—no less—of tiling the house of a Roman gentleman in the Roman city of Pompeii.

Into which, through as unadulterated an English boarding door as ever had "no admittance except on business" inscribed upon it, we speedily intrude into the chamber of a Roman maiden, the Saloon of a Pompeian family, or the study of an old world student. The walls are alive with forms and colours of enchanting brightness. Cupids, peeping archly out of bowers; mimic bird-cages, with birds pecking at the wires, strung from the roof with threads of paint; reclining fauns; satyrs, twinkling fun out of their roguish eyes, and bacchantes dancing on slack ropes of wreathed flowers. Mystic signs, and landscapes, and pilasters that seem to start into the room, and make you careful not to run against their true perspective. Then, in the open court, beside the family fountain (sweet substitute for the Englishman's fire-side), how eloquent, how classical, how poetical, how sentimental one might be in this Roman house! Now is the time to think about the atrium, the sedilia, the cothurnus, the toga virilis, amphora, the Street of Tombs and the house of the Tragic Poet. Yet now is also the time to content ourselves with contemplating the fairy aspect of this Roman house; the open courtyard with no blue Italian sky above, but the glass ridges and furrows and iron girders of Josephus Liliensis; the narrow little bed-chambers all around, which the fairy artists (mostly foreigners) are decorating with fanciful arabesques; the gilded columns, the bright mural paintings—triumphs of fairypolychromy—and, superintending all, an intelligent foreigner smoking a cigar and attired in a cut-away coat and a wide-awake hat. Why doesn't he wear the toga virilis? Why isn't his name Quintus Curtius Max?

Now too is the time to contrast all this

loveliness with the sudden horrors of the swallowed city. Now is the time to remember the skeleton clutching the bag of gold, the dead soldier in his fetters, the breast of the dancing girl pressed against the ashes, the mark of the wine-cup on the marble counter. Now is the time to see the molten lava welling and creeping up the gorgeous walls; to picture Vesuvius vomiting forth fire and stones; the flaming river of lava rushing down the sides of the mountain; the shower of red hot ashes, the plague of stones, the pestilence of burning sparks, the swallowing up alive of Pompeii, men, women, children, houses, city and all.

We lose ourselves for a while in a maze of corridors of unpretending deal boards, containing innumerable pigeon-holes;—offices devoted to officials superintending different departments of Fairy-land. These are the spiders watching over the intricacies of the great web; and here they sit in their parlours; but they do not follow the example of the spider in the popular ballad, by asking the flies or visitors to walk in—"Private" being the rule over the doors, and admittance the exception.

The vicinity of Fairy-land is not without that extremely mundane attribute, mud. I became sensible of this fact when approaching its precinct; I am confirmed in my opinion by most woful experience when I leave the halls of the Fairy Palace to traverse the park and gardens of Fairy-land. Somebody, as we descend ranges of noble terraces, shows me where the magnificent fountains that are to surpass Versailles are to be; where the waterfall laid down to a scale of one-eighth the dimensions of Niagara; where the *al fresco* statues; where the famous lake now being excavated, in whose waters—by means of this same cascade—tidal effects are to be produced; where a belt of botanical plants is to encircle the entire space. While admiring the vastness of the gardens, the vivid beauty of the velvety sward, the taste with which every path and plot, every alley and avenue have been laid out; while gloating over the blue distance of the most beautiful landscape near London, I cannot help wishing that the weather had not been quite so moist lately; that the fairy soil was not quite so stiff in some parts and so sloppy in others; and finally that I had not forgotten to bring American overshoes or a pair of mudlark's boots with me to Fairyland.

But what are these trifling thorns to the rose, when we approach the terminus of our walk; which is through a wood, and across several planks over gulleys, and through many morasses, quagmires, cart-ruts and ditches! We are bound for, and at last arrive at a long low shed, where there is a furnace, several tons of modelling clay, several modellers, a book for us to sign our autographs in, an astute Triton in hessian boots and low-crowned

bat (possibly his conch-shell), several rats, and finally the world before the flood.

The world before the flood. Yes. Ages, perhaps, before Noah's ark was built, or launched, or thought of. In this shed the Triton known as Waterhouse Hawkins has conspired with the King of Animals, Professor Owen, to bring back those antediluvian days when there were giants in the land. Pre-Adamite, perhaps; pre-Noahite, certainly. Modelled according to some subtle theory, admirably carried out into practice; the marvels of what we may call scientific art—plasticity applied to comparative anatomy—are the great monsters and reptiles of the fossil world. The ichthyosaurus, the plesiosaurus, the megatherium, the mastodon, iguanarcton; gigantic creatures of lizard, toadlike, froglike, beastlike form grin at you, crawl at you, wind their hideous tails round you. Here is a monster within whose monstrous feet the Triton, Waterhouse, intends to give a dinner to twenty-two persons; and a bearded assistant, coolly squatted between the monster's forelegs, is as coolly giving him a coat of scales with his modelling tool. All these antediluvian monsters, which will finally be executed in a composition as hard as stone, will be placed on the shores of two artificial islands in the lake; one exhibiting the secondary, the other the tertiary epochs of the world. There, among reeds and slime, the great fish lizards crawl, and higher up the great Irish elk reposes. All of which is explained to us in a little studio, where sepia sketches of elks and mastodon, and megatheria mingle with clay sketch models and casts of skulls and femurs of fossil mammalia and reptiles.

"In 'fifty four—when the nave and aisles, transepts and courts, gardens and parterres, of this gigantic Palace are all swept and garnished, the floor laid, the cumbrous materials of industry removed, the interior tinted to the harmonious hues proposed by the Colour King, Owen Jones; when the temperatures of half the climates of the globe are imitated; when specimens of the vegetation of half the world are brought to flourish, here, within seven miles of London; when the loveliest flowers of the world bloom in this great crystal; when the great fountains send up their silver spray; when almost everything that is beautiful in Nature, in Art, in Industry has here its type, its representative, its imitation; when its halls are thronged by thousands of every class and shade of class—when it shall be recognized as a palace and a pleasure ground for those whose lot it is to labour, as well as for those who sit in ivory chairs and ride in golden coaches; when the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and its railways, its electric telegraphs, its banquetting halls for every grade of mortals from the lavish noble to the economical artisan, are completed, do you think I shall have been guilty of exaggeration in calling

it Fairyland? In calling its accomplished inventor a magician? In declaring that magic and magicians are not dead when such structures exist as the Crystal Palace, and such men are among us as the Djin, Josephus Liliensis, otherwise Sir Joseph Paxton?

THE CRADLE AND THE GRAVE.

At the beginning of the Winter of 1850 I was working quietly in Sydney, by no means dissatisfied with my position, when a vague rumour reached the city that gold had been found in the Bathurst district of the colony. As one result of the excitement that succeeded, it only concerns me now to state that the following advertisement which appeared in the Sydney Morning Herald emanated from the writer of these pages:—

TURON GOLD DIGGINGS. Wanted by a party who is about to proceed to the mines, a gentleman, willing to join him in and to share the expenses of the adventure. Address, W. Y—— Street, Woolloomooloo.

Having written the above advertisement I, on the same day, resigned my situation.

In the course of the next morning, there came three replies. The first was from a recent emigrant, or what in Sydney parlance is known commonly as a "new chum." He certainly would know too little of colonial life. The second was from a gentleman who, as I more than suspected, knew too much to be either an agreeable associate or an eligible partner. The third came in the form of a very short note, requesting an interview at a certain time and place, on the subject of my advertisement. I liked the look of it, and at the hour named by my correspondent, duly called at a boarding house appointed as our meeting. So I met with the person who became my partner.

He was singularly handsome; very dark, but darkened as I thought by exposure chiefly, though he must have been originally dark, for he had raven hair and a completely black moustache. His eye, large, black, and restless, never became fixed on anybody; that I grew afterwards to notice, when I noticed also that his manner—which was generally lively and at all times that of a gentleman—now and then fell by a sudden change from gaiety into a perfect pit of gloom. I shall call this partner of mine Browden. We agreed without delay upon the terms of partnership, and commenced together preparations for a start.

Winter was then rapidly approaching, but we were bold and were unwilling to delay. My partner, alike careless and confident, caused me to feel young in his company, because he went to work with so much cool indifference. To me, red-hot with excitement, his cold manner was quite unintelligible, and I could not refrain on one occasion from expressing my sense of his self-possession, upon the eve of a change that surely was an epoch in our

lives. He replied very gloomily, that there was nothing in life worth making a fuss about.

Our preparations were made under his superintendence with much care. Three months' allowance of flour, tea, and sugar, a good cradle, and mining implements, cooking utensils, and everything necessary for the gipsy life we were about to lead; a calico tent, and finally a strong spring cart with a tilted cover, for the carriage of our goods and chattels, were provided. Then we got a horse that we called "Bony" for its leanness; and engaged lastly an intelligent lad in whom I was interested, as tent keeper and cook. He was to have liberal wages, and the douceur of a small "lay" or share in the whole product of our labours.

My partner, who was jack of all trades, master of all, a host in himself, conducted everything, and gave me enormous satisfaction; all went well and the evening previous to our actual start at last arrived. The packing of the cart, the last duty to be done in Sydney, was performed by him in the courtyard of his house by candlelight, with so much skill and expedition, that I fancied for a moment his trade was discovered, and that he must have been a carrier or a packer all his life, but that idea was dispelled when I observed the equally professional style in which he proceeded to feed and groom down Bony.

It was a moonlight night, clear, sharp, and bracing. After drinking a glass of grog to the success of our enterprise, I walked briskly across the racecourse to my lodgings at Woolloomooloo Bay. We had agreed to meet and start at sunrise the next morning. I felt happy. The moonlit air, and the scene gave exaltation to my feelings. The moon was shining brightly on the bay, transforming it into a perfect lake of silver, while the dark rocks and the trees upon the shore stood out in bold relief, black, crisp, and defined against the background of a blue sky crowded with stars. The change, the uncertainty, the novelty of the adventure before me, the present scene mingled with memories of England, all helped to throw me for the night into a state of feverish excitement.

Before the dawn I started from my bed, and began for the first time to don my digger's costume, which consisted of a particularly bright scarlet shirt, secured at the waist by a broad belt, a Californian felt hat, strong moleskin trousers, with leather leggings up to the thighs, and boots more durable than elegant. There belonged to my personal equipment also a pair of good stout blankets, an opossum rug, two or three blue shirts, a change of outer raiment and a stout pilot coat.

I found my partner not only equipped himself, but finishing the loading of the cart to which he had already harnessed Bony. He was dressed in much the same style as myself,

excepting that instead of the belt which secured my shirt, he wore round his waist a very long and handsome crimson silk sash, with the fringed ends hanging down on each side of his person. It contained a large and formidable knife. I could not help feeling at the first glance that in my personal appearance, which before I had seen him I flattered myself was rather telling, I was after all immeasurably behind Browden, whose picturesque costume sat upon him as though he had been accustomed to it all his life, while mine, as I felt painfully conscious (at any rate until the gloss was taken out of it), made me look fitter for a fancy dress ball than a piece of earnest business. Browden received me cheerfully; we had a merry breakfast and set off, my partner driving, I and the boy bringing up the rear.

There is nothing between Sydney and Penrith—a little town thirty-five miles distant, situated at the foot of the Blue Mountains—worth dwelling upon here. The road is a continual succession of gentle ups and downs with fences and trees at the sides, and in most places cultivated land and grazing paddocks.

We had plenty of company upon the road. An occasional omnibus bound for Sydney dashed past, and the passengers indulged in jokes at our expense, for the "diggings" were in those days only half believed in. There were many besides ourselves, however, bound for the same bourne, travelling in groups of three or four, and often singly, stick in hand, along, each man carrying his "swag" across his shoulders.

The travellers on that part of their route seemed to be taking their work easily. The verandahs of every public-house we passed (and there were plenty of them) contained groups of blue-shirted pilgrims, with a few reds; a red shirt was at that time the mark of the "gentleman digger." These all fraternised with us and we with them right merrily. There was another set of pilgrims moving in the opposite direction, not by any means so cheerful. Weary and foot-sore, dirty and depressed, we now and then met with "returning diggers," plodding back to Sydney with their golden visions scattered. Hope made great fun of disappointment on the road. "Have you sold your cradle, Jack?" was for a long time the standing question, addressed by those going up to others coming down. The answer often was a mocking laugh, or else a discharge of the most horrible predictions as to the result of the inquirer's own adventure. For the most part, however, these returns were persons who had neither the manner nor the means of prospering. Many had not even reached the mines at all, but had lost heart half-way upon the journey. Some had started without money, tools or provisions; and a few, we whispered to each other, were not quite so poor as they would have us to suppose; but carried on their

persons secretly the satisfactory results of a few days' efficient labour.

Plodding along a few yards in the rear of our cart, while the boy drove, Browden and I conversed cheerfully on various topics, but chiefly of course on the (to us) engrossing one of all—the newly discovered gold field, and our prospects in connection with it. I found that, in intelligence and practical experience, I had not overrated my companion's power; but in the course of our talk I was surprised, and even fidgetted to hear only then for the first time that he had been in California. I forget exactly how the fact came out; but I remember asking him point blank if it were not so, and being struck with the odd way in which he replied to so natural a question. His eyes wandered restlessly from me to the ground, and his words sounded more like the confession of a crime than the acknowledgment of a plain fact. He was not long embarrassed, and soon told me with his usual carelessness that he had been unfortunate in California, had lost in the gambling saloons of San Francisco all that he earned at the mines; therefore he hated the place, and abhorred its very name. In short, he never wished to have it again mentioned. He then abruptly changed the subject; but, after a few minutes, fell silent and seemed to retire within a cloud.

Towards afternoon we passed through Paramatta, where we only stopped to buy some mutton. Four or five miles onward beyond the Paramatta toll-bar we encamped in the bush, as became us vagrants after gold. We made a bedstead of the cart, and as Browden was not talkative over the mutton, tea and damper, I very soon turned in and left him brooding in the moonlight over the great fire. I awoke once in the night and found my partner sleeping by my side, but scarcely seeming to enjoy his rest. He tossed his arms and murmured incoherently, while I lay somewhat oppressed with the general dreariness of my bush bedroom. A sound of horses' hoofs coming along the road at a short trot attracted my attention. A patrol of mounted police rode briskly past with their long dark cloaks waving behind them, and their steel sabre scabbards rattling loudly as they went. They had a right, I suppose, to create a disturbance in our bedroom, but they broke the slumbers of my partner, who woke with a scream. I spoke to him, and reassured by my voice he muttered something about nightmare, and turning on his side was soon asleep again. I lay for some time wondering uncomfortably. The wild wood perhaps helped to put into my head that my companion's scream was an uncanny sound, not to be accounted for by any common nightmare theory. Well, never mind, I went to sleep, and the next morning we had breakfast and went on again towards the gold. We rested at noon under a gum tree. Towards evening we passed through Penrith, and crossed soon

afterwards a ferry on the river Nepean, which accommodated five or six loaded teams with any number of foot-passengers. This ferry—since the gold-digging fever set in—had turned out to its owner, as he told me himself on my way across, "better than digging by long chalks." Having crossed the river we were at the edge of the large tract of open country lying at the base of the Blue Mountains, called Emu Plains, an extensive and cultivated flat, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, dotted with cottages and farm-houses. The lofty and rugged mountains rising abruptly out of such a plain, formed the best bit of scenery we had yet met with. We were anxious to camp before it became quite dark. There were unpleasant symptoms too of an inclination to a change in the weather, which had so far favoured us. A dense mass of lurid-looking clouds hung threateningly over the crests of the mountains and obscured the last beams of the sun. The air, which had been during the day almost unnaturally oppressive for the season, had now become disagreeably cold; and the bleak wind swept with momentarily increasing violence over the wide and unsheltered plain. On arrival at our camping-place (almost at the foot of the mountains) we found a complete little settlement of a dozen teams or more, with at least thirty or forty persons belonging to them, bivouacking on the ground. Some had already pitched their tents, lighted their fires, hobbled their horses, and were in the full enjoyment of their suppers. Others, more recently arrived, were hurrying their own day's labours to a close. We lost no time in imitating their example. It was dark by the time we had made ourselves snug for the night, and were boiling our pots and cooking our suppers on the huge fire which burnt in the centre of the encampment;—a joint-stock fire established on the equitable principle that each party using it should fetch his share of fuel. It was a very dark and wild and wintery night. To windward of the immense fire—which now rose blazing high into the air, and now sent roaring and spitting myriads of sparks before the fury of the blast—were sitting or reclining the assembled party, almost every man glowing in the red firelight, and the whole forming a group which with its strong lights and deep shadows, the surrounding accompaniments of tents and horses, and with the dark mountains rising like ghosts in the background, would have been extremely welcome to *Salvator Rosa*. We were very merry, and after suppers had been all discussed, pannikins of spirits were produced and handed round, stories were told, jests were attempted, and songs sung, perhaps a little coarser than such things even in such assemblies generally are.

Browden and I of course fell in with the humour of the party. Extended, at his length on the grass, in the full blaze of the

fire, with his head supported by his hand, my partner lay with not a vestige of depression in his manner. He had drunk freely of the spirits which had circulated, and had proved himself the best carouser of us all. He roared out jovial songs, spun humorous yarns, and made jokes; he evoked thundering choruses, or uproars of laughter, or of exclamation. As the evening wore away, under the influence of another "tot," the spirits of the party mounted to a wilder and more frantic pitch. Not a star twinkled in the cloudy sky; the wind blew with increasing violence; but my partner had grown merrier than ever. Suddenly, however, there was a lull in his mirth. A gloomy frown settled upon his face, and he went off moody and reserved to his roost in our cart.

I had been noticing him, for he vexed and puzzled me. Long after I had gone to roost beside him I lay wondering, while he was fast asleep. The wind had lulled, and the rain poured down on the cart-cover; but it did not wake him, or appear to wake him, for that he often shammed sleep I was certain. I tried to make out what had caused the sudden alteration in his manner, and gradually remembered a brisk conversation between two "old hands" of the party, who had been talking, not at all penitently, of the causes of their having been "sent out." The darkest crimes were talked of by those worthies cosily enough, and rather as so many branches of a good profession than as offences against God and man. Theft, forgery, and burglary seemed to be in their eyes just so many modes of doing business. One crime, however, they refused to look at in a business light, and that was murder.

"What I says is this," I remembered the most rascally-looking of the two to have observed, with an oath, "when you have a murderer among you, peach on him; when he is nabbed, hang him."

That was the last remark uttered before my partner left the party, of which he had previously been the leader. I fell asleep that night with the vague horrible thought that very possibly I had a murderer for bedfellow.

The aspect of affairs when I looked out of the cart about daybreak next morning, certainly did not do much to remove the disagreeable and uncomfortable impression with which I had gone to sleep. It was miserable weather; the rain poured incessantly. The wet was streaming through our canvas roof (warranted water-tight) and soaking us. The fires were out, and the miserable-looking horses huddling together for shelter in the lee of the tents and drays, looked most disconsolate. Seeing, however, that the other men were up and moving, I aroused my partner, and in the active preparations necessary for another start, soon recovered elasticity of spirits. We all contrived to get sufficient fire to boil our kettles, and having breakfasted uncomfortably enough in the soaking

rain and fed our horses, set off together (nine teams in all) up Lapstone Hill, beginning our ascent of the Blue Mountains. That was at first comparatively easy work, but as we rose, the acclivity grew steeper and the ground worse; we skirted gulleys, cracked whips, and blasphemed; waded knee-deep in mud, pushed carts, chocked wheels, and by little rushes of a few yards at a time made progress.

Bony exerted himself to the utmost, and although by this time doubtless disabused of any notion of ease in the work before him, he still tugged and strained at his harness most magnanimously. His imperial nicknamesake in his celebrated passage of the Alps could not have evinced more energy and absolute determination. Evidently he was not a horse to jib. If we found it hard work to get up Lapstone Hill, we afterwards discovered it to be as arduous an enterprise to get down Mount Victoria; the difficulty being, not as before, to get the horse to lift the cart, but to prevent the cart from carrying away the horse. With wheels carefully skidded, and with a large, rough tree dragging behind us, not to speak of our own exertions spent in keeping the cart back, we reached the bottom in safety. At the foot of the mountain we found once more cultivated country, and a short stage further took us through a little nondescript collection of houses called the town of Hartley. This little glimpse of civilisation and this taste of level roads we soon again lost, and began ascending a new range of still more formidable mountains. Our onward journey then, from day to day, dragged its slow length along, five or six miles being sometimes a full day's journey. Carcasses of horses and bullocks, in all stages of decomposition, lay by the waysides; miserable weather had set in, and had it not been for Browden's energy, I frankly own that I should certainly myself have jibbed before reaching this stage, taking the friendly advice to "go back!" so frequently and earnestly pressed upon us by crowds of backward-bound adventurers.

The ascent of Mount Lambie, the highest range we had to pass, was the worst tug of all and the most dangerous adventure. Never mind it. On we went. Solitary Creek, the Green Swamp, and at last the green plains in which the town of Bathurst stands, were duly passed; and after sixteen days of this sort of work, with a broken shaft, with Bony lame and almost dead-beat, and ourselves in not much better condition, we at last reached within five or six miles of our journey's end. But no fatigue could subdue the pride and elation with which, one evening a little before dusk, we caught from the top of a high hill (our last descent), a view of the Turon River winding beneath us. The sun—its only appearance for many days—had shone out from the clouds just before sinking, and threw suddenly a golden hue over the scene, that suited well our notion of the soil we had been

seeking. Along the banks of the river tents of all shapes and sizes, many of which had gay flags fluttering in the breeze, formed lines that appeared to us quite martial. The white smoke wreathing upwards from the hundreds of fires before the tents marked the meandering course of the river as far as the eye could reach, with a pale blush shade, that contrasted finely with the dark tint of the trees.

Down-hill, and forward for a mile or two, and we were fairly on the Turon. Too tired to notice much, we picked out a convenient spot for the erection of our tent, near to Commissioners' Hill; and, after an hour or so of work in fixing it, were glad to rest under its shade and go to sleep.

The next day we became Turonites; and I shall now describe generally the character of a day spent among the Turon diggings. Early morning and the work of the day not commenced. Bright and clear in the first sunbeams the stream, yet undisturbed, runs placidly along. In half-an-hour the cradles will be playing, and the pure current taking the colour of pea-soup. Turn where you will the ground is opened up and burrowed into by the gold-seekers. In the river itself, wherever the stream will allow them, holes are sunk, and these are only to be kept workable by the incessant use of pumps and bailers. "Bed Claims," as they are technically called (though often very rich), are troublesome in full proportion to their richness. On the river banks, which are in some places precipitous and elsewhere slope gently upwards, the dry diggings at least furnish equal proof of energy and industry. Excavations dug of every size and shape, and sometimes of immense depth, are to be seen or tumbled into on all sides. From these "bank claims," which are often two or three hundred yards from the spot where the cradles are fixed, the washing stuff is carried down by steps and passages to the water side. In some places I saw that the diggers had preferred the more dangerous plan of careless tunnelling. Afterwards that became the usual practice, and some serious accidents occurred, two or three lives being lost through the falling in of top stuff upon labourers below. I went to see a set of Germans—Burra Burra miners from Adelaide—who had in this way dug a subterranean gallery, and were, as I was told, doing a great stroke. They were at work by candle light, and though impressed with admiration of their skill and energy, I was not sorry to escape out of their hole.

But to go back to my day's programme. It is early morning, and as yet the only labour going on bears upon breakfast. The air is perfumed with the scent of mutton, for pans of chops are being fried at every fire down all the miles of tent that line the river. Stretched on the grass, with the pots of tea by their sides, and with huge cuts of damper

covered with mutton in their fists, the diggers breakfast. As the sun makes its appearance over the Wallaby Rocks the morning meal comes to an end, and the men walk off to their claims and cradles; the tools left in the holes last night are taken up, and in a short time the gold-hunters are filling the whole place with noise. Those at work in the claims wield picks, shovels, and crow-bars; others, who carry washing stuff from the holes to the cradles, trot continually backwards and forwards with the precious dirt, either contained in bags hung over their backs or in buckets slung by a yoke from their shoulders. Those whose duty it is to wash the stuff so brought to them are not less busy, and the air resounds with the loud clatter of hundreds of cradles in full play. The sun rises brighter and higher, and its heat makes the severe labour oppressive; but though the perspiration pours from the diggers' brows, good humour prevails, and the work is carried on with a gaiety that robs the really hard life of its worst fatigues. Occasionally, high above the rattle of the cradles or the echoing strokes of pick and crowbar, rises a hearty laugh begotten of a rough practical joke perhaps, or a song shouted at the top of the voice in time to the movement of the rockers, unlooses a chorus of imitative tongues all down the river. At noon a general cessation of labour. Eight bells is struck upon a prospecting pan by some nautical digger, doubtless a runaway sailor. Nature is again perfumed with mutton; damper, tea, and chops are again consumed. On Sundays the attempt at cookery is generally more ambitious—a joint of meat baked in the camp oven is sometimes substituted for the usual fried mutton, and a plum-duff or pudding is also a common luxury upon the day of rest. An hour at the most is allowed on work-days for the dinner and a draw at the pipe; labour is then recommenced. The afternoon passes away; the sun begins to cast long shadows. When it altogether disappears behind a range of hills our work is over—the diggers in the holes throw down their tools and take up their serge shirts; the cradles are washed out for the last time, and men in groups begin to saunter to their tents, conversing as they go on what each may have done. There is one duty still incomplete, namely, the washing in large pans of the stuff that has remained at the bottoms of the cradles, and that contains of course the gold produced from all the soil passed through during the day. This "panning out," as it is termed, is a delicate operation. The pan is dipped into the stream by the operator, shaken, worked, and sifted about in a peculiar manner; and the gold being thus driven to the bottom, the lighter soil is allowed to run off with the water. It requires both knack and practice to prevent the fine gold from escaping. A glance in the evening at the different pans will enable us to

see how every man's day's labour has turned out. Such inspection proves the lottery-like character of the employment. Here is a pan half-full of gold. As the soil and small pebbles are skilfully washed out, and the yellow metal appears glistening beneath, the panner's eyes flash back upon it, glistening no less. There cannot be less than ten or twelve ounces in this washing. It is however from a rich hole, and its worker belongs to a lucky party. Look on the other hand at the poor fellow who, with bent body and eager look, is washing at a few yards' distance lower down the river. Out of two or three hundred buckets of stuff passed through the cradle with incessant labour during the day, a few miserable pennyweights of gold are all his gain. His eye devours every small atom and speck as it becomes visible; and when he has got through his task, and the result is evident, he looks despondingly into his neighbour's pan, and with a sigh of disappointment wanders moodily up the bank to his tent, where he will soothe his sorrow and begot fresh hopes over a quiet pipe.

At sunset, volleys of fire-arms are discharged up and down the river, and are to be heard obstinately echoing among the rocks and hills. By some men this is done simply to make a noise; by others it is meant as a hint that there are pistols in their tents ready for use if necessary. Then the eternal tea, damper, and mutton is again discussed under the name of supper, firewood is brought in and stacked; one of each party is employed in the manufacture of fresh damper, while the rest, stretched at full length by their fires, enjoy themselves as they are able. When night has closed in, and the moon perhaps begun to silver the white tents, the trees, and the water that runs clear again, the scene grows very picturesque. Hundreds of fires, with dark figures clustering round them, burn red and bright in the obscurity. It is the digger's hour of relaxation. The guitar and banjo, violin and flute, heard at greater or less distances, people the night with sounds. At one part of the diggings, high on a range, some musical Germans encamped there used in my time to indulge hundreds of their fellow-diggers nightly with a vocal concert. Their harmonizing voices, and the noble music that they sang, heard in a scene like that at such a time, possessed for me a wondrous charm; I never remember feeling music so completely as I did on those occasions. As it grows later, the moon dips behind the hill, the groups round the fires thin till they disappear, the sounds of music die away, and there is nothing to be heard but the rustle of the trees—the howling of the watch-dog—or the dismal cry of his wild brethren in the distance. Within the recess of their canvas dwellings, the tired gold-seekers wrapped up in their blankets sleep soundly, dreaming perhaps of ounces, or perhaps of home and friends!

Our own part in these labours can be very briefly told. At first we roamed about the stream from place to place, "prospecting" for a good hole without success. This "prospecting"—which commonly means nothing more than turning up the ground to the depth of a few inches or at the most of one or two feet and trying a panful of the stuff—was a bad method of setting to work. The gold was seldom come upon so near the surface, and when not immediately found, impatient and inexperienced "prospectors" generally abandoned their newly opened claims to repeat the same useless operation again and again with the same success. A far better plan was to dig boldly and perseveringly down, trying the different layers of soil come to in the descent, but never deserting the work until the very bottom or bed rock was reached, when if nothing was by that time discovered, of course it only remained to try again in a fresh place. This course we afterwards pursued and dug at the least from fifteen to twenty holes, some of them the same number of feet in depth, but still found nothing which would pay us for the working.

In this way three or four months passed away, our provisions were almost eaten, only our chamois leather gold bags were exempt from wear and tear; I grew rather despondent, but a glimpse of sunshine came with the returning spring to our relief. A discovery was made of some rich diggings on the banks and in the bed of a stream running into the Turon, called Oakey Creek; and, taking advantage of the first intelligence, we shifted bag and baggage and removed our quarters to a spot between one and two miles from its junction with the river. Here we at once "set in" at a likely spot in the bed and at a bend of the creek. After a day or two of hard work, we began to get a daily yield of from one to two ounces, which although no great things, was a vast improvement on our previous doings.

It was a solitary place enough on which we had encamped, very few of the digging population having fixed their residences near us. We had very little sky or sunshine. The place too was dismal, for the creek was filled with stunted swamp oaks, and steep, rugged hills rose up from both sides of the narrow water-course. Only the little heap of shining metal, to be found every evening at the bottom of our pan, made up for all deficiencies. Of course too we were glad to have the ground much to ourselves.

There was one main discomfort. I have already said that from some strange peculiarities of manner, and certain incidents on the road, I had imbibed a strong and irresistible suspicion as to the past life of my partner. He, on his part, perceiving the natural restraints which such suspicions produced in my manner towards him, became gloomy, sullen, and reserved. So it was, that even before we arrived at the mines, our

partnership had become one of mere business and necessity.

Whatever we thought of each other, we did not allow our private sentiments to interfere with our joint efforts. We worked hard together, and during the active hours of labour, no one could possibly display more life and energy than Browden. When, however, day was over, and the melancholy night closed in around us, the excitement ended and he sank into a state of pitiable despondency.

There was a secret and disagreeable consciousness of some vague cause of dislike between us which it was impossible to shake off, and which, ill defined as it was, quenched everything like cordiality. This state of things could not last long, nor was it my wish that it should; so that when one Sunday morning he abruptly told me after breakfast that the time of our agreement had expired, and that he proposed a separation of our fortunes, I received the intimation without raising any difficulties or expressing much regret. He added that it was his purpose to engage a labourer and work for himself higher up the creek. He was embarrassed while expressing this determination; but I took it cheerfully, the dissolution was agreed upon, and the rest of the day employed in making division of our property, provisions, tools, &c. That we effected to our mutual satisfaction. It was agreed that he should keep possession of his share of the tent until he had obtained another and decided upon the spot where he would have it pitched. At daybreak the next morning he set off alone with pan and pick on a "prospecting" expedition. I got up shortly afterwards, had breakfast, and taking the boy down with me went to work as usual. It was a very bright, close, cloudless morning; and, shut in as we were by hills on all sides, there was a feeling of suffocation in the atmosphere which rendered our work more than usually oppressive. Not a breath of air forced its way through the narrow gully, and during the day the heat was almost intolerable. We worked on, however, to the end. I had my supper earlier than usual, and was sitting by the fire cleaning and drying the day's gold before adding it to the main store, when the unusual darkness of the evening attracted my attention. A violent storm was impending. A dark mass of lead-coloured clouds was rapidly shutting out the blue sky and emitting as it spread flashes of forked lightning; low peals of distant thunder rolled along the creek; large drops of rain were already falling slowly, and pattering at intervals on the top of my tent; the trees, which had during the day remained motionless in the dead calm of the atmosphere, were swept with fitful gusts of wind, and had set up a melancholy moaning.

I went out to watch the coming of the storm, and saw the coming of two men who climbed the bank and ran towards the tent.

They were even more than usually grim with the wild luxuriance of beard, whiskers, and moustaches, out of which indeed very little more than the extreme points of their noses could be seen with anything like positive distinctness. Appearance, however, go for nothing at the mines. These were both tall, strapping fellows, and were dressed in the extreme of digging costume, for even at the diggings there are fashions. They looked so jaunty, wore such hats and such silk sashes, and displayed their knives so ostentatiously, that by their dress as well as figure I assumed at once that they must be Americans bred in the Californian school. When they spoke no doubt remained upon that head. They told me that they had been prospecting in the newly discovered creek, were tired out with the day's walk, and wished to take shelter till the storm was over. Of course I did the honours of my tent; and, after furnishing my guests with a supper, brought out the bottle of spirits kept only for particular occasions.

I found them good company, their conversation principally turning on their own wild lives. The evening ran on, and as there was no lull in the storm, my new acquaintances determined to remain where they were for the night. I supplied them with blankets, and all stretching ourselves upon the floor of the tent we continued smoking and conversing for some time. Soon afterwards the covering to the aperture of the tent was thrust aside and my partner came hastily in. He was dripping wet, and said little either to me or to the two strangers; but pouring out with an unsteady hand a large quantity of spirits, he divested himself of his wet clothes, wrapped himself up in his blankets, and seemed as usual desirous of being left to his own meditations.

We had before been talking upon other matters, but it so happened that, when he came in, the Americans were talking about California. I knew that this topic was distasteful to my partner; but it did not matter then, for he seemed to be deaf or indifferent to everything that was said. From the spot where I lay I could see him indistinctly in his dusky corner of the tent, with his head averted, and to all appearance fast asleep. The candle burnt down in the neck of the bottle (which served us for a candlestick), and still the loquacious Californians kept up a running fire of wonderful adventures in which they had been engaged, and in which grisly bears, Condillerns, Spaniards, monte-tables, Judge Lynch, vigilance committees, bowie-knives and revolvers played the most conspicuous parts. The thunder still rolled heavily, and every now and then the tent was illuminated brightly by the lightning; but we did not heed it.

Late in the night we were discussing undiscovered crimes which had been perpetrated in the mines and towns of California. One

of the two strangers related, among others, an occurrence which had come within his own experience.

Separated from his party, he had been, he said, for several days exploring the north fork of the American River, a wild, desolate, and almost uninhabited part of the country, in search of new "placers." One evening, about sunset, a storm among the mountains had overtaken him, far from his own camping place. For some time he had looked in vain for shelter, and was beginning to make up his mind to find a cave for the night, when he saw half way up the side of a range the welcome gleam of a light, evidently belonging to some tent or hut. On coming nearer he found that it was burning in a small black covered tent. As the American paused for a moment, when he had said so much, to struggle with his pipe, I heard a stifled sound, and when the next flash of lightning came I saw that my partner's face was turned towards us.

Wet and tired as he was, the man went on to tell us, he lost no time in crossing an intervening gully and began to climb towards the tent. He was picking his way in the darkness, among loose rocks and stones scattered about, when he was suddenly startled by a shriek of terror or of passion or of pain, followed at once by the report of a pistol in the tent. Then there was dead silence. While looking upward undecidedly he saw a figure muffled in a cloak suddenly leave the tent and climb very swiftly up the hill-side. He either faded away in the darkness of the night, or disappeared over the top of the range. At all events he saw no more of him.

I can hardly account for the instinct by which I was urged to look, while this was being told, towards Browden. I saw through some chance flashes that he had raised himself on his arm, and that his face was full of horror; that he was listening to the American's tale as though his very life depended on it.

Drawing his knife from its sheath, the man said, he went resolutely up the hill, and at once entered the tent. There he found no living creature. Stretched upon the ground in a large pool of blood lay the corpse of a tall man hideously mutilated and yet warm. His face was so completely shattered, by the close discharge of the pistol, that not a feature could be recognised. His hand still grasped a dagger; and some gold and coin, as well as a pack of monte cards, lay strewn about upon the ground.

Preferring storm and rain to shelter in such company, the digger left the body to itself and made his way to Auburn, which is a village about one mile from the river. What became of the murderer—whether the body was ever found, or whether it rotted away undiscovered and unrevenged, he knew not. It was better, he said (in California particu-

larly), to let such affairs alone; and he had never cared to speak about the matter there. Having told his story, the American proceeded to dilate, for our satisfaction and his own, upon the horrid aspect of the mutilated body. He always thought of it, he said, on stormy nights. When he had quite done we were all silent for a time, and I saw by the next flash that Browden lay completely muffled in his blanket. The instant afterwards a clap of thunder seemed to burst immediately over our heads, and it was followed by a prolonged human cry—to me, believing that I knew the cause of it—most wild and terrible. It brought us quickly to our feet. A light was struck, and Browden was found to be struggling in a fit. For hours he continued violent during the paroxysms, moaning and sobbing in the pauses between the attacks. It sometimes required the strength of us all to hold him down upon his stretcher. At length, however, in the very early dawn he sank into uneasy slumber; I made no effort to sleep, but feeling feverish and troubled went outside the tent. The air after the storm was fresh, and I was soon again brisk enough to set about preparing breakfast. The two men thought nothing of Browden's fits, and my suspicions were based on the vaguest inferences. Yet they were to me as certain knowledge. I was not sorry when my guests, abruptly rising, shouldered their picks and shovels, wished me good morning and departed. Left to myself, I for a long time meditated on the course I should pursue. After some consideration, I resolved that, as our total separation was already decided upon, I must leave Browden to follow his own fate, and for my own part go to work as usual. My late partner was still in a deep lethargy, from which I did not attempt to rouse him. I intended, however, to come myself, or to send the boy from time to time up from the claim in case the attacks of the previous night should return upon him. After working for an hour or two, accordingly, the boy was sent up to look after him. He came running down to me in a few minutes, and told me that the tent was empty and my partner gone. From that hour to this I never again saw him. He was not a partner to forget, and many months afterwards he was especially called to my memory by a paragraph upon which I lighted while looking through some back numbers of the Bathurst Free Press. I cut it out, for I believe that it relates to Browden.

"BODY FOUND.—Last evening the remains of a tall man, in an advanced stage of decomposition, were discovered and taken out of the Macquarrie River a few miles below Bathurst by a person who was fishing near the spot. He was dressed as a gold-digger, wore a scarlet shirt, red silk sash, with a large sheathed knife and high boots. He has not been identified, and had been too long in the water for his features to be at all recognisable. An inquest was held on the body, when no evidence as to the manner in which he came by his death being

forthcoming, a verdict of 'Found drowned' was returned. No mark of external violence could be discovered on the body."

I have no certain evidence that this was Browden's body, just as I have no evidence that he was guilty of the crime that I imputed to him. But I have told, plainly and truly, those things which led me to believe that my trip to the Turon Diggings was made in such company as few men would have cared to choose, and that my partner reposes in a murderer's grave.

THE BRIGHT LITTLE GIRL.

SONG TO AN IRISH TUNE.

HER blue eyes they beam and they twinkle;
Her lips have made smiling more fair;
On cheek and on brow there's no wrinkle,
But thousands of curls in her hair.

She's little—you don't wish her taller;
Just half through the teens is her age;
And lady, or baby, to call her,
Were something to puzzle a sage.

Her walk is far better than dancing,
She speaks as another might sing;
And all by an innocent chancing,
Like lambskins and birds in the spring.

Unskilled in the airs of the city,
She's perfect in natural grace;
She's gentle, and truthful, and witty,
And ne'er spends a thought on her face—

Her face, with the fine glow that's in it,
As fresh as an apple-tree bloom;
And O! when she comes, in a minute,
Like sunbeams, she brightens the room.

As taking in mind as in feature,
How many will sigh for her sake!
I wonder, the sweet little creature,
What sort of a wife she would make!

KENSINGTON WORTHIES.

NEARLY opposite the new Vestry Hall, in the house now occupied by Mr. Wright, an ironmonger, lived for some years the once celebrated political writer, William Cobbett.

Cobbett, as many of our readers may remember, was a self-taught man of great natural abilities, who—from excess of self-esteem, defect of sympathy out of the pale of his own sphere, and a want of that scholarly "discipline of humanity," of which such men stand particularly in need—went from one extreme in politics to another with anything but misgiving; injured the good which he otherwise did to Reform, by a long course of obloquy and exaggeration; brought his courage, and even his principles into question, by retreats before his opponents, and apparent compromises with Government; and ended a life of indomitable industry, by obtaining the reputation rather of a powerful

and amusing than estimable or lasting writer. Readers of his Political Register will not easily forget how he lorded it over public men, as if they knew nothing and he knew everything; or what letters he addressed to them, in a style beyond the unceremonious—such as those to the Bishop of London, beginning "Bishop," and to Sir Robert Peel, whom he addressed as "Peel's-Bill-Peel," and saluted simply by his surname:—

"TO PEEL'S-BILL-PEEL.

"PEEL," &c.

Hazlitt said of him, that, had everything been done as he desired, in Church and State, he would have differed with it all next day, out of the pure pleasure of opposition.

Cobbett's worst propensity was to exult over the fallen. His implied curses of the hapless George the Third, who had nothing to do with the fine and imprisonment which produced them, are too shocking to be repeated. He crowed unmercifully over the suicide of Lord Castlereagh; and, ridiculously as ungenerously, pronounced Walter Scott, during his decline, and after the bankruptcy which he laboured so heroically to avert, to have been nothing but a "humbug!"

But the vigour which he thus abused was not to be denied. Bating an occasional parade of the little scholarship which he had acquired, and which sometimes betrayed him into incorrectnesses even of the grammar which he professed to teach, nothing could surpass the pure, vigorous, idiomatic style of his general writing, or the graphical descriptions he would give both of men and things, whether in artificial life, or in matters connected with his agricultural experience. A volume of select passages from his writings, chiefly of this kind, might be of permanent service to his name; which otherwise will be stifled under the load of rubbish with which he mixed it.

At the back of his house in Kensington, in ground now devoted to other purposes, and also at a farm which he possessed at the same time, not far off (at Barn Elm), Cobbett cultivated his Indian corn, his American forest-trees, his pigs, poultry, and butchers' meat—all which he pronounced to be the best that was ever beheld: but the aristocratic suburb did not prove a congenial soil; and he quitted it, a bankrupt. He appears, nevertheless, to have succeeded, upon the whole, in the worldly point of view, and ultimately made his way into Parliament—a triumph, however, which was probably the death of him, owing to the late hours and bad air for which he exchanged his farming habits of life. At all events he did not survive it long. Like many men who make a great noise in public, he seems to have been a good, quiet sort of man in private; occasionally blustering a little, perhaps, at his workmen, and more dictatorial to them than he would have liked others to be to himself; but a good

husband and father; a pleasant companion; and his family seem to have heartily lamented him when he died—the best of all testimonies to private worth. His appearance (to judge by his portraits, for we never saw him,) was characteristic of the man, except as regarded vanity. He dressed plainly and unaffectedly, was strong and well-built, and had a large forehead, and roundish and somewhat small features for the size of his cheeks—a disparity betokening greater will than self-control.

Cobbett said little of Kensington, considering the time he lived there. It was not to be expected, indeed, that he could be fond of a place which had a palace at one end of it, the mansion of a Whig lord at the other, and in which he did not find himself either welcome or prosperous. What he does say chiefly concerns his corn and his trees. There are but one or two passages characteristic of the locality, and those are more so of himself, and not unamusing. In one of them he speaks of the poor Irish, who stand at the corners of the streets, "their rags dancing with the wind;" but he does it rather to rebuke than to pity them. He could not get them to work for victuals instead of money, not taking into consideration that the poor rack-rented creatures could not pay their landlord without it. A correspondent proposed to pay Cobbett himself in victuals for his *Weekly Register*—two pounds of mutton per quarter; but the rebuker of the Irish is very angry at this; and—assuming, with a somewhat Irish and self-refuting logic, that this man, not approving of payments in meat, must be addicted to slops, and have a dirty complexion—calls him a "teakettle reptile" and a "squalid wretch."

The other passage gives us his opinion of the reviews in Hyde Park, and their consumption of gunpowder. His compliments to American economy in the use of that material are hardly flattering to a great nation; but everything was excessive in the praise and blame which he bestowed, and consequently was in the habit of undoing itself.

Speaking of the Duke of Clarence's appointment to the office of Lord High Admiral, he says, that when he first heard of it, he was 'very much pleased, because he thought it would tend to break up the Scotch phalanx, which appeared to him to be taking the whole navy by storm.'

"The manner of executing the office was a thing which I," continues Cobbett, "had little time to attend to; but I must confess, that I soon became tired of the apparent incessant visiting of the seaports, and the firings of salutes. I see the Americans getting forward with a navy fit to meet us in war, without more noise than is made by half-a-dozen mice, when they get into a pantry or cupboard. These Yankees have an education wonderfully well calculated to make them economical in the affairs of war. I never saw one of them in my life,

man or boy, shoot at any living thing without killing it. A Yankee never discharges his gun at anything, until he has made a calculation of the value of the thing; and if that value does not exceed the value of the powder and the shot, the gun remains with the charge in it until something presents itself of value surpassing that of the charge. In shooting at partridges, quails, squirrels, and other things of the land kind, they always count the number of shot they put into the gun, and will put in no more than they think the carcass of the animal will pay for, leaving a certain clear profit, after the cost of labour. These are most excellent principles to be imbibed by those who are destined to conduct the affairs of war; and when I, being in a sea-port, hear bang, bang, bang, on one side of me, answered by other bangs on the other side, and find no soul that can tell me what the noise is for; or when I, being at Kensington, hear, coming from Hyde Park, pop, pop, pop—pop, pop—pop, pop, pop, pop, the cause of which I remember but too well; when I hear these sounds, I cannot help lamenting that our commanders, by sea and land, did not receive their education among the Yankees, who have raised a fleet, the existence of which we shall one day have to rue: and I should not be afraid to bet all I have in the world, that they have done it without wasting one single pound of powder."

Cobbett's premises at the back neighboured those of a small mansion, Scarsdale House, which he must have considered an eyesore, for it belonged to a noble family and was then a boarding-school; a thing which he hated, for its inducing tradesmen's and farmers' daughters to play on the piano-forte. He saw the dangers attending the elevation of ranks in society, but none of its advantages, except in regard to eating and drinking; and those he would have confined to his own beef and bacon. A little onward from Mr. Wright's door is Wright's Lane, which turns out of High Street, and containing Scarsdale House and Scarsdale Terrace, leads round by a pleasant sequestered corner into the fields, and terminates this point of Kensington with the New Workhouse. Scarsdale House, now no longer a boarding-school, appears to have returned into the occupation of the family that are understood to have built it; for its present inmate is the Hon. D. Curzon, one of the gentlemen who contributed to the collection of cabinet work at Gore House. From an intimation, however, in Faulkner, it would seem as if it had been called Scarsdale House before the creation of that title in the Curzon and Howe-Curzon families; in which case, it was probably built by the Earl of Scarsdale, whose family name was Leake; the Scarsdale celebrated by Pope and Rowe for his love of the bottle and of Mrs. Bracegirdle:—

Each mortal has his pleasure:—none deny
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pie.

(Darty was Dartineuf, or Dartiquenave, a famous epicure.)

Do not, most fragrant Earl, disclaim
Thy bright, thy reputable flame
To Bracegirdle the brown;
But publicly espouse the dame,
And say G. D. the town.

Earl Leake, by other accounts besides these, does not appear to have been a person whom "Bracegirdle the brown," the charmer of the age, would have thought it any very desirable honour to marry. We hope, therefore, that the more respectable Scarsdales—the Curzons—were always possessors of the house; and that in displacing the boarding-school they illustrate, as in greater instances, the injunction of their curious motto—"Let Curzon hold what Curzon held."

The corner, above-mentioned, of Wright's Lane contains a batch of good old family houses, one of which belonged to Sir Isaac Newton, though it is not known that he ever lived in it. A house in which he did live we shall come to by and by.

The Workhouse, at which you arrive in turning by this corner, is a large handsome brick building in the old style before mentioned, possessed of a garden with seats in it, and looking (upon the old principle of association in such matters) more like a building for a lord than for a set of paupers. Paupers, however, by the help of Christianity, have been discovered by the wiser portion of their fellow-creatures to be persons whom it is better to treat kindly than contemptuously; and hence, as new workhouses arise, something is done to rescue the pauper mind from its worst, most hopeless, and most exasperating sense of degradation, and let it participate some taste of the good consequences of industry and refinement.

Returning into the road, we here quit the High Street, and have the Terrace on our left hand, and Lower Phillimore Place on the other side of the way.

Terrace, in this, as in so many other instances in the suburbs, is a ridiculous word; for the ground is as flat as any around it, and terrace (a mound of earth) implies height and dignity.

May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terrace.—MILTON.

—High
The structure, skill of noblest architects,
With gilded battlements conspicuous far,
Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires.
—*Ibid.*

The modern passion for fine games and foreign words "hath a preferment in it." It is one of the consequences of the general rise in society. But people would do well to learn the meanings of the words before they employ them: not to christen young ladies *Blanche* who are swarthy; cry *bravo* (brave he!) to

female singers; nor give the appellation of heights to houses on a level with a valley.

In Kensington Wilkie the painter passed the greater part of his life, after quitting Scotland, and chiefly in Lower Phillimore Place. For nearly three years beginning with the autumn of eighteen hundred and eleven, he dates his letters from Number Twenty-nine, which was the abode of a friend; but he then took one of his own, Number Twenty-four, in which he resided with his mother and sister, till the autumn of eighteen hundred and twenty-four, when he removed with them into the house on the terrace, called Shaftesbury House, which has since been rebuilt on a larger scale. Why it is called Shaftesbury House we cannot learn: perhaps because the third earl of Shaftesbury, the author of the *Characteristics*, who was a visitor at the Palace, occupied it for a while before he took his house at Little Chelsea. Probably there is not an old house in Kensington, in which some distinguished person has not resided, during the reigns in which the court was held there.

Wilkie was a gentle, kindly, considerate man, with a figure not insignificant though not elegant, an arch eye, and a large good-humoured mouth. Such, at least, was his appearance during the time of life at which we remember him. He had an original genius for depicting humble life, and could throw into it a dash of the comic; though he did not possess the Flemish and Dutch eye for colour; and there was altogether more truth than enjoyment in his style, sometimes a tendency to dwell on moral and even physical pains, the sufferers of which neutralised the sympathy which they needed by a look of sordid dulness.

Hazlitt, out of resentment against the aristocracy for giving their patronage to this kind of art at the expense of higher, of which he thought them jealous (and perhaps also in order to vex Wilkie himself, who was very deferential to rank), called it the "pauper style." The appellation, we suspect, produced the vexation intended, and was one of the causes of Sir David's efforts to rise into a manner altogether different; in which he was not successful. His notion that the persons in the Old and New Testament should all have the native, that is to say, the Syrian or Judaical look, showed the restricted and literal turn of his mind. He fancied that this kind of truth would the more recommend them to the lovers of truth in general; not seeing that the local peculiarity might hurt the universality of the impression; for though all the world feel more or less in the same manner, they are not fond of seeing the manner qualified by that of any one particular nation, especially, too, when the nation has not been associated in their minds with anything very acceptable, or even with acquiescence in the impression to be made. The next step in this direction might be to repre-

sent St. Paul as a man of an insignificant presence, because the apostle so describes himself; or to get a stammering man to sit for the portrait of Moses, because the great law-giver had an impediment in his speech. This is not what Raphael did when he painted Paul preaching at Athens, with mighty, uplifted arms; nor what Michael Angelo did, when he seated Moses in the chair of Sinai, indignantly overlooking all beneath him, and ready to hurl down the tables of stone, like thunderbolts, on the heads of his unbelieving followers. We do not mean to say that lovers of truth might not be found who would accord with Sir David's opinion, and let good consequences take their chance; but he did not look at the matter in this comprehensive light. He thought that there was no risk of chance, remote or immediate, except in not making the local history local enough; and he did not see that this could have endangered the object he had in view, and served to contract instead of extending it.

Though Wilkie never married, one of the best features in his character was domesticity. He was no sooner rich enough than he brought his mother and sister from Scotland, in order that they might partake his prosperity in the way most agreeable to family affections. He was also careful to give them news of himself before they came. As it is pleasant to know the daily habits of distinguished men, we give the following account of his life at Kensington from one of his letters to his sister.

"The anxiety my mother has laboured under about my health, on seeing that I had not with my own hand directed the newspaper, is entirely groundless. I am as well now as I have been for a very long time, and am going on with the painting in my usual moderate way. I am sometimes glad to get anybody to direct the newspaper on the Monday forenoon for the sake of saving time, which is an important consideration in these short days. Everybody I meet with compliments me on the improvement of my looks; and I am taking all the means in my power to retain my improved appearance. I dine, as formerly, at two o'clock, paint two hours in the forenoon and two hours in the afternoon, and take a short walk in the park or through the fields twice a day. In the evening, I go on with the mathematics, which I take great delight in; and I have also begun a system of algebra, a study I should like to learn something of too."

When his mother and sister came, the good artist took care that as much as possible of the old household furniture, to which their eyes had been habituated, should come with them from Scotland; and he said (his biographer informs us), that "if he were desired to name the happiest hour of his life, it was when he saw his honoured mother and much-loved sister sitting beside him while he was painting."

The "short walk through the fields" must have been in those between Kensington, Brompton, and Little Chelsea, now fast disappearing before the growth of streets.

In Shaftesbury House the sunny portion of Wilkie's life terminated in clouds that gathered suddenly and darkly upon him; his mother dying; his sister losing the man she was about to marry; his eldest brother dead in India; a second brother coming home to die, from Canada; a younger brother involved in commercial difficulties; and the artist himself, who was too generous not to suffer in every way with his family, losing further money by the failure of houses, and failing in his own health, which he never recovered. Such are the calamities to which comic as well as tragic painters are liable, in order that all men may share, and share alike till "tears can be wiped from off all faces." Wilkie subsequently removed to Vicarage Place, in Church Street; and this, his last abode in Kensington, was also his last in England. He travelled for health and study's sake, in Italy, Germany, and Spain; returned and travelled again, going to Palestine and other dominions of the Sultan, whose portrait he painted; made other ineffectual attempts to become an artist out of his first line; and, with a strangely romantic end for one who began with the line which he ought never to have forsaken, died on his way home, and was buried off Gibraltar in the great deep.

After all, there was in Wilkie's character, as there is in most men's, however amusing they may be, a grave as well as comic side, corresponding with the affectionate portion of it; and this very likely it was, that in conjunction with the provocations given him by Hazlitt, and by jealous brother artists, led him to attempt higher subjects, and a deeper tone in painting. He also appears to have had a delicacy of organisation, tending to the consumptive; though prudence and prosperity kept him alive to the age of fifty-six.

"Nature is vindicated of her children." The sensibilities of a man of genius turn to good account for his fellow-creatures, compared with whom he is but a unit. Wilkie himself enjoyed as well as suffered: he had a happy fireside during the greater part of his life; he had always an artist's eye, which is itself a remuneration; and he knew that ages to come would find merit in his productions. Turning northward out of the high road, between Lower and Upper Phillimore Place, is Hornton Street, at the furthest house in which, on the right hand, resided for some years Doctor Thomas Frognall Dibdin, the sprightliest of bibliomaniacs. He was not a mere bibliomaniac: he really saw, though not very far, into the merit of the books which he read. He also made some big books of his own, which, though for the most part of little interest but to little antiquaries, contain passages amusing for their animal spirits and enjoyment. When the Doctor

visited libraries on the continent, he dined with the monks and others who possessed them, and made a feast-day of it with the gaiety of his company. When he assembled his friends over a new publication, or for the purpose of inspecting a set of old ones, the meeting was what he delighted to call a "symposium;" that is to say, they ate as well as drank, and were very merry over old books, old words, and what they persuaded themselves was old wine. There would have been a great deal of reason in it all if the books had been worth as much inside as out; but in a question between the finest of writers, in plain calf, and one of the fourth or fifth rate, old and rare, and bound by Charles Lewis, the old gentleman would have carried it hollow. He would even have been read with the greater devotion. However, the mania was harmless, and helped to maintain a proper curiosity into past ages. Tom (for though a Reverend, and a Doctor, we can hardly think of him seriously) was a good-natured fellow, not very dignified in any respect; but he had the rare merit of being candid. A moderate sum of money was bequeathed him by Douce; and he said he thought he deserved it, from the "respectful attention" he had always paid to that not very agreeable gentleman. Tom was by no means ill-looking; yet he tells us, that being in company, when he was young, with an elderly gentleman who knew his father, and the gentleman being asked by somebody whether the son resembled him: "Not at all," was the answer; "Captain Dibdin was a fine-looking fellow."

The same father was the real glory of Tom; for the reader must know that Captain Dibdin was no less a person than the "Tom Bowling" of the famous sea-song:—

"Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew."

Captain Thomas Dibdin was the brother of Charles Dibdin, the songster of seamen; and an admirable songster was Charles, and a fine fellow in every respect the brother thus fondly recorded by him. "No more" continues the song, for the reader will not grudge us the pleasure of calling it to mind—

"No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death hath brough'd him to,

"His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft."

Dr. Dibdin was thus the nephew of a man of genius, and the son of one of the best specimens of an Englishman. His memory may be content.

The Doctor relates an anecdote of the house opposite him, which he considers equal to any "romance of real life." This comes of the antiquarian habit of speaking in superlatives, and expressing amazement at

every little thing. As the circumstance, however, is complete of its kind, and the kind, though not so rare, we suspect, as may be imagined, is not one of everyday occurrence, it may be worth repeating.—A handsome widow, it seems, in the prime of life, but in reduced circumstances, and with a family of several children, had been left in possession of the house, and desired to let it. A retired merchant of sixty, who was looking out for a house in Kensington, came to see it. He fell in love with the widow, paid his addresses to her on the spot, in a respectful version of the old question put to the fair showers of such houses—"Are you, my dear, to be let with the lodgings?"—and, after a courtship of six months, was wedded to the extemporaneous object of his affections at Kensington Church, the Doctor himself joyfully officiating as clergyman; for the parties were amiable; the bridegroom was a collector of books; and the books were accompanied by a cellar-full of burgundy and champagne.

We are not aware of any other distinguished name connected either with Lower or with Upper Phillimore Place, or with the Terrace to which Wilkie removed. But continuing our path on the Terrace side of the way, we come to Leonard's Place and to Earl's Court Terrace, in both of which Mrs. Inchbald resided for some months in boarding-houses; in the former, at a Mrs. Voysey's; in the latter at Number Four. Boarding-houses, though their compulsory hours of eating and drinking did not suit her, she found more agreeable than other lodgings, owing to their supplying her with more companionship, and giving her more to do for her companions. The poor souls in these places appear to need it. Speaking of the kind of hospital at Mrs. Voysey's in the summer of eighteen hundred and eighteen, she says, "All the old widows and old maids of this house are stretched upon beds or sofas with swollen legs, nervous head-aches, or slow fevers, brought on by loss of appetite, broken sleep, and other dog-day complaints; while I am the only young and strong person among them, and am called upon to divert their Blue Devils from bringing them to an untimely end. I love to be of importance, and so the present society is flattering to my vanity."

She was then sixty-five. What a godsend to the poor creatures she must have been! A woman of genius, very entertaining, full of anecdote and old stories; and, though so young in mind, yet of an age bodily to keep them in heart with themselves, and make them hope to live on.

At the back of Earl's Terrace was, and is, a curious pretty little spot called Edwardes Square, after the family name of the Lord Kensingtons; and in this square Mrs. Inchbald must often have walked, for the inhabitants of the Terrace have keys to it, and it gives them a kind of larger garden. We have called the spot curious as well as pretty,

and so it is in many respects ; in one of them contradictory to the prettiness ; for one side of the square is formed of the backs and garden-walls of the Earl's Terrace houses ; and the opposite side of its coach-houses, and of little tenements that appear to have been made out of them. The whole of this side, however, is plastered, and partly overgrown with ivy, so as to be rather an ornament than an eyesore ; but what chiefly surprises the spectator, when he first sees the place, is the largeness as well as cultivated look of the square, compared with the smallness of the houses on two sides of it. The gardener's lodge also is made to look like a Grecian temple, really in good taste ; and, though the grass is not as thick and soft as it might be, nor the flowers as various, and the pathways across the grass had better have been straight than winding (there being no inequalities of ground to render the winding natural), yet upon the whole there is such an unexpected air of size, greenness, and even elegance in the place, especially when its abundant lilacs are in blossom, and ladies are seen on its benches reading, that the stroller who happens to turn out of the road and comes upon the fresh-looking sequestered spot for the first time, is interested as well as surprised, and feels curious to know how a square of any kind, comparatively so large, and at the same time manifestly so cheap (for the houses, though neat and respectable, are too small to be dear), could have suggested itself to the costly English mind. Upon inquiry we find it to have been the work of a Frenchman. The story is, that the Frenchman built it at the time of the threatened invasion from France, and that he adapted the large square and the cheap little houses to the promenading tastes and poorly-furnished pockets of the ensigns and lieutenants of Napoleon's army, who, according to his speculation, would certainly have been on the look-out for some such place, and here would have found it. Here, thought he, shall be cheap lodging and *file champêtre* combined ; here, economy in doors, and Watteau without ; here, repose after victory ; promenades ; *la belle passion* ; persual of newspapers on benches ; an ordinary at the Holland Arms ; a French Arcadia, in short, or a little Palais Royal in an English suburb. So runs the tradition : we do not say how truly ; though it could hardly have entered an English head to invent it.

It was allowable for French imaginations in those days to run a little wild, on the strength of Napoleon's victories. We do not repeat the story for the sake of saying *how* wild. We believe that both Frenchmen and Englishmen at present, for reasons best known to all governments not actually out of their senses, are for keeping their own localities as quietly as possible to themselves ; and we devoutly hope they may continue to do so, not only for the sake of the two

greatest nations in Europe, but for that of the security of advancement. For it is better to advance gently, however slowly, than to be incessantly thrown back from one extreme to another ; and the world and right opinion will progress as surely as time does, whatever efforts despots and bigots may make to put back the clock.

It is said in Kensington that Coleridge once had lodgings in Edwardes Square. We do not find the circumstance in his biographies, though he once lived in the neighbouring village of Hammersmith. Perhaps he was on a visit to a friend ; for we are credibly informed that he used to be seen walking in the square. A lady, who was a child at the time, is very proud of his having spoken to her, and given her a kiss.

IN THE DARDANELLES.

OUR man-of-war, the *Modeste*, entered the Dardanelles surrounded by a fleet of merchant vessels. When the breeze over the high-land caught our sails we ran ahead ; when a deep current rushing round some headland caught our hull we fell astern ; and we were enjoying the excitement of a grand regatta when, at the narrowest part of the strait between the inner castles of Europe and Asia, a heavy shot from the fort came right across our bows. The captain was below at the moment, and just as he got on deck and was giving orders to shorten sail another shot fell astern and ricocheted close alongside, sending showers of spray over the gangway. We could see a crowd of officers at a house in the fort, and others were at the same time busy laying other guns. There was no misinterpreting the hint. We accordingly bore up, and in the midst of a heavy squall of wind and rain anchored off the consular offices at the town of the Dardanelles.

Our consul soon coming on board, from him we learnt that all men-of-war must have a firman, or permission to pass, from Constantinople before they are suffered to ascend the Dardanelles. We knew nothing of this regulation, since by some chance no notice had been taken of it in the general orders to the squadron. It was clear that the Pacha in command of the fort had exceeded his instructions, as the rules are that in a case like ours two blank cartridges shall be first fired, and then followed up by shot if necessary. The captain accordingly went ashore to call upon the Pacha and demand an explanation. His apology was the truth, that he thought we wished to pass him in defiance of the regulations, and had an idea that we looked as if blank cartridge could not stop us. We were obliged to wait until a letter could be written to and answered from Constantinople. It was Tuesday, no steamer would go up before Thursday, and no answer be had before Saturday. Accordingly we had five days before us, and as our stroll about the

town quite satisfied our curiosity, I agreed with a friend to trot over the classic ground of Troy. The brother of our consul was an old acquaintance and a local merchant; he volunteered to go with us, taking his servant, a young Jew, to look after our horses. On Wednesday afternoon, therefore, we hired a caique to take us to the village at the entrance of the Dardanelles. There we proposed to sleep. We had a very pleasant run down with the current, and landed just outside the outer castle of Asia in a sandy bay. That was the bay in which the Greek galleys had been drawn up at the siege of Troy, if ever there was such a siege. If never, there was one Homer made it real, and I believe in it as steadily as in the death of Nelson. Close by our landing-place was a pyramidal mound of stones called the tomb of Achilles, and there was another some two hundred yards further inland, in which lie, or ought to lie, the bones of Patroclus. As usual in such cases, there is a dispute as to which tomb is which, or whether the two friends were not both buried in a single heap. We were not disposed to vex ourselves with doubt; and as we stood on the summit of the chief mound with the Hellespont at our feet, we thought of Hector's challenge to the Greeks, and his promise that if he conquered the body of the vanquished should be sent to their navy:—

"Green on the shore shall rise a monument;
Which when some future mariner surveys,
Wash'd by broad Hellespont's resounding seas,
Thus shall he say: A valiant Greek lies there,
By Hector slain, the mighty man of war;
The stone shall tell the vanquish'd hero's fame,
And distant ages learn the victor's name."

There rose up in our minds also other associations, and we endeavoured vainly to seize, while on the spot, the mysterious link by which those plains are connected with the Troy weight known to us in boyhood. The sun was setting behind Imbros and Samothrace, and throwing its last beams over the plains of Troy; while in the distance Mount Athos stood out sharply as a pyramid in the western horizon. We saw with a proper amount of feeling Tenedos laved by the surges, and rocky Imbros break the rolling wave. Between the two islands are ragged islets, any one of which may have contained the cave at which Neptune put up his chariot when on his way to save the ships of the Greeks from their assailants. I recollected a severe caning that I had received when young which had immediate connection with that very incident. Jackals have grubbed for themselves holes in the tomb of Achilles, and nest there, just as commentators make their nests now in the works of Homer; our Jewish companion proposed that we should smoke one out. Plenty of dry furze about the place gave a practicable look to his suggestion; but as we did not see wherein the fun of the proceeding would consist, we

wandered on along the shores and thought about the venerable Chryses, the bright Chryseis and other people of that set. Here, we thought, where the peasant now sleeps in his mud hut on a bed of rushes were the tents of the Grecian host. The smoke of the fire yonder which cooks somebody's meal let us call fumes from the altars of Phœbus piled with hecatombs of bulls and goats; or let us imagine that it rises from the decks of burning galleys. We undertook to suppose that the hills were covered with the "lofty towers of wide extended Troy." We supposed ourselves to be favoured by the jackals and the owls with echoes—or traditions preserved on the spot—of ancient battle cries. The evening breeze we proposed to consider heavy with the souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain. In the blue mist rising from the Hellespont, we determined to see Thetis rising from her crystal throne, and all her Nereids getting up out of their pearly beds to follow the unhappy mother up the Trojan strand. Not until we had paid our debt to sentiment did we allow ourselves to think of supper.

A walk of a few minutes past a multitude of windmills brought us to a village of mud huts at the top of the hill, built upon the site of the ancient Sigeum. We made at once for the house of a Greek known to our friend Calvert, and sent down to the boat for our luggage. Each of us had taken a large blanket, a change of linen, and the necessities of the toilet; for all else we looked to fate. The Greek gave us no reason to regret our trustfulness. His house was one of the largest in the village, built with walls of mud dried in the sun, having outside stairs also of mud, and an interior divided into two stories by a wooden floor. The house roof was of tiles. There was a large courtyard surrounded by a mud wall, the resort of oxen, goats, and geese, and fowls. There were also some out-houses filled with chaff, of which the flat roofs formed a terrace. Upon that we took up our quarters, very much preferring open air on a fine starlight night in August, to close air and fleas. There was a good supply of large fresh rushes, which, when spread out, formed the best of beds, or a chair or a couch, when heaped together. On some fish just caught and fried, some boiled eggs, and a most delicious melon, we supped like Trojans before we retired to our respective blankets, using stars for night candles.

The clarions of innumerable Trojan corks awoke us before daylight, and we prepared betimes for our day's march. The horses hired the night before had, however, to be shod, breakfast had to be eaten, and our blankets packed upon an extra horse that was to be ridden by a guide. We were not fairly off till six o'clock. The plains of Troy were then before us, and our first object was to ride across them to the ruins of Alexandria Troas. Round about the village, there were

fields in stubble of barley and maize, there were others covered with dwarf vines, then bearing ripe fruit; and in other places melons or pumpkins struggled over the parched ground.

As we passed on the signs of cultivation disappeared, and we rode over what is evidently marsh in winter, but in summer dry and fissured mud. Here and there a pool of stagnant water still supported a small colony of snipe and wild duck, and twice on our ride we passed a corn-growing tract. In such places, the old Homeric threshing-floor was to be seen in full activity. We rode at a slow pace, and according to the custom here, in a line, the guide first; the rest following at a breakneck pace of about three miles an hour. It was past eleven before we had cleared the shore of Besika Bay, and crossed some rising ground which brought us down upon the harbour of Alexandria Troas. There our horses found the refreshment of a fountain, we the refreshment of a melon. So revived, we continued our ride over some hilly ground covered by the vallonia oak to the principal remains of the city. These are on the summit of a hill which commands a very fine view of the islands of Tenedos and Imbros, the bay and the surrounding hilly country. There are numerous foundations of houses formed of a hard limestone, frequent traces of the city walls, a few sarcophagi, the towers of a gateway, and a singular structure called the Palace of Priam.

We enjoyed a couple of hours' rest and a light luncheon among those Roman ruins, fanned by a cool fresh breeze, and shaded by the oak trees which have sprung up on all sides. At about four o'clock we started again, in the same order as before, over the hills to see a granite quarry in which were some large columns ready cut. Our track was over hills covered with vallonia, and we passed not a house or a living thing for some miles, except one party of shepherds with their dogs and flock. A ride of about two hours brought us to a ridge of granite. At the very top of the ridge, on one side of the hill, is an old quarry, and there were the seven columns as they were finished when the town was alive, all ready for removal. We measured them with our walking sticks and did what else was necessary, then went on.

About half a mile from this quarry is the village of Kotsiola Bashy, most picturesquely situated on a slope near the summit of one of those granite-capped hills. Its white minaret forms a beautiful object in contrast with the heavy background of the granite rocks. Here we were lucky enough to meet with a Jew broker in the service of our friend, who was on an annual tour about the country, purchasing vallonia for exportation to England. He procured us quarters in a garden close to the mosque, and we spread out our blankets upon mats beside a fountain and beneath a rich covering of grapes trained

over trellis work. No meat could be procured, but our host promised us a Turkish dinner and served it to us in the garden quickly. The new moon appeared above the hills, the stars shone out, a delightful breeze played with the vine leaves, and the trickling fountain soothed us by its murmur. With such lights and music, we sat down before a low stool, on which a circular tin tray formed a table-cloth. The feast was then served to us by a turbaned genii. First came a pillau of rice; then a thick soup made of the jelly of rice, with milk and minced eggs, the whole flavoured with vegetables; next, a dish of stewed bagnioles; then eggs fried in butter; and lastly, a sort of pancake, eaten dipped in honey; a dessert of melon and grapes wound up the entertainment. We slept where we had dined.

On taking a stroll, soon after daylight, round the village, we saw a herd of upwards of forty camels which had been brought thither to convey vallonia to the shore. This is the chief produce of the country, the cup of the acorn being the only part of this oak sent to Europe; the acorn itself is used by the people of the place as food for cattle. The cup is packed in woollen bags and sent to Mr. Calvert's chief warehouse for exportation. A large tree in a good season will produce as much vallonia as is worth three pounds, on the spot; but, taking tree for tree, perhaps the annual average is not above a dollar. However, very little care seems ever to be bestowed upon the trees. They do not belong to government, but to a number of small peasant proprietors. The walk and breakfast over we were off again by six o'clock for the village of Bournabashy, which is near the site of Old Troy and the sources of the Scamander, odious to schoolboys.

In about three hours and a half we arrived at the low land where this river rises. In the space of about an acre there are forty points at which the water gushes, cool and clear, from fissures in the limestone rock. The small streams trickle about till they unite and form a tolerable brook surrounded by luxuriant vegetation. Numbers of tortoises and many large fish were to be seen swimming about in the muddy brook; water-cresses grow upon its surface, and a large vegetable garden, surrounded by a blackberry hedge, fills the valley formed by the divisions of the stream. I found Scamander water-cresses very good. The village of Bournabashy is just above this river source, upon a hill which we passed on our way to the heights of the original Old Troy.

The first thing to be seen on the top of these heights is a pyramid of loose stone called the Tomb of Hector. The situation is magnificent. It is on one side of a deep ravine, through which the Simois winds in its course from Mount Ida to join the Scamander in the Trojan plains. The plains are to be seen extending to the Hellespont; while, it

the opposite direction, mountain ridges fill up all the scene. About fifteen square stones, laid together without mortar, are the sole remains, or supposed remains, of the walls of Troy. We sat on them and talked moralities. A little further on, the sides of the ravine become precipitous, and at one spot almost perpendicular. Down that abyss, tradition says, the Trojans threw the wooden horse. Nothing more was to be seen, and we departed. The descent is steep beneath the tomb of Hector, and we led our horses down to cross the river at a ford about a mile below. Then we made for a farm, called Chilik, or the Marsh farm, which is occupied by Mr. Calvert. Near this farm is a tumulus which popular tradition holds to be the burial-place of the Greeks killed at the siege of Troy. Mr. Calvert had it opened lately, and did really find in it a thick stratum of burnt bones, but nothing else of interest. He was not scholar enough to know whether the bones were Greek. The farm buildings at this place are extensive, and it is probable that the plain will yield rich harvests of corn. In winter the shooting both of woodcock, snipe, water-fowl, and hares, is excellent. After a couple of hours' rest, and a luncheon of melon, cheese, and barley bread, the sole provision of the farm people, we rode on to the village of Ranqui, where Mr. Calvert has a country house and a large storehouse for vallonias. We arrived at sunset, having been eight hours on horseback, —much riding for sailors. On our way, in a narrow path, we had met another party. First came a horse laden with two large travelling trunks, then another carrying a guide armed to the teeth; then the traveller, an Englishman, with a straw hat and umbrella; lastly, his travelling servant; and though in passing we even had to touch each other in the midst of a wild, desolate country, not a word, or smile, or bow was exchanged between the children of Britannia. We behaved at Troy as well as we should have behaved in Piccadilly.

Mr. Calvert's house at Ranqui is situated on a hill that overlooks the Dardanelles from the entrance up to the inner castles. The vallonias warehouse there established is a large building, used not only as a storehouse, but as a sort of factory, for there they separate the acorn from the cup; a process which provides employment for some fifty women and children. About three thousand tons are shipped annually from this warehouse. The price per ton varies between twelve and seventeen pounds, and the freight to England costs about two pounds per ton. It is principally shipped to Liverpool by schooners and small brigs, carrying from one hundred to one hundred and fifty tons. Thus our tanners find bread for the Trojans of to-day. From Ranqui no very long ride brought us, the next morning, back to the village of the Dardanelles. We were well

pleased with our excursion. We had thought about the past and seen the present; the deeds of Achilles, and the trade in acorn-cups.

POT AND KETTLE PHILOSOPHY.

THERE are two branches of philosophy connected with pots and kettles; the one gastronomic, and the other pyrotechnic; the one relating to the food to be cooked, and the other to the arrangements for cooking. It is the latter of these on which the reader is about to be addressed. In our first volume, a few gentle hints were given on the imperfections of popular cookery; on the desirableness of young ladies learning to boil potatoes and broil chops as well as to embroider slippers and crochet anti-macassars. Here, however, we do not intend to find fault with any one. We would rather discourse on the numerous and ingenious contrivances for applying heat economically in cooking processes, and for doing many things at once in a small space. There are not only improved forms of grates, stoves, and ovens, heated by ordinary coal; but there are contrivances for obtaining fuel-like action from wood, from charcoal, from artificial fuel, from hot water, from steam, from spirit, and from gas; and there are kitchens portable, and kitchens club-like, such as the old school of cooks knew nothing about. It is not through want of coal that these novelties appear; but economy in coal is itself one of the producing causes of a very essential and desirable condition of things—cleanliness.

Do you doubt that we are making improvements in stoves, and grates, and cooking apparatus, by economising the heat of ordinary fuel? Read the ironmongers' bills, and look into their shops, and remove your doubt. Here is the Cottagers' stove, standing upon four legs. It has a square iron case, within and near one end of which is a fire-pot, the top of which opens into a flue to carry off the smoke; the rest of the vacant space constitutes an oven, while there is a boiler attached to the end nearest to the fire, and a hot plate and open cavity at the top for stewing, and frying, and boiling, and sundry other processes in cookery. Here is an assemblage of grate, oven, boiler, hot-plate, hobs and trivets, so set in a framework that it may be fixed into any sized fireplace, large or small, without setting; for the throat, or opening to the flue, is formed in the iron-work of the range itself, and is thus at once determinate in size and shape. Here is the Kitchener, in which one oven will roast while another bakes; in which the hot closets may do duty as pastry ovens; in which the back is formed by a boiler capable of containing fifty gallons of water; in which the top is so adapted, that the cook may attend to a dozen or so of little cookeries at one time; and in which every vagrant atom

of heat is caught in the act of running away, and made to do useful work in some way or other. Here is another range of formidable dimensions, which claims credit for its Stourbridge fire-clay back, its frontage susceptible of variation in size, and its bars hung on hinges to facilitate cleansing. Here is another, adapted to the wants of boys or girls in a boarding school; it has a formidable array of sixteen spits, on which sixteen joints of meat may be impaled at once; and the bars, instead of being solid rods, are hollow tubes filled with water, as a means of economising heat. Here is a range in which the inventor has sought to indulge the Englishman in what he so much loves, an open cheerful fire, and at the same time to have the means of speedily converting it into a closed fire to economise fuel. Then we have stoves in which fire lumps are used; that is, slabs or bricks of Stourbridge clay are built into the sides and back of the stove, for the sake of the great power which this substance possesses of retaining heat. Then we have the American Improved *Excelsior*, a sumptuous name for an air-tight double oven cookery stove; in which the hot air, instead of being allowed to roam about hither and thither, is brought to work in a definite way at a definite spot. Every imaginable mode is adopted, in these various ranges, and grates, and stoves, and ovens, to effect this heat-economy; if the heat is not required to act directly upon the food, it is made to heat a vessel of water, or a cavity which may serve as a baking oven, or a plate of iron which may be useful as a hot plate for dishes. Only save the heat, and you may be certain of finding it a useful servant in some way or other.

Commend us forthwith to this ingenious roasting-jack, called the Automaton. See how, in front of the range, is placed a sort of hemispherical oven; how a hollow tube projects from the lower part of this oven; how this tube thrusts itself into an opening beneath the fireplace of the range; how, by the heat in the interior of the oven, a current of air is sucked through the tube; how this current sets in rotation a van wheel; and how this wheel twirls round the hooks to which the joint of meat is suspended. Let not material philosophers think that they alone understand the production of a current of wind by rarefaction due to the action of heat; here we have it all, in this roasting-jack. And see, in another instance, how Mr. Remington brings the theory of reflected heat to throw dignity upon his roasting-jack. Look at the concave metallic reflectors above and below, reflecting the otherwise wasted heat upon the savoury joint; look at the cunning little hole in the middle of the lower reflector, to let the rich essence drop from the meat into a little cup below; and look at the similar hole in the upper reflector through which the essence may be poured down to baste the meat. They use a concave

metallic speculum, with a hole in the middle for the reflecting telescopes; and so they do for these roasting-jacks; therefore, &c. &c.

The bachelor's kettle is a crafty means for inducing a man to remain a bachelor, by making his life as easy as a glove. See what he can obtain for three shillings. He asks his landlady, or Polly the housemaid, to purchase one penny-worth of patent firewood; which firewood consists of a sort of wheel or a sort of gridiron mysteriously formed of small pieces of wood, resined to make them more captious and peppery. One of these structures he places in a little stove or grate; he kindles it; he places the stove on the hob to give the smoke and the chimney a chance of becoming acquainted; he surmounts the pile by a flat tea-kettle containing water; and by the time the farthing wheel or gridiron has burnt itself out, there is boiling water enough to make moderate coffee for a moderate man. And if he will consume two patent firewoods instead of one, and has a little flat pan adapted to his apparatus, he can manage to dish up a steak or chop while the coffee is brewing. Bachelorship apart; there is really something in this power of making a cup of coffee for one's self, *say before starting by the six o'clock train on a winter's morning, and before fires are lighted or housewives stirring.*

A coffee-pot is not a coffee-pot now: it is a mechanical pneumatic-hydrostatic piece of apparatus. Let us not for one instant imagine that making a pot of coffee is a trifling affair, beneath the dignity of scientific cookery. Ask the inventor to explain the action of his coffee-pot. "Sir," (he will thus discourse) "there are here different vessels or receptacles, which come successively into use. This glass vase, at the top, is furnished with a long narrow tube descending nearly to the bottom of this metallic urn. We put boiling water into the vase; it descends through the tube into the urn. We put the ground coffee upon a small perforated silver plate within the urn. We apply a spirit lamp beneath, and—" "Oh, I see; the water boils up through the tube to the coffee." "Pardon me, Sir, it does not boil up; it is driven up. Steam, formed on the surface of the boiling water in the urn, forces by its elasticity the water up the tube into the glass vase, where it acts properly upon the ground coffee. We then remove the lamp; the formation of steam ceases; a partial vacuum is formed in the urn; and the external air, pressing on the liquid in the open vase, forces it first through the coffee-grounds, and then through the perforated silver-plate, into the urn below." "Oh, indeed!" "Yes, in a cheaper apparatus we boil on an open fire; but the urn with the spirit-lamp is a much better contrivance. The apparatus is elegant in design, it is very simple in use, it is free from disagreeable odour, it enables you to make your coffee on your breakfast table, it boils the coffee

sufficiently to extract the essence, and yet leaves the aroma untouched by too fierce a heat, and it filters so rapidly as to lose neither heat nor flavour."

A crown of laurels for the maker of the Wolverhampton coffee-pot is the least that can be awarded. Talk not of the forcing-pump being merely a hydraulic apparatus: it is a cooking apparatus also. See how the forcing-pump here makes coffee. The pump, of necessity very small in dimensions, is fixed to the coffee-pot near the handle; the boiling water is poured into the pump, the ground coffee is put into a perforated vessel in the middle of the coffee-pot, and the water is forced through the infinitesimal coffee into the receptacle beneath.

Some persons try to cook by the aid of boiling water; or they try to enable other persons to try to cook by such means. An inner vessel is placed within an outer one; the space between them is filled with water; and this water, being heated to the boiling point, similarly heats the space within the inner vessel. But there is one permanent and effective limit to the use of such a system; water will not rise to a higher temperature than two hundred and twelve degrees of Fahrenheit, unless enclosed in formidable iron casings unsuitable for kitchen arrangements; and this temperature, though suitable for boiling and some other processes, will not suffice for roasting or baking. We can imagine, however, that a cook would often be thankful for the means of ensuring a temperature limited exactly to this amount.

Cooking by steam is something of a puzzler. It is a great thing for a school-boy to mount up to the knowledge that a pound of feathers weighs as much as a pound of lead; and it requires an analogous degree of sagacity to perceive that a pound of steam is as heavy as a pound of hot water. But when we have attained that height, we are still at a loss concerning the advantage or economy of steam cookery. The truth is, however, that notwithstanding this equality in weight, a pound of steam contains very much more heat than a pound of the hottest of all possible hot water; the makers of steam-engines know this, and they laugh at all other caloric engines; and the makers of cooking-engines know this, and have sought to cook by steam. Somehow or other, it must nevertheless be owned, these steam-cookery affairs have scarcely held their ground; we seldom hear of their having attained a practical degree of efficiency; a vessel may be enveloped in hot steam, and may thereby be rendered equally hot; but steam, like boiling water, cannot be readily raised to so high a temperature as to be available for many of the more important operations of cooking. Steaming potatoes over a vessel containing boiling water is another affair; this is really a sensible project, for it is making good use of heat which else would be dissipated. As to the relative

advantages of applying boiling water and steam to the food itself, we offer no opinion: it does not belong to our present pot-and-kettle philosophy.

Who can enumerate all the varieties in the arrangement of gas-cookery apparatus? Here is an arrangement with a fire-place of gas-jets in the centre, and pots and kettles crow around it to cook a dinner for fifty guests. Here is another, of which the inventor claims for it a power of cooking for a hundred guests at once. Here is a maker, who has a gas-cooking range, with roaster, oven, copper boiler, and stewing-plate, "capable for a dinner of sixty persons;" an apparatus for stewing by jets of gas mixed with atmospheric air; a gas grilliron for broiling chops and steaks; and a gas apparatus for toasting bread. A "pocket-stove" is a conundrum not easily solved; but if by pocket be meant portable, there is a nice little affair entitled the "pocket stove for cooking by gas;" this gas seems to be generated in some way from heated spirits, and in so far the stove is a humble relation to the "magic" affair of M. Soyer. The *chef de cuisine*, just named, was once employed in cooking a monstrously-large piece of meat, to assist some jolly farmers in mourning over the effects of free trade, at an agricultural dinner in Devonshire; he employed gas; and it is asserted that by an expenditure of five shillings in this aerial fuel, and five hours of time, he cooked a baronial joint of beef weighing five hundred and sixty-five pounds. Another inventor presents us with a hand-bill, in which is a picture of a gas stove as beautiful as a cabinet, and not much unlike it in shape; he tells us that by this apparatus a joint weighing twenty-five pounds may be roasted for less than one penny; that it requires no servant and no bustling; and that we may have the pleasure of seeing joints of meat under process of roasting daily at his premises. The efficiency or non-efficiency of gas-cooking is among the controversies of the day. We know an establishment in the west of London, consisting of a large number of persons, who make a very observable impression on several large joints of meat every day. Until a year ago or so, there was a fine old range in the kitchen, and a fine fat old cook to attend to it; and the beef and mutton were done "to a turn;" but the expenditure of coal was awful; and the owners, willing to march with the age, spent about one hundred guineas in fitting up a gas-cooking apparatus. Twelve months sufficed to ruin the reputation of the new-comer; cook was dissatisfied with it, because it disturbed all her old ideas about cookery; and the diners were dissatisfied with it, because they said all the food seemed sodden, and neither baked, nor roasted, nor boiled properly; and the owners were dissatisfied because the others were dissatisfied. The gas-apparatus has been removed, and the kitchen-range restored. We offer no judg-

ment on this, simply because we do not know who were to blame—the people or the apparatus; but it is only fair to state the matter, in juxtaposition with the Devonshire farmers' great piece of beef.

Whether the renowned Alexis Soyer has not gone somewhat beyond the range of ordinary mortals in his magic stove is a knotty question. Certainly this copper-bright piece of apparatus as far excels the bachelor's kettle in price, as the great Alexis excels Martha Muggins in cook-like science. But it is really a very cleverly planned stove—something chemical and flamboyant about it. Let us bear in mind that there are two lamps, and two reservoirs containing spirit or naphtha. Let us then suppose that one lamp is lighted; that the heat from this lamp-flame warms the second reservoir; that the spirit in this reservoir gradually rises to such a temperature as will enable it to give off spirit-vapour; that this vapour pours out through a tube as a continuous stream, and impinges upon the flame of a second lamp; that this flame, rendered much more intense by such spirituous feeding, very speedily heats a copper pan or kettle; and that such pan or kettle contains the liquids or solids which are to be cooked—if we can picture all this, then we can picture the magic stove. It is a stove which blows its own bellows, the wind of the bellows being composed of spirit vapour. This is the stove which will inevitably "supersede every contrivance which ingenuity has hitherto devised for the rapid preparation of a comfortable meal;" which will entail "a cost of only three-farthings to dress a cutlet;" which will enable you to "cook as comfortably with it in the middle of a stiff nor-wester as if the sweet south were wooing your cheek in June;" which affords the means to "dress a mutton-chop by it in six minutes." All this has been said concerning it in print, and therefore of course must be true. A compact little affair it is, too; for the Maestro has so planned some forms of the apparatus, that a stove, lamps, stewpan, frying-pan, saucepans, plates, dishes, tea-kettle, and coffee-pot—sufficient mechanism to prepare a dinner for half a dozen persons—can be packed within the space of a cubic foot.

There are several small cooking vessels in which the heat is produced by some kind of spirit, such as alcohol or naphtha; but generally speaking they are more costly than apparatus in which solid fuel is employed. There are also forms of stove in which artificial fuel is burned, and which make a very desperate effort to consume their own smoke; but somehow they fail in their attempt, and it has not yet been found prudent to allow a stove to be without a chimney or flue of some kind or other.

Pot-and-kettle philosophy extends beyond

the stoves and vessels themselves; it applies also to the kitchens in which the culinary operations are conducted. Some of the modern kitchens are chemical laboratories—nothing less; all the apparatus is adjusted and laid out and fitted as Professor Faraday would adjust his retorts, stills, receivers, alembics, and so forth. Great was the wonder when, a dozen years ago or so, the kitchen of the Reform Club House became displayed before the eyes of gastronomists. In this marvel of a kitchen very little window is to be seen; wall-space is too valuable, and sky-lights mainly fulfil the duty of windows. Two formidable long stoves form the nuclei of the apparatus; they have much brick in their construction, to economise heat; and they have whole regiments of round openings at the top to accommodate saucepans and stewpans, and all other pans. Most of the cookery is effected by the heat of charcoal, to obtain a strong fire without flame or smoke, while, by a clever arrangement of flues, the deleterious carbonic acid gas generated by the combustion of the charcoal is safely carried away. As the skin of a cook's face is as valuable as the skin of any other man's face, and as this skin is liable to be scorched and converted into a kind of crackling by exposure to too much heat, there is a clever arrangement of tin screens, so armed and jointed that they can be brought before any open fires in the twinkling of an eye, and as these screens are brightly polished on the back, they reflect much of the heat which falls upon them, and thereby render this heat available in the cookery. Then there are two huge roasting stoves or grates—not unprofitably deep from front to back, as most of our kitchen stoves are, but having a great height with a depth of only four or five inches, thereby bringing all the heat to the front, where it is alone wanted; and the bars, instead of being horizontal, are vertical; hinged, moreover, to facilitate the cleansing of the interior. The joints which revolve on their several spits in front of these fires! How nicely the distance is regulated, according to the size and delicacy of the joint! The kitchen-table is itself a stroke of genius, with its scooped out hollows in which the cooler may stand; its sponges and water to keep all clean, its army of little boxes and vessels to contain salt, pepper, and so forth, and its steam-heated iron receptacle for hot plates. The scullery with its large steam boiler; the larder with its indescribably neat contrivances for keeping meat sweet and cool; the tube by which a clerk in the upper regions communicates orders to the king of the kitchen below; and the lifting apparatus whereby the savory viands are made to ascend to the dining-room—all are subsidiary to this mighty kitchen.

"Familiar in their Mouths as *HOUSEHOLD WORDS*,"—*SHAKESPEARE*.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. VIII

McELRATH & BARKER, PUBLISHERS.
Office No. 17 SEVENTH STREET, NEW YORK.

Whole No. 194.

NEAR CHRISTMAS.

ALL the year long we have been travelling towards Christmas; I, and my old wife, our children, and our grandchildren; not all by the same road, not all with the same expectations, but all looking out alike for the first glimpse of its smoke rising above the wintry landscape of the year. Now we can see how near it is by the grey towers of its minster, towards which our faces have been set for days; we almost fancy that we hear the chiming of its famous bells—all Christmas towns are famous for their bells—and we know that we shall soon be at our inn. If life be a journey, and each year a stage upon the road, I do not know where else a sensible man would stop for the recruiting of his strength than in the fine old Christmas towns. There, if anywhere, men are to be found living together merrily; the inns are warm, the cheer is good, the amusements are of the heartiest, and the society is of the best. I have been through many a Christmas town—for I have travelled far—and I have rested thoroughly in each. I never found two of them alike; of late they have been much greyer and quieter than they used formerly to be; indeed, I could tell wonderful things, if I dared, of the great Christmas cities far away, that I passed through when I was a boy. Nobody, however, would believe how full they were of lights and bells, how they were inhabited by merry conjurors, had beautiful things hung out of all the windows, and were carpeted with snow that became sugar when eaten. I do not think that I have been less happy in the quiet towns at which I have of late years rested. Let me confess so much. As for those about me who declare them to be not quiet, by any means, but perfectly uproarious with jollity, I do not interfere with their opinions; children so easily deceive themselves, it is enough for me that I am old enough to see things as they are. If my curly-headed grandson, Master Wattie, could but have seen one particular great city that I have passed through in my time—a city sixty stages distant from us now—he would not have thought last year's Christmas town so wonderfully brilliant. So I told him.

"Very likely, grandfather," he said, pointing to the old minster before us; which, as I

could already perceive, was in a shockingly neglected state—covered with ivy, a sure sign that the inhabitants about it are a quiet race, and I am glad of it, for I like quiet—"very likely," he said; "that is the town for me. I know what it will be, O don't I!"

"Nice and quiet, certainly."

"Quiet! Whoop!" and he stood up in the carriage, trying—the spoiled boy—to urge on the horses, though he knows that they are steady roadsters, never varying their pace for anybody. "Quiet! Why, I can already hear the bells clashing as if they were mad with fun—and so can grandmother." He was safe in that appeal, because my dear old woman, if she is not younger than I am, will not consent to be as old, and owns to no defect of sight or hearing. "Grandmother hears them," cried the boy, "and if she can't see the illumination, I can."

"But it is bright noon, my boy."

"Noon and illumination too. The lamps are as bright as if the sky were pitch dark, and the sun blazes as if it had an ox to roast, though it don't blaze any heat but only merriment. I know what the town will be! I've dreamt of it ten nights running. It will beat the magic city that you've often told us of." My old woman having faith in children's dreams, asked for some information. "Well," he said, "do you see that stile under a holly bush?—that where the path ends that leads from Athény Hall where brother Tom is at school? And just as we get there he'll jump over the stile with a great cricket bat in his hand and go into the town with us; and when he jumps over the stile he'll knock down the top bar and bring it with him and we shall eat it, he and I, for it is nothing but a gingerbread affair. I tell you what, too, I shall eat all the holly that I see, for it's pure sugar."—"My dear boy," said his grandmother, "surely it will give you a sore throat, if you eat all the holly."—"O," he said, "I know all about that. It's like snap-dragon, may hurt a bit, but it's all eatable. There's great pond of snap-dragon just outside that town on the green where the turkeys are. But wait a bit, we haven't got there yet. After Tom comes we shall soon drive into a magnificent grove of trees with bright green waxlights instead of leaves, and bats and skates and balls and

crossbows, breastplates, swords, pistols, cakes and oranges in bags, theatres, shuttlecocks and trumpets hanging from the branches; whatever I whistle at will tumble down into my hands, and there will be flocks of kites wheeling about in the air like crows, with their strings hanging down so that any one may catch them. That grove leads to the town, which is walled round with plum pudding and has no gates; every one makes a breach through with his teeth, and enters at it. As soon as we get in all the bells will ring, and all the chimneys will pour out volumes of smoke like silver to look at, beautifully scented; and the silver smoke will run together into silver bells that shall be tinkling up above us everywhere, and sound as if they were singing Christmas carols. Almost everybody will be indoors, and every house will be full of coloured windows, beautifully lighted; and we shall see all the walls shake with the laughing and dancing that goes on inside. Then we shall meet a big man in a pea coat with silver bells dancing about his head like gnats, and with one side of his hat and coat pasted with sugar; he will laugh and take me up upon his shoulder and be my horse, for that's papa. And then a little girl will run from round a corner to us and tumble over a great stone of sugar candy into a puddle of custard, and get up laughing and put custardy arms round my neck; that will be sister Lou. Then there will come down the High Street a procession of all our uncles, aunts, and little cousins prancing on hobby-horses; and there will be a great deal of fun with them, and I shall get up behind Uncle Stephen and pick tops, and string, and nails, and little bradawls and parliament cake out of his pocket as we are all taken in procession to the principal inn. There we shall go into a room with walls of holly and a roof of mistletoe, and a great steam of roast beef in the air. We shall stay a whole week in the town, and nobody will be cross, and there will be blindman's buff played all day long in the streets, and the pond on the green will be ablaze, and that's where I shall go and dance with Lou every day after dinner, for we both of us like snap-dragon."

"You are a wild little boy," I said, "and those are childish dreams that you have had."

"Indeed," said my old woman, "quite ridiculous; but certainly these Christmas towns are very wonderful."

"Of course they are," said the boy, "and beautiful."

"Yes, always beautiful—to you with home faces, frolic, and good cheer—in other ways to others—in some way to all," exclaimed the old lady. "It was at a Christmas town, a long way back, that grandfather first came and kissed me."

"Of course," said Walter, "under the mistletoe, I know. That's where I kiss sister Lou."

"And the year before that happened," said the old woman, "I walked into a Christmas city at the end of a long stage, very tired, and quite alone. A very strange thing."

"Tell us all about it, grandmother," shouted the boy.

"That was the saddest town of the kind I had seen; though, to be sure, I had not seen so many as twenty."

"Oh! but you know," said Master Walter, "that was a good deal. I only properly remember six. Come now! I'm not so very young."

"Well, venerable child, I thought that city a dreary one; there was a fog about it; nobody came near me whom I knew, and I was afraid at first to go in alone to any of the inns. I could just see the light from the great cathedral window shining through the mist, as I went by, and I heard a Christmas anthem being played upon the organ. So I went and sat down in the church."

"I know," cried the boy, triumphantly.

"You went to sleep. I should myself."

"I listened to the music, and joined in the prayers; but when they were over, and I looked up, waiting for the sermon, I was blinded by the light, and turning aside, also because I felt that somebody's hand was upon mine, I saw that it was my mother who was touching me, and that she and my father sat by me just as they had done in the old pew at home, with a little brother on the other side asleep, just as he used to go to sleep, with his head always against my arm. I had thought them all dead; but there they were, just as they used to be, simply their own dear selves, not looking at all like ghosts or angels, only happy. There were many faces of old friends, too, in the church, and everything I saw made me feel happier and happier. We went out of church together, my father and mother walking just before me, and little Harry trotting by my side, holding my hand, not as if we had all suddenly met, but as if we had gone to church in company, and were quietly returning to our Christmas dinner. And we really did go home. How it came to be in that town I cannot tell; but back down that High-street, Christmas Town, we went, to the old cottage in Devonshire, and talked there as we used to talk, but with less laughter and more happiness. After dinner Harry fetched in somebody out of the cold; that was your grandfather, and my father and mother looked at him; and my father said, 'He is a good man, Kitty,' and my mother came and kissed me on the lips. I had not seen grandfather a dozen times before. Then I lay down my head upon the table and cried for joy; and when I looked up I was in a very dull and dusty room, with only a little bread and cold meat by my side, but I still felt very happy. In the next Christmas town I reached, I

dined with friends, and at the very same time after dinner that my father had said he was a good man and my mother had kissed me, I happening to be on the stairs, grandfather came and kissed me without any misletoe and spoke to me, and asked whether I would marry him. Upon the stairs! I was obliged to answer quickly, and said at once to him, "Yes; because you are a good man, Stephen."

"Well," said Walter, "that's a tolerable story. I should have liked your father and mother better, granny, if they had been ghosts. But there are the old Christmas towers coming closer and closer. If my dream isn't to come true I wonder what we really shall find under their shadow."

"At least," I said, "an inn of rest, and the society of fellow-travellers. "Besides plenty of fun," said Walter; "and I see Tom at the stile, waiting to go in with us. That's the beginning of my dream. We shall soon get under the Christmas trees and hear the chiming."

MR. WISEMAN IN PRINT.

MR. WISEMAN is one of those inestimable personages who have a "view." As the world cannot go on, nor society be governed, but by means of somebody's "views," surely such men as Mr. Wiseman are the world's benefactors—furnishing views without fee or reward—asking nothing, in short, but appreciation. Mr. Wiseman, however, has found the world ungrateful. It gives him no appreciation: neither is it possible that it should; for it has thus far given him no hearing. Mr. Wiseman thinks he can prove to demonstration that, if only society could be taught to attend to this "view" of his for one single hour, all minds must necessarily embrace it, and the total regeneration of society would follow of course. Mr. Wiseman modestly declines to say how soon this would occur—how long precisely it would take to annihilate the very last and most tenacious of social evils; but, a few months more or less are of no great consequence in comparison with the centuries of human woe that lie behind us; and he, for one, will have patience with some slight postponements of social perfection when once his view is universally admitted.

He thought himself fairly on the way to success when, twenty-five years ago, a letter explanatory of his "view," and signed with his name at full length, appeared in a local newspaper in Cornwall; but the world was not so struck with it as he expected, and it took no effect. This he ascribed at the time to the very small print in which the letter appeared, and to the editor not having in any way directed particular attention to it.

He was sure the Americans would be less torpid, and he made sail for New York, to see what could be done there. He found, indeed, that the Americans were anything but torpid;

but there were two difficulties which destroyed his hopes in that hemisphere—most of the Americans were too busy to sit down quietly for the one hour which was necessary for making disciples of them; and again, the few who were willing to undertake the regeneration of society had, every one of them (it is a curious circumstance, but so it was), a "view" of his own, and of course each man's view was wholly incompatible with every other. Nearer home Mr. Wiseman's disappointments were no less signal. In Italy, he found there was no press or free speech. In Spain, nobody had any social ideas at all. In Germany, there seemed a flattering prospect of success; but his disciples rose into such ecstasies of delight at their own prodigious amplifications of his view, that he trembled lest his solid scheme should go off in vapour, and disperse in thin air; which it presently did. In Holland his failure was clearly owing to his inability to express himself fluently in Dutch; for he could, on his side, make nothing of the objections proposed by solid friends at Amsterdam. He ventured into Russia, conceiving that, whenever Russia should become mistress of Europe his view would pervade Europe, if only he could get it established in Russia first; but after the very first opening of his mouth to empty his heart, he was glad to take a certain little hint from a certain official personage, and to quit European Russia by the western frontier instead of the north-eastern. France was the great land of promise after America, and he went to Paris. He had nearly concluded a negotiation (I may be excused from saying of what nature, for the sake of certain citizens who might be endangered by further disclosure), when the *coup d'état* occurred; bringing forward very prominently another social view, not entirely reconcileable with Mr. Wiseman's. He decided that on the whole, it would be best to give another chance to dear Old England—a chance of distinguishing herself by taking the first great step in the regeneration of the destiny of mankind; and he honoured her shores by setting foot on them (at Folkstone) on the tenth of February, eighteen hundred and fifty-one.

I shall be silent on what has occurred since, up to this very week. Posterity will know, Mr. Wiseman says, by a fitting record, the labours, sacrifices, and sufferings through which its benefactor has passed in its service; and to posterity I will leave his eulogium, for which I am sure he will show abundant cause. I proceed at once to the eventful Monday evening which disclosed to the great man's vigilant eye a bright and glorious prospect. He told me in my ear, as we came away together from that evening party, that Monday would henceforth be the day of the week to him.

Mr. Wiseman was standing in his usual dignified isolation—now lost in reverie, and

now contemplating the surrounding countenances in the speculative mood of propaganda—when he was impressed and deeply moved by the aspect of one head in the crowd in which he discerned tokens of all the qualities that do honour to human nature : and his emotion was increased when he was informed that this was the very head which edited a morning newspaper. To obtain an introduction was the work of a moment ; and it was necessary that we should be quick, as the hour had arrived for the editor to vanish to his duties. I shall ever bear testimony, happen what may, to the good nature of that gentleman's countenance and voice, and to the suavity of his manner. When he heard that Mr. Wiseman was a gentleman who had a "view," he did not change countenance ; and when informed that Mr. Wiseman's wish was to communicate that view, he at once invited that gentleman to send him a leader or two ; which, if consonant with the principles of his paper, might be of public benefit. I discovered, when too late, that the editor had mistaken Mr. Wiseman's name ; calling him by one which, though much less deserving of celebrity, was better known in editorial circles. The mistake, however, was no fault of Mr. Wiseman's. What it behoved him to do he did. He instantly returned home, had his lamp replenished, and spent the night in preparing that lucubration which he felt to be the most important emanation of his life.

As I was posting the packet in the morning, having left Mr. Wiseman to enjoy a few hours of sleep, brightened by dreams of hope, it struck me that it would be highly agreeable to him to see his "leader" in process of preparation for the public eye ; and by diligence and some importunity, I obtained from an acquaintance a promise that he would accompany me at night to the office of the paper in question, that I might see that important institution in full operation. So, Mr. Wiseman and I presented ourselves at the office-door at ten o'clock that evening.

When we entered the editor's room our eager glances descried the very manuscript on the editor's own desk, close by his elbow. We had before agreed that, in the pressure of such critical business, it was no time to engage the editor in the discussion of any view, even Mr. Wiseman's. We had agreed to preserve a respectful silence ; and to do that now was easy, for the article was not only there, but the editor's *imprimatur* was discernable in the corner. I saw the thrill which pervaded Mr. Wiseman's frame as these initials met his view. From that moment his cares were at rest, and mine for him ; and we could devote ourselves to the spectacle before us with free minds, at full leisure for observation, and in that happy mood which is the natural result of success after long protracted effort.

As the editor did not refer to the "leader,"

we did not. He courteously pointed out to us the peculiarities of his position, among documents gathered, as it were, from all parts of the world. At his right were several piles of manuscript : and he was in the act of reading one when we entered. At his left was a great heap of unopened letters, showing a vast diversity of post-marks. There were letters aspiring to publication ; sheets full of tabular statements, which had to be sent elsewhere for arrangement and condensation ; reports of markets and of companies, opera tickets, and much besides. Next to these lay a pile of proof-sheets—leaders kept waiting for a suitable opportunity, like shotted guns, to be discharged when there was a mark to be hit. I had a momentary apprehension that Mr. Wiseman's might be thus delayed ; but I need not have feared. There were four mouth-pieces at the editor's right hand, belonging to tubes which communicated with different parts of the establishment. One, we were told, was carried under the floor of the room we stood in, and down to the ground and out into the street, and up the outside of the printing-office wall, into the room where the types are composed. Through this tube the editor uttered his order that Mr. Wiseman's article should be printed as soon as possible : and immediately a boy appeared, and the file that was handed to him was that which contained Mr. Wiseman's leader. It was a proud moment for Mr. Wiseman. Having glanced at the row of new books waiting on the editor's desk to be reviewed, and all shining in green, red, blue and gilding ; and having noted that there were among them some French, some Italian, several American, and a few German works, we took our leave of the editor. Another gentleman engaged at another desk in the same apartment, had the courtesy to accompany us into the next room, and to give us some interesting information. He told us of the arrangements for having some one always on the spot, to receive telegraphic messages, and all kinds of sudden communications. A gentleman sleeps there, who is roused at five in the morning, to receive early dispatches—there being just time to insert any remarkable news before the final printing off for the morning mails. If there is anything worthy of insertion, he must rise and prepare it for press ; if not, he may turn round and have another sleep. I own I should not much like to have such an act of judgment to go through on first waking as to decide whether any rumour of war or political change be wild or substantial, silly or serious—the credit of the paper and one's own continuance in office hanging on the wisdom of the conclusion. Such is the functionary's duty, however. In the after part of the day, his business is to select and arrange the matter for the evening issue of the same paper under another name.

In the next room, which is well lighted

and ventilated, we found two gentlemen comfortably established at a table under a lamp; another table containing a pleasant-looking tea-service. One was writing a notice of a concert—musical criticism being his department. The other was busy compiling and abridging law reports; and in the next apartment was an editor surrounded by provincial newspapers, from which he was compiling country news. No great deal is gathered in this way, as everything of importance, or worthy of any particular notice at all, is specially sent to the office from the different towns whence the local journals are sent.

Leaving these gentlemen to their quiet labours, we mounted a long flight of stairs leading to that very interesting apartment, the reporters' room. It was quiet enough, compared with what it is during the parliamentary session. Then, there is a perpetual rush during any important night of debate. Cabs are dashing backward and forward between the House and the office, the whole night. The first reporter, who has plenty of time before him, sits for three-quarters of an hour taking notes. These notes occupy three or four hours to write out; the next in succession sit half an hour; and the later ones twenty minutes—they having less time for writing out the speeches. Each must be punctually on the spot to relieve his predecessor, and must afford precise notice to him who is to follow. Arrived in the room, they sit at the desks which extend round three sides of the apartment, and begin to copy from their short-hand on slips of paper, each of which is headed by the writer's name, and numbered, thus, for instance:—"Smith follows Jones. 1." The next slip is headed "Smith, 2;" the next, "Smith, 3," and so on. At the foot of the last is written the name of the reporter who is to follow: as, for instance, "Brown;" and he heads his first slip with "Brown follows Smith. 1." The wonder is what is done with the speeches which are delivered last in a long debate. If the paper has to be printed to be dispatched by the morning trains before five o'clock, what can be done with the speeches that are not concluded at three or four?—a thing which happens pretty often. They are, to say the truth, most marvellously condensed—those latest speeches. For a master in the art of condensation, commend me to a newspaper reporter at four in the morning. What a scene that room must be at such an hour, with its hot atmosphere where the gas has been burning all night, and the haggard faces, and the scrawled papers! As we saw it, it was pleasant enough—airy and spacious, with only two reporters at work—one returned from a great dinner and now copying out the speeches; the other from a public meeting he had been attending in the country, whence he had just arrived by the express train.

In another room were persons employed in matters of various detail; one putting the numbers to the share list of the day, another arranging the law notices for the next day, and a third dealing with "flimsy." Flimsy is the thin paper used in the manifold writer, and employed by penny-a-liners, who communicate their facts to various papers, and save labour and time by writing all their copies at once.

By this time we began to be rather awestruck with the sense of the quantity of wit, energy, and toil on the part of many, to supply the matter of one day's newspaper. We had seen many gentlemen, and heard of many more, diligently busy in intellectual labour, which we knew to be continued for six nights per week throughout the year, with the exception of the short autumn holiday allowed to each. We knew that every night, except Saturday, they were to be found here thus employed till very late into the night, and the editors until from three to four in the morning: and we were deeply impressed.

To us the aspect of the composing-room was even more striking; for we could trace the progress of Mr. Wiseman's leader. Here we met it, cut up into no less than thirteen pieces, and distributed among as many compositors. Bringing their little contributions of type to the "galley," or long tray in which it was collected, they joined their respective morsels together, numbering each with chalk on the margin as it was deposited. Mr. Wiseman was evidently congratulating them in his mind on the honour of having a hand in publishing his great "view." There were above half-a-hundred compositors; and the only cause of concern was that so few could share that honour. One was composing the list of births, marriages, and deaths; another a report of a trial, and so on: but our attention was engrossed by the larger type in which leaders are printed. When the whole of Mr. Wiseman's precious document was set, two or three slips were "pulled off;" one for the "reader," of course, and one, at my respectful request, for Mr. Wiseman, who buckled it into his pocket-book with a countenance expressive of intense satisfaction. He had now seen his leader in print, and was happy. He was at liberty to admire the ingenuity of one of the compositors, to whom belongs the honour and glory of having achieved the perfect ventilation of the composing-room, when many doctors in the art had failed. With fifty or sixty men in it, and gaslights in profusion, the air was fresh and cool as need be; and the healthful and cheerful appearance of the compositors was very striking. Nearly all of them have been employed many years at this office; and there was nothing in their aspect to occasion a doubt of their remaining for as many years longer.

Next, we visited the "readers"—three pairs in as many rooms: one of each pair

reading aloud from the manuscript, while the other corrected the press. I had seen a boy carefully collect the pieces of Mr. Wiseman's manuscript in the composing-room, and put them into a basket hung in a corner. We now found them again in the hands of a reader. I saw that the monotonous loud tone of the reader jarred somewhat upon the nerves of Mr. Wiseman, who would doubtless have enjoyed a style of elocution susceptible of more emphasis, sympathy, and perhaps pathos: but he could now afford to let this pass, and even to make allowances on account of this kind of work being certainly as onerous as any that was going forward on the premises. Not only is the work far from being merely mechanical; but, as the hero of the night observed, much of it must be frivolous, and in every way uninteresting; as, for instance, the report of a cause about a patent, upon which the second pair of readers were engaged.

One remarkable apartment remained to be visited—a large room, in which the advertisements are ranged in type; those which are ordered for insertion so many times a week for a year, being deposited in long lines across the whole width of the room. One advertiser, we were told, pays to this office alone eight shillings and sixpence a day for every week-day of the year. Here we saw the standing title of the paper engraved on brass; and this was, as far as I remember, the last peculiarity of the establishment. We looked into the boiler-room under the engine, and saw the engine and printing presses; but there was nothing very peculiar about them, and they were not at work. The first batch of newspapers must be ready, as I said, for the morning trains, at a quarter before five; and another for the mails at seven, after an interval which permits the insertion of any fresh news. The types then stand till the afternoon; the evening version of the paper being printed off at three, and the whole type broken up at five.

When we were about to leave the establishment, and were once more admiring the fresh and cheerful appearance of the corps, it suddenly occurred to us, that though we now, at midnight, too sensibly felt that the end of our day was come, that of the compositors was only half over. They did not rise till four in the afternoon. When their work was done, those who live in the suburbs (which some of them do) would not reach home till eight, when they would go straight to bed for seven or eight hours' sleep; thus hardly ever seeing daylight in midwinter. Mr. Wiseman's great work had been done the night before. He knew something about vigils for the benefit of mankind; and now, he might go home, and taste of the sleep of the successful benefactor of mankind.

So we believed; and such sleep he enjoyed; and I am glad he did, as it enabled him to

better to sustain the shock of the next morning. I was with him when the newspaper was brought in, and I caught his smile of triumph when his first glance assured him that his leader was there. But the second glance! To my latest day, I shall never lose the impression of that moment. Mr. Wiseman's statement of some social evils was preserved; that is, in a manner, with some omissions and changes of phrase: but the main part—all that contained Mr. Wiseman's "view"—was cut out! Not one syllable was left that could convey the slightest idea of the real object of the article. In fact the remnant—for it was a mere remnant—occupied little more than half a column!

As soon as I had satisfied myself that Mr. Wiseman could sustain the shock, and might be left alone with his heroism, I snatched my hat and repaired to the editor's residence. He was not up; and his wife was evidently annoyed at the vehemence of my knock and pull at the bell. There was no use in waiting, as he would not rise for two or three hours. Late in the afternoon, I caught him at one of the clubs. His explanation was given with all courtesy; but it was inexpressibly vexatious. I have already mentioned a mistake in the name, when his introduction to Mr. Wiseman took place. It appears, that supposing the leader to be written by the gentleman for whom he had mistaken Mr. Wiseman in the first instance, he had sent it to the composing room before reading it. The "view" was one which, he said, could not be reconciled with the principles of his journal: yet he had virtually promised its admission. There was therefore but one thing for him to do; to use the part which was, as he expressed it, "harmless," and to omit the rest. One thing more he did. He referred me to the cashier of the journal for a cheque to the amount usually paid for a leader; and with this I returned to my friend.

I found him deriving, as usual, consolation from his own indomitable energies. He was stooping over some maps, exploring the route to the Great Salt Lake. He is so persuaded that, of all existing societies, the Mormons are the most likely to appreciate his "view," that he has nearly made up his mind to go among them and ascertain the real amount of their intelligence. The only doubt indeed is (as he assured me, after contemptuously flinging the cheque into the fire) whether to make trial first of the Mormons, or of the new Chinese Christians. The reformation now going forward in China appears to afford a fine opening. My advice on the whole however is—as Mr. Wiseman does me the honour to desire my opinion—to begin with the Mormons. In case of failure there—which is however not rationally to be anticipated—the route to China by California will be practicable enough; and in California itself, perhaps. But I am apt to preach against the indulgence of a too sanguine

disposition; and I will not—nor shall Mr. Wiseman if I can help it—look beyond the Great Salt Lake till we are on its shores.

PROTEGES OF THE CZAR.

THE world is sometimes astonished at the number of books produced for its instruction and amusement. It would be much more astonished, if it knew of the vast number more that are hanging perpetually over its head, in the state of project or of manuscript, waiting only for encouragement or opportunity to come forth. Every political event produces or brings to light a whole body of literature. We have just laid hands on a formidable manuscript—the result of great research and personal experience on the history, geography, and manners of the present seat of war, Bulgaria—which adds considerably to the current information on that part of the world.

We have already described the country that lies between Routhuk and Schumla, and mentioned the ordinary calculations made as to the population of the country. Our present authority considerably reduces the number of the inhabitants of Bulgaria Proper, making them to be no more than two millions; but adds, that the Bulgarian family has pushed vast colonies into Thessaly, Macedonia, and Epirus; which accounts for the common statement—which still seems exaggerated—that they number four millions and a half. About one-third of the population of Bulgaria professes Islamism. The Turks are generally collected in cities and villages occupying important positions; but the other Moslems are disseminated all through the country. They include a colony of Arabs taken prisoners in eighteen hundred and thirty-two, during the war between the Sultan Mahmoud and the Pacha of Egypt, who are settled in the districts of Babadag and Koustengi, and furnished with everything that was necessary to carry on the agricultural operations to which they had been accustomed. This little establishment has prospered well, and the traveller is pleased, as he proceeds along the valley of Dobritza, with the sight of a large village composed of houses nicely built, and called by the people of the neighbourhood *Ampekivi*, or the Village of the Arabs. On the banks of the Danube, towards Silistria, there is a very small colony of Tartar Cossacks, who occupy themselves almost exclusively in fishing; but it is a mistake to suppose, as many do, that the whole province of Dobritza is inhabited by these wild people. Over its plains and valleys wander, among others, three thousand shepherds, who have come from Transylvania attracted by the richness of the pasturages, and are known under the name of *Mokans*. They enjoy the right of feeding their flocks without interference, in virtue of a special convention entered into between Turkey and Austria,

The latter power protects them, on condition that they shall not only submit to the jurisdiction and surveillance of its consuls, but shall sell all the wool of their flocks to Austrian traders. Every individual, moreover, is obliged to pay annually to the consul a tax of four florins for his written permission to remain. This is a curious instance of the state of things which exists in various forms throughout Turkey; where there are a multitude of tribes and families enjoying a semi-independence, or forming, as it were, adjuncts to distant countries.

In the same district of Dobritza is found a small colony of Greek shepherds from Phocia, who came there formerly, like the *Mokans*, attracted by the excellence of the pasturages. For a long time this colony was diminished and renewed in a curious manner. Young boys used to beg their way across the whole of European Turkey; and, on arriving, took service with some relation who had already acquired a considerable flock. In three or four years they became possessed of a few sheep, bought with their savings, and then rapidly increased their fortunes; until, giving place to new arrivals, they could return home comparatively rich. Many, however, marry in the country, and those that were there when the Greek revolution broke out became subjects of the Porte and were never molested.

In the most populous and trading towns of Bulgaria, several thousands of Armenians have taken up their abode, but few Jews have thought it worth while to establish themselves in the country; and, most of those who are there, follow the trade of tinmen. A good many *Zigans* or Gypsies wander from village to village doing blacksmith's work. They have probably escaped from Wallachia, where their fellows are kept in the state of degrading bondage we have already described in a former article.

Two-thirds of the population of Bulgaria are, however, Christians belonging to the Greek Church. It is a singular mistake to count them as members of the Slavonic family. It is true that they speak a Slavonic dialect; but they are a tribe of Tartar origin who were converted to Christianity long after their arrival in the country they now occupy. It is not well known at what period the Tartar language went completely out of use, nor how it happened that a Slavonic dialect took its place. It is certain, however, that the conversion of the Bulgarians took place before the schism of Phocia, and that they separated from the Catholic Church at the same time with all the other Orientals.

We have already remarked that there are comparatively few well-peopled cities in the country. The Bulgarians prefer living in the little villages which are spread through the vast plains and valleys that descend, as it were, by a continual slope from the Balkan range to the Danube. They are a robust

and fine looking people; their manners are simple; and hospitality is one of their virtues. Amongst them the religious feeling is strongly developed, and sometimes allied to extreme superstition. In the villages, where no churches are found, the Bulgarian thinks he has fulfilled his religious duties on Sunday and on other solemn days of the year, if he burns before the images of the saints—amongst which must always be that of the Virgin and child—as many little tapers as there are members in his family. These tapers are made by the women from the yellow wax which they possess in abundance; for every house has its bee-hive. The images of the saints are suspended, as in Russia, in some conspicuous place within the house, so that they may be seen immediately by those who enter. A pious person always takes off his cap and makes the sign of the cross before saluting the master of the house. These simple practices are followed with so much good faith, that they have a great effect in softening the manners and character of the people; who, accordingly, in their relations both with one another and with strangers, are mild and inoffensive, and recall in no wise the warlike appearance and habits of their ancestors.

In the towns the Bulgarians have adopted the Greek or Servian costumes; but the peasants have a national dress. It consists of a pair of trowsers, somewhat European in aspect, without folds, and of a kind of waistcoat puckered about the waist by a red or white sash, over which is a round jacket without a collar; the whole made of a coarse whity-brown cloth, of home manufacture, called *soukno*. Those who want to appear a little more elegant wear a kind of jacket with sleeves slit up to the shoulder, and adorned with embroidery. When the rains of winter come on, the inhabitant of the plain has a good hooded cloak to put on, the mountaineers wear a capote made of sheepskin. Add to this, a close woollen cap, brown or black, round which a white handkerchief is sometimes wound so as to form, as it were, a half turban, and mittens made of thick leather, brown or variegated socks, and sandals (something in the form of a boat) fastened on the foot by thirty or forty thongs; and we have a complete idea of the kind of folks who may now be seen bringing provisions to the Turkish army, through the rains that are lashing the great steppes of Bulgaria.

The Bulgarian has long since lost the right of carrying arms, except when on a journey. On such occasions his appearance is more picturesque than ever; for he binds round his waist a huge leathern band with three lappets, in the holes of which he carries a pair of pistols and a long heavy dagger, ostentatiously exhibited in fine weather, but carefully covered when it rains by a kind of apron of leather thereunto provided. In general these

bands are black or brown, but some people indulge in the luxury of red morocco, and add embroideries of white silk or shells arranged in quaint figures.

In the neighbourhood of the city of Sophia, the traveller is surprised at meeting figures that remind him of the knights of the middle ages. Over a long tunic with sleeves in white cloth is thrown a kind of coat, also white, open in front and slit on each side, without sleeves. The trowsers are white, and kept in place by a red sash bound round the tunic. Over the whole is thrown a great white cloak, bordered with red cord; and on the head is worn either a small white turban, or a sheepskin cap with its white wool. Pedestrians cover their feet with the usual sandal, but horsemen wear quaint-looking boots. It would be difficult to exaggerate the picturesque effect of this costume, when seen for the first time in sunny weather.

The Bulgarian women, especially when unmarried, are gracefully and sometimes richly dressed. They wear a short petticoat of red cloth, bordered by black velvet bands, and a bodice made of stuffs of various colours, adorned in front with pieces of money—gold or silver—Turkish or foreign, arranged with great taste. At a distance they seem to be defended by a bright cuirass. They arrange their hair in pretty plaits, over which they throw a white veil, or coil. The richness of a young girl's dowry is known by the quantity and quality of the ornaments of her bodice, and the value of the necklaces which the most fortunate wear. All Bulgarian women—rich or poor, old or young, married or widows—think it absolutely necessary to wear round the wrist a bracelet of gold, of silver, or of blue glass, according to their fortune. If they were to be deprived of this they would consider themselves most miserable.

At a distance of six hours' march, says our authority, from the little maritime tower of Burgas, lies the village of Coporani, where we first saw the costume above described worn by young girls, whose beauty made it appear the most elegant we had ever seen. It was in the month of April, on the Saturday of the last week of Lent. We had put up in the house of one of the magnates of the place, and were preparing to rest after the fatigues of the journey, although there remained yet two hours of daylight. Suddenly we heard in the distance a song chanted by feminine voices, which every now and then increased in power to repeat the chorus. We asked our wagoner to explain what these sounds meant; and he told us that the young maidens of the village were going from house to house, singing the Resurrection of St. Lazarus, and celebrating the solemnity that was to take place on the morrow, or Palm Sunday. Presently there appeared, at the entrance of the little court of our house, a bevy of young girls dressed out in their most elegant costumes, and singing, as they stood in a modest attitude,

their song, the chorus of which, often repeated, was — "Jelo, Jelo, Jelo!" Then went out to them the daughter of our host, dressed as if for her bridal; and the whole group began to dance, still continuing their chant. Presently the leader of the band came forward, and threw upon our right shoulder a napkin of fine linen, embroidered at the edge with red cotton, and immediately returned to her companions. Our waggoner now informed us that we were bound, in return for the compliment paid us by this group of young and pretty girls, and to show to them our sense of their felicitations for the day of St. Lazarus, to give a present of money; but the custom of the country was not to place it in the hands of the leader, nor to throw it disrespectfully, but to tie it in the corner of the napkin which was upon our shoulder, and to give it back to the girl when she passed before us. He added, that those who would not, or could not, give presents of money, gave eggs, flour, or beans, according to their means; and that everything was afterwards divided in equal portions between the songstresses. We now saw two little boys, standing behind the group of pretty beggars, each bearing a large basket, full of eggs, walnuts, and other provisions. Each, moreover, had upon his shoulders a sack of flour.

This is not the only opportunity which the young Bulgarian girls have of amusing themselves, and of procuring presents at the same time. They perform the same ceremony at Christmas, or New Year's-day, and on Twelfth-day. The custom, under different forms, is general through the East, in Greece, and in the Ionian Islands. In the latter countries, however, there is no dancing; and it is the boys who, in groups of four or five, go from house to house, repeating the song of the festival; partly to amuse themselves, partly to obtain money. We may add, that a similar practice is mentioned by classical authors, and that even the words chanted on the occasion have been preserved under the name of the "Song of the Swallow."

The dance performed on this occasion at Coporani is general throughout Bulgaria, and is called *Kolo*. Our waggoner informed us that the chorus so often repeated meant, "Come hither, come hither, good girl." The *Kolo* is danced both by men and women on various occasions. When complete, both sexes join and form a circle, holding hands and moving round with the monotonous stamp common to the commencement of the war-dances of most tribes much further removed from civilization than the Bulgarians; or the Greeks, the Zigans, and the Albanians, who habitually perform the same dance. In many places it is the custom to interrupt the song by jests and merry sayings. The Bulgarian women—who are stout and short, but very pretty and jovial-looking—give life and animation to the dance more by their

smiles than by their activity; for they are not nearly so light and graceful as the Greek women. However, we shall long remember our charming visitors at Coporani.

LOCKED OUT.

PRESTON—situated upon the banks of the Ribble, some fifteen miles from the mouth of that river—is a good, honest, work-a-day looking town, built upon a magnificent site, surrounded by beautiful country; and, for a manufacturing town, wears a very handsome and creditable face. Preston concentrates within itself all the factories of the district; so that, with one or two insignificant exceptions, it may be said that there are no factories within many miles of Preston not within the town itself. This seems an unimportant fact at first, but it exercises a powerful influence over the state of the labour market. The feeling of isolation is so strong in the town, that people from a short distance are spoken of as "foreigners."

As we glide into the station-yard, our first exclamation is, "What a dirty place!" Well, it is a dirty place that station-yard of Preston, and it doesn't do justice to the town. How her Majesty contrives to eat her luncheon within its precincts, when she passes through from her Highland home, we cannot imagine. The only pleasant sight within its boundaries, is the fresh face and golden ringlets of the little news-vendor, known to every traveller in this part of the kingdom, whose loyal practice it is, upon the occasion of Queen Victoria's passages through the town, to present her Majesty with copies of the morning papers on a silver salver.

We pass out of the station, astonished to perceive that the atmosphere, instead of being thick and smoky, is as clear here as the air upon Hampstead Heath. An intelligent Prestonian explains that now, there are fifty tall chimneys cold and smokeless, and that ought to make a difference. Forty-one firms have "locked out" their hands, and twenty-one thousand workpeople are obliged to be at play. Preston in full work is, we learn, different from many other manufacturing towns. It is surrounded by agriculture—a smoky island in the middle of an expansive corn-field. The consequence is, that it enjoys a great supply of labour, and has less competition than at other places.

By this time we find ourselves on a level plain of marshy ground, upon the banks of the Ribble, and below the town of Preston. This is called THE MARSH, and it is at once the Agora and the Academe of the place. Here, if report speaks truly, do the industrial Chloes of Preston listen to the amorous pleadings of their swains; here modern Arachnes (far excelling Minerva in their spinning, whatever may be said of their wisdom), cast skilful webs about the hearts of

their devoted admirers; here, too, do the mob-orators appear in times of trouble and contention, to excite, with their highly spiced eloquence, the thoughtless crowd; over whom they exercise such pernicious sway. When we arrive, the place is covered with an immense multitude of children at play.

Children, indeed: the extreme youth of the majority is remarkable. Mere lads in bar-ragon jackets, and lasses considerably under twenty, pattering about in their neat little clogs (a distinguishing mark of the factory lass), form an overpowering proportion of the operative population. At least two-thirds of the hands employed upon a factory are under age; the parents either stay at home and mind the house, while their sons and daughters are working; or perhaps the mother takes in washing, whilst the father follows some handicraft trade out of doors. To marry a widow with five or six grown-up daughters, instead of being regarded as a misfortune, is here looked upon as a slice of good luck; whilst, on the better side of the picture, it is no uncommon thing to ask a young girl what her father is doing, and to receive for reply:—"Oh! he joost stops at home. There's foive on us to keep un atween us." This strange revolution in the natural order of things has been effected by the mighty power of steam. It has its bright side, but it also has its dark side. When you enter one of these vast work-shops, you see a world of complex machinery alive and busy; every wheel illustrating the dominion of the human intellect; yet it is a mournful subject of reflection, but it is nevertheless an undoubted fact, that nine-tenths of the human beings tending and controlling the wondrous creature, are so ignorant they cannot read and write, while more than one-half are destitute of either accomplishment. Indeed, it is no uncommon thing to find an overlooker, a man in authority, and exercising proportionate influence over his fellow workmen, who can neither read a newspaper, nor sign his own name. The Sunday schools teach some of them to read, but writing is not looked upon as a Christian accomplishment, and the "unco' righteous" set their faces against writing on Sunday. To appreciate the fearful significance of this fact, we must recollect the preponderating influence necessarily possessed by those who can read and write, and when we come to reflect upon the way in which authority works upon an uncultivated mind, we shall not wonder at the testimony of one of the clearest-headed masters in Preston, when he says that he has invariably found that the cleverest workmen (that is to say, clever in every respect, his work, his reading, and his writing) is always the greatest agitator. Comparative ability and shrewdness on the one side, ignorance, youth, and ambition on the other: what must not be the inevitable result?

Play is going on upon the Marsh with a vengeance; "kiss in the ring" is being

briskly carried on; the sterner sort of lads are engaged in leap-frog or football. There are few symptoms of care and contention here, and for all we can see the lads and lasses might have turned out for an hour's recreation, only to return with a sharpened appetite for labour. On one part of the marsh an old punt has stranded, and its deck forms a convenient rostrum for the hypæthral or open air orators of Preston. A meeting is about to take place, over which John Gruntle is to preside, and at which Cowler, Swindle, and O'Brigger are expected to address the people. Presently, a small knot of persons get upon the deck of the punt, the crowd thickens round them, "kiss in the ring" is suspended, the foot-ball is at rest, a few reporters make their appearance upon the punt, note-books in hand; Gruntle is voted into the chair, and one of those meetings which thirty years ago would have been a criminal offence is formally opened.

Gruntle is not very prolix—he is an old stager, and used to these things. In a few words he states the object of the meeting, and announces to the audience that their friend Cowler will address them. At this name a shout rends the air. Cowler is evidently the chosen of the people; rightly or wrongly, they hold him in great regard. His appearance is very much in his favour, for he wears the look of a straightforward honest man; a smile plays round his mouth as he steps forward with the air of a man sure of his audience; but the feverish and anxious expression of the eyes tells of sleepless nights and of constant agitation. "Respected friends," he begins; and, in a trice, he has plunged into the middle of the question. He has been accused, he says, of fostering agitation, and gaining advantage from the strike. Why, how can they say that, when his constant cry has been for the masters to open their mills, and give the operatives their just rights. Let them only do that, and he'll soon show them how glad he'll be to give over agitating. It's not such very pleasant work, either, is agitating. For example, he himself hasn't been to bed for these two nights. Last night they got the money that their good friends in the neighbouring towns had sent them; so he sat up to take care of it, for fear some one should come and borrow it from them. (Laughter.) The editor of the London *Thunderer* had been abusing him. Well! here was a thing! Twenty years ago such a thing was never thought of as that a working man should be noticed by a London paper. But the editor had not been very courteous; he had called him "a fool," because he said that it was a shame for the wives of the cotton lords to wear silks and satins, whilst the factory lasses were forced to be contented with plain cotton. Was he a fool for that? ("No! Noa!" Great excitement among the lasses, and exclamations of "Eh! Lord!")

To Cowler succeeds Swindle, a lean and

hungry Cassius, the very example of an agitator; a man who has lived by literary garbage, without fattening upon the unwholesome stuff. He seems half tipsy; his eyes roll, and his gesticulations are vehement. One more glass of whisky and he would be prepared to head an insurrection. He rants and raves for a quarter of an hour, and we are pleased to observe that his audience are too sensible to care much about him.

Then comes O'Brigger, oily-tongued, and with a brogue. He complains that it has been charged against 'um that he is an Irishman. So he is, faith! and he's mighty proud av it. The manufacturers are all av them toirants. However, this toime they will learn that the people av England are not to be oppressed; for they will get such a flogging as never they had in the coorse av their lives. He is appy to inform his koinid friends that their funds are upon the increase intirely. As the pockets av the masters becomes moore and moore empty, so will the pockets av the operatives grow fuller and fuller. Thus O'Brigger continues to pour into the ears of these poor people the delusive strains of hope, and leads them to believe that in the dire struggle between Capital and Hunger, the latter will prove victorious; and as he proceeds, each fallacious picture is welcomed with an exclamation of "Wo'ont thot be noice?"

When O'Brigger has concluded, it is the turn of a crowd of the delegates to have their say. There is the delegate from this town, and the delegate from that factory; all with marvellous stories about the tyranny of the masters, the woes of the operatives, and the determination of each particular district to stand by Preston to the last. They all end by fiercely denouncing the manufacturers, whom they term "the miserable shondycracy," a term derived from "shoddy," the refuse of cotton stuff, and "spawty" to govern; being, in fact, the result of uniting the Pindarie and Tim Bobbin dialects.

We walk sadly from "the Marsh," and reach a locked-up and smokeless factory, at the gates of which a knot of young girls are singing and offering for sale some of the Ten Per Cent. Songs, taking their name from the origin of the strike. In eighteen hundred and forty-seven, when trade was very bad, the masters told their workpeople that they could no longer afford to pay them the wages they had been paying, and that they must take off ten per cent.; upon the understanding, as the workpeople allege, that when times got better they would give them the ten per cent. back again. Whether such a promise was, or was not, actually given, we cannot presume to determine, for the masters emphatically deny it; but it is quite certain that, at the beginning of the present year, the Stockport operatives combined successfully to force the ten per cent. from their masters, and the Preston operatives

aided them with funds. They acted upon Napoleon's principle of combining forces upon single points in succession, and so reducing the enemy in detail. Then it was that the Preston masters, fearing that similar tactics would be turned against themselves, combined to oppose the attempt, and eventually "locked out" their operatives. The songs are not remarkable for much elegance and polish, but they possess some earnestness and fire, and are undoubtedly composed by the operatives themselves. We step forward, tender a penny to one of the singers, and receive the following song, composed by an operative at Bamber Bridge:—

TEN PER CENT!

A New Song, on the Preston Strike.

Come all you men of freedom,

Wherever you may be,

I pray you give attention,

And listen unto me.

It's of this strike in Preston town,

Their courage being good,

I do believe they will stand firm

Whilst they have life and blood.

Chorus—So now, my boys, don't dainted be,

But stand out to the fray;

We ne'er shall yield, nor quit the field,

Until we've won the day.

In eighteen forty-seven, my boys,

I am sorry fer to say,

They took from us the ten per cent.,

Without so much delay;

And now we want it back again,

Our masters, in a pout,

Said they would not grant it us,

So we're every one locked out.

Chorus—So now, &c.

There's Blackburn and there's Stockport too,

As I have heard them say,

Are ready to support us now,

And cheer us on our way.

So all unite into one band,

And never do consent

To go into your mills again,

Without the ten per cent.

Chorus—So now, &c.

In Preston town I do believe,

The masters are our foes,

But some of them, before it's long,

Will wear some ragged clothes.

But we'll unite both one and all,

And never will lament,

When this great war is ceased,

About the ten per cent.

Chorus—So now, &c.

The winter it is coming on,

It will be very cold,

But we'll stand out for our demand,

Like warriors so bold.

But if the masters don't give way,

And firmly give consent,

We'll stand out till their mills do fill,

All for the ten per cent.

Chorus—So now, &c.

Now to conclude and make an end

Of this my simple song,

I hope the masters will give in,

And that before it's long.

Before the masters' tyranny
 Shall rule our rights and laws,
 We'll have another strike, my boys,
 If ever we have cause.

Chorus—So now, &c.

These ballads vary constantly to meet the exigencies of passing events. A disgraceful riot at Blackburn, in which some inoffensive persons were attacked for cotton-spinners, is celebrated by the Prestonian operatives in the following epic strain :—

The Preston manufacturers,
 To Blackburn they did go,
 To the Black Bull in Darwen Street,
 Their tyranny to show.
 The gallant troops of Blackburn
 Full soon did find it out,
 They sent broken bones to Preston,
 And the rest run up the spout.
 Hurrah! my boys, hurrah!
 I'd have them be aware,
 Or the cotton lords of Preston
 Will be drove into a snare.

The tyrants of proud Preston
 Have returned home with shame,
 Beat out by bold Blackburn,
 Who have won the laurel's fame.
 To annul the foes of Preston,
 Their minds are firmly bent,
 To throw off the yoke of bondage,
 And restore the ten per cent.
 Hurrah! my boys, &c.

Tyrtæus awakened not more enthusiasm in the breast of his auditors, than these simple doggerels do among the rude but earnest crowds which throng to hearken to them. In one of the committee rooms, the work of distributing the funds volunteered by the operatives of the neighbouring towns towards the support of their brethren is going on. These funds are collected by six committees, and are distributed for the relief of a little more than fourteen thousand of the hands. Since the commencement of the strike upwards of twenty-four thousand pounds have been contributed by the poor for the support of the poor. Each committee relieves its own hands. The Power-loom Weavers' Committee cares for the interests of the weavers, the winders, the warpers, the twistors, the dressers, the helpers, and the reachers; the Spinners' and Self-actors' Committee sees to the spinners, the minders, the piecers, and the bobbins; the card-room hands have their committee, and the throstle spinners, the tape machine sizers, and the power-loom overlookers theirs; each collects and distributes its funds without in any way interfering with the others. The proceedings in the room we peep into are quiet, orderly, and business-like.

Again we sally out into the dingy streets, and find that the evening is closing in over them. More knots of "lads and lasses" idling about the corners, more bands of singers, solitary famine-stricken faces, too, plead mutely for bread, and even worse expedients

are evidently resorted to for the purpose of keeping body and soul together: in Preston, as elsewhere, the facilities for crime are too abundant, and we repeat to ourselves those lines of Coleridge :—

Oh I could weep to think, that there should be
 Cold-bosomed lewd ones, who endure to place
 Foul offerings on the shrine of misery,
 And force from Famine the caress of Love.

Ignorance of the most deplorable kind is at the root of all this sort of strife and demoralizing misery. Every employer of labour should write up over his mill door, that **Brains in the Operative's Head is Money in the Master's Pocket.**

MIASMA.

NEAR a cotten's back door, in a murky lane,
 Beneath steaming dirt and stagnant rain,
 Miasma lay in a festering drain.

A home of clay, cemented with slime,
 He artfully built—for he hated lime—
 'Midst slop, and rot, and want, and crime,
 He lay securely, biding his time.

Though a voice cried, pointing out his lair,
 "Run, run, for Miasma lies hidden there!"
 It died unheeded away on the air.

Living and breathing the filth among,
 Miasma's home was secure and strong,
 And the cotten did nothing; for nothing went
 wrong.

And his children would play by the poisonous pool,
 For they liked it much better than going to school.

Then Miasma arose from his reeking bed,
 And around the children his mantle spread—
 "To save them from harm," Miasma said.

But they sighed a last sigh. He had stolen their
 breath,
 And had wrapped them in Cholera's cloak of death.

TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE HUGUENOTS.

I HAVE always been interested in the conversation of any one who could tell me anything about the Huguenots; and, little by little, I have picked up many fragments of information respecting them. I will just recur to the well-known fact that, five years after Henry the Fourth's formal abjuration of the Protestant faith, in fifteen hundred and ninety-three, he secured to the French Protestants their religious liberty by the Edict of Nantes. His unworthy son, however, Louis the Thirteenth, refused them the privileges which had been granted to them by his act; and, when reminded of the claims they had, if the promises of Henry the Third and Henry the Fourth were to be regarded, he answered that "the first-named monarch feared them, and the latter loved them; but he neither

feared nor loved them." The extermination of the Huguenots was a favourite project with Cardinal Richelieu, and it was at his instigation that the second siege of Rochelle was undertaken—known even to the most careless student of history for the horrors of famine which the besieged endured. Miserably disappointed as they were at the failure of the looked-for assistance from England, the mayor of the town, Guiton, rejected the conditions of peace which Cardinal Richelieu offered; namely, that they would raze their fortifications to the ground, and suffer the Catholics to enter. But there was a traitorous faction in the town; and, on Guiton's rejection of the terms, this faction collected in one night a crowd of women and children and aged persons, and drove them beyond the lines; they were useless, and yet they ate food. Driven out from the beloved city, tottering, faint, and weary, they were fired at by the enemy; and the survivors came pleading back to the walls of Rochelle, pleading for a quiet shelter to die in, even if their death were caused by hunger. When two-thirds of the inhabitants had perished; when the survivors were insufficient to bury their dead; when ghastly corpses out-numbered the living—miserable, glorious Rochelle, stronghold of the Huguenots, opened its gates to receive the Roman Catholic Cardinal, who celebrated mass in the church of St. Marguerite, once the beloved sanctuary of Protestant worship. As we cling to the memory of the dead, so did the Huguenots remember Rochelle. Years—long years of suffering—gone by, a village sprang up, not twenty miles from New York, and the name of that village was New Rochelle; and the old men told with tears of the sufferings their parents had undergone when they were little children, far away across the sea, in the "pleasant" land of France.

Richelieu was otherwise occupied after this second siege of Rochelle, and had to put his schemes for the extermination of the Huguenots on one side. So they lived in a kind of trembling uncertain peace during the remainder of the reign of Louis the Thirteenth. But they strove to avert persecution by untiring submission. It was not until sixteen hundred and eighty-three that the Huguenots of the south of France resolved to profess their religion, and refuse any longer to be registered among those of the Roman Catholic faith; to be martyrs, rather than apostates or hypocrites. On an appointed Sabbath, the old deserted Huguenot churches were re-opened; nay, those in ruins, of which but a few stones remained to tell the tale of having once been holy ground, were peopled with attentive hearers, listening to the word of God as preached by reformed ministers. Languedoc, Cevennes, Dauphigny, seemed alive with Huguenots—even as the Highlands were, at the chieftain's call, alive with armed men, whose tartans had been hidden

but a moment before in the harmonious and blending colours of the heather.

Dragonnades took place, and cruelties were perpetrated, which it is as well, for the honour of human nature, should be forgotten. Twenty-four thousand conversions were announced to Le Grand Louis, who fully believed in them. The more far-seeing Madame de Maintenon hinted at her doubts in the famous speech, "Even if the fathers are hypocrites, the children will be Catholics."

And then came the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. A multitude of weak reasons were alleged, as is generally the case where there is not one that is really good, or presentable; such as that the Edict was never meant to be perpetual; that (by the blessing of Heaven and the dragonnades) the Huguenots had returned to the true faith, therefore the Edict was useless—a mere matter of form, &c. &c.

As a "mere matter of form," some penalties were decreed against the professors of the extinct heresy. Every Huguenot place of worship was to be destroyed; every minister who refused to conform was to be sent to the *Hopitaux des Forçats* at Marseilles and at Valence. If he had been noted for his zeal he was to be considered "obstinate," and sent to slavery for life in such of the West Indian islands as belonged to the French. The children of Huguenot parents were to be taken from them by force, and educated by the Roman Catholic monks or nuns. These are but a few of the enactments contained in the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

And now come in some of the traditions which I have heard and collected.

A friend of mine, a descendant from some of the Huguenots who succeeded in emigrating to England, has told me the following particulars of her great-great-grandmother's escape. This lady's father was a Norman farmer, or rather small landed proprietor. His name was Lefebvre; he had two sons, grown men, stout and true; able to protect themselves and choose their own line of conduct. But he had also one little daughter, Magdalen, the child of his old age, and the darling of his house; keeping it alive and glad with her innocent prattle. His small estate was far away from any large town, with its corn fields and orchards surrounding the old ancestral house. There was plenty always in it; and though the wife was an invalid, there was always a sober cheerfulness present, to give a charm to the abundance.

The family Lefebvre lived almost entirely on the produce of the estate, and had little need for much communication with their nearest neighbours, with whom, however, as kindly, well-meaning people, they were on good terms, although they differed in their religion. In those days coffee was scarcely known, even in large cities; honey supplied

the place of sugar; and for the potage, the *bouilli*, the vegetables, the salad, the fruit, the garden, farm and orchard of the Lefebvres was all-sufficient. The woollen cloth was spun by the men of the house on winters' evenings, standing by the great wheel, and carefully and slowly turning it to secure evenness of thread. The women took charge of the linen, gathering, and drying, and beating the bad smelling hemp, the ugliest crop that grew about the farm; and reserving the delicate blue-flowered flax for the fine thread needed for the daughter's *trousseau*; for as soon as a woman child was born, the mother, lying too faint to work, smiled as she planned the web of dainty linen, which was to be woven at Rouen, out of the flaxen thread of gossamer fineness, to be spun by no hands, as you may guess, but that mother's own. And the farm-maidens took pride in the store of sheets and table napery which they were to have a share in preparing for the future wedding of the little baby, sleeping serene in her warm cot, by her mother's side. Such being the self-sufficient habits of the Norman farmers, it was no wonder that in the eventful year of sixteen hundred and eighty-five, Lefebvre remained ignorant for many days of that Revocation which was stirring the whole souls of his co-religionists. But there was to be a cattle fair at Avranches, and he needed a barren cow to fatten up and salt for the winter's provision. Accordingly, the large-boned Norman horse was accoutred, summer as it was, with all its paraphernalia of high-peaked wooden saddle, blue sheep-skin, scarlet worsted fringe and tassels; and the farmer Lefebvre, slightly stiff in his limbs, after sixty winters, got on from the horse block by the stable wall, his little daughter Magdalen nodding and kissing her hand as he rode away. When he arrived at the fair, in the great place before the cathedral in Avranches, he was struck with the absence of many of those who were united to him by the bond of their common persecuted religion; and on the faces of the Huguenot farmers who were there, was an expression of gloom and sadness. In answer to his inquiries, he learnt for the first time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He and his son could sacrifice anything—would be proud of martyrdom if need were—but the clause which cut him to the heart, was that which threatened that his pretty, innocent, sweet Magdalen might be taken from him and consigned to the teachings of a convent. A convent, to the Huguenots' excited prejudices, implied a place of dissolute morals, as well as of idolatrous doctrine.

Poor Farmer Lefebvre thought no more of the cow he went to purchase; the life and death—nay, the salvation or damnation—of his darling, seemed to him to depend on the speed with which he could reach his home and take measures for her safety. What

these were to be he could not tell in this moment of bewildered terror; for, even while he watched the stable-boy at the inn arranging his horse's gear without daring to help him—for fear his early departure and undue haste might excite suspicion in the malignant faces he saw gathering about him—even while he trembled with impatience, his daughter might be carried away out of his sight, for ever and ever. He mounted and spurred the old horse; but the road was hilly, and the steed had not had his accustomed rest; and was poorly fed, according to the habit of the country; and, at last, he almost stood still at the foot of every piece of rising ground. Farmer Lefebvre dismounted, and ran by the horse's side up every hill, pulling him along, and encouraging his flagging speed by every conceivable noise, meant to be cheerful, though the tears were fast running down the old man's cheeks. He was almost sick with the revulsion of his fears, when he saw Magdalen sitting out in the sun, playing with the "fromages" of the mallow-plant, which are such a delight to Norman children. He got off his horse, which found its accustomed way into the stable. He kissed Magdalen over and over again, the tears coming down his cheeks like rain. And then he went in to tell his wife—his poor invalid wife. She received the news more tranquilly than he had done. Long illness had deadened the joys and fears of this world to her. She could even think and suggest. "That night a fishing-smack was to sail from Granville to the Channel Islands. Some of the people, who had called at the Lefebvre farm, on their way to Avranches, had told her of ventures they were making, in sending over apples and pears to be sold in Jersey, where the orchard crops had failed. The captain was a friend of one of her absent sons; for his sake—"

"But we must part from *her*—from Magdalen, the apple of our eyes. And she—she has never left her home before, never been away from us—who will take care of her? Marie, I say, who is to take care of the precious child?" And the old man was choked with his sobs. Then his wife made answer, and said,—

"God will take care of our precious child, and keep her safe from harm, till we two—or you at least, dear husband, can leave this accursed land. Or, if we cannot follow her, she will be safe for heaven; whereas, if she stays here to be taken to the terrible convent, hell will be her portion and we shall never see her again—never!"

So they were stilled by their faith into sufficient composure to plan for the little girl. The old horse was again to be harnessed and put into the cart; and if any spying Romanist looked into the cart, what would they see but straw, and a new mattress rolled up, and peeping out of a sackcloth covering. The mother blessed her child, with a full conviction

that she should never see her again. The father went with her to Granville. On the way the only relief he had was caring for her comfort in her strange imprisonment. He stroked her cheeks and smoothed her hair with his labour-hardened fingers, and coaxed her to eat the food her mother had prepared. In the evening her feet were cold; he took off his warm flannel jacket to wrap them in. Whether it was that chill coming on the heat of the excited day, or whether the fatigue and grief broke down the old man utterly, no one can say. The child Magdalen was safely extricated from her hiding-place at the Quai at Granville, and smuggled on board of the fishing-smack, with her great chest of clothes, and half-collected *trousseau*; the captain took her safe to Jersey, and willing friends received her eventually in London. But the father—moaning to himself, "If I am bereaved of my children I am bereaved," saying that pitiful sentence over and over again, as if the repetition could charm away the deep sense of woe—went home, and took to his bed, and died; nor did the mother remain long after him.

One of these Lefebvre sons was the grandfather of the Duke of Dantzic, one of Napoleon's marshals. The little daughter's descendants, though not very numerous, are scattered over England; and one of them, as I have said, is the lady who told me this, and many other particulars relating to the exiled Huguenots.

At first the rigorous decrees of the Revocation were principally enforced against the ministers of religion. They were all required to leave Paris at forty-eight hours' notice, under severe penalties for disobedience. Some of the most distinguished among them were ignominiously forced to leave the country; but the expulsion of these ministers was followed by the emigration of the more faithful among their people. In Languedoc this was especially the case; whole congregations followed their pastors; and France was being rapidly drained of the more thoughtful and intelligent of the Huguenots (who, as a people, had distinguished themselves in manufacture and commerce,) when the King's minister took the alarm, and prohibited emigration, under pain of imprisonment for life; imprisonment for life, including abandonment to the tender mercies of the priests. Here again I may relate an anecdote told me by my friend:—A husband and wife attempted to escape separately from some town in Brittany; the wife succeeded, and reached England, where she anxiously awaited her husband. The husband was arrested in the attempt, and imprisoned. The priest alone was allowed to visit him; and, after vainly using argument to endeavour to persuade him to renounce his obnoxious religion, the priest, with cruel zeal, had recourse to physical torture. There was a room in the prison with an iron floor, and no seat, nor means of sup-

port or rest; into this room the poor Huguenot was introduced. The iron flooring was gradually heated (one remembers the gouty gentleman whose cure was effected by a similar process in "Sandford and Merton;" but there the heat was not carried up to torture, as it was in the Huguenot's case); still the brave man was faithful. The process was repeated; all in vain. The flesh on the soles of his feet was burnt off, and he was a cripple for life; but, cripple or sound, dead or alive, a Huguenot he remained. And by and bye, they grew weary of their useless cruelty, and the poor man was allowed to hobble about on crutches. How it was that he obtained his liberty at last, my informant could not tell. He only knew that, after years of imprisonment and torture, a poor grey cripple was seen wandering about the streets of London, making vain inquiries for his wife in his broken English, as little understood by most as the Moorish maiden's cry for "Gilbert, Gilbert." Some one at last directed him to a coffee-house near Soho Square, kept by an emigrant, who thrived upon the art, even then national, of making good coffee. It was the resort of the Huguenots, many of whom by this time had turned their intelligence to good account in busy commercial England.

To this coffee-house the poor cripple bled himself; but no one knew of his wife; she might be alive, or she might be dead; it seemed as if her name had vanished from the earth. In the corner sat a pedlar listening to everything, but saying nothing. He had come to London to lay in a stock of wares for his rounds. Now the three harbours of the French emigrants were Norwich, where they established the manufacture of Norwich crape; Spitalfields in London, where they embarked in the silk-trade; and Canterbury, where a colony of them carried on one or two delicate employments, such as jewellery, wax-bleaching, &c. The pedlar took Canterbury in his way, and sought among the French residents for a woman who might correspond to the missing wife. She was there, earning her livelihood as a milliner, and believing her husband to be either a galley-slave, or dead long since in some of the terrible prisons. But, on hearing the pedlar's tale, she set off at once to London, and found her poor crippled husband, who lived many years afterwards in Canterbury, supported by his wife's exertions.

Another Huguenot couple determined to emigrate. They could disguise themselves; but their baby? If they were seen passing through the gates of the town in which they lived with a child, they would instantly be arrested, suspected Huguenots as they were. Their expedient was to wrap the baby into a formless bundle; to one end of which was attached a string; and then, taking advantage of the deep gutter which runs in the centre of so many old streets in French towns

they placed the baby in this hollow, close to one of the gates, after dusk. The gend'arme came out to open the gate to them. They were suddenly summoned to see a sick relation, they said; they were known to have an infant child, which no Huguenot mother would willingly leave behind to be brought up by Papists. So the sentinel concluded that they were not going to emigrate, at least this time; and locking the great town gates behind them, he re-entered his little guard-room. "Now, quick! quick! the string under the gate! Catch it with your hook stick. There in the shadow. There! Thank God! the baby is safe; it has not cried! Pray God the sleeping-draught be not too strong!" It was not too strong: father, mother, and babe escaped to England, and their descendants may be reading this very paper.

England, Holland, and the Protestant states of Germany were the places of refuge for the Norman and Breton Protestants. From the south of France escape was more difficult. Algerine pirates infested the Mediterranean, and the small vessels in which many of the Huguenots embarked from the southern ports were an easy prey. There were Huguenot slaves in Algiers and Tripoli for years after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Most Catholic Spain caught some of the fugitives, who were welcomed by the Spanish Inquisition with a different kind of greeting from that which the wise, far-seeing William the Third of England bestowed on such of them as sought English shelter after his accession. We will return to the condition of the English Huguenots presently. First, let us follow the fortunes of those French Protestants who sent a letter to the State of Massachusetts (among whose historical papers it is still extant) giving an account of the persecutions to which they were exposed and the distress they were undergoing, stating the wish of many of them to emigrate to America, and asking how far they might have privileges allowed them for following out their pursuit of agriculture. What answer was returned may be guessed from the fact that a tract of land comprising about eleven thousand acres at Oxford, near the present town of Worcester, Massachusetts, was granted to thirty Huguenots, who were invited to come over and settle there. The invitation came like a sudden summons to a land of hope across the Atlantic. There was no time for preparations; these might excite suspicion; they left the "pot boiling on the fire" (to use the expression of one of their descendants), and carried no clothes with them but what they wore. The New Englanders had too lately escaped from religious persecution themselves, not to welcome, and shelter and clothe these poor refugees when they once arrived at Boston. The little French colony at Oxford was called a plantation; and Gabriel Bernon, a descend-

ant of a knightly name in Froissart, a Protestant merchant of Rochelle, was appointed undertaker for this settlement. They sent for a French Protestant minister, and assigned to him a salary of forty pounds a year. They bent themselves assiduously to the task of cultivating the half-cleared land, on the borders of which lay the dark forest, among which the Indians prowled and lurked, ready to spring upon the unguarded households. To protect themselves from this creeping deadly enemy, the French built a fort, traces of which yet remain. But on the murder of the Johnson family, the French dared no longer remain on the bloody spot; although more than ten acres of ground were in garden cultivation around the fort; and long afterwards those who told in hushed, awe-struck voices of the Johnson murder, could point to the rose-bushes, the apple and pear trees yet standing in the Frenchmen's deserted gardens. Mrs. Johnson was a sister of Andrew Sigourney, one of the first Huguenots who came over. He saved his sister's life by dragging her by main force through a back door, while the Indians massacred her children, and shot down her husband at his own threshold. To preserve her life was but a cruel kindness.

Gabriel Bernon lived to a patriarchal age, in spite of his early sufferings in France and the wild Indian cries of revenge around his home in Massachusetts. He died rich and prosperous. He had kissed Queen Anne's hand, and become intimate with some of the English nobility, such as Lord Archdale, the Quaker Governor of Carolina, who had lands and governments in the American States. The descendants of the Huguenot refugees repaid in part their debt of gratitude to Massachusetts in various ways during the War of Independence; one, Gabriel Manigault, by advancing a large loan to further the objects of it. Indeed, three of the nine presidents of the old Congress, which conducted the United States through the Revolutionary War, were descendants of the French Protestant refugees. General Francis Marion, who fought bravely under Washington, was of Huguenot descent. In fact, both in England and France, the Huguenot refugees showed themselves temperate, industrious, thoughtful, and intelligent people, full of good principle and strength of character. But all this is implied in the one circumstance that they suffered and emigrated to secure the rights of conscience.

In the State of New York they fondly called their plantation or settlement by the name of the precious city which had been their stronghold, and where they had suffered so much. New Rochelle was built on the shore of Long Island Sound, twenty-three miles from New York. On the Saturday afternoons the inhabitants of New Rochelle harnessed their horses to their carts, to convey the women and little ones; and the

men in the prime of life walked all the distance to New York, camping out in their carts in the environs of the city, through the night, till the bell summoned them on Sunday morning to service, in the old Church du Saint Esprit. In the same way they returned on Sunday evening. The old longing for home recorded in Allan Cunningham's ballad—

"It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain would I be;
O, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!"—

clung to the breasts, and caused singular melancholy in some of them. There was one old man who went every day down to the sea shore, to look and gaze his fill towards the beautiful cruel land where most of his life had been passed. With his face to the east—his eyes strained, as if by force of longing looks he could see the far distant France—he said his morning prayers, and sang one of Clément Marot's hymns. There had been an edition of the *Psalms of David*, put into French rhyme, ("*Pseaumes de David, mis en Rime françoise, par Clément Marot et Théodore de Bèze*"), published in as small a form as possible, in order that the book might be concealed in their bosoms, if the Huguenots were surprised in their worship while they lived in France.

Nor were Oxford and New Rochelle the only settlements of the Huguenots in the United States. Farther south again they were welcomed, and found resting-places in Virginia and South Carolina.

I now return to the Huguenots in England. Even during James the Second's reign, collections were made for the refugees; and, in the reign of his successor, fifteen thousand pounds were voted by Parliament "to be distributed among persons of quality, and all such as by age or infirmity were unable to support themselves." There are still, or were not many years ago, a few survivors of the old Huguenot stock, who go on quarter-day to claim their small benefit from this fund at the Treasury; and doubtless at the time it was granted there were many friendless and helpless to whom the little pensions were inestimable boons. But the greater part were active, strong men, full of good sense and practical talent; and they preferred taking advantage of the national good-will in a more independent form. Their descendants bear honoured names among us. Sir Samuel Romilly, Mrs. Austin, and Miss Harriet Martineau, are three of those that come most prominently before me as I write; but each of these names are suggestive of others in the same families worthy of note. Sir Samuel Romilly's ancestors came from the south of France, where the paternal estate fell to a distant relation rather than to the son, because the former was a Catholic, while the latter had preferred a foreign country with "freedom to worship God." In Sir Samuel Romilly's account of his father and grandfather, it is

easy to detect the southern character predominating. Most affectionate, impulsive, generous, carried away by transports of anger and of grief, tender and true in all his relationships—the reader does not easily forget the father of Sir Samuel Romilly, with his fond adoption of Montaigne's idea, "playing on a flute by the side of his daughter's bed in order to waken her in the morning." No wonder he himself was so beloved! But there was much more demonstration of affection in all these French households, if what I have gathered from their descendants be correct, than we English should ever dare to manifest.

French was the language still spoken among themselves sixty and seventy years after their ancestors had quitted France. In the Romilly family, the father established it as a rule, that French should be always spoken on a Sunday. Forty years later, the lady to whom I have so often alluded was living, an orphan child, with two maiden aunts, in the heart of London city. They always spoke French. English was the foreign language; and a certain pride was cultivated in the little damsel's mind by the fact of her being reminded every now and then that she was a little French girl; bound to be polite, gentle, and attentive in manners; to stand till her elders gave her leave to sit down; to curtsy on entering or leaving a room. She attended her relations to the early market near Spitalfields; where many herbs not in general use in England, and some "weeds" were habitually brought by the market-women for the use of the French people. Burnet, chervil, dandelion were amongst the number, in order to form the salads which were a principal dish at meals. There were still hereditary schools in the neighbourhood, kept by descendants of the first refugees who established them, and to which the Huguenot families still sent their children. A kind of correspondence was occasionally kept up with the unseen and distant relations in France; third or fourth cousins it might be. As was to be expected, such correspondence languished and died by slow degrees. But tales of their ancestors' sufferings and escapes beguiled the long winter evenings. Though far away from France, though cast off by her a hundred years before, the gentle old ladies, who had lived all their lives in London, considered France as their country, and England as a strange land. Upstairs, too, was a great chest—the very chest Magdalen Lefebvre had had packed to accompany her in her flight, and escape in the mattress. The stores her fond mother had provided for her *trousseau* were not yet exhausted, though she slept in her grave; and out of them her little orphan descendant was dressed; and when the quaintness of the pattern made the child shrink from putting on so peculiar a dress, she was asked, "Are you not a little French

girl? You ought to be proud of wearing a French print—there are none like it in England.” In all this, her relations and their circle seem to have differed from the refugee friends of old Mr. Romilly, who, we are told, “desired nothing less than to preserve the memory of their origin; and their chapels were therefore ill-attended. A large uncouth room, the avenues to which were narrow courts and dirty alleys, . . . with irregular unpainted pews, and dusty unplastered walls; a congregation consisting principally of some strange-looking old women scattered here and there,” &c. Probably these old ladies looked strange to the child, who recorded these early impressions in after life, because they clung with fond pride to the dress of their ancestors, and decked themselves out in the rich grotesque raiment which had formed part of their mother’s *trousseau*. At any rate, there certainly was a little colony in the heart of the City, at the end of the last century, who took pride in their descent from the suffering Huguenots, who mustered up relics of the old homes and the old times in Normandy or Languedoc. A sword wielded by some great-grandfather in the wars of the League; a gold whistle, such as hung ever ready at the master’s girdle, before bells were known in houses, or ready to summon out-of-doors labourers; some of the very ornaments sold at the famous curiosity-shop at Warwick for ladies to hang at their *châtelaines*, within this last ten years, were brought over by the flying Huguenots. And there were precious Bibles, secured by silver clasps and corners; strangely-wrought silver spoons, the handle of which enclosed the bowl; a travelling-case, containing a gold knife, spoon, and fork, and a crystal goblet, on which the coat-of-arms was engraved in gold; all these, and many other relics, tell of the affluence and refinement the refugees left behind for the sake of their religion.

There is yet an hospital (or rather great almshouse) for aged people of French descent somewhere near the City Road, which is supported by the proceeds of land bequeathed (I believe) by some of the first refugees, who were prosperous in trade after settling in England. But it has lost much of its distinctive national character. Fifty or sixty years ago, a visitor might have heard the inmates of this Hospital chattering away in antiquated French; now they speak English, for the majority of their ancestors in four generations have been English, and probably some of them do not know a word of French. Each inmate has a comfortable bedroom, a small annuity for clothes, &c., and sits and has meals in a public dining-room. As a little amusing mark of deference to the land of their founders, I may mention that a Mrs. Stephens, who was admitted within the last thirty years, became Madame St. Etienne as soon as she entered the hospital.

I have now told all I know about the Huguenots. I pass the mark to some one else.

CHIPS.

THE HISTORY OF A COAL CELL.

A CELL, according to the prison disciplinarian, is a solitary chamber for the confinement of a guilty member of society: a cell, according to the galvanist, is a small receptacle for certain elements from which galvanic fluid is evolved: a cell, according to the botanist, is “a little closed vesicle, the basis of all the varied vegetation of the world.” It is the history of this last cell that we wish to give.

Although wonderfully minute, this cell plays an important part in the life of both animal and vegetable creation. Not only do we and all other animals depend upon the workings of the cell for our nutrition, for the preparation of our daily food, and for the purification of the atmosphere which we breathe; but ourselves are made up of cells. As in the vegetable world—from the Arctic snow-plant lying in red patches for miles on the ground, and composed of one cell only, up to the oak which includes in its structure unnumbered millions of cells—so in the animal world, from the tiniest animalcule up to man himself, the whole chain of organism is built up by cells.

What we know of the growth of the plant-cell may be simply stated thus:—It is composed of a wall, tough though delicate and transparent, with a semi-fluid lining. This lining has the power of doubling internally; and, each of these interior divisions receiving a coating of cell-wall, becomes a perfect cell, bursting forth to renew the same process. This beautifully simple operation is carried on frequently with the most marvellous rapidity. In the *Bovistia Gigantica*, a rapidly growing fungus, it is calculated that twenty thousand new cells are formed every minute. The plant therefore is composed in its entire bulk of cells assuming various forms, according to external pressure or internal nutrition: and, upon the processes which go on within the cell, is dependent the very existence of the world as at present constituted. The structure of the cell-wall is such that, not being soluble, it permits the passage of fluids. The whole of the nourishment of the cell is obtained by the absorption of fluids from the earth in which are dissolved gases and salts; and upon this nourishment, and the manner in which it is performed, rests the whole framework of creation. The materials retained by the cell undergo, in its interior, chemical changes which man can only admire; while, with the aid of the most complicated apparatus, he may vainly attempt to imitate them.

Dissolved in water, the cell receives carbonic acid, ammonia, and certain salts and

other matters; and from those materials it prepares not only all that is necessary to the life of the plant itself, but all that is necessary to the life of man. It produces starch, sugar, gum, oil; and, in addition, all those nutritious substances upon which depends the power of vegetable products to form animal tissue, and therefore their nutrient power in relation to man. Out of the few materials mentioned, the cell elaborates the whole of the substance upon which we feed and live; and not only these, but very many of the conveniences and comforts of life—coutechouc and gutta percha, to wit; while our organic drugs are almost without exception derived from this source. We cannot stay to enumerate the thousand and one materials with which the cell itself supplies us independently of the secretions, some of which we have mentioned; although among these are included cotton, flax, wood and coal—four great sources of the prosperity of this country.

The operations of the cell in the formation of coal are so highly interesting and important that we must devote a minute to explaining the relation of the living cell to fossil coal. This is connected with the influence of light and heat on the cell—that is, the action of the sun upon the plant. Except under the influence of light and heat, the cell will not perform its great function of purifying the air we breathe and rendering it fit for respiration by decomposing the carbonic acid, retaining the carbon and restoring the oxygen to the atmosphere. The manner in which light and heat act in the cell, is well explained by a theory supported by Dr. Edwin Lankester. He supposes that this important operation is effected by the combination of light and heat, with the carbon in the plant-cell; and that by this combination the plant is very slowly fossilised. Two thousand years after the commencement of that process it is dug up as coal and burnt. Now burning we know to be merely a process of oxidation. We oxidise the contents of the fossil cell; and what is the result? Our fires give off carbonic acid and give out light and heat; that is, by supplying the oxygen given off before, we have the old combination of carbon and oxygen. Can anything give us a higher idea of the marvellous beauty and simplicity of the operations of nature? Carbonic acid gas, which we give off in enormous quantities from our lungs in the process of respiration, and which, if allowed to accumulate in the atmosphere, would destroy human life, is absorbed by the coal-making plant, and becomes the chief element of its nutrition: the oxygen of which it is partly composed, and which is necessary to human life, is restored to the atmosphere. The carbon, being retained, is converted, on the one hand, by the plant-cell into nourishment for the animal creation; and on the other, it is made into a fuel, which becomes the great civiliser of the

universe. This fuel man raises from the bowels of the earth for his own comfort and convenience; and never dreams that in doing so he is doing anything more than availing himself of the wonderful power of the plant-cell to store up light and heat for his use. But here we may see a new relation of the cell to the great laws of the universe; it is necessary that, for the purpose of respiration, the atmosphere should be temporarily purified of that carbonic acid gas which is fatal to animal life; but if this gradual abstraction of carbon were to go on unbalanced by any returning source, the increase of animal and vegetable organism would be impossible, for the great bulk of both plants and animals is pure carbon; we ourselves are walking masses of carbon. Notwithstanding that fresh masses of carbon are supplied from volcanic and other sources, still these would be insufficient to counterbalance the quantity abstracted; and there can be no doubt that in digging up the coal, men are furnishing the means under a natural law, which they unconsciously obey, of the increase of their species. We cannot refuse to see in this an instance of the beautiful adaptation of the laws of nature to created beings; of the complete subservience to man of the great organic laws of the universe; of their instrumentality in promoting his comfort; and the necessity he is under of acting in accordance with and support of those laws.

We have but dipped into the great sea of wonders, which the history of this small vesicle, the cell, presents in its vegetable existence only. Hereafter we may speak of the further history of the cell.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN;

AND THE PRINCE DE VENDÔME.

At the beginning of the Turkish troubles a very singular personage arrived at the court of the Sultan to take part in them; for there is nothing your true knight-errant loves like troubled waters. He called himself Louis de Valois, Duke of Vendôme, and haughtily asserted that he descended from the last scion of an ancient race of French kings, and that he was in reality heir to the throne of France. He said indeed that he and His Sublimity the Sultan of Constantinople were the only two legitimate sovereigns in the world with whom he was acquainted.

His arrival created an immense sensation. Selim Pasha assured Hamed Bey, in a confidential whisper, that he came to entreat the protection of the Sultan of Constantinople against the attacks of the Russians and Chinese—a race of barbarian infidels who lived near a place called London, of which he had often heard from a Christian dog of a merchant, who bought the figs and olives of his Pashalik. He assured the listening Hamed, with many wise wags of his venerable beard, that the

Sublimity the Sultan had been graciously pleased to receive the royal envoy, who had been presented by the French ambassador on his hands and knees, with many marks of his august favour, that he had deigned to accept the suzerainty of France, which was henceforth, and for ever, to be held in fief of the Sultan of Constantinople, and to pay an annual tribute. Finally, the Pasha, opening the inmost recesses of his gifted and amiable mind to the faithful Hamed, proceeded to show him how he meant to undermine the favour of the subject monarch, in order that he himself might be named Prince or Waywode of France at some future date. This would be an easy thing, inasmuch as an infidel might always be safely accused of blaspheming the true faith, or of having stamped on the spot where the Sultan's shadow had rested while going to the mosque, or of being a Sheytan, or evil spirit. This virtuous man's aim being thus accomplished, he would lose no time in appointing the wondering Hamed as his kaimacam, or lieutenant.

The news flew from mouth to mouth as fast as breath could carry it. The men of Constantinople began to treat the French subjects in the place with unusual marks of kindness and protection, and all were eager in portioning out to their own profit the goods of the subject land which had just submitted itself so dutifully, and become annexed to their country. Hey! what fat pashaliks would be forthcoming by and bye.

Meantime, it soon became known that His Highness the Duke de Vendôme aspired to the command in chief of the armies of Constantinople, in the war which was then expected with the Russians. This seemed reasonable enough under such circumstances, thought his believers. He was a man, too, whose air and manners were admirably calculated to support pretensions, however extravagant. He had a plentiful stock of the gravity, assurance, and plausibility which succeed so well with Orientals. In person he was of gigantic stature, and though his face was not of the cast which pleases a physiognomist, he was handsome. His forehead was high, but narrow; the nose and mouth well cut; but the shifting and uncertain expression of the eye never could have belonged to an honest man. It seemed always to be mutely asking how much you believed of him, or trying to penetrate into your thoughts, and see if you had heard or suspected anything against him. For the rest, he wore his beard, already growing grey, after the fashion of the Orientals, and dressed in a manner rather more imposing than is usual among French gentlemen of real rank and consideration; but, perhaps this was part of his tactics, and not ill judged if it were so.

He took up his quarters at the first hotel in Constantinople, and engaged a numerous suite; for the clever man, who seemed to have

well studied his part, knew that nothing is more respected in the East than a splendid retinue. He had secretaries, aides-de-camp, grooms, and horses, all obtained on credit, and things at first went smoothly enough. Day after day he enacted the part of the courtly host to admiring pashas and beys, who went away full of his praises. His Highness and his Highness's wife—one of those pretty, quiet women who always fall in love with a lion—were an honour to the hotel at which they lived. They promised also to be a considerable profit, for they lived in the best rooms at a great expense, just at the very time when the *beau monde*, and travellers who came to Constantinople, were all too glad to run away into the country to escape the fierce heats of summer.

At length came the unlucky quarter of an hour, so pathetically mentioned by immortal Rabelais. One morning, the bowing landlord presented his bill. The Prince was all affability. He had no time to see his bankers just then, but would send to them to come to him immediately he could spare the time. Unluckily, he had no money but a thousand pound note by him. If, however, M. Bouffet had change, eh?—and the Prince, in his brocaded dressing-gown (got on credit over the way), rose from his honoured seat upon his august legs, and looked towards a splendid *escritoire*—which was quite empty, for it had only just been sent home—and His Highness twirled the golden key in his hand with an inquiring glance.

Mine host was all blushes and apologies. He was desolated at having deranged His Royal Highness. Might he be permitted to retire himself?

The Prince consented; and, shortly after, the Princess, His Highness's august consort, sent for Madame Bouffet, and made her the prettiest compliments possible upon the general arrangements and excellence of the hotel. Madame Bouffet received them curtseying to the ground. She was an Englishwoman, and had been "own maid to Her Excellency the British Ambadress, but she never expected to have the honour of seeing a crowned 'ed under her 'umble reuf, but ryalty was scarce in these rumbustical" (she meant republican) "days, and so it wuss, yer Ryal Majesty's 'Ighness."

Her Ryal Majesty's 'Ighness complimented Madame Bouffet again on the excellence of her political opinions, and having learned all the scandal of the place and ascertained that Madame Bouffet had never expected to marry a Frenchman, "which her father was in the oil and Italian business, but had married her mother-in-law, and sent her out to service, which she never was brought up ten," with much other information of a similar nature; and having given Mrs. Bouffet a dress worn by her royal self at the coronation (it was black satin), accordingly, the storm was lulled for a time. Mercy on us, what humbugs those

quiet, gentle women are; what proficient in roguery a roguish husband can make them; what a very right arm of help they are in good or evil—true as steel in the darkest adversity!

The days rolled on, however, and all things must come to an end with time. Inquisitive persons began to remark, that His Highness's visitors were all men of Constantinople, and that neither his ambassador, or any other considerable person among the Franks, appeared to be aware of his existence, or called upon him—except the charge d'affaires of Tombuctoo—and his character as a Lothario was so well known, and the Princess was so pretty, that Mrs. Bouffet thought his visits might as well have been dispensed with.

At last one of the French attachés came in from the country to lionise a party of his compatriots, who wished to see the wonders of the land, and this young gentleman having nothing better before him, when the fatigues of a long sight-seeing day were over, brought his whole party to the hotel to dinner. M. Bouffet who, like every one else in Constantinople, had formerly had something to do with one of the overgrown embassies, greeted the young official with that mixture of respect and familiarity which belongs peculiarly to the manner of foreign upper-servants. When, however, he mildly requested the attaché not to light a cigar, because they were then standing immediately under the windows of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Vendôme, it was very natural that the young gentleman should require "*ce bon Bouffet*" to explain himself more at length; which he did. The attaché laughed, and opined that he had been preciously taken in.

Bouffet persisted in vowing that his story of the Prince's arrival and pretensions was undeniable, for that he had trusted him to the amount of many thousands of francs. "But," resumed the puzzled Bouffet, "Monsieur the Count would have an opportunity of seeing the Prince in person at the table d'hôte, where His Highness was graciously pleased to dine."

Poor Bouffet said "Highness," and "graciously pleased" still, though terribly chap-fallen. It is hard to give up a pleasant error, and little people are quite as fond of "boosing" as great ones are of being "booed" to. Poor Bouffet, he had been bragging of his guest till the rival hotel (kept by two elderly Englishwomen who quarrelled with everybody) felt quite snubbed; and now, instead of seeing his doors thronged with an admiring crowd waiting for the Prince to go out, he would become the ridicule of the whole Christian quarter of Constantinople, and be bitterly reproached by all who had trusted his illustrious guest upon his braggadocio representations.

The imposing presence and suite of the Duke, however, at first even staggered the

attaché. He thought Bouffet might have mistaken, and that he really saw before him a man of royal rank. But, alas! on the left-hand of His Highness sat his secretary, and the moment that the eye of the attaché fell upon him doubt was at an end, for he recognised him as a rogue who had been convicted of all sorts of dishonesty, and to whom he had often given a few francs in contemptuous pity. Looking also more fearlessly now at the Princess, a smile broke over his face at the recognition of an old acquaintance. Her Royal Highness turned pale as she met the arch look of this young gentleman; the Prince bit his lips, and the bubble burst.

It was with a very different face that M. Bouffet rendered himself on the following day in the apartments of Monsieur. He came with a long bill in hand, with his wife conversing in audible whispers at the door; with the listening servants behind him on the stairs;—but who has not seen the admirable picture of "Waiting for a remittance?"

The Duke de Vendôme was not staggered. He did not quail even before the enraged eye of his enemy. The conversation was long between them; but Madame Bouffet at last stole into the room; the whispering waiters on the stairs were hushed; mine host's angry voice died away into a respectful murmur. The Prince would go to his bankers and pay the bill within an hour or two.

He went out into the street with towering crest and courteous bow; mine host thought that Monsieur the Count (the attaché) had "mocked himself with him," and that the things he had heard to the disadvantage of their Highnesses were a *mauvaise plaisanterie*.

It was a wet day; for there are wet days in Constantinople as well as in London. The unpaved streets were like a quagmire—all mud and slosh; but the erect and stately form of the adventurer strode on to the quarter where the merchants lived, and went at once to the principal bankers, and offered them a bill on Aldgate Pump for a considerable sum. He knew he could make no such mistake as to ask for a small one.

"Had His Highness a letter of credit on their house?"

"No. It had not yet reached him. The war might have retarded the post."

The banker looked grave.

"Had he a letter from the ambassador?"

The Prince smiled. "What French nobleman would know M. de —, the Ambassador of the Republic!" said the Prince in his grand way.

The banker, who like most men who have made fortunes from very small beginnings, was a legitimist, and who also, like most of the Europeans in Constantinople, was at war with his ambassador, acknowledged internally that this excuse was a valid one. He was just on the point of desiring his cashier to

pay the value of the draft, and then retiring into his gloomy little sanctum behind the counting-house with one of those respectful bows to fallen greatness a Frenchman knows so well how to make, when his visitor broke silence again and was lost.

One of the great secrets of successful negotiation is to know how to keep silence—never to speak one superfluous word. Our hero, however, like all his tribe, was impulsive; and his way of life had given him an opinion of mankind which is the most perfectly wrong of all. He thought everybody on the look out to commit a robbery where they could do so with impunity.

It very often happens that a man looks most stern when he is really most disposed to yield. This was the case with the banker, and while the order to his cashier was just trembling on his lips, the adventurer thought he saw refusal there.

"I only want the money for a short time," he said incautiously, "and if you will advance me twenty thousand piastres I will give the bill for thirty."

The game was lost; the player had been too eager to win. "I never lend money upon such terms," said the banker, frozen straight-way into ice.

The rest of the day was spent in sickening anxiety, in the hopeless attempt of an unknown stranger to talk people, whom he had never seen before, out of that which they valued most on earth—their money. Everybody to whom the splendid gentleman applied on that rainy sloppy day, referred him at once to the great banker, and he went with wet boots from one sneering trader to another, mortified and humiliated. In vain he tried to stiffen his tell-tale under-lip, and to look his man in the face with those shifty dishonest eyes. He might indeed correct the huskiness of his voice from the contents of a little flask he carried about with him, and put on some of the usual charm of his manner; but more was too much for him, and the day closed with his utter defeat.

Wet through in spite of his umbrella, bedraggled, dispirited, feeling as if every hair of his head were made of wire which grew an inch a minute, he returned to his hotel. But he was no common Jerry Sneak. There was the same handsome winning smile for Madame Bouffet, who stood waiting for his return; the same pleasant good day for her husband; the same firm stride and gallant bearing, as if he had a few loose thousands for present expenses in the little empty casket upstairs. To the inquiring looks of mine host, he said that his bankers were to send to him on the following day.

But his plans were deranged. He must hasten his movements during the brief time of consideration yet left him. Instead of carrying on a tardy negotiation with the Pashas to whom he was daily making presents bought on credit, he resolved to go

in person to the Grand Vizier and offer his services to the cause of Constantinople.

That worthy received the French Prince with much distinction, and offered him pipes and coffee; the pipe-sticks were made of the rarest and lightest wood, and their mouth-pieces were of jewelled amber. The coffee was served in dainty cups of gold flagree, richly jewelled, for all the luxury of the East has taken refuge in pipe-sticks and coffee-cups. As the adventurer looked round the marble hall, with its long vistas opening on the costliest flowers, the silver tables, the mosaic pavement, and the smiling Vizier, his heart swelled within him.

But here he failed. He failed, because like all his class, he took too radical and summary views of political matters. It happened that in the famous quarrel between Constantinople and St. Petersburg, the governments of Great Britain and France had promised to assist the former power in the unequal struggle. It was, however, for a long time extremely doubtful of what this promised assistance was really to consist. Whether it was to be moral aid, or physical aid, or money, or advice, or reproaches, and mere meddling. The Grand Vizier perhaps knew as much about the matter as most people, but our hero knew nothing at all. He had therefore blindly adopted the popular opinion, which was, that the English and French fleets were merely waiting in the neighbourhood to seize on Constantinople during the tumult of the war, and divide the spoil between them; just as a brace of lawyers take advantage of the disputes of individual litigants, to fill their own pouches at the expense of both.

Big with this idea, our hero proposed to the Grand Vizier a notable plan for burning the two fleets as they lay at anchor, and thus getting rid of these troublesome and uncertain friends at once. The Vizier never moved a muscle while the soldier of fortune detailed his plan, though the French ambassador had just left him with the most cordial assurances of friendship and support, in which he fully believed.

All Orientals are fond of intrigue. He continued to listen to his visitor with the utmost politeness, and when he had concluded, begged him to put his proposal into writing, when it should be laid before His Sublimity the Sultan. The Vizier saw an excellent means of thus recommending himself to the French and English ambassadors, and took leave of his guest with many warm expressions of thanks.

The Prince had no need to hang his beard now. He would soon be made a field-marshal at least, and the field-marshal of Constantinople were paid a thousand pounds a month. He had succeeded beyond his utmost hopes. He had no fear of duns or hotel-keepers. "After all," he said to the Princess, as he finished and sealed his proposal

in the evening. "There is nothing like energy; and if a man has only the courage to pursue fortune boldly, he is sure to win her."

So the duns were put off by the most stately and wonderful excuses from day to day, and Bouffet and his wife retained in the same awe-struck respect. At the end of a week, the Prince called again upon the Grand Vizier.

His excellency received his guest with the same pleasant smile as before, but there were no pipes and coffee. Perhaps the Grand Vizier had no time to attend to such trifles, and was going to despatch him at once on his errand of glory. The Vizier presented to him a paper. It was his own proposal, and His Excellency in returning it said, "That it was a most ingenious idea, but that unluckily it had not met with the approval of the French ambassador, to whom he, the Grand Vizier, had submitted it immediately it had reached him."

The hotel was crowded with duns when he returned to it. In his utter disappointment he had not given them a thought, till suddenly brought to bay in the midst of them; and there was something touching after all in seeing the lion thus surrounded and yelped at with his claws tied. So thought, at least, Monsieur and Madame Bouffet, who rescued him, and angrily cleared the house.

And here the secretary, who had first brought evil upon him, proved a valuable ally. That individual had made himself acquainted with every possible and impossible means of obtaining money in Constantinople; and, having been first rescued by stratagem from the close custody in which he had been for some time kept by his landlord, set himself heartily to work, and at last, by judicious puffing of his employer, persuaded one of the wise men of Constantinople to advance sufficient money to the Prince to pay his hotel bill, for so many thousands per cent., that the wise man of Constantinople thought he was dealing with an alchemist, who did not happen for the moment to have his crucibles with him.

But while the harassed adventurer was rejoicing in the prospect of recovered consideration at his hotel (for we may be sure he did not say how he got the money), he received a peremptory notice to quit. Once paid, Monsieur and Madame Bouffet determined to have nothing more to do with him. People began to flock in from the country, who considered his presence a scandal to the house, and His Royal Highness must be turned out.

It was a bitter thing enough for the unmasked pretender to front the clamorous horde of duns who waited in ambush for him now, and dogged his heels wherever he went. The irate Frenchwoman, who kept the nick-nack shop, and asked if he thought she called upon him for change of air; the savage horse-

dealer, a drunken Hungarian, who menaced him, riding-whip in hand—what a palsy seized upon his limbs in the midst of his creditors, and his lips grew white, and his heart stopped. Yet, to tell with what inexhaustible resource of trick and evasion he quieted them again and again—with what wit and ingenuity he battled in the wrong cause, would fill a volume. Driven from one hotel to another, chased hither and thither—hunted, badgered, jeered at, he at last took to his bed, as the only temporary means of peace, and how he contrived to keep body and soul together there, was a mystery.

I never could ascertain the real history of the man who came to Constantinople, and called himself the Duke of Vendôme. It remained a mystery; but he was probably the illegitimate descendant of some branch of the Royal family of France. There is no smoke without fire; nor do the most unblushing men often assert a lie which has not some foundation, however shadowy and unsubstantial. Thus much also was certain: he was a brave and able soldier, but most thoroughly unprincipled. A man tutored in a bad school, who believed everything in life might be won by address and trick—who entertained from conviction the mistaken idea that the world is to be juggled out of its respect and consideration, or anything which is worth having. He must have been also ignorant, or he must have known that steam, and "that kind of thing," puts all the world now in such free and constant communication, that there was no place in the world in which his pretensions could possibly have escaped being unmasked by return of post. But many much wiser men than our adventurer know very little of Constantinople. It is the fashion to consider its inhabitants a race of sleepy barbarians; while, heart alive! they are quite as wide awake, and far more wily, than the wildest in the West. However, after suffering every species of degradation and contumely, our knight-errant sunk into a *valet de place*, under the protection of the same *bon Bouffet*, who had once bowed to him so lowly; and the beautiful Princess opened a milliner's shop not unsuccessfully.

There may be a doubt, however, whether society is quite right in these cases; and, when the pretensions of the *soi-disant* Duke had dwindled down to a modest request for a subaltern's commission, whether it was wise to place him beyond the pale of hope and an honourable life. The man might have done good service, sword in hand, and the empire of Turkey have been altogether the better for his services. If society would give such men a place, they would often fill it worthily. If we would recognise their talents, their genius for invention, their inexhaustible resources, their valour, perseverance, and contempt of obstacles, we might often make

them do us good service; and it would be kinder and wiser to look upon even a knight-errant with more discriminating and merciful eyes than we do. Let us indeed sedulously keep his hands out of our pockets, and close our hearts against his wheedling, but let us try if we cannot, among the many places and conditions in the world, find one that will suit him. Let us cease to attach suspicion to the name of adventurer openly worn, and we shall hear no more of Dukes of Vendôme perambulating the world.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XLV.

I HAVE NOW arrived at the close of my little history. The events which succeeded the famous Revolution of one thousand six hundred and eighty-eight, would neither be easily related nor easily understood in such a book as this.

William and Mary reigned together, five years. After the death of his good wife, William occupied the throne, alone, for seven years longer. During his reign, on the sixteenth of September, one thousand seven hundred and one, the poor weak creature who had once been James the Second of England, died in France. In the mean time he had done his utmost (which was not much) to cause William to be assassinated, and to regain his lost dominions. James's son was declared, by the French King, the rightful King of England, and was called in France THE CHEVALIER SAINT GEORGE, and in England THE PRETENDER. Some insatuated people in England, and particularly in Scotland, took up the Pretender's cause from time to time—as if the country had not, to its cost, had Stuarts enough!—and many lives were sacrificed, and much misery occasioned. King William died on Sunday, the seventh of March, one thousand seven hundred and two, of the consequences of an accident occasioned by his horse stumbling with him. He was always a brave patriotic Prince, and a man of remarkable abilities. His manner was cold, and he made but few friends; but he had truly loved his queen. When he was dead, a lock of her hair, in a ring, was found tied with a black ribbon round his left arm.

He was succeeded by the Princess ANNE, a popular Queen, who reigned twelve years. In her reign, in the month of May, one thousand seven hundred and seven, the Union between England and Scotland was effected, and the two countries were incorporated under the name of GREAT BRITAIN. Then,

from the year one thousand seven hundred and fourteen to the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty, reigned the four GEORGES.

It was in the reign of George the Second, in the year one thousand seven hundred and forty-five, that the Pretender did his last mischief, and made his last appearance. Being an old man by that time, he and the Jacobites—as his friends were called—put forward his son, CHARLES EDWARD, known as the Young Chevalier. The Highlanders of Scotland, an extremely troublesome and wrong-headed race on the subject of the Stuarts, espoused his cause, and he joined them, and there was a Scottish rebellion to make him king, in which many gallant and devoted gentlemen lost their lives. It was a hard matter for Charles Edward to escape abroad again, with a high price on his head; but the Scottish people were extraordinarily faithful to him, and, after undergoing many romantic adventures, not unlike those of Charles the Second, he escaped to France. A number of charming stories and delightful songs arose out of the Jacobite feelings, and belong to the Jacobite times. Otherwise, I think the Stuarts were a public nuisance altogether.

It was in the reign of George the Third, that England lost North America, by persisting in taxing her without her own consent. That immense country, made independent under WASHINGTON, and left to itself, became the United States; one of the greatest nations of the earth. In these times in which I write, it is honourably remarkable for protecting its subjects, wherever they may travel, with a dignity and a determination which is a model for England. Between you and me, England has rather lost ground in this respect since the days of Oliver Cromwell.

The Union of Great Britain with Ireland—which had been getting on very badly by itself—took place in the reign of George the Third, on the second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight.

WILLIAM THE FOURTH succeeded George the Fourth in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty, and reigned seven years. QUEEN VICTORIA, his niece, the only child of the Duke of Kent, the fourth son of George the Third, came to the throne on the twentieth of June, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven. She was married to PRINCE ALBERT of Saxe Gotha on the tenth of February, one thousand eight hundred and forty. She is very good, and much beloved. So I end, like the crier, with

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. VIII.

McELRATH & BARKER, PUBLISHERS.
OFFICE No. 17 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

WHOLE No. 195.

MY FRENCH MASTER.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

My father's house was in the country, seven miles away from the nearest town. He had been an officer in the navy; but, as he had met with some accident that would disable him from ever serving again, he gave up his commission and his half-pay. He had a small private fortune, and my mother had not been penniless; so he purchased a house and ten or twelve acres of land, and set himself up as an amateur farmer on a very small scale. My mother rejoiced over the very small scale of his operations; and when my father regretted, as he did very often, that no more land was to be purchased in the neighbourhood, I could see her setting herself a sum in her head, "If on twelve acres he manages to lose a hundred pounds a year, what would be our loss on a hundred and fifty?" But when my father was pushed hard on the subject of the money he spent in his sailor-like farming, he had one constant retreat:

"Think of the health and the pleasure we all of us take in the cultivation of the fields around us! It is something for us to do and to look forward to every day." And this was so true that as long as my father confined himself to these arguments, my mother left him unmolested: but to strangers he was still apt to enlarge on the returns his farm brought him in; and he had often to pull up in his statements when he caught the warning glance of my mother's eye, showing him that she was not so much absorbed in her own conversation as to be deaf to his voice. But as for the happiness that arose out of our mode of life—that was not to be calculated by tens or hundreds of pounds. There were only two of us, my sister and myself; and my mother undertook the greater part of our education. We helped her in her household cares during part of the morning; then came an old-fashioned routine of lessons, such as she herself had learnt when a girl:—Goldsmith's "History of England," Rollin's "Ancient History," Lindley Murray's Grammar, and plenty of sewing and stitching.

My mother used sometimes to sigh, and wish that she could buy us a piano, and teach us what little music she knew; but many of my dear father's habits were expensive—at least

for a person possessed of no larger an income than he had. Besides the quiet and unsuspected drain of his agricultural pursuits, he was of a social turn; enjoying the dinners to which he was invited by his more affluent neighbours; and especially delighted in returning them the compliment, and giving them choice little entertainments, which would have been yet more frequent in their recurrence than they were, if it had not been for my mother's prudence. But we never were able to purchase the piano; it required a greater outlay of ready money than we ever possessed. I dare say we should have grown up ignorant of any language but our own, if it had not been for my father's social habits, which led to our learning French in a very unexpected manner. He and my mother went to dine with General Ashburton, one of the forest-rangers; and there they met with an emigrant gentleman, a Monsieur de Chalabre, who had escaped in a wonderful manner, and at terrible peril to his life; and was, consequently, in our small forest-circle, a great lion, and a worthy cause of a series of dinner parties. His first entertainer, General Ashburton, had known him in France, under very different circumstances; and he was not prepared for the quiet and dignified request made by his guest, one afternoon after M. de Chalabre had been about a fortnight in the forest, that the General would recommend him as a French teacher, if he could conscientiously do so.

To the General's remonstrances M. de Chalabre smilingly replied, by an assurance that his assumption of his new occupation could only be for a short time; that the good cause would—*must* triumph. It was before the fatal January twenty-first, seventeen hundred and ninety-three; and then, still smiling, he strengthened his position by quoting innumerable instances out of the classics, of heroes and patriots, generals and commanders, who had been reduced by Fortune's frolics to adopt some occupation far below their original one. He closed his speech with informing the General that, relying upon his kindness in acting as referee, he had taken lodgings for a few months at a small farm which was in the centre of our forest circle of acquaintances. The General was too thoroughly a gentleman to say anything more than that he should be

most happy to do whatever he could to forward M. de Chalabre's plans; and as my father was the first person whom he met with after his conversation, it was announced to us, on the very evening of the day on which it had taken place, that we were forthwith to learn French; and I verily believe that, if my father could have persuaded my mother to join him, we should have formed a French class of father, mother, and two head of daughters, so touched had my father been by the General's account of M. de Chalabre's present desires, as compared with the high estate from which he had fallen. Accordingly, we were installed in the dignity of his first French pupils. My father was anxious that we should have a lesson every other day, ostensibly that we might get on all the more speedily, but really that he might have a larger quarterly bill to pay; at any rate until M. de Chalabre had more of his time occupied with instruction. But my mother gently interfered, and calmed her husband down into two lessons a week, which was, she said, as much as we could manage. Those happy lessons! I remember them now, at the distance of more than fifty years. Our house was situated on the edge of the forest; our fields were, in fact, cleared out of it. It was not good land for clover; but my father would always sow one particular field with clover-seed, because my mother was so fond of the fragrant scent in her evening walks, and through this a foot-path ran which led into the forest.

A quarter of a mile beyond—a walk on the soft fine springy turf, and under the long low branches of the beech trees, and we arrived at the old red-brick farm where M. de Chalabre was lodging. Not that we went there to take our lessons; that would have been an offence to his spirit of politeness; but as my father and mother were his nearest neighbours, there was a constant interchange of small messages and notes, which we little girls were only too happy to take to our dear M. de Chalabre. Moreover, if our lessons with my mother were ended pretty early, she would say—"You have been good girls; now you may run to the high point in the clover-field, and see if M. de Chalabre is coming; and if he is you may walk with him; but take care and give him the cleanest part of the path, for you know he does not like to dirty his boots."

This was all very well in theory; but, like many theories, the difficulty was to put it in practice. If we slipped to the side of the path where the water lay longest, he bowed and retreated behind us to a still wetter place, leaving the clean part to us; yet when we got home his polished boots would be without a speck, while our shoes were covered with mud.

Another little ceremony which we had to get accustomed to, was his habit of taking off his hat as we approached, and walking by us

holding it in his hand. To be sure, he wore a wig, delicately powdered, frizzed, and tied in a queue behind; but we had always a feeling that he would catch cold, and that he was doing us too great an honour, and that he did not know how old, or rather how young we were, until one day we saw him (far away from our house) hand a countrywoman over a stile with the same kind of dainty courteous politeness, lifting her basket of eggs over first; and then, taking up the silk-lined lapel of his coat, he spread it on the palm of his hand for her to rest her fingers upon; instead of which she took his small white hand in her plump vigorous gripe, and leant her full weight upon him. He carried her basket for her as far as their roads lay together; and from that time we were less shy in receiving his courtesies, perceiving that he considered them as deference due to our sex, however old or young, or rich or poor. So, as I said, we came down from the clover field in rather a stately manner, and through the wicket gate that opened into our garden, which was as rich in its scents of varied kinds as the clover field had been in its one pure fragrance. My mother would meet us here; and somehow—our life was passed as much out of doors as in-doors, both winter and summer—we seemed to have our French lessons more frequently in the garden than in the house; for there was a sort of arbour on the lawn near the drawing-room window, to which we always found it easy to carry a table and chairs, and all the rest of the lesson paraphernalia, if my mother did not prohibit a lesson *al fresco*.

M. de Chalabre wore, as a sort of morning costume, a coat, waistcoat, and breeches all made of a kind of coarse grey cloth which he had bought in the neighbourhood; his three-cornered hat was brushed to a nicety, his wig sat as no one else's did. (My father's was always awry). And the only thing wanting to his costume when he came was a flower. Sometimes I fancied he purposely omitted gathering one of the roses that clustered up the farm-house in which he lodged, in order to afford my mother the pleasure of culling her choicest carnations and roses to make him up his nosegay, or "posy" as he liked to call it; he had picked up that pretty country word and adopted it as an especial favourite, dwelling on the first syllable with all the languid softness of an Italian accent. Many a time have Mary and I tried to say it like him; we did so admire his way of speaking.

Once seated round the table, whether in the house or out of it, we were bound to attend to our lessons; and somehow he made us perceive that it was a part of the same chivalrous code that made him so helpful to the helpless, to enforce the slightest claim of duty to the full. No half-prepared lessons for him! The patience and the resource with which he illustrated and enforced every pre-

cept; the untiring gentleness with which he made our stubborn English tongues pronounce, and mispronounce, and repronounce certain words; above all, the sweetness of temper which never varied, were such as I have never seen equalled. If we wondered at these qualities when we were children, how much greater has been our surprise at their existence since we have been grown up, and have learnt that, until his emigration, he was a man of rapid and impulsive action, with the imperfect education implied in the circumstance that at fifteen he was a sous-lieutenant in the Queen's regiment, and must, consequently, have had to apply himself hard and conscientiously to master the language which he had in after-life to teach.

Twice we had holidays to suit his sad convenience. Holidays with us were not at Christmas and Midsummer, Easter and Michaelmas. If my mother was unusually busy, we had what we called a holiday; though, in reality, it involved harder work than our regular lessons; but we fetched and carried, and ran errands, and became rosy and dusty, and sang merry songs in the gaiety of our hearts. If the day was remarkably fine, my dear father—whose spirits were rather apt to vary with the weather—would come bursting in with his bright, kind, bronzed face, and carry the day by storm with my mother. "It was a shame to coop such young things up in a house," he would say, "when every other young animal was frolicking in the air and sunshine. Grammar!—what was that but the art of arranging words?—and he never knew a woman but could do that fast enough. Geography!—he would undertake to teach us more geography in one winter evening, telling us of the countries where he had been, with just a map before him, that we could learn in ten years with that stupid book, all full of hard words. As for the French—why that must be learnt, for he should not like M. de Chabre to think we slighted the lessons he took so much pains to give us; but surely, we could get up the earlier to learn our French." We promised by acclamation; and my mother—sometimes smilingly, sometimes reluctantly—was always compelled to yield. And these were the usual occasions for our holidays. But twice we had a fortnight's entire cessation of French lessons: once in January, and once in October. Nor did we even see our dear French master during those periods. We went several times to the top of the clover-field, to search the dark green outskirts of the forest with our busy eyes; and if we could have seen his figure in that shade, I am sure we should have scampered to him, forgetful of the prohibition which made the forest forbidden ground. But we did not see him.

It was the fashion in those days to keep children much less informed than they are now on the subjects which interest their

parents. A sort of hieroglyphic or cypher talk was used, in order to conceal the meaning of much that was said, if children were present. My mother was a proficient in this way of talking, and took, we fancied, a certain pleasure in perplexing my father by inventing a new cypher, as it were, every day. For instance, for some time I was called *Martia*, because I was very tall of my age; and just as my father had begun to understand the name—and, it must be owned, a good while after I had learnt to prick up my ears whenever *Martia* was named—my mother suddenly changed me into "*the buttress*," from the habit I had acquired of leaning my languid length against a wall. I saw my father's perplexity about this "*buttress*" for some days, and could have helped him out of it, but I durst not. And so, when the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth was executed, the news was too terrible to be put into plain English, and too terrible also to be made known to us children, nor could we at once find the clue to the cypher in which it was spoken about. We heard about "*the Iris being blown down*;" and saw my father's honest loyal excitement about it, and the quiet reserve which always betokened some secret grief on my mother's part.

We had no French lessons; and somehow the poor, battered, storm-torn *Iris* was to blame for this. It was many weeks after this before we knew the full reason of M. de Chabre's deep depression when he again came amongst us: why he shook his head when my mother timidly offered him some snowdrops on that first morning on which we began lessons again: why he wore the deep mourning of that day, when all of the dress that could be black was black, and the white muslin frills and ruffles were unstarched and limp, as if to bespeak the very abandonment of grief. We knew well enough the meaning of the next hieroglyphic announcement—"The wicked cruel boys had broken off the White Lily's head!" That beautiful queen, whose portrait once had been shown to us, with her blue eyes, and her fair resolute look, her profusion of lightly powdered hair, her white neck, adorned with strings of pearls. We could have cried, if we had dared, when we heard the transparent mysterious words. We did cry at night, sitting up in bed, with our arms round each other's necks, and vowing, in our weak, passionate, childish way, that if we lived long enough, that lady's death avenged should be. No one who cannot remember that time can tell the shudder of horror that thrilled through the country at hearing of this last execution. At the moment, there was no time for any consideration of the silent horrors endured for centuries by the people, who at length rose in their madness against their rulers. This last blow changed our dear M. de Chabre. I never saw him again in quite the same gaiety of heart as before this time. There

seemed to be tears very close behind his smiles for ever after. My father went to see him when he had been about a week absent from us—no reason given, for did not we, did not every one know the horror the sun had looked upon! As soon as my father had gone, my mother gave it in charge to us to make the dressing-room belonging to our guest-chamber as much like a sitting room as possible. My father hoped to bring back M. de Chalabre for a visit to us; but he would probably like to be a good deal alone; and we might move any article of furniture we liked, if we only thought it would make him comfortable.

I believe General Ashburton had been on a somewhat similar errand to my father's before; but he had failed. My father gained his point, as I afterwards learnt, in a very unconscious and characteristic manner. He had urged his invitation on M. de Chalabre, and received such a decided negative that he was hopeless, and quitted the subject. Then M. de Chalabre began to relieve his heart by telling him all the details; my father held his breath to listen—at last, his honest heart could contain itself no longer, and the tears ran down his face. His unaffected sympathy touched M. de Chalabre inexpressibly; and in an hour after we saw our dear French master coming down the clover-field slope, leaning on my father's arm, which he had involuntarily offered as a support to one in trouble—although he was slightly lame, and ten or fifteen years older than M. de Chalabre.

For a year after that time M. de Chalabre never wore any flowers; and after that, to the day of his death, no gay or coloured rose or carnation could tempt him. We secretly observed his taste, and always took care to bring him white flowers for his posy. I noticed, too, that on his left arm, under his coat sleeve (sleeves were made very open then), he always wore a small band of black crape. He lived to be eighty-one, but he had the black crape band on when he died.

M. de Chalabre was a favourite in all the forest circle. He was a great acquisition to the sociable dinner parties that were perpetually going on; and though some of the families piqued themselves on being aristocratic, and turned up their noses at any one who had been engaged in trade, however largely, M. de Chalabre, in right of his good blood, his loyalty, his daring "preux chevalier" actions, was ever an honoured guest. He took his poverty, and the simple habits it enforced, so naturally and gaily, as a mere trifling accident of his life, about which neither concealment nor shame could be necessary, that the very servants—often so much more pseudo-aristocratic than their masters—loved and respected the French gentleman, who perhaps came to teach in the mornings, and in the evenings made his

appearance dressed with dainty neatness as a dinner guest. He came, lightly prancing through the forest mire; and, in our little hall, at any rate, he would pull out a neat minute case containing a blacking-brush and blacking, and repolish his boots, speaking gaily, in his broken English, to the footman all the time. That blacking case was his own making; he had a genius for using his fingers. After our lessons were over, he relaxed into the familiar house friend—the merry play-fellow. We lived far from any carpenter or joiner; if a lock was out of order M. de Chalabre made it right for us. If any box was wanted, his ingenious fingers had made it before our lesson day. He turned silk winders for my mother, made a set of chessmen for my father, carved an elegant watch-case out of a rough beef bone—dressed up little cork dolls for us—in short, as he said, his heart would have been broken but for his joiner's tools. Nor were his ingenious gifts employed for us alone. The farmer's wife where he lodged had numerous contrivances in her house which he had made. One particularly which I remember was a paste-board, made after a French pattern, which would not slip about on a dresser, as he had observed her English paste-board do. Susan, the farmer's ruddy daughter, had her work-box, too, to show us; and her cousin-lover had a wonderful stick, with an extraordinary demon head carved upon it;—all by M. de Chalabre. Farmer, farmer's wife, Susan, Robert, and all were full of his praises.

We grew from children into girls—from girls into women; and still M. de Chalabre taught on in the forest; still he was beloved and honoured; still no dinner-party within five miles was thought complete without him, and ten miles' distance strove to offer him a bed sooner than miss his company. The pretty merry Susan of sixteen had been jilted by the faithless Robert; and was now a comely demure damsel of thirty-one or two; still waiting upon M. de Chalabre, and still constant in respectfully singing his praises. My own poor mother was dead; my sister was engaged to be married to a young lieutenant who was with his ship in the Mediterranean. My father was as youthful as ever in heart, and indeed in many of his ways; only his hair was quite white, and the old lameness was more frequently troublesome than it had been. An uncle of his had left him a considerable fortune, so he farmed away to his heart's content, and lost an annual sum of money with the best grace and the lightest heart in the world. There were not even the gentle reproaches of my mother's eyes to be dreaded now.

Things were in this state when the peace of eighteen hundred and fourteen was declared. We had heard so many and such contradictory rumours that we were inclined to doubt even the "Gazette" at last, and were discussing probabilities with some vehemence, when M.

de Chalabre entered the room, unannounced and breathless:

"My friends, give me joy!" he said. "The Bourbons"—he could not go on; his features, nay his very fingers, worked with agitation, but he could not speak. My father hastened to relieve him:

"We have heard the good news (you see, girls, it is quite true this time). I do congratulate you, my dear friend. I am glad." And he seized M. de Chalabre's hand in his own hearty gripe, and brought the nervous agitation of the latter to a close by unconsciously administering a pretty severe dose of wholesome pain.

"I go to London. I go straight this afternoon to see my sovereign. My sovereign holds a court to-morrow at Grillon's Hotel; I go to pay him my devoirs. I put on my uniform of Gardes du Corps, which have laid by these many years; a little old, a little worm-eaten; but never mind; they have been seen by Marie Antoinette, which gives them a grace for ever." He walked about the room in a nervous, hurried way. There was something on his mind, and we signed to my father to be silent for a moment or two, and let it come out. "No!" said M. de Chalabre, after a moment's pause. "I cannot say adieu; for I shall return to say, dear friends, my adieux. I did come a poor emigrant; noble Englishmen took me for their friend, and welcomed me to their houses. Chalabre is one large mansion, and my English friends will not forsake me; they will come and see me in my own country; and, for their sakes, not an English beggar shall pass the doors of Chalabre without being warmed, and clothed, and fed. I will not say adieu. I go now but for two days."

BY DAWK TO DELHI.

BUSINESS summoned me recently from the modern to the ancient capital of India. From Calcutta to Delhi runs the Grand Trunk Road, nine hundred miles long; one of the few good, though late, results of the East India Company's rule. This journey I was to get over by Dawk travelling, and my purpose now is to explain what manner of travelling that is.

Dawk travelling is no more like railway travelling, than a donkey race is like the Newmarket St. Leger. It is more suggestive of the progress of Indian railways. They have a line at Bombay something longer than its own name when it is printed in large capitals; Bengal can show a very few miles of embankment that have for the last two or three years been nearly finished, and some cuttings which sanguine people say will be available in about a year; Madras talks languidly about railways, and the North-West Provinces have got as far as thinking of them. India has not yet even

come up to the advancement of our old pair-horse or four-horse coach. Of Indian roads in their customary badness I say nothing: of the Grand Trunk Road between Calcutta and Delhi, and of the improved system of travelling thereupon—the best kind of travelling to which India has attained, and that but very recently—I shall say much, if I may be allowed to say it in my own leisurely way. I am an old Indian; and we old Indians like to do things quietly—we are not to be hurried.

A contract was first entered into between myself, on the one hand, and the North-Western Dawk Company, on the other; whereby, for the sum of one hundred and thirty-eight rupees (equivalent to thirteen pounds, sixteen shillings), the said Company agreed to convey me from Calcutta to Delhi. In consequence of this contract, a Dawk was driven to my door one evening, that it might be packed by me and my household overnight, ready for starting early in the morning. A Dawk may be described roughly as a large palanquin running on four high wheels, and drawn by a single horse. It is strong but not elegant; and is not decorated in accordance with the highest principles of art; being painted light green above and black below. To appear publicly in such a vehicle in England, would occasion the conviction that the occupant had gone into the travelling show line, and was on his way to the next country fair. The wheels of the Dawk are stout, for they have heavy work to do, and the body is hung high between them; for the Dawk has streams to ford. Round the roof a railing runs, for the more secure accommodation of such heavy luggage as can be packed outside. The carriage has a sliding door on each side, and windows like port-holes. The roomy interior is lined with a strong woollen stuff of green and black; it is of considerable length, and there is space in it for a great many odds and ends. There is a handy little shelf in front, there are two ample pockets, there are straps by which a hat or two may be slung, and there is a strong net suspended from the roof by its four corners. Level with the door-sill is a flooring of reasonably elastic cushion, covered to match the lining of the carriage; this extends over the whole length and breadth of the Dawk. The cushion is in four parts, one serving as lid to a well in which the traveller may put some of his luggage, or, if he should wish to sit, may put his legs. In short, the Dawk is a snug little house upon wheels.

In family council, we agreed that, as my luggage was not very heavy, it might all be packed next morning, and next morning many hands and sundry little fingers were at work about the vehicle; which swallowed up my luggage as though it were but a mouthful, much as it had seemed to be when we were putting it together. We made but a

solemn business of our good-bye; and when the horse—which, like the vehicle, was rather strong than elegant—was quite ready to drag me from the sight of household faces, I ascended to my lair upon the cushions, over which some kind packer had thrown a *royai* or coloured quilt, and which was further furnished with a set of carefully adjusted pillows. More last words and the horse had started; but there was a brief stoppage—a little mouth, that never kept a secret, rose above a port-hole, to announce to me the name of the maker of a mysterious and magnificent crotchet nightcap that was spread out in all its glory on the shelf. It was too splendid to be worn—as somebody perhaps thought, when he stole it near the journey's end.

Really off; out of sight of the old house, and traversing familiar streets. Down the broad, busy thoroughfare that traverses the native town, or the iron bridge, out of Calcutta, and upon the Barrackpore road, with its fifteen miles of noble avenue. The first milestone;—and the calculation was exceedingly comforting that I had got over a thousandth part of my journey; at the second milestone I had finished a five-hundredth, and that sounded like progress: almost like having got half-way. At the fifth milestone we had turned the thousandth into a two-hundredth part of the whole distance. My courage rose. Here was quick progress—we should soon be at the journey's end.

It was useful that my courage should rise rapidly, for I had work to do that called for all my energies. Calcutta streets I had heard much abused, and of the Barrackpore Road there were incessant laudations in the town. Now, I began to prefer a bad street to a good road. All had gone smoothly with me in the city; but, upon the road; affairs within the Dawk assumed a troubled aspect. Bottles began to clash together, a violent assault was made upon the tea-things by a heavy canister of biscuits, and I felt in my domain like an Emperor within whose realms a revolution had sprung up. There was need that I should devote my whole mind, and my whole physical force, to its suppression. I re-adjusted, re-arranged, marshalled, imprisoned, and bound the elements of all the strife, and restored order by giving a new constitution to the rebels, carefully removing any articles that were a cause of strife, and substituting others. The refractory biscuit could be subjugated only by keeping it firm under foot, and I found it requisite to lay a heavy hand upon other causes of contention; until, by the course of time and the decrease of disturbing cause, as the road proved better than its early promise, there was an end put to the jarring and confusion. The first horse completed his stage of six miles and a fraction very conscientiously; but then he was the show-horse of the hundred and fifty I was yet destined to

be drawn by. He was the horse upon whom the Dawk Company relied for the maintenance of its respectability before the eyes of the Calcutta public. Horse number two was a very different looking quadruped. He made considerable difficulty about starting, but once off, he went well. I recorded him in my note book as slow and sure; but his pace was six miles an hour, and before my journey was at an end, I learnt to put down the same rate of travel as in the highest degree rapid and satisfactory.

So we trotted along the Barrackpore Road against a pretty steady stream of men, cattle, and carriages setting in towards Calcutta. We also passed a few stragglers outward-bound;—some making for the cantonments, others with forage elephants so laden with leafy boughs that they looked like sublime Jacks in the Green. A third horse brought us to the bank of the Hooghly, which we crossed upon a clumsy ferry-boat. That was a work of time. The first four or five rivers which intersect the path of the Grand Trunk Road have not yet been bridged.

My journey was made at the beginning of the rainy season, and my clothes were on the roof of the Dawk, duly protected in a couple of pitarrahs. A pitarrah is a deep, square, tin box, commonly painted green, with a pyramidal lid, from which rain runs off instantly, and standing like a haystack on a wooden frame, with wooden legs. No conscientious artist will make a pitarrah of any other than the shape and pattern sanctioned by long custom. The tin box is jacketed in yellow wax cloth. Changes of clothes, to suit all changes of weather, I had ready within the Dawk, with a variety of hats and caps varying between a Fex night-cap or a wide-awake, and the best beaver which was to be worn on state occasions when I got to Delhi. There were also Delhi boots, old road shoes, and Dawk slippers. There were, within my dominions, books, pens, ink, sketch books, a note book, sardines, biscuits, brandy, ginger-bread nuts, tea, sugar, water bottles, lozenges, lucifers, pistols (presented by a nervous friend), a telescope, a lamp, a knife, a hammer, a riding-whip, and a bag of coin forming a help yet more likely to make the mare to go.

Over the Hooghly, and for several stages on. We crossed the creek of the Mugga by means of a ricketty wooden bridge, a disgrace to the Government. My attention was particularly called to it by the fact that I paid there a toll of one rupee, the only toll upon the line.

I had expected rain according to the season, though the day was glorious; and having spent some time in the fortification of my ark, looked forward as anxiously to the first downpour, as a young mariner who has read up his law of storms looks for a trial of his skill in predicting from the barometer the first hurricane. The storm came just as

I had put the finishing touch to my preparations. The carriage was too much warped by the fierce sun to be entirely water-tight; but I pressed down the front window with my feet, holding the side ports with my hands, and by such exertions weathered the storm nobly.

We travelled night and day; the cushioned floor of the Dawk formed a very good bed, and I could sleep well, subject of course to the interruption incident to a periodical clamour caused by the starting of a horse. The horses were throughout the line bad, and the contractors, I suspect, too often dishonest. There were frequent difficulties raised over the getting of a horse at all; in a stable that contained three, two might be sick, and one weary from over-work. There was no rest for the weary; he must in that case walk his stage. The best horses were in bad condition. To persuade an animal to start was often the work of five or six men aiding the whip of the driver on the box, some beating the poor beast, one pulling at his head, one perhaps at his leg, another pushing at a wheel, and all pouring out benediction and malediction, persuasion, entreaty and command with vast volubility. He was their child, their son, their brother, their good uncle, their esteemed brother-in-law. He was a gentleman: he was a pig, a prince: he was a something unutterably bad, and so were all his ancestors for several generations, and relations ever so many degrees removed. Would his highness be pleased to budge? When he did move, it was sometimes to run away. On such occasions we could complete a stage at the rate of ten miles an hour. Sometimes he walked his distance, but he rarely stopped, unless he thoroughly broke down upon the road. Bad as the horses are, they are perhaps as good as can be furnished for the money; better cattle would be very costly on so long a line, and perhaps good horses would be used up quite as soon as the sorry animals now furnished. As it is, we are justified in regarding this kind of travel on the Grand Trunk Road as wonderful for India; the rate being a trifle over a hundred miles a day (of twenty-four hours), and the cost not great—about threepence halfpenny a mile. There are also good rest houses, or Dawk Bungalows, provided at not infrequent intervals.

At midnight, after my first day of journeying, I was pacing under the moon before an inhospitable door at Burdwan, waiting until some sleep-bewildered agent had regained activity enough to read and to write entries in the *bokhara* or waybill. He kept me at his door for an hour; and, afterwards, I always knew where there was an agent of the Transit Company by the detention to which I was subjected. These gentlemen were a kind of road bogies; I felt their malign influence, but never saw them.

Again in the same night I awoke suddenly, and found all still and quiet. "Coachman," I cried, "what is the matter now? Why are we not moving?" No answer. No coachman. No sound even of the horse. I opened one side-door and looked out. I perceived only darkness, drizzle, and a wide gleam of water. I looked out on the other side: darkness, drizzle, and a wider gleam of water. Coachman and syce (groom) gone; horse gone; traveller left to wake up in the middle of a flood, swamp, lake, river, I knew not what. After a time, however, I heard voices and the splash of an approaching horse. Coachman and syce had been far away to get him from a distant stable, and perhaps to have a nap and pipe at the same time.

Again in that night I awoke. We seemed to be grinding our way slowly through sand and shingle, in the bed of a shallow river, under a dark tunnel that hung close over our heads. There was much noise and shouting. When I was thoroughly aroused by it, I found that we were working, with the aid of coolies, over a piece of newly repaired road. The sand and shingle I found to be *kunkur*, or the concrete used for metalling. The tunnel was the darkness of the night under a leaden sky. At sunrise we were still working along, by the aid of coolies, at the rate of a mile and a half an hour, over the newly repaired road.

At the end of the first twenty-four hours I had advanced ninety miles upon my journey; and, happening then to arrive near a Dawk bungalow, or, as it is called officially, a staging bungalow, I considered that I had leisure to put in and refresh. These bungalows are built by Government for the accommodation, at fixed rates, of the higher grades of travellers. One of them generally contains two separate suites of apartments, a dining, sitting and bedroom, and a dressing and bath room;—the last being the most essential. The furniture is not more than a bed, a table, two or three chairs, and the bathing-room apparatus. There is an establishment of servants, a khansuman or steward, a bearer, cook and sweeper.

On driving up to the door of the building, I was met in due form by the steward; who, with a respectful introductory salaam, desired to know what he should prepare for my refreshment. I had often heard jokes on the subject of Dawk bungalow refreshment, respecting, especially, the assurances of the steward that he has anything and everything, and his final production of a tough hen eaten twenty minutes after her last cluck. Those jokes refer perhaps to a past time. The stewards of to-day profess only to have fowl, and are surprised if any other article is mentioned. The question "What shall I prepare?" means simply, "How shall I prepare it? Shall the bird of the bungalow be roasted, boiled, grilled, stewed or curried?" I changed the mode of cooking at each

resting place, and had no sameness to complain of.

While Mrs. Partlet was in preparation, and a kettle of water getting its steam up for a cup of tea to succeed, I could secure to myself the morning comfort of a shave, a bath, and a complete change of clothes. I did not stop at that, or any, bungalow ten minutes longer than was necessary for my reasonable comfort; and, having paid the stipulated rupee for a day's hire for the apartment, and another for the refreshment and backsheesh or gratuity, signed the bungalow book before noon, noting in the column for remarks, "Everything satisfactory," and went on.

Our progress was much as before. The road all the way, except where its wounds were being healed with a plaster of *kunkur*, was in a sound condition, the worst of it being the Barrackpore road, just outside Calcutta. We had an event with a horse that was brought to the door to excite my pity, and I did pity it; but, as there was no other, it was harnessed; and, being harnessed, ran away with us and came to the end of its stage in an incredibly short time.

At about the hundred and third milestone I saw rising ground ahead. As I had resided for sixteen years on flats, it was the first undulating country I had seen during that time; and, perhaps partly for that reason, as we ascended the ridge of Khairasole, the scenery reminded me of moorland prospects in the north country at home. In descending the ridge on the other side, I was moved almost to tears by the English look of the Dermoodah valley, with a river winding into the remote distance, and the smoky chimneys of the coal-mines that completed the resemblance to those unforgotten scenes familiar to my youth. Mountains presently began to loom on the horizon till they crowded on my sight. My heart bounded in their presence.

I found that the beggars, which abound along the whole road, scorned some of the pice which would pass current in Calcutta; and that a telescope was good, not only to bring far objects near, but also to remove near objects to a distance. If the crowd of beggars became troublesome I levelled my telescope with a bang, and away they all scampered, apparently considering it to be some near relation to a loaded cannon.

In the middle of a fine night we reached the river Barackur, and crossed it after much hallooing, by the help of a ferry-boat and coolies. Then on, in a drizzly morning over a wild moorland. Then through more cheerful country, while I hung over my map and gazed at the clear sky ahead for a first sight of the majestic and sacred mountain Parisnauth. We came upon it in a disappointing way; but, after we had passed it for a long time, it remained the grandest feature of the scene behind our

backs, with clouds at its summit and fine grey crags projecting here and there out of the forest of green trees which reaches to its very top. At one station, soon after passing Parisnauth, there were two horses so obviously unfit for service, that the next stage was performed without a horse, by help of nine coolies. I should have said eight and a boy; but, among coolies, boys are the best men always. These rattled us on merrily through the twilight, achieving seven miles of hilly country in an hour and twenty-seven minutes. Threepence halfpenny per man, and man's pay to the boy, sent them home shouting and singing with the fullest satisfaction.

After three days of this life I had fallen into the travelling habit, and adopted my carriage as a home. On awaking early in the morning I threw open the doors and windows of my little room, and sat in the doorway with my feet upon the step, enjoying the fresh air. Then I took a light breakfast of biscuit and water, made my room tidy for the day; and, at about nine or ten o'clock, halted at a Dawk bungalow for more complete refreshment of the inner and the outer man, after the manner already detailed. Then on I went again, amusing myself with small things; recording the rate of progress in my note-book by help of my watch and the mile-stones, looking about me, jumping out to help on a weak or lazy horse, and doing anything but read. I had plenty of books with me, but could not fix my mind on their contents. When evening came, I sat in the doorway again, or stood on the step, till the night chill drove me into my lair; then I put on a flannel coat, supped upon biscuit and weak brandy and water, and went easily to sleep. When stoppages, or other night disturbances aroused me, I looked at the time by help of a lucifer match, inquired of the coachman as to place, and resumed my slumbers.

On the fourth day of the journey I again crossed the Barackur, on that occasion by a handsome stone bridge of nine arches. Towards evening we crossed a still larger bridge of, I think, sixteen grand arches crossing the Leelajan. These were indeed noble bits of road-making, though I should say that a detachment of three arches over a side stream had broken down not many days previous to our arrival at it. The event of the fourth day's travel was the ride through the Dunwah Pass. At the previous stage a smart-looking Mussulman—the horse-contractor I suppose—civilly announced his intention of accompanying me to Dunwah, and found accommodation for himself behind. The road was much the same as usual, and there was no particular sign of mountain, until presently I found that we were going down hill by a winding road most rapidly. My Mussulman friend ran alongside, holding on by the front of the carriage. Down we

went at an increasing rate, up a small slope and then down again, precipitous descent on either hand, and a thick rocky jungle at the bottom. The Mussulman looked back at me once or twice; and seeing that I did not flinch, we shot down without any interruption, till we found our way into a picturesque ravine, from which a short ascent led to the open plain beyond. We had, for some stages, been rising imperceptibly to the edge of a mountain ridge upon a sort of table land, and had thus descended to the plains again, leaving a highly respectable range of hills, suddenly discovered, at our backs.

At twilight we crossed the sandy bed of the Booregha, one of the river arms that forms the island of Sherghatty, at which I proposed to rest. The coolies who helped us across, having completed that business, requested to be paid off, as they had nothing to do with the other river. They were, however, so well pleased with what I gave them, that they agreed by acclamation to run me across the island and over the stream on the other side, the Moorhur. In the town on the island I stopped at the bungalow, and sent home tidings through the post office. When we had crossed the Moorhur I paid off the coolies again, and dismissed them with a salaam. "No," they cried; "you will want us yet." I was to have a new coachman at that stage of my journey—the fourth driver since I had left Calcutta—but coachman and horse were nowhere to be seen. The coachman's horn was on the vehicle, and the coolies, finding it, began to perform bugle calls, which really did fetch in the missing cavalry. It proved a sorry horse; and, being harnessed to the shafts, lay down and determined that it would not rise again. We did indeed find the help of the coolies useful.

The great event of the road next day was a meeting with an English dog, upon its travels like myself, and evidently glad to look upon a face that was not black. He at once came up to me, and offered me the nose of friendship in return, for which I tickled his ears with familiar English words, and his palate with some biscuits. His companion, who looked like a Pariah, stood stolidly by, and I threw biscuit to him also, which he had not expected, and ate ravenously without any sign of thanks. Two or three miles farther on, after fording a shallow river, I met an old Calcutta friend on his way back to the metropolis, and exchanged with him some information useful on the road. Next morning we reached the river Soane, where there is not a bridge, and found it full from bank to bank. While waiting for a ferry, I was accosted by something better than an English dog—a countryman there stationed as surveyor of the roads. We were at once friends: I received his hospitality, and acknowledged my sense of it by a present of some of the books that I had not read. He

was a great reader, but I left him print enough to last him for a month.

We spent two hours in the crossing of the Soane. Had the water been low, we should have been three times as long, because we should have been dragged over by a team of bullocks who would have sunk occasionally in the sands. I had time to sketch the romantic fortress of Rhotasghur during the passage. Then on we went, passing the huge fantastic mausoleum of Shere Shah, and passing what I thought more interesting still, the bullock waggons of a wealthy Hindoo family on the way to the holy city of Benares. I admired the magnificent oxen, and the thick peopling of the waggons, the pretty children peeping at the foreigner through loopholes, and from under screens. As for the fine old chief, their father, he did not appear to be well pleased at my manifest admiration of his little ones. Fatherly pride gave place to his dread of "the evil eye."

By this time I had begun to observe a change in the costume and manners of the people, so great that I considered myself to be already virtually in the North-West Provinces. In place of the dirty whitey-brown rags of the low country there were coloured garments gracefully adjusted; the women had no longer a subdued look, and were comely, although very black indeed. Reflection upon such matters, and upon any matter, was soon made impossible; for we arrived at a certain stretch of a road that has been under repair since its first formation. It was at first too low, and suffered flooding, so it is now being raised bodily for many miles. Little of that road was fairly to be considered practicable; and, some parts of it that were too stiff for the strongest travelling machine, obliged us to turn out into the fields and to drive across country as best we could, all our efforts being furthered, and made successful, by the constant help of coolies.

This trouble surmounted, we rattled along over the handsome stone bridge spanning the Karumnassa. We were really at last in the North-West Provinces. After a time we reached the banks of the Ganges, opposite Benares. There again we had a weary ferrying, poling up, pulling up, and running down the stream before we could get properly across; but a better opportunity of examining carefully the fantastic architecture of the temples which crowned the city on its river front could not have been afforded in another way. At Benares I ended that day; and began the next in charge of a kind friend, who showed me all the lions, and much wondered at the faculty for dropping suddenly asleep engendered by a course of Dawk travelling.

On again through the finest country I had yet seen, sloping in long undulations to the Ganges. Our pace at one stage now attained fourteen miles an hour. At midnight I was again crossing the Ganges to reach Allahabad.

whose fort rose black and rugged in the distance. The boatmen, as they rowed, set up a chant, in which I detected notice of a coming storm, and of the backsheesh they would all deserve for bringing me safely through it. The storm came suddenly upon us; we crossed safely, not without some risk; and backsheesh followed. At Allahabad an agent kept us waiting in the rain, I fretted myself to sleep, and awoke next morning fourteen miles nearer my journey's end. In the evening I reached Futtehpore, where there were friends ready to cheer the traveller with a boisterous welcome. Greatly refreshed both in flesh and spirit, and most lavishly provisioned, I set off again after a day's delay, and early the next morning at Cawnpore I for the first time saw an agent. He, being an old Calcutta acquaintance, gave me a cup of tea and ten minutes of cheerful talk. That helped me on again. The horses too had latterly improved, though there were still some who required the combined powers of cajolery and cudgely to set them going.

The next day troubled us with heavy rains and roads under repair. We frequently stuck fast in the moist *kunkur*, when the syce and coachman impressed all passers by into the service necessary for our extrication. I was sorry to find that the poor people whom I paid for such services, generally seemed astonished at my liberality—or honesty; I gave never more than what was just. The traffic all the way from Allahabad had been immense. The road was in some places almost blocked up with trains of waggons, strings of camels, carriages, and cattle of all kinds.

As the day ended the roads improved, and I turned in that evening for the last time at a stage-bungalow. I was only fifty miles from Delhi. In the night I was conscious of a sharp turn in the road, and of crossing a very long suspension bridge, which I endeavoured drowsily to examine by the light of a lucifer match. It was that of the Hindum. At five o'clock next morning I was afoot with my best hat on, and my carriage jolting by my side, upon the bridge of boats over the Jumna. We were making our triumphal entry into Delhi. Not reckoning the stoppages at Benares and Futtehpore, we had traversed the nine hundred miles in about eight days and a half; excellent work for India and the rains. The rains, however, had, luckily for me, been less troublesome than usual.

Although "the Company" have had possession of British India for centuries the Grand Trunk Road, of which I have here attempted to give an idea, is no more than about fifteen years old; Dawk travelling, however, is a thing of yesterday. The vehicle has been brought into existence by the ingenuity of the competing transit companies, and is, in its way, now almost perfect. If it were water-

tight, I think it would be absolutely perfect. The road, which is really second in importance to the vehicle, is equal to the best Macadamised roads in England, barring some very bad bits here and there and the extensive repairs always going on in sundry places, always performed with the utmost deliberation. There is a want of bridges too, that will in time be remedied. Five streams have to be ferried or forded between the Hooghly and the Soane, to say nothing of the passage by ferry of those two very formidable rivers; and of the Ganges in two places—at Benares and Allahabad. I think that the road, when it is good, is of better quality in Bengal than in the Upper Provinces, either because the material is harder, the shape more convex, or the traffic less. The whole line extends, I should observe, to Peshawur, but of the upper part I know nothing from experience, and am told that it is not yet worthy of praise.

THE LADY OF THE FEN.

Glorious and grand is this our time;

A great prose epic, rich with food

For many an after poet's rhyme

When matter shall be soul-subdued:

Yet often, when the heart grows faint

With glare of gas, and clang of steam,

It freshens at the aspect quaint

Of some beloved old-world dream;

Some fable where we see the earth

Bloom roughly-sweet with wild wood flowers,

And marvels of continual birth

Show Heaven more manifestly on us.

And, as such tales are cherish'd most

When Winter comes with rainy flaw,

And Night, dimming like a ghost,

Touches familiar things with awe—

The story which I tell shall be

Of old enchantment, dark and drear,

Yet still preserving, like the sea,

Some reflex of the skyey sphere.

Why rides Sir Cradock mournfully

From morn to eve with downcast eye?

Why droops Sir Cradock day by day?

Why turns his hair from black to grey?

He is a Knight of whom report

Speaks nobly—one of Arthur's court—

And in the freshness of his age;

Yet grief, which nothing can assuage,

Has driven him to the bearded woods

And mountainous dumb solitudes;

Where, like an iron statue, still

He holds on with an iron will.

A twelvemonth since, Sir Cradock's pleasure

Know neither bounds, nor change, nor measure;

A newly-married man, and blest

With one in whom his soul found rest,

In azure calm the Future lay,

Like hills in heaven. But, on a day,

As home he wended from the chase,

A servant with a pallid face

Met him, and told how armed men

Had forced his castle gates, and then

From out his lady's bower had dragg'd

Her barbarously, tied and gagg'd,

And bound her on a wild black horse,

And swiftly over heath and gorge

Into the forest fled like wind.

Sir Cradock fared as one struck blind
With sudden night. Awhile he stood
Moveless; then dash'd into the wood,
And wildly gallop'd round about,
And, with continual cry and shout,
Went crashing through great leafy spaces
Or into dusky inward places,
Smiting through shutter'd boughs strange light
And tempest; till the broad, blank night
Stared from the sky—a huge Despair,
Starless, and black, and cold, and bare.

For many months Sir Cradock sought
His lady; but he found her not:
And now, even hope itself had fled,
And the sweet world seem'd dumb and dead,
And like a body without a soul.
Yet, that his life might have some goal,
Some healthy purpose that might keep
Its spirit from a stagnant sleep,
Sir Cradock vow'd to spend his days
In seeking hard and perilous ways—
Pierce battles with enchantments grim
On misty moorlands wide and dim,
In woods or ghostly houses, near
The rotting of a gray flat mere.
And so with steadfast heart he rides
Through valleys, or on cold hill-sides,
Or far into the deep recesses
Of the waste lands and wildernesses;
But nothing he sees, of bliss or bale.

The old year had now wax'd thin and pale;
The winter had come; the trees were bare;
The weary clouds in the dark still air
Slept over, and throw a great shadow round
Under the heavens and over the ground.
The Christmas season drew nigh and nigher:
Merry it was by the red log-fire,
Merry for old man, woman, and child,
But Cradock abode in the deserts wild,
With lonely musings and thoughts devout
Warming the coldness round about,
And praying for some adventure soon.

And so it befel in an afternoon
That through a forest he rode, and saw
The shadows closer and closer draw.
The trees were old, and jagg'd, and dark,
With dying moss and knarry bark;
Above, the branches and lighter spray
Like a low and black cloud lay.
From gloomy depths, suspicious faces
Seem'd glancing with grotesque grimaces;
And, out of the wet and miry nooks,
Peer'd the elfs with ominous looks.
The leaping frog, the crawling toad
Leap'd and crawl'd from the beaten road,
And hid themselves in the languid sloth
Of the fat and noiseless undergrowth.
The very silence seem'd to sing
And mutter of some marvellous thing.
Suddenly Sir Cradock was aware
Of a she-wolf that ran by there,
Nimble of foot and eager-eyed.
Sir Cradock wounded her in the side,
And, as between the trunks she sped,
She left a track of glimmering red,
Made visible by the fading light
In the West; and, on this track, the knight
Rode forward through the old grim wood,
And past it; and the drops of blood
Over a marsh went steadily on.
The western light grew faint and wan;
And under the bugle-hanging dark
The black fen lay without a mark—
A night above, a night below.
The staggering ground slid to and fro
At touch of foot; and, round the edge
Of closely-hidden pools, the sedge
Shook always in the moaning breeze,
Lightly Sir Cradock rode by these,

And in the hazy moonrise drew
Towards a lonely house; and through
The rusty gates, decay'd and bent,
In at the door the she-wolf went.

It was a drooping mansion, cold
And desolate as the fenny wold.
Green damp, in figures many and grim,
Writhed on the walls with outline dim,
And in the dusk look'd drearily.
With weeds, and grasses thick and high,
The garden walks were choked; the wet
Hung in their leaves as in a net.
A mournful silence shudder'd round;
But Cradock quickly leapt to ground,
And through the open portal step:
Darkling, across the hall he kept,
And up the stairs in winding gloom,
And so into a lofty room.
Lit by a torch's wavering flare,
Which show'd the bloody track was there.
And something else was there beside:—
No wolf, with red jaws staring wide,
But a fair lady, pale and faint,
With sad, calm features like a saint,
And piteous wound, from which the knight
Saw heavy blood-drops, large and bright,
Fall lingering downward to the floor.
Wondering he stood beside the door.

"Lady," he said, "I pray you tell
What dread misfortune makes you dwell
In this deserted house alone,
Hearing the marsh-winds creep and moan."
"Ah, woeful me!" she made reply;
"Better it were that I should die,
And fade beneath a grassy mound!—
O, pleasant gloom! O, quiet ground!
My heart is weary, and I would sleep
In a grave-bed soft and deep,
With early blankets drawn about,
And the sighing air without!
I fear myself. My own heart-blood
Is dreadful, and a tainted flood.
I am the wolf you found within
That fiendish wood; not changed for sin,
But by a fierce enchanter's power.
He sought my love in evil hour,
And found it not. Then wrath he grew,
And my father and my mother slew,
And all our household smote with death,
Poisoning the land with baleful breath.
And ever since that murderous day
I have been doom'd to deserts gray,
A wild wood thing of grief and fear,
Hording with savage shapes undear
In murky heaths, in moss-cold dens,
Or dabbling in the rainy fens,
Wretched, and stiff with icy dew
And cold.—But from the first I knew
That, if my blood were made to run
By human hand, and I could shun
Men's sight, and gain my father's hall,
That ghastly shape would straightway fall
From off me like a robe; and, lo!
This evening it has happen'd so."

Sir Cradock said, "Lady, I swear
To seek that foul enchanter's lair
By dawn of day. Be comforted;
For either I will make his head
Leap earthward, or will lose my own!"—
She thank'd him with a cordial tone:
And, after many friendly words,
He lay upon the cold, hard boards,
And slept away the lingering night.

Tartly dawned the morning light,
And cheerfully Sir Cradock rose.
The chilly breath of morning froze
Flower and grass and yellow weed.

Up clomb the good Knight on his steed;
Up went the sun, in smears of red
And coppery cloud enveloped;
Up went the smoke from distant town;
Up went the smoky marsh-minstrel brown;
And Cradock, turning for a space,
Beheld that lovely lady's face
Smiling a sweet yet sad Farewell!

His heart was throbbing like a bell,
As over moes and moor he pass'd
Into a glen where high rocks cast
Strange darkness: a black, ominous land,
With dismal crags on either hand,
And down each drear, precipitous wall
Black waters fell with snake-like crawl.
Portentous shapes, with face all spasms,
Lay snarling in the rocky chasms,
Dog-like, with frequent moan and yelp,
And sometimes calling out for help:
But Cradock mark'd how human bones
Were whitening beside fallen stones;
And avert'd not, nor to right nor left,
At length he clear'd that perilous cleft,
And saw the enchanted palace rise,
Gorgeous and vast, before his eyes,
Far off upon a pleasant plain,
With walls that shone like glistening rain.
Tow'rd's it he gallop'd, glad at heart,
And safely reach'd the outer part
Just as the night came glooming down
Over mountain, valley, and town.

He stopp'd: and, scarcely knowing why,
Sat gazing round, when, suddenly,
He saw an old fantastic crone
Crouching beneath the wall alone,
And muttering at the gathering night,
With legs across and fingers tight.
Up leap'd the hag in ugly glee,
And cried, "Sir Knight, I joy to see
Thy noble face!—The time has come;
The heavens are dark, the world is dumb,
The grave is dug, the screech-owl shriek:
Hearken, Sir Knight, to what I speak!
The sorcerer thou hast come to slay;
But I alone can show the way
Of severing his enchanted life.
Without some charmed sword, all strife
Is vain; though nothing can withstand
The lightning of this fatal brand
Of magic steel which I will give
To thee; but thou must thenceforth live
With me for ever, and remain
My bondaman through all joy and pain."

O, hard condition for a knight!
No more to mix in court or fight;
No more to see the glad swords leap
Like sudden brooks from winter sleep;
No more to hear the horse's neigh
And iron clangour of the fray,
With dusty tempests rolling past;
No more to feel the shivering blast
Of trumpets smite the air, and make
His beard within his visor shake!
Yet never will he break his vow
To that fair lady, whose white brow
Lights him in darkness like a moon.
He takes the sword, and swears that soon
He will return, with victory rich,
And bind him to the dreary wretch,
Beneath an old and cavernous oak.

Straightway he pass'd through fire and smoke
Into the bright enchanted hall.
And saw a sudden dimness fall
On all the lightsome splendours there;
Which sicken'd to a deadly glare,
As though a ghost had risen, and brought
The darkness of some strange new thought.

The sorcerer, feasting at the board,
Beheld Sir Cradock's dreadful sword,
And leaped up with a serpent hiss;
While, through the diamond galleries
And golden glooms, a swooning sigh
From point to point ran shudderingly.
A moment, and the swords are out:
A flashing fire flames about;
The champions clash, and clang, and trace,
And hurtle round the darkening place,
And lose, and gain, and lose their ground.
Loud thunder laughs and leaps around,
And, from their weapons, rudely kiss'd,
There rolls a grey and creeping mist,
Which hangs and droops apart. At length
A faintness drows'd the sorcerer's strength.
Sir Cradock clove his skull in twain:
His blood dash'd into the air like rain:
The hall was rent from base to height,
And through the rifts down rush'd the night.

The great enchantment had all fled.
Sir Cradock saw the stars o'erhead,
And felt the outer air benign;
Then woke, as from some dreamy wine,
And walk'd towards the old oak tree:
A sad man at the heart was he.

The tree was rough, and broad, and bare,
And hollow'd like some wild beast's lair.
He sees that he has reach'd the spot
Assign'd; yet there the crone is not.
No human soul appears; no sound
To stir the silence aching round.

Is he asleep, or is he mad?
He knows not whether to be glad
Or grave; when, from the other side
Of the trunk, he sees a fair face glide—
Ah, Heaven! the face which they had torn
From him, and through the wild woods borne.
Her face of sweetness, sadness, mirth,
Rising as from a second birth,
With patient cheek and tender bloom,
Making a glory in the gloom,
Like something snatch'd from wormy death—
No ghost, but living pulse and breath,
Warm lips, soft arms, and beating heart.
"Oh, Cradock, we shall no more part!
Oh, husband! me you vow'd to serve
For ever; and you will not swerve."
He holds her with a strong caress,
And almost fears his happiness;
And greatly weeping in his joy,
Cries wildly for some sharp alloy
To make it seem more natural.

After a while she tells him all.
The sorcerer now lying dead,
Had dragg'd her from her home, and fled
Into his bright, enchanted land;
Where painfully and long he plann'd
To bring her to his sovereign will.
But she, love-strong, resisted still.
Then, mad to be thus overthrown,
He changed her to a hideous crone,
And curs'd her; but she bore away
The sword which had been forced to slay
Its former master, and make clear
The light of Heaven's eternal year.
During the fray she watch'd apart;
And when, with dreadful reel and start,
She saw the enchanted towers wane,
Her natural shape appear'd again,
And instantly that pharos shade
In which her limbs had been array'd,
And clasp'd as in a hideous ring,
Fled, trembling like a frightened thing.

'Twas sweet to hear the shout of joy
From man and woman, girl and boy,

When homeward brought Sir Craddock, then,
His wife, the Lady of the Fen.
Christmas had come. Upon the hearth
The Yule-log sang and laugh'd for mirth.
Merry it was in the loud, light hall,
Where roar'd and glow'd the festival,
And the feasters drunk, in wine red-bright,
"Health to the Lady and her Knight!"

VARNA.

A WAR, a murder, or a railway, has the effect of promoting very insignificant places into the widest notoriety. The present north-eastern warfare, for example, is causing the most diligent consultation of the atlas and the gazetteer to find the position on the map of proper names which make their first appearance in newspapers as the scenes of important events. Varna is the latest debut. Extreme significance is given to a report that "a Russian frigate has been seen reconnoitring Varna;" to the fact that "the British consul has left Varna;" or to the circumstance that "consternation had seized the merchants of Varna." The effect of such bewildering intelligence would be much more breathless if ninety readers in a hundred had ever before heard of Varna, or knew where Varna is situated.

Their ignorance is the less pardonable because it is not unlikely that the roll they ate for breakfast was made from corn exported from Varna. Varna, the port of Bulgaria—the present seat of war—like many other towns along the shores of the Black Sea and of the inner basin of the Mediterranean, was, fifty years ago, a mere collection of huts. It is now important enough to be governed by a Turkish *Mirmidar*, or Pasha of three tails. The population consisted, even as long ago as eighteen hundred and twenty-eight, when it was captured by the Russians, of about sixteen thousand souls, of which eight thousand two hundred are Moslems; the rest being Greeks, Armenians, Ionians, and a few Jews. The city contains more than three thousand houses, a good many of which are new or in course of construction. There are four mosques, three Greek churches (one of which, that of St. Athanasius, is the metropolitan), and one Armenian church. The principal Greek place of worship was rebuilt in one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight. It contains three naves, and space enough for a congregation of above two thousand. At Christmas and on Easter day the other churches are shut up, and all the Greeks collect in or around their cathedral; the gynæceum or women's gallery of which is completely filled, and yet more than half of the fairer portion of the congregation are compelled to remain in the court-yard.

Before the taking of Varna by the Russians, with the exception of the clergy few persons spoke Greek. The use of the Turkish was general, so that the priests were obliged to

preach and hear confessions in that language. The Varniote Greeks were assimilated to the Bulgarians, and although they were not forced to learn the Turkish, they found it necessary to do so in order to carry on daily intercourse. They were kept severely within bounds, and forbidden to communicate with foreign traders. They were not even allowed to have windows in their wooden houses towards the street. Daylight entered by a few little holes.

In those times, however, Varna was a garrison town, and there was constant danger of spies. After Varna was restored to the Turks the Varniotes, who for a time emigrated, returned; and, by the assistance of their archbishop, Joseph de Serres, rapidly advanced in social improvement. Schools were established on the Lancastrian principle, and the Greek language was studied with assiduity. Most young men now speak Greek. A little library has been founded, and there is a school for girls, directed by a lady from Constantinople, who teaches reading, writing, the first rules of arithmetic, and needlework. It is curious to notice these revivals of civilisation in places of which, until lately, Europe never heard speak. The commerce of Varna has advanced even more rapidly.

The return of material prosperity to Varna was subsequent to the return of intellectual life. Fifteen years ago everything was curiously cheap there. Three eggs were bought for one parah, and a fowl sometimes for five farthings. At present an egg costs five parabs, and a fowl two piastres, or five-pence. Then, the bread was very bad, none of the Varniotes being learned in the science of making it; but now, not only does the Greek baker, Mr. Agabides, furnish excellent loaves, but an export trade has been established during the last two years from Varna, which is only second to that from Odessa. Very recently the inhabitants were actually not aware that the chicory, the asparagus, and the strawberries which nature produced spontaneously in their fields, were good to eat. At present they sell them at high prices to the strangers, who have taught them their value. Every requisite for a good kitchen, and the other necessities of European life, except handy servants, are now to be had at Varna. The tone of manners has consequently much changed. Formerly, if a lady in European dress ventured to go out of her house, even accompanied by her husband, she was hooted by crowds of idle children. Now, she may go out alone without danger. The public promenade since eighteen hundred and fifty has been crowded with ladies, dressed in the last fashions procured from the well-assorted bazaars of Pera. Even the men begin to dress in the European style; and, in eighteen hundred and fifty-one four European tailors established themselves. European furniture now finds its way into

the houses of the rich Varniotes, which were formerly fitted up quite in the Turkish style, having, for example, in the reception-room, or *mousafir-ouda*, nothing but low divans and a Shumla carpet, or a plain mat. Many of the houses within the walls of the city have now a little garden or *bozz*, where are raised numbers of flowers, principally the rose and the jasmine. These intramural gardens are often shaded by willow, linden, and lilac trees, clumps of which are seen also in the country around. Vegetation begins towards the end of April, and finishes in September. During the intervening period, Varna is a most agreeable place of residence; and, as it is only fourteen hours distance, even by a sailing vessel with a good wind, from Constantinople, or the Queen City as the Byzantines call it, many persons spend the summer there; returning occasionally for a short time to the capital to transact business.

As in all the other cities of Turkey, the streets of Varna are narrow, winding, irregular, dirty, and generally without pavement. It is, consequently, difficult to cross them in the winter without sticking in the mud; which is at least half a foot deep in front of the grain stores and near the Land Gate, by which all waggons enter. The climate in general is good, and the waters for drinking are of excellent quality. They flow abundantly from the fountains with which the Armenian, Greek, and Turkish quarters are provided.

The common articles of food are *pastruma*, that is to say, the meat of oxen or buffaloes salted and dried in the sun, or *sutjoukia*, sausages made of the same meat, together with cabbages kept till half decayed in cellars, and beans. The *pastruma* and *sutjoukia* are prepared towards the end of the month of September, at which period each family, in accordance with ancient usage, kills before the door or in the court of its house the oldest of its buffaloes, which has supplied throughout the year abundance of milk for the preparation, called *gliaourt*, or sour curds. These buffaloes are so tame, that during the summer they leave the stables alone in the morning to go and seek pasture in the country, and return at nightfall of their own accord.

In the East, every family is obliged to attend to the march of the seasons, and lay in provisions accordingly. During the month of September, whilst the public slaughtering is going on, every family provides itself with firewood, coals, and vegetables, for the long winter of five months; during which, on those stormy shores of the Black Sea, the kitchen gardens are covered with snow, or bound by frost, or drenched by rain. At that season few peasants will come into the town; or, if they do, consider themselves entitled to ask extravagant prices. The vegetables, of which store is made, are leeks, parsley, celery, parsnips, carrots, beet-root,

and turnips, the roots of which are buried in the earth in the corner of the house-court. Common cabbages and curled colewort are preserved either by being hung on strings in the cellar, which is the best manner, or in little barrels filled with salt-water. Cauliflowers, cucumbers, turnip cabbages, young onions, and other vegetables are kept in vinegar. What takes place in the Varniote families in detail, is repeated on a large scale by the trade.

Every year, from the middle of the month of August to the end of September, are killed in the slaughter-house placed opposite the fortress, in the direction of Cape Soganlik, six or eight thousand oxen or cows, which are past work, to make *pastruma*, and to furnish tallow for the candles used in the country, or exported to Constantinople, where they are in great demand. They are known by a red tip which is given them at the manufactory. Great quantities of tongues also are prepared for exportation, and the horns are sent fastened to the skins, which are dried in the open air.

This period of slaughtering, called *tarkhem*, is a kind of festival for the town. During forty days that it lasts, one of the gates closed all the rest of the year is thrown open for the ingress and egress of the inhabitants. In all there are five gates, three of which—two on the land side, and one towards the sea—are open daily; the former until nightfall, and the latter half an hour after, for the convenience of the merchants and the crews of the ships dispersed about the town. The keys of these gates are kept at night by the Kavass Bashi or chief of the police of the Pacha, who, on being forewarned, orders the Land Gate—leading to the public walk, and to the two neighbouring monasteries of Saint Demetri and Saint Constantine—to remain open until the return of such and such a consul, who may have gone out to amuse himself with his family and friends. The fifth gate, of which we have not yet spoken, is opened only on Twelfth day, when the Archbishop goes down at the head of his clergy, according to the custom of all Christian maritime towns in the East, to throw into the waters a cross, which the devout sailors dive for and are happy to procure.

It is only during the two months of August and September that carnivorous Europeans can be certain of finding beef in the butchers' shops; but throughout the year excellent mutton and lamb may be obtained. Fresh pork, which infidels will persist in eating, can only be got in the last days of carnival. In spring and summer, the market of vegetables and herbs is well supplied, as is also the fish market. Great quantities of turbot are caught along the coast, together with some mullets, soles, haddocks, and other fish. Sea hedgehogs are common, but gourmands are obliged to get oysters from Constantinople by the steamers. Considerable development

might be given to the fisheries, which are at present pursued rather as an amusement than an occupation.

In the neighbourhood of Varna, amateur sportsmen find some roebucks, and great quantities of hares. Wild ducks and geese are found in the lakes and ponds; and buzzards and blackbirds are not uncommon in the woods. Snipe, and partridge, and quail are rare. The environs of Varna, which the sportsmen constantly visit, are picturesque. Along the road that leads to Balzie, vineyards producing excellent grapes are met with. The wines, however, though excellent to drink, will not keep. In the month of July they begin to turn sour. The Varniotes, in fact, though potent drinkers, have made little progress in the art of manufacturing wine. Most persons are possessors of a small orchard, in which are grown cherries, quinces, pears, prunes, peaches, pomegranates, nuts, and walnuts. Black and white mulberry trees grow well, but their fruit is worth nothing. In the orchards which possess a spring of water, a portion is generally laid out as a kitchen garden, where are cultivated dark-green water-melons, common melons, pumpkins, cucumbers, beans, peas, onions, garlic, rosemary, marjoram, spinach, artichokes, and most of the vegetables known in Europe. In their midst rose-trees and wall-flowers often show themselves. Along the fortifications, and in the fields near the town, abundance of the camomile plant, of poppies, of marshmallows, and wild violets grow; and here and there great expanses of thistles cover tracts that were formerly cultivated.

As a seaport Varna might soon rival Odessa if it had fair play. Placed on one of the bays that indent the western shore of the Black Sea, near the point at which the Balkan range terminates in a promontory, the port, or rather the road, although not protected from the east and south-east winds, is amply sheltered from north and north-east winds, the most dangerous that prevail in the Black Sea. The entrance of the bay is picturesque, for the two capes that form it and leave a passage of four miles and a half wide, are steep and rocky. Further in, the shores sink, and become quite level in the neighbourhood of the city. It has been proposed to make a cutting, in order to connect the port with the lake of Denna, in which case it would become the safest refuge for vessels, and the most important point in the Black Sea. When the present Sultan visited Varna in eighteen hundred and forty-seven, the plan was laid before him; but he seems to have been discouraged by the enormous estimates of some Turkish engineers. The cutting would only be a mile long, and there already exists a little stream called by the natives *Derse*, which turns several mills. Occasionally boats are taken up from the sea for

a pleasure party on the lake. Along the banks of the *Derse* groups of women are constantly seen washing wool and carpets in the running water. It would only be necessary to deepen the channel that already exists, and an enormous fleet might find refuge, in all weathers, in an inner basin completely protected.

Even as it is, the port of Varna is visited by a great number of vessels. Two years ago there were four hundred and thirty, one only of which was English. The year after there were only two hundred and seventy-two, of which eight were English; but last year there was a great increase. The Austrian steamers put in at Varna twice a week, on their way to and fro between Constantinople and Galatz. They carry all kinds of merchandise, even cages of poultry, which cover the deck from end to end, to the great inconvenience of passengers. It is calculated that two hundred thousand fowls, and fifty million eggs are annually exported. In the year eighteen hundred and forty-seven, in which commerce was remarkably active, the value of the articles exported from Varna was about six hundred thousand pounds; two-thirds of which sum were employed in the purchase of wheat and barley. The import trade, moreover, is by no means insignificant.

From these facts it is evident that Varna is a most important point. It is the maritime capital of Bulgaria, just as Routhuk is the Danubian capital. There has long existed a project for uniting these two cities by a railway; and it is possible that in better times this project may effectually be carried out, especially as between the months of November and April the navigation of the Danube ceases altogether. Many foreign consuls have recently been established at Varna. In eighteen hundred and forty-seven, for the first time, a representative of English commercial and political interests was sent there in the person of Mr. Neale, the gentleman whose recent departure has introduced Varna into the foreign news of the English journals. Lately, as in most other important towns of the Levant, almost the first object that strikes the eye when one approaches the place is a series of flagstuffs, indicating that all Europe is present there by its agents.

The corn trade is destined to make the fortune of Varna. It is only recently that the Bulgarians have obtained permission to export corn direct to foreign countries. Within a dozen years, a great many fortunes have been made by Greeks and Ionians sent there as agents for commercial houses at Constantinople. M. Vrëto, the last Greek consul at Varna, informs us that the greater number have made fortunes by taking advantage of the ignorance of the poor Bulgarian peasantry, who come down with their caravans to Varna to sell wheat. His

account is a curious illustration of the state of the country. These simple and timid corn-traders, all Moslems, are met on the road by brokers employed by the commercial agents, who examine the quality of the grain during some halt in the mountains, agree upon the price, and give the name of the merchant for whom the bargain is made. But when the train of twenty, thirty, or forty waggons arrives in front of the stores, the false merchant affects to examine the lot anew, and often refuses to receive it, telling the waggoners that too high a price has been promised on an erroneous estimation of the quality.

Then these poor Bulgarians knowing, perhaps, that there is no great demand in the market, or not being able, on account of the lateness of the hour, to go in search of another customer, in their simplicity accept whatever is offered. But this is not the end of their losses, for almost invariably a false measure is used. This measure, called *sinik*, is of wood, and made of thick planks. It is first submitted to be examined and stamped by the authorities, and then planed away inside so as to contain two, or three *okes* additional. Not content with this deception, it is rare that, whilst the measuring is going on, a quarrel does not arise between the merchant and the Bulgarian; the latter maintaining, for example, that nine *sinika*, and not eight, have been emptied out; but the measurer always takes part with the merchant, and fiercely tells the Bulgarian to be silent. There is no means of ascertaining the truth, because the newly brought wheat is emptied directly into the store upon piles already commenced. After all this, the poor fellows may consider themselves fortunate if they are not paid in old Turkish gold pieces, which are no longer current, or have been worn almost to nothing, and which are passed at a nominal value above that which they would bear if new. It often happens that these peasants are afterwards informed that the money they have received is of no value, and return to the merchants to have it changed, but they are always repulsed with contumely. "We have often," says M. Vrsto, "observed these unhappy men complaining with tears in their eyes of the fraud that has been practised on them. In their despair they sometimes go and lay their case before the Pacha governor, who begins by making them pay five per cent. as a tax, called, in Turkish, *Res-imo*, exacted upon every sum claimed through the medium of the Pacha or the Kadi. It is the fear of being obliged to make this outlay with no certainty of redress that in general makes the timid Bulgarian put up in silence with all the oppression of the corn-agents." Many attempts have been made to remedy this state of things, but without success.

However, the Bulgarian peasants who come to Varna appear still to make a consi-

derable profit, although not sufficient to bring about that amelioration in the general state of the country which fair commerce would produce. They also gain a good deal by the sale of excellent butter, which they bring down in earthenware jars concealed amidst their waggon-loads of wheat. It is not explained why only Moslems carry on this trade between the interior and the port. Probably, as it is mentioned that they are owners of the grain they bring down, they purchase it in part from the Christian peasants, who might not think it so safe for them to undertake a long journey. At any rate, it appears that, Moslems or not, the attendants of the caravans are good quiet people, who are no match for the cunning of semi-civilisation. We happen to know that frauds of a very similar kind are practised by the corn-dealers of Alexandria, who bring down grain from the upper country by the river and canal. They are met by speculating brokers, who purchase their cargoes at the regular market price; but, instead of cash passing between the buyer and seller, written agreements are exchanged. If prices rise, well and good; but if not, the unfortunate fellows find out that their papers are of no value, because they are without the government stamp; and, if they endeavoured to enforce the bargain made, they expose themselves to severe punishment.

These intimate details of how commerce is carried on in the East cannot be without interest to us, for this is the way in which perhaps the materials of the bread we have eaten this day have been obtained. It is scarcely necessary to add, that at no distant day the plains and valleys of Bulgaria, which are in great part now uncultivated, may prove to be among the most important granaries of Europe. Of course the time will come when prices will rise with the advance of civilisation; so as to make it worth the while of native cultivators to bring their ground under tillage. Unless checked by war, facilities of communication will also create new markets for English goods on both banks of the Danube, and on the shores of the Black Sea.

MANCHESTER MEN AT THEIR BOOKS.

THE Manchester Free Library, of which, in its first stages, we have treated more than once, has just issued a report upon the subject of its first year's doings. Its managing librarian, Mr. Edward Edwards—who has spared no pains in watching the results that have come out of the actual working of the institution—has carefully set down all that was worth noting. Manchester now has experience to tell about, and by its experience the other towns at present following the lead of Manchester and Salford, of Liverpool, of Bol-

ton, Oxford, Sheffield, and Winchester, may be considerably aided in their efforts.

In the first place, it is well worth while for us all chiefly to understand that a Free Public Library never can become anything much better than a large literary scrap cupboard, if it is to depend for its books upon choice donations. If no mind presides over its formation, if no money is placed regularly at the disposal of a committee, for the direct purpose of buying books upon a well-considered system, the thing formed is not a library, but a bookstall, in which all the chance-collected volumes are to be read instead of bought, by droppers-in. Now, it is provided by the Public Libraries' Act of eighteen hundred and fifty, as most people know, that a town corporation may apply a halfpenny rate to the establishment of a free library if, upon a poll, two-thirds of the voting burgesses consent. But it is provided that this money shall be spent on library buildings, salaries, coals, candles, anything and everything except the one thing needful—books. The Act gives no authority to purchase books with borough funds, a curious error of omission, which we all must wish to see corrected in the next sessions of Parliament. Liverpool has for its library a special act, and Manchester, by a special clause, is able to spend town money on books as well as upon bookshelves, but Bolton has been driven by this blunder to the necessity of adopting troublesome machinery for the supply of the town wants, and other towns are likely to be seriously trammelled in their efforts for self-education.

Donations to the Manchester Free Library have been extremely liberal, but books presented have, nevertheless, borne no sensible proportion to the books required. The library is, at the end of the first year, in efficient working order—a library with sense and light in it, not a dead lump of volumes, but its efficiency is mainly the result of a judicious use of money in the purchase of those books that were of the most sterling character, those that secured the fair supply of right material in each kind of study, or that were in other ways peculiarly suited to the exigencies of the town. Thus in Manchester one of the most popular novels is Scott's *Kenilworth*. That work in the lending library had thirty-four readers in six months; but Mr. Sewell's *Rudolph the Voyager* had in the same period two readers more. Of all histories, Macaulay's *History of England* is in most request—except Whitaker's *History of Manchester*. Then again there is a taste in Manchester for works upon the steam-engine, and upon chemistry, which must be met by books of a class that would be little sought at present in some other towns. There is a solidity of taste about the mass of Manchester readers, to which this report bears curious testimony. Let us note a fact or two concerning it:—

The library, as all the country knows, con-

sists of a reference department, or reading-room, containing books that are not to go out of doors, and a lending library. In the former more than sixty thousand, and in the latter nearly eighty thousand volumes were consulted during the past year. The reference library is used by persons of all classes, the lending library also by all classes, but chiefly by working-men and women. Of two thousand active borrowers of books, we are told that about one thousand are warehousemen, packers, and others employed in warehouses, artisans, mechanics, and machinists, or mill hands, being men; ninety are mill hands of the other sex; two hundred and thirty are shop assistants, male or female, dressmakers, &c.; a hundred are clerks; sixty are shopkeepers; three hundred and fifty are boys at home, at school, or employed in shops, including pupil teachers; there are twenty female pupil teachers; and the rest are persons of superior station or whose position was not ascertained.

What now is the kind of reading favoured by these people? My Lord Tomnoddy, lounging on his club sofa, refuses to believe it, when he is told that these brave people, meaning to work with their heads as well as with their hands, use books that are taken by them from the Manchester Free Lending Library in the proportion following: In literature—including poetry and fiction, essays, literary history, and encyclopaedias—each volume is read, on an average, fifteen times a year. Works upon theology and philosophy are next in request; in that class each work has been read, on an average, nine times. In history and biography every work has had an average of eight readers; the scientific works have had an average of seven readings apiece; and each work on law, politics, or commerce may, in the same way, be said to have been borrowed twice. Scientific and other books borrowed by working men, that bear upon their trades, are studied carefully; epitomes are sometimes made by them at home; and one or two have been, or are being, bodily copied into household manuscript!

There is a fine earnestness about all this. Then there is something very natural and amusing in the results of the librarian's notes as to the books most in request in each department. The reference library is crowded in the evening by working men; and their great delight and refreshment appears to consist in an escape from routine life to dreams of romance or peril, in relieving the monotony of toil with tales of battle, shipwreck, or adventure. In a word, the imagination, even in Manchester, refuses to be crushed. The pleasure book most read, during the first six months after the library opened, was—the *Arabian Nights*. The weary warehousemen, mill hands, and shopkeepers spent their evenings with Haroun al Raschid. The next best books for

them, after the Arabian Nights, appear to have been *Ivanhoe*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and the *Fortunes and Misfortunes of the Famous Moll Flanders*.

The historical works most favoured have been those most dealing in adventure and excitement. Histories of Napoleon have been somewhat more in demand than even the *Arabian Nights*. Lives of Wellington and Nelson, were respectively, about half as much in request, but very popular, slightly more popular indeed than that very well read book of amusement, "*Gulliver's Travels*." Narratives of the Battle of Waterloo were in yet greater demand, though still in less request than accounts of Napoleon. Next in popularity to the lives of Napoleon—and there is one man in Manchester who has even read Alison's history straight through—is a volume entitled "*Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea*." That volume was issued two hundred and fifteen times in six months. Almost equally popular was Mr. Cumming's account of his hunting adventures among lions and hippopotamuses in South Africa. Less in request, but much demanded—next, in fact, in the order of popularity among books of this class—have been Macaulay's *History*, Layard's *Nineveh*, and Dana's *Two Years before the Mast*.

Mr. Edwards has framed tables showing for each month in the past year, the amount of the demand for books in each section of the library; such tables, when they extend over many years, will yield curious results, but the fluctuations in the attendance on a Free Library, among a somewhat mobile population, would of course mislead us, if, without taking them into account, we speculated on the tables of a single year. Perhaps we may safely infer the experience of the first year to be true of all in these respects. That more books are borrowed in winter than in summer, in in-door than in out-of-door weather; and most in October and November, when the weather makes men least inclined to go abroad. That the disposition to read philosophy is greater in November, least in May; and that there is a revived demand for it in the dog-days, when the heat also begets a disposition for metaphysics, which otherwise is in most favour through the foggy months. That tales of battle, shipwreck, and adventure are demanded most when there are fire-sides to read them by, and that the decrease of demand for them in the summer, is more rapid than the decrease of demand for poetry and fiction. That the summer want of scientific books falls to one half of what it was in winter, while the want of pleasure books diminishes only by a fourth. The diminution of demand for books in summer receives some check in July. The weather out of doors is, in that month, often hotter than we like; and it is for this reason, perhaps, that July appears to be, of all summer months, very decidedly the one in which most books

are read. Some of these generalisations may be justified by future tables.

We dwell now upon one or two more practical facts before quitting the subject. One of them is that establishers of lending libraries must calculate upon the spending of a portion of their yearly means, not in the buying of new books, but in the replacing of books that are worn out. Manchester experience has proved that proper care is taken by the people of the works freely entrusted to their hands.

Here we interpolate the very noticeable fact, that out of more than seventy-seven thousand volumes which have been issued during the last year from the Manchester Lending Library, only three have been lost. Another proof of the trustworthiness of English working men. But, with the best usage, a work cannot be read successively by fifty people, without needing to be rebound; and after it has been rebound, fifty more readers fairly wear it out. Of books in much request, therefore, new copies will have to be put into circulation once in about every two years. This necessity further shows the importance of securing to a free library, by rate or otherwise, the support of a fixed annual income.

There remains only one small matter of detail to which, for the sake of others who are forming libraries of the same character, we wish to call attention. For the working of the Manchester Free Library, it is arranged that every reader having been recommended by two burgesses who become surety for his right use of the books, is admitted, and that he needs no re-admission until he shall have allowed six months to elapse without availing himself of his privilege. The last clause of this regulation is found inconvenient in practice. It is thought that it would be better if those who have taken the trouble to obtain the right of reading, were to report themselves as attached still to the Institution, by applying every half year for a renewal of their privilege. There would be no need of fresh vouchers; the trouble to each reader would be insignificant; and a real working list of the reading part of the population would then be always in existence.

BLANK BABIES IN PARIS.

HAVING already described the Foundling Hospital of London,* it may be useful, for comparison, to describe the sister establishment in Paris.

The Foundlings of Paris are an ancient community. For upwards of four hundred years, they have been the object of legislative enactments. Their earliest protectors were the clergy; and it was to the Bishop of Paris and the Chapter of Notre Dame that

* "Received a Blank Child." Vol. vii., p. 42.

they were indebted for their first asylum. As an hospital for their reception a building was assigned them at the Port l'Evêque, which was called Maison de la Crèche; the word *crèche* originally signifying crib or manger only, but now employed to designate the general reception-room in the present hospital. That the newly-born children who were deserted by their parents might not perish from exposure in the public streets, a large cradle was established within the Cathedral of Notre Dame, accessible at all hours of the day or night, in which infants were placed, there to attract the attention of the pious. This cradle was in existence as early as fourteen hundred and thirty-one, for in that year died Isabella of Bavaria, the queen of Charles the Sixth of France—one of the most unnatural mothers and one of the worst of wives—who bequeathed to the Foundlings the enormous legacy of eight francs.

Besides being the recipients of casual charity, the Foundlings of Paris had a claim upon the High Justiciaries of the capital, all of them ecclesiastics; who, according to old usage, were bound to contribute towards their maintenance. These spiritual nobles were, however, too much under the influence of earthly considerations to perform their duties faithfully; and gradually stinting their donations, finally withheld them altogether. This was the occasion of much litigation; which was finally compromised by annual payments being compounded for by the making over two houses on the Port Saint Landry, within a stone's throw of the Cathedral.

Poorly paid, and having no sympathy for their charge, the servants of the establishment of the Port Saint Landry turned the miserable little orphans to their own profit. Street beggars wanting a new-born child wherewith to move the sensibility of the public, procured one at the Port Saint Landry. If a nurse required a child to replace one that through her negligence might have died, the substitute was ready at the Port Saint Landry. If a witch needed an infant for sacrifice, she obtained one at the Port Saint Landry. The price of a child in that establishment was just twenty *sous*!

This revolting traffic became a crying scandal, even in the city of cut-purse nobles and cut-throat abbés; and it attracted the attention of the celebrated philanthropist Vincent de Paul. His first attempt to provide the Foundlings with a better home consisted in his procuring for them a new hospital near the gate of Saint Victor. This was in the year sixteen hundred and thirty-eight. He placed the new establishment under the care of the Sisters of Charity; who, moved by an appeal which he made to them, lent themselves to the good work: not very effectually, however, at first; for the funds for the maintenance of the children—whose numbers

fast increased—proving wholly insufficient, the administrators had recourse to a detestable expedient; they chose by lot the children that were to be provided for, and the residue were allowed to die for want of food! When Vincent de Paul learnt this, he assembled the ladies who had placed themselves at the head of the establishment, and earnestly besought them to consider the poor Foundlings in the light of their own children. His eloquent pleading prevailed. But he did not stop here; he addressed himself to the King; and eventually, the Parliament of Paris issued a decree, by which the High Justiciaries were compelled to pay an annual sum of fifteen thousand francs towards the maintenance of the Foundlings; and a house in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, with a large quantity of ground attached to it, was bought to serve as a permanent place of asylum for the unfortunate children.

Before this last settlement was made, Vincent de Paul died. But the impulse which he had originated never afterwards flagged. In the midst of his magnificence, Louis the Fourteenth issued an edict, dated June, sixteen hundred and seventy, in which was recognised the truth that "there is no duty more natural, nor more conformable to Christian piety, than to take care of poor children who are abandoned, and whose weakness and misfortune alike render them worthy of compassion;" and six years later, Maria Theresa of Austria, the wife of the magnificent monarch, laid the first stone of a new and spacious edifice for the Foundlings in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, to which a church was attached. This example having been set, there was no lack, in that courtly age, of noble imitators, and large endowments were made by chancellors and presidents, and others high in authority. It was quite time; for, in a ratio that far exceeded the increase of population of Paris, the number of *enfants trouvés* was augmented. When Vincent de Paul first took up their cause in sixteen hundred and thirty-eight, the Foundlings numbered three hundred and twelve; but, at the close of the seventeenth century, they had multiplied to the extent of seventeen hundred and thirty-eight. Monsieur Dulaure took considerable pains to show (in his well-known History of Paris) that, during monarchical periods, the Foundling Hospital received the greatest number of inmates.

During the Republic, in consequence of the vast disproportion between the children who were deposited and those who survived, several stringent laws were enacted. One of these, dated the thirtieth Ventose, year five (March twenty-second, seventeen hundred and ninety-seven), contained, amongst other articles, a decree obliging all nurses who had the care of Foundlings to appear every three months before the agent of their commune, and certify

that the children confided to them had been treated with humanity. Those who succeeded in bringing up foundlings till they reached the age of twelve years were rewarded with a present of fifty francs.

Amongst the sights of Paris at the present day, the Foundling Hospital is not the least attractive. But to look for the building, where we last left it, in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, would be lost labour; neither does a subsidiary asylum which was established at the corner of the square (called the *Parvis*) of the Cathedral of Notre Dame still exist. Both, in fact, were combined into one, and their inmates transferred in the year eighteen hundred to the premises in the Rue d'Enfer, originally occupied by the Oratory where the priests of that congregation performed their noviciate. This "Street of the Infernal Regions" owes its present designation to this simple cause: the street of Saint Jacques, which runs parallel to it and occupies higher ground, was formerly called the *Via Superior* (upper road), and the Rue d'Enfer, its lower neighbour, *Via Inferior*; a poetical imagination soon made the corruption.

We are not at all indebted, for our knowledge of the preceding facts, to the very excellent Sister of Charity who accompanied us over the Hospice des Enfants Trouvés when last we paid a visit to that establishment; but what she did relate may serve in some measure to show what is its present condition. When the moment comes we shall let her speak for herself; but our own impressions must first of all be recorded.

Before we reached the Hospital we had passed the previous half-hour in the gardens of the Luxembourg; and, although the flowers are not so fine nor the company so gay, as are to be seen in the rival parterres and avenues of the Tuilleries, both were brilliant enough to form a striking contrast to the dull, deserted, flowerless street which bears the redoubtable name already mentioned. It lay before us, grey, blank, and dreary, with nothing to relieve the monotony of its general aspect but an inscription over the gateway of a building on the right hand side, informing us that there stood the "Hospice des Enfants Trouvés." If the site had been selected expressly for the purpose of being out of the way, where no witnesses might see the trembling mother deposit her new-born child, it could not have been managed better. As we drew near the entrance a further indication of the purposes of the building was visible in the words "*Panier des Enfants*," very legibly inscribed on what seemed to be the lid of a letter-box let into the wall, but which, on being raised—for it is never fastened—proved to be the children's basket, the *tour* or turning-box of the establishment. In obedience to a heavy single knock—there is a bell-handle beside the

turning-box, but that was not for our use, having no infant to deposit—the wicket-door opened with the customary squeak of the *cordon*, and we were admitted. Could we see the Hospital? Willingly; would we oblige the portress by walking into the little office on the left hand, by putting down our names in a register there, and by depositing one franc apiece towards the general funds of the asylum? All these things we did with great pleasure, and the portress then rang a bell, in obedience to which summons a Sister of Charity made her appearance from a door in the quadrangle, and we were consigned to her care to be conducted over the building.

She was a quiet, grave, motherly woman, with evidently only one object in her thoughts—the duties of her profession. The Sisters of Charity soon learn what those duties are, and never fail in the performance of them. Sister Petronille—that, she said, was her name—conducted us across the courtyard to the door from whence she had issued, and together we ascended a lofty staircase, and passed into a tolerably large room. This was the *salle à manger*, but it was empty just then; so we proceeded to the next apartment, the "day-room" of the establishment, where we found about twelve or thirteen children, all, we were told, under two years of age, some of whom were in cradles, and the rest in the arms of nurses.

"These are the little sick ones," said Sister Petronille, "who are not kept in the infirmary, but, for all that, require constant attendance. Those who suffer from graver maladies are in separate wards under the care of the doctors, who come constantly to see them."

"And the healthy children, where are they?" we inquired.

A faint smile passed over Sister Petronille's pale features.

"God be thanked!" she replied; "they are all safe in the country. It was only yesterday that we sent away the last batch, all strong and hearty, and likely to live, if God permits them."

"And these little ones?"

"Ah!" she sighed, "some of these too may go one day into the country, we hope. But it is not probable that all will; for they are very tender, and require careful nursing."

"Then, are there none but the sick left here in Paris?"

"On the contrary; downstairs there are plenty; but they are the youngest: you will see them presently."

From the "day-room" we retraced our steps to the landing-place at the head of the staircase, and entered a long corridor which communicated with four general wards or infirmaries devoted to such of the children as were under medical or surgical treatment, or were affected by ophthalmia or measles. It

was not possible that any thing could be more neatly arranged than the white-curtained cots which held the little sufferers, nor was there a token of pain or restlessness that escaped the nursing sisters who remained in the rooms to watch over them.

"And do many of these die?" we asked.

"Alas, yes!" answered our guide sorrowfully; "you see, they are principally the children of people who are the victims of poverty and sickness; and a great number bring with them the seeds of the disease of which they afterwards die. The doctors study the cases closely, and give to them all their attention; but the hereditary malady is too often stronger than their skill."

"Do you know the proportion between the numbers lost and saved?"

"It varies of course: for there are maladies belonging to children which are more severe at some times than at others; but the general average throughout the Hospital is very nearly one death in four."

"And how many are admitted in the course of the year?"

This varied also, our informant said; during the time she had been attached to the Hospital she had witnessed a great change in that respect. The first year of her service there were upwards of five thousand taken in, and, gradually declining, they fell in the course of ten years to a little more than three thousand. Since that time there had been an increase; and in the last year, for example, she remembered that the newcomers were exactly four thousand and ninety-five. They were received, she said, in different ways; the lying-in hospital for the poor in the adjoining street, the Rue de la Bourbe, ("Mud Street" and it well deserved the name when it was christened) sent in a great number; some were brought from the Prefecture of Police, the children of parents in the hands of justice; some came from the hospitals of Paris; but by far the greater part were abandoned by their mothers.

"But," said Sister Petronille, anxious to soften the meaning of the word, "these poor things are not entirely abandoned, that is to say, exposed without any further thought being given to them. Such might have been the case formerly, when no certificate of birth was necessary; but whoever is desirous now, from want of means, of sending an infant to this hospital, must apply to the Commissary of the quarter for a certificate of abandonment, so that it is known to the authorities who they are that send; and the mothers also, acting openly, are more at ease with respect to their children. We find, too, that besides the certificate of the infant's birth which accompanies every deposit, mothers are careful now to add some particulars—either of name or personal description—by which, if circumstances should permit them, they may hereafter more certainly recognise their offspring."

"And are there any exceptions to this latter practice?"

"Seldom or ever, in Paris itself; but of the number born outside the walls, perhaps a hundred in the year, and these—we judge from various circumstances, but chiefly from the linen in which they are enveloped—belong to a better class than the rest. It is not for the want of the means to support them that such children are abandoned. It is the dread of their existence being known that causes it."

"Have you any means of knowing how many out of the whole amount are born in wedlock?"

The answer—given with some natural hesitation—was to the effect, that amongst four thousand foundlings, it was presumed only two hundred had "civil rights." During this conversation, Sister Petronille had led us through the wards, and conducted us by another staircase to the ground floor.

"Now," she said, opening another door, "you will see the most interesting part of the establishment."

This was the "*Crèche*," or general reception room. It was filled, or seemed to be full of infants of the tenderest age; there were between seventy and eighty altogether. They wore a kind of uniform—that is to say, there was a sort of uniformity in their costume—all being clothed in pink check nightgowns, and swathed with linen bands, like mummies on a very small scale; unlike mummies, however, their little tongues were not tied. To soothe their pains and calm their heavy troubles, the nurses were assiduously engaged, some in rocking them to sleep in their cradles; others in administering to such as were strong enough to sit upright that beverage which is, in France, the universal remedy, whether in old age or infancy. It was neither the wine nor the garlic which helped to make a man of Henry Quatre, nor the symbolical "tyrelarigot" which was given to the great Gargantua immediately after his birth—as Rabelais relates—but simply *eau sucrée*, poured out of the long spout of a china tea-pot. We know that "as the twig is bent the tree is inclined;" so, in all probability, it is on account of their early introduction to sugar and water, that Frenchmen manifest, throughout their lives, so marked a propensity for the drink that neither cheers nor inebriates.

But the most attractive feature of the *Crèche* was in the centre of the room, where, directly in front of a blazing fire, on an inclined plane, covered with a mattress about the size of the stage of Mr. Simpson's Marionette Theatre, lay seven or eight little objects all in a row, who might have passed for the Marionettes themselves only they were much smaller, were any thing but gaily attired, and wore a great deal too tightly swathed to stir a single peg, whereas the amusing puppets of

the Lowther Arcade—but all the world is familiar with the flexibility and grace of their movements. But whatever they looked like, those infants, who were the latest arrivals, were certainly the most comfortable lot in the apartment, and, contrasting their passive enjoyment of the fire whose influence they felt with the screams of the victims of *sau sucre*,

“—the philosophical beholder
Sighed for their sakes that they should e'er grow
older.”

Young as they were, however, it would have been a difficult matter to say which was the youngest, for every second hour throughout the four-and-twenty brought a new comer. One of these arrivals happened while we were on the spot. We heard a bell ring, and at the same time saw a Sister of Charity leave the apartment. In a few minutes she returned, carrying something in a flannel bag, from which issued the semblance of a small Swedish turnip of a pinkish-yellowish hue. This was the head of a child, and when the contents of the bag were gently turned out on a blanket, they proved to be the remainder of a male infant just deposited. It was immediately submitted to the process of weighing, the test which generally decides the infant's chance of life. The arbiter of its destiny was a six pound weight, and we were very sorry to see that the Foundling kicked the beam. But though the odds were against it, the nurse to whose care it was confided omitted no precaution that might prolong its existence. It was clothed and swathed like the rest, and was assigned the warmest place on the mattress; and as we left the *Crèche*, Sister Petronille, whose organ of hope was very strongly developed, expressed her belief that it would survive, for she had seen smaller children than that who had turned out something quite astonishing both as to size and strength.

We now took leave of our guide, who with some difficulty was made to accept a small gratuity, and returned to the gate of the Hospital. But before we were let out the portress suggested that we might be curious to see the registry of arrivals in the office, the blank baby having just been entered. We did so, and read the following personal description (*signalement*):—“October 4, 185—. No. 9. A male child; newly born; weakly and very small; ticket round the neck with the name of Gustave; coarse linen; red stain on the left shoulder; no other mark.”

These are all the credentials necessary for the candidates for admission to the Paris Foundling Hospital.

“THE CORNER.”

Few people are so serious in their amusements and so easy in their business trans-

actions as the English. A Frenchman buys or sells stock or merchandise in gross with the air of being engaged in a deadly duel; while Chapel, who concludes an affair of ten thousand pounds with apparent indifference and perfect good humour, is only to be found truly grave and unhappy at a ball or concert.

Even the Germans, the most industrious and penetrating of foreign travellers, who dive into cellars, study life in temperance coffee houses, coal-heavers' taps, and other resorts still less known but not less worth studying by the common race of travellers generally, miss an exchange or mart, which combines to a large class of Englishmen all the charms of gambling on the Bourse, of lounging on the Boulevards of Paris, the casinos and gardens of Hamburg and Baden-Baden—at once a place of business and of speculation to the extent of hundreds of thousands; while to an unlimited number who neither buy nor bet, it is a regular promenade and lounge at least twice a week.

This place, hitherto overlooked by book making visitors from abroad, is Tattersall's—the Garraway's of horses, and the Stock Exchange of racing men; where the supporters of two leading national institutions, fox-hunting and horse-racing, most do congregate.

Piccadilly has been widened and beautified, the Green Park drained, levelled, and cleared of encroaching houses and gardens, St. George's Hospital has risen to keep the monuments of our victories in countenance, and the mean suburb of Knightsbridge and the dingy houses of Grosvenor Place are rapidly giving way to palaces as gorgeous as stone and stucco, with much money and little taste, can make them. But one cluster of desultory buildings, stretching their vast length many a rood between Belgravia and Constitution Hill, remains unchanged. Take an omnibus from any part of London that will pass Hyde Park Corner. If it be Saturday, Sunday, or Monday in the season, at any hour between one and four p.m., a collection of the red-waistcoated equestrian genii, who are to be found at the corner of every fashionable street in the London season, will direct your attention to the narrow and sombre avenue which otherwise it would be as easy to pass as any mews entrance, and which is technically designated “The Corner.” Suppose that it is Monday, the day of the sale of the stud of young Lord Crashington (going abroad), consisting of some forty horses, including everything perfect, from the pony hack to the dozen of thorough-bred hunters, beside two or three worn-out scraws, are to be offered to competition. There is also a celebrated race-horse, sold in consequence of a dispute; a lot of well-bred yearlings, whose owner, having prepared his mind by twenty years of jockeying on the turf,

the House of Commons, and the fashionable world, is about to take the military command of a province rather larger than France; and the usual miscellaneous lots of animals for all uses, fit for park, field, or state carriage, brougham, tandem, fly, to breed from or feed hounds. Sunday is a great day at Tattersall's. The sporting aristocracy are so oppressively hampered for time during the rest of the week, that Sunday is the only day they can find to buy horses and to make bets. Their Sabbath desecration we fully recommend to those advocates of Sabbath observance whose attention has been hitherto confined to tea-drinkings and country excursions of pent-up artisans and their stifled families. The aristocracy may have its Sunday Tattersall's unquestioned; but the labour-ocracy must not have its Sunday Crystal Palace on any terms whatever.

Tattersall's yard—a square ill-paved court, adorned in its centre with a painted cupola, crowned with a painted bust of George the Regent, over a painted fox—is crowded on Sunday with gentle and simple. There is Lord Bullfinch determined to buy Brookjumper, and so is Ginger the horse-dealer, who will run him very hard; Tomkins in search of a pony for his little boy; the Earl of Flower-de-Luce, with his eye on a pair of greys for the Countess's chariot; Mr. Bullion, ready to secure Mr. Welter's cob, although it cost him a cheek in three large figures; and Nobbler, the gaming-house-keeper, who is on the look out for a good-looking bit of blood, that he may make useful either to win or lose. There they are, crowded together—the learned and unlearned, high-born and low-born, the capitalist and the adventurer, the new fledged man of fashion, and the broken-down gentleman—beside a host of idlers, examining each horse as he is brought out, with an affectation of acuteness that is truly national. Although there are horse buyers of all grades, the well-dressed are the majority. The slang style of attire has gone out. The green coat and top boots in which Thurtell and other murderers swaggered on the race-course and the betting-ring is out of fashion; and, if seen, generally covers some decent north country farmer. Black is the favourite wear. The neat-looking quietly dressed man in patent leather boots and closely-cropped whiskers, whom your country cousin takes for a peer, is a horse-dealer. The bearded gentleman, ringed and chained, magnificent in waistcoats and solid jewellery, is an ex-quaker capitalist, and arm-in-arm with the son of a Clapham dissenter; while sporting publicans and keepers of betting-lists affect a sobriety of dress and demeanour which, five-and-twenty years ago, would have been considered the mark of what in that day was known as "A Methodist."

On Monday the auctioneer might, as he passes through the crowd to the forum, be taken for a barrister or a physician, or even

for a clergyman. "The Pride of Leicestershire" is brought out; a big horse, with a scanty mane, and no magnificence of tail, with several marks of scars and bangs on all legs. The Count de Volage, who is intent on carrying back something to out-rival his friends in the Champs Elysées, is astonished to hear an animal of such unprepossessing appearance introduced to the audience in a very few words, and in a very few minutes, with very little fuss, knocked down for upwards of five thousand francs. The sale goes on; no noise, no fuss, no wrangling; the auctioneer an autocrat, before whom all give way. To horses of priceless value, succeed others within the reach of all pockets—some good, some good for nothing; Volage secures a grey pony, with a flowing mane and tail, that steps along in a perpetual prance, at a tenth part of the price of the *grand bête de chasse de reynard*, and makes an oration to surrounding cads and grooms, which they don't understand and much despise.

Seven or eight thousand pounds' worth of horseflesh is disposed of with as much sober seriousness, and not more unseemly excitement than if it had been a sale of old China or autographs. There are no disputes; the rules prevent them; the fashion of the place is to be respectable. The English admiration for and imitation of lords comes out in the universal mutation; when lords in top-boots attended fights, drank deep at taverns, and boxed in the streets, their humble followers did the like. Now black-coats and eyeglasses curiously fixed, are considered the correct thing. How can any cad venture to begin a stormy dispute when he goes into Tattersall's gloomy office to pay his money, when, perhaps, a cabinet minister is warming his back at the fire? If any excesses of language are ever permitted, it is in the very ancient tavern that stands within the premises opposite the gates of the sale yard;—a tavern, the like of which for thorough unchangeability of character, is not to be met with even in the neighbourhood of Temple Bar. One-storied, with latticed small-paned windows; an ancient bench on each side the narrow portal to accommodate the foot-sore groom or helper out of place, when not occupied by washing tubs or cooking-pots. No gin-palatial style has been permitted to deface either the interior or exterior of this primitive tavern; where perhaps the possessor of Highlyer and founder of Hyde Park Corner, formerly smoked the pipe of peace. The counter—guiltless of brass, and dark with the beer of three generations—bears the hieroglyphic carvings of feather weights, who have since grown into state coachmen of state dimensions. All is dark, dusky, cobwebby, except the beer, which enjoys the excellence incident to a quick draught, and critical customers. There is an ordinary, laid out in a supplemental apartment adorned with sporting prizes.

on sale days, but into the refectory I have not ventured to penetrate.

Truly the English love of ancient ways is to be seen in perfection at "the Corner." Had the same amount of business been transacted in any other capital, what an architectural pile, what fountains, what statues, what friezes would have adorned it! What numerous government regulations would have impeded its business. How many infantry, cavalry, and artillery would have guarded it; and, above all, what an elegant *café* would have replaced the dingy alehouse; and what a magnificent lady in silk and lace would have presided over piles of flinty sugar and caraffes of liquors ranged on each side her throne!

To return to the peculiar aspect of Tattersall's which is, in this eminently pious country (where cries of horror meet the proposition for opening gardens and museums on Sunday), both curious and discreditable. On some week days, when sales are not about to take place, solitude reigns in this wilderness of stables, and on others, dainty ladies of the highest rank pass in review, without fear of soiling their kid boots, park hacks and phaeton ponies. But on certain special Sundays the yard and avenues are crammed with a multitude on anything but pious thoughts intent. On the day before the Derby or St. Leger races a long line of vehicles and led horses crowd Grosvenor Place. A long line of anxious peers and plebeians, butchers, brokers, betting-list keepers and all their parasites, and all their victims; usurers; guardsmen and prizefighters; costermongers, and sporting parsons; Manchester manufacturers, Yorkshire farmers, sham captains, *ci-devant* gentlemen, beardless boys, and grey-haired but not venerable grandfathers, fill the narrow descent, crowd the yards and the stables, and especially congregate around a plain brick barn-like building, which might, in any other situation, pass for a Latter Day Saints' chapel.

This is the great temple of Mercury or Plutus, the *bourne* of betting men—the Exchange where millions change hands in the course of the year. On great days a Cerberus of triple-headed acuteness, assisted by a couple of policemen, guards the entrance, and rebuffs the uninitiated. The presence of policemen gives an official sanction to this genuine Sabbath desecration, which renders it complete. At one side, divided off by iron gates,

is the ring, where, at times, high-bred horses are exercised, and where now, under the shade of the trees, on a green lawn, the aristocracy of the betting world sit and balance their books.

To be admitted within the subscription-room, and the green ring which is its appurtenance, two qualifications only are necessary—to bet and to pay. Politics, religion, manners, calling, are questions of no moment. The vilest and the proudest meet on equal terms. Equality and fraternity can only exist in and be created by the spirit of gambling. The man on your right was boots to an inn; the man on your left is a peer; the man opposite to you keeps a gambling house; the man behind you talking to an M.P. has been tried, convicted, and sent to Newgate for fraud. Every crime and every grade has here its representative; but they all pay honourably. The greater the scamp the safer the bet. It is young sprigs of fashion and credit who make the worst books and the most lamentable failures. Bill Jones has nothing to hope if he makes a mistake, while the Honourable Tom Flashley has hopes of his father or his aunt. Lord Gentlivre, who claims Norman descent and is heir to forty thousand a year, makes up his book with these ruffians; he associates with them in the ring; he accepts their congratulations when his horse wins. Out of the ring he will not speak, he will not look at them, he will not allow them on any occasion to sit down in his presence; but he takes their money when he can get it.

The church bells are ringing, the public-houses are closed, the betting men are shutting up their little books, and prepare for the park drive and Richmond dinners. The leviathan of the ring, an ex-carpenter, whose word is good for fifty thousand pounds, takes his last ostrich-like stride round the flock, who look on him with envious admiration, and snubs a viscount, who wants less than the current odds against the favourite. A miserable shrunk man, who inherited an estate of ten thousand a year, finds a butcher's stake preferred to his own. Languid offers to bet meet with equally languid answers. The field is exhausted, the ring is cleared, and Sunday at the Corner closes.

This is a Sunday in London foreigners do not see, and to which the loudest denouncers of Sabbath desecration among their humbler brethren have been, hitherto, equally blind.

"Familiar in their Mouths as *HOUSEHOLD WORDS*."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. VIII.

McELRATH & BARKER, PUBLISHERS.
OFFICE NO. 17 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

WHOLE NO. 196.

BEEF.

I HAVE a tenderness for beef—for beef, I mean to say, that does not fling defiance in my teeth. When the beef that I love and take to my fireside has also a tenderness for me, my happiness in it is perfect. There is one day in the year when hearts and homes are open: when every man goes through the chambers of his heart and stirs the fires that keep it warm: when he goes through the chambers of his house, and sees that the fires burn cheerily—here in a bed-room for the cousins coming to him through the cold, there in a drawing-room, to make the laughing faces of the children ruddy as they sit about it; in the dining-room he stokes tremendously, for grandfather is chilly, and the snow lies on the window-sills, but the hottest fire in the house is made, of course, in order to do proper justice to his beef. Even the churl who would shut a house-door in the face of his brother, upon Christmas Day opens it gladly to his beef. May all kine be hard to him who, on such a day, thinks hardly of his kin; may his beef come to his table as an enemy by day, and lie heavily as a bad conscience on his breast at night. Let him be kept awake by it, and have abundant time for midnight thoughts, that they may conduce to his repentance. The malediction is not very terrible, but in what maledictions can he deal who is discussing Christmas Beef? Let all animosities be drowned for ever in its gravy!

At this season of the year I regard oxen as beeves; an ox is no longer an ox to me. If the Royal Academy were open now, the works of the cattle-painters would be seen from a new point of view. The main figures in the fresh landscapes of Messrs. Lee and Cooper would be spoken of, were I a fine arts critic, with distincter reference to the character of their joints than would at any other time be usual. I should admire in them richness, delicacy; should object to wiry or dry-looking cattle, or to those which might suggest a want of tenderness and flavour. The Exhibition in Trafalgar Square not being open, and its oily cattle not being on view, I always go at this season of the year to the Baker Street Exhibition, where I see the works of farming artists, cattle executed in real flesh and blood that has been laid on most artistically by the

exhibitors. The works of agricultural masters annually shown by the Smithfield Club have been occasionally laughed at by irreverent spectators. In their earlier productions there was no doubt a tendency to exaggeration of outline, and much coarseness in the filling up. Years, however, have been ripening experience, and our artists in beef now turn out specimens of their art that are perfect pictures, and which command accordingly our admiration and respect. There are no pre-Bakewellites among the farmers; Bakewell, it should be understood, and Collins, having been the Raffaele and Michael Angelo of cattle farming.

No doubt I have approached beef with a relish and a heartiness common at all times among Englishmen, and commonest at this season; nevertheless, I am sure that I speak not in the weakness of partiality, or with the lightness of a festive man, when I declare the Christmas Cattle Show in Baker Street to be a spectacle for nations to admire, and something that has vastly more in it of the sublime than of the ridiculous. The case is stated. Evidence shall now be called, and let a jury of two hundred thousand dining men decide unanimously for the beef we get against the beef we might have got, for the meat of to-day against—let me say it boldly out—against the Roast Beef of Old England.

Surely we may give a satiric touch to the O! that begins our national beef melody. We have national songs for the three things in which, as Englishmen, we take delight: our Queen, our naval eminence, and our roast beef. Now, if we except a few joints for a few people produced only here and there, the beef-eating of our forefathers certainly consisted in the mastication of old cow. It may be worse for us if we have weaker stomachs, but I confess, for my part, that I should look with dismay upon a sirloin of the genuine Roast Beef of Old England. Less than a hundred years ago, agriculture was no better than it had been in the days of Virgil, and although Solomon had known the difference between a stalled ox and oxen out of the pastures—keeping the stalled for his own table—our forefathers, who were no Solomons, trusted entirely for the quality of their cattle to the quality of their grass. Except the bulls and plough oxen, all the male kine born was

converted, while still in the tenderest period of infancy, into bad veal, the cows calved and supplied the dairy; when they had served those purposes sufficiently, they became that Roast Beef of Old England, whereat, who is there now among us who would not say, O? The cows that were not found to suit well for dairy purposes were fed upon the best pastures in their neighbourhood, and became the best beef that was supplied to the luxurious who dwelt in towns.

But that is not the worst about Old England and its beef. As a natural consequence of the prevailing mode of pasture feeding, beef was only fit for killing when the pastures had provided plenty of fresh food. The supply of beef was good from August to November; by help of after-grass and hay, cattle were kept in fair condition till the cold weather set in; then they were slaughtered before they fell into unprofitable leanness, pickled, dry-salted, and hung, to furnish beef for winter and the spring. At Christmas, therefore, when we have it in perfection, beef with our forefathers was not more seasonable than oysters in May; and if they would eat beef on Christmas Day, they had to choose between the lean, the pickled, and the dry.

The Christmas show of fat cattle in Baker Street is the result of an entirely new order of things. The only fair way of regarding beef is to consider it—as it is really—a manufactured article. We have been developing our resources and greatly increasing the supply, while bettering the quality of beef, cotton, and other articles. And as, in other manufactured goods—so also in beef—it is produced in various forms, differing in quality. Beef is only beef, as sugar is sugar; you may have the raw or the refined, and in each class there are varieties.

Stall-feeding began in England as a matter of necessity. At no very remote time there were not more people in England and Wales than could be lodged in London and its suburbs, as they now exist. As mouths multiplied, grazing land became scarce; and, although farmers commonly considered stall-feeding to be one of the thousand exigencies that would work their ruin, they were forced into it by necessity. Thus they were driven to results that caused only the ruin of those graziers who shut their eyes to change, and thought to get a living as their fathers did before them. Many of these saw their whole substance waste, while they were spending capital and labour on an occupation that was gone. Land that sent to market in the course of a year, thirty years ago, some twenty beasts, each weighing under seventy stone, and sixty or seventy sheep, may now be found fattening for the market a yearly supply of two hundred and fifty beasts, each averaging the weight of a hundred stone, and a still greater number of fat sheep. That is the sort of progress indicated by the Christmas Cattle Show. Is that ridiculous?

Now, let me go into the Cattle Show, and meditate among the bees; I may consider myself meditating also among the tombs, for, by the bulk of the great body of the gentlemen among whom I have to work my way, it is obvious that much beef has been entombed within them. I have buried a good deal myself under my waistcoat. To the ox we are all sepulchres, but we have no sepulchral look. We attend a meeting of the friends of beef, to take into consideration the provision requisite for Christmas. The occasion is a cheerful one, and we are not afraid to look our oxen in the face. Why should we? They are not less indebted for good cheer to us, than we for a like help to them.

Let me relieve the mind of any one who thinks that if he were an ox he would not like to be made into beef. If he were an ox learned in the annals of his world, he would like it; he would accept the farmer's care as a great source of comfort to him, and would be proud of that love of beef which brings civilised man into subjection to the bovine race. We toil for them, we think for them, we build them houses and select for them the choicest food; we cause them to increase and multiply, tend upon and preserve their young; maintain a multitude of animals in full enjoyment of the brute pleasures belonging to their days of youth and strength; abolish from among them sickness and the pains of age. For one animal that lives to waste away painfully after a life of vicissitude, we say that, by our aid, there shall be ten enjoying youth, and ignorant of want: all that we ask in return for our care is, that each of the ten shall close his comfortable life, by dying before aches and pains can come, and before sickness touches him. For ten years of animal life in one creature, who must during those years suffer much, we put thirty or forty years of life among ten animals who enjoy much, want nothing, and have the brains of clever men spent in their service. There are cruelties connected with the driving and the marketing of oxen, and some other details, which are wanton and unnecessary; against which right-thinking men have to exclaim loudly. They are accidents, however, not essential or fit portions of a system that in its own integrity is, like all natural systems, wholly faultless. If we neither ate beef nor drank milk we should have little room for oxen in this country; all the herds that have grazed upon our pastures—oxen and cows that have reposed so tranquilly and looked so much at home upon our fields—all those creatures, and the whole sum of happiness they have enjoyed, would never have been called into existence. Compare the ox and fox community. Truly it is a good thing for the cattle that man was created with a taste for milk and beef. Nothing can be shallower than the appeal made to humanity by Vegetarians. It is a fine thing for the ox that man is glad to eat him.

Meditating in that way I could venture to look oxen in the face at the Great Smithfield Cattle Show, in Baker Street, London. There were a good many there to be encountered. There was a sort of gauntlet to be run between double rows of Devons, Herefords, and short-horns; but they had no reason to be vicious, and they were not. There were files of Devons—beautiful animals—all alike in colour, and of one colour throughout—tawny all over; of Herefords also all alike, but not of one colour throughout, all having tawny bodies and white faces; of fat short-horns, ready to mount any colour, showing little uniformity in that respect; and finally of the Scotch mountain cattle, each of the one dark colour proper to his clan; these last all full of animation, spirit and intelligence, carrying their flesh like chiefs, as they are, the aristocracy of beef. There were a few long-horns at the end of a file, and some Welsh; but the classes before named constitute by far the most important of the many kinds of manufactured beef.

The main division of our domestic cattle is into the pure races of the cross breeds. Cattle of a pure race maintain for centuries the same general form and colour, and they are generally of one uniform hue. In Castraria they are all black. The ancient British wild cattle were of a dingy white, with tawny ears; and some of their race still may be seen in parks at Chillingham, Lyme and elsewhere. Cattle of the Ukraine breed have tawny bodies, white faces, and upward horns. They are of the same pure race that we call at home the Herefords. The bull that bore Europa over sea from Crete, as described by Bion, was a Hereford bull. It is our way to ascribe to Hereford a race as old as literature, whose white faces and tawny bodies were as well known to ancient Greeks and Romans as they are to us. The cattle counted by us as belonging to an old Devonshire family, and called the Devons—tawny all over, and somewhat more beautiful as to form than the Herefords—constitute another pure race. These two races are to be respected greatly by all lovers of good beef. They are not the most profitable dairy cattle; but they yield a high class beef. They yielded, it must be confessed, much of the Roast Beef of Old England; but they were in those days less tenderly bred, and they were, as before said, chiefly the old cows that sustained the nation. Now, by care and cultivation they have been developed into beef worth singing over. There is a deep cut of lean meat well covered with fat over their whole top and sides, and they yield famous steaks, for whenever they fail of symmetry the falling off is in the fore quarters, not where the choicest of their meat is situated. Cattle of this kind should be bred chiefly with a view to the beef market, and will command a good price always in towns where men abide who have become sensible

of the difference between good meat and better.

There is yet a best beef, which it is the lot only of some of us to eat. It is supplied by west-end butchers to customers who can afford to pay a penny or twopence a pound more than their neighbours. This meat is yielded by the Scots cattle, Highlanders or Galloways, a dashing set of oxen, quarter-wild, that are brought down to Falkirk, bought for stall-feeding, and after undergoing in Norfolk a few months of creature comfort, come to Smithfield with the best beef in the world upon their bones.

For a great proportion of the good roast beef that we shall eat this Christmas, we are under obligation to a new breed called the improved short-horns. This has been called into existence by the dexterous combination of different races into a cross, that should unite in itself the leading qualities of each. The breed of improved short-horns does not quite do that, and it is liable, like all cross breeds, to degenerate in course of time, if great care be not taken. Of these animals, the young are also liable to more mishaps than belong to the calves of a pure breed; they differ also very much from one another in appearance, having various, and often parti-coloured skins. They prove, however, a stock of great value to the country. They give us admirable milch cows, and supply much of the milk that is consumed among us; they are also more ready to grow fat than any other kind of cattle. They have slack loins, and are defective where their meat ought to be best; but, for a given outlay in food and time, they yield more beef than animals of any one of the established races. They are the chief contributors to Christmas cheer. In manufacturing districts—particularly at Birmingham—there is a large class of working people, with good appetites, who are more concerned to get plenty of good beef, than to be nice about the comparative delicacy of beef flavours. These consumers eat the well-conditioned cows that have done duty in the dairy districts. Short-horned oxen, bred for market, meet the wants of customers whose palates are more curious. Irish and foreign cattle help to fill up any deficiency; for though the manufacture of beef in this country has kept pace, to a remarkable degree, with the increasing demand for diners, yet the demand is still greater than the home supply. So far then, it is made evident that there are sundry kinds and qualities of beef, and that each producer, if he be wise, will manufacture only that kind of meat in which it is most probable that he can establish a successful trade. It is with farmers as with the butchers: which they shall sell depends upon the kind of custom they expect.

Over each beast in the Christmas Cattle Show there are inscribed the articles on which it has been fed. I shall not enter here

into any details upon oil-cake, linseed, mangold-wurzel, swedes, parsnips, carrots, cabbage, barley, malt, grains, pea-meal, gorse, chopped straw, and other dainties, from which each feeder selects a fixed combination of two, three, or four, as the best means of developing his cattle speedily and well. The object of the feeder is quite simple; to produce the healthiest, heaviest, and best conditioned animal in the cheapest way, and in the shortest time. If one farmer can fatten a beast in five years, at sixpence a day, and his neighbour by spending a shilling a day can bring him to the same point of excellence in two years, it is cheaper, of course, to spend the shilling than the sixpence. There is added, for that reason, to the list of articles of food given to it, as written over each ox in the Show, a statement of the time that has been spent on its production. To these considerations of food and time must be added, of course, a consideration not only of the size and weight, but of the texture and quality of the animal itself. His fat must not be oily, and his lean must not be coarse of grain. There is a short-horned ox here a foot and a half taller than any of his neighbours, but his rearing has been costly, spread over five or six years instead of two or three; and he is an animal with coarse flesh after all. Big as he is, the judges pass him over with contempt.

The study of all these things is promoted greatly by the Christmas Cattle Show. Baker Street opens to all farmers a yearly practical display of the results obtained by all the systems that are tried among them. The best method is thus gradually reached. We have already learnt greatly to improve the character of cattle, and to multiply their number. We have discovered, also, how to put good beef upon ox bones in about half the time that was spent thirty years ago on that important business.

We now, therefore, get better beef and younger, and more of it. The practice of stall-feeding has, in another way, increased the food-producing power of the land. The increase of the number of beasts fattened by an acre, now that we use green food in aid of grass, is so considerable, that we may regard it as equivalent to the addition of a few counties to the English soil. But it is most to our present purpose to reflect how, as before said, the new system has inverted the old order of things, and having made hung beef a legend, lays the prime joints upon our dishes just when we are prepared most heartily to welcome them—on Christmas Day. It is good for us, ox beef,

"To meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted."

To the happy thou increasest joy, and even the sad and lowly diner, who shall have ordered but a Christmas steak of the waiter

at his dingy chop-house, who can hang his hat up but for an hour in the decorated coffee-room,

DD "Near the green holly,
And wearily at length should fare;
He needs but look about, and there
Thou art!—a friend at hand, to scare
His melancholy!"

MY FRENCH MASTER.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE SECOND.

My father insisted upon driving M. de Chalabre in his gig to the nearest town through which the London mail passed; and, during the short time that elapsed before my father was ready, he told us something more about Chalabre. He had never spoken of his ancestral home to any of us before: we knew little of his station in his own country. General Ashburton had met with him in Paris, in a set where a man was judged of by his wit and talent for society, and general brilliance of character, rather than by his wealth and hereditary position. Now we learned for the first time that he was heir to considerable estates in Normandy; to an old Château Chalabre; all of which he had forfeited by his emigration, it was true, but that was under another régime.

"Ah! if my dear friend—your poor mother—were alive now, I could send her such slips of rare and splendid roses from Chalabre. Often when I did see her nursing up some poor little specimen, I longed in secret for my rose garden at Chalabre. And the orangerie! Ah! Miss Fanny, the bride must come to Chalabre who wishes for a beautiful wreath." This was an allusion to my sister's engagement—a fact well known to him, as the faithful family friend.

My father came back in high spirits; and began to plan that very evening how to arrange his crops for the ensuing year so as best to spare time for a visit to Château Chalabre; and, as for us, I think we believed that there was no need to delay our French journey beyond the autumn of the present year.

M. de Chalabre came back in a couple of days; a little damped, we girls fancied, though we hardly liked to speak about it to my father. However, M. de Chalabre explained it to us by saying, that he had found London more crowded and busy than he had expected; that it was smoky and dismal after leaving the country, where the trees were already coming into leaf; and, when we pressed him a little more respecting the reception at Grillon's, he laughed at himself for having forgotten the tendency of the Count de Provence in former days to become stout, and so being dismayed at the mass of corpulence which Louis the Eighteenth presented, as he toiled up the long drawing-room of the hotel.

"But what did he say to you?" Fanny asked. "How did he receive you when you were presented?"

A flash of pain passed over his face, but it was gone directly.

"Oh! his majesty did not recognise my name. It was hardly to be expected he would; though it is a name of note in Normandy; and I have—well! that is worth nothing. The Duc de Duras reminded him of a circumstance or two, which I had almost hoped his majesty would not have forgotten; but I myself forgot the pressure of long years of exile; it was no wonder he did not remember me. He said he hoped to see me at the Tuileries. His hopes are my laws. I go to prepare for my departure. If his majesty does not need my sword, I turn it into a ploughshare at Chalabre. Ah! my friend, I will not forget there all the agricultural science I have learned from you!"

A gift of a hundred pounds would not have pleased my father so much as this last speech. He began forthwith to inquire about the nature of the soil, &c., in a way which made our poor M. de Chalabre shrug his shoulders in despairing ignorance.

"Never mind!" said my father. "Rome was not built in a day. It was a long time before I learned all that I know now. I was afraid I could not leave home this autumn, but I perceive you'll need some one to advise you about laying out the ground for next year's crops."

So M. de Chalabre left our neighbourhood, with the full understanding that we were to pay him a visit in his Norman château in the following September; nor was he content until he had persuaded every one who had shown him kindness to promise him a visit at some appointed time. As for his old landlord at the farm, the comely dame, and buxom Susan—they, we found, were to be franked there and back, under the pretence that the French dairymaids had no notion of cleanliness, any more than that the French farming men were judges of stock; so it was absolutely necessary to bring over some one from England to put the affairs of the Château Chalabre in order; and Farmer Dobson and his wife considered the favour quite reciprocal.

For some time we did not hear from our friend. The war had made the post between France and England very uncertain; so we were obliged to wait, and we tried to be patient; but, somehow, our autumn visit to France was silently given up; and my father gave us long expositions of the disordered state of affairs in a country which had suffered so much as France, and lectured us severely on the folly of having expected to hear so soon. We knew, all the while, that the exposition was repeated to soothe his own impatience, and that the admonition to patience was what he felt that he himself was needing.

At last the letter came. There was a brave attempt at cheerfulness in it, which nearly made me cry, more than any complaints would have done. M. de Chalabre had hoped to retain his commission as Sous-Lieutenant in the Garde du Corps—a commission signed by Louis the Sixteenth himself, in seventeen hundred and ninety one. But the regiment was to be remodelled or reformed, I forget which; and M. de Chalabre assured us that his was not the only case where applicants had been refused. He had then tried for a commission in the Cent Suisses, the Gardes du Porte, the Mousquetaires, but all were full. "Was it not a glorious thing for France to have so many brave sons ready to fight on the side of honour and loyalty?" To which question Fanny replied, "that it was a shame;" and my father, after a grunt or two, comforted himself by saying, "that M. de Chalabre would have the more time to attend to his neglected estate."

That winter was full of incidents in our home. As it often happens when a family has seemed stationary, and secure from change for years, and then at last one important event happens, another is sure to follow. Fanny's lover returned, and they were married, and left us alone—my father and I. Her husband's ship was stationed in the Mediterranean, and she was to go and live at Malta, with some of his relations there. I knew not if it was the agitation of parting with her, but my father was stricken down from health into confirmed invalidism, by a paralytic stroke, soon after her departure; and my interests were confined to the fluctuating reports of a sick-room. I did not care for the foreign intelligence which was shaking Europe with an universal tremor. My hopes, my fears were centred in one frail human body—my dearly beloved, my most loving father. I kept a letter in my pocket for days from M. de Chalabre, unable to find the time to decipher his French hieroglyphics; at last I read it aloud to my poor father, rather as a test of his power of enduring interest, than because I was impatient to know what it contained. The news in it was depressing enough, as everything else seemed to be that gloomy winter. A rich manufacturer of Rouen had bought the Château Chalabre; forfeited to the nation by its former possessor's emigration. His son, M. du Fay, was well-affected towards Louis the Eighteenth—at least as long as his government was secure, and promised to be stable, so as not to affect the dyeing and selling of Turkey-red wools; and so the natural legal consequence was, that M. du Fay, Fils, was not to be disturbed in his purchased and paid for property. My father cared to hear of this disappointment to our poor friend—cared just for one day, and forgot all about it the next. Then came the return from Elba—the hurrying events of that spring—the battle of Waterloo; and

to my poor father, in his second childhood, the choice of a daily pudding was far more important than all.

One Sunday, in that August of eighteen hundred and fifteen, I went to church. It was many weeks since I had been able to leave my father for so long a time before. Since I had been last there to worship, it seemed as if my youth had passed away; gone without a warning; leaving no trace behind. After service, I went through the long grass to the unfrequented part of the churchyard where my dear mother lay buried. A garland of brilliant yellow immortelles lay on her grave; and the unwonted offering took me by surprise. I knew of the foreign custom, although I had never seen the kind of wreath before. I took it up, and read one word in the black floral letters; it was simply "Adieu." I knew, from the first moment I saw it, that M. de Chalabre must have returned to England. Such a token of regard was like him, and could spring from no one else. But I wondered a little that we had never heard or seen anything of him; nothing, in fact, since Lady Ashburton had told me that her husband had met with him in Belgium, hurrying to offer himself as a volunteer to one of the eleven generals appointed by the Duc de Feltre to receive such applications. General Ashburton himself had since this died at Brussels, in consequence of wounds received at Waterloo. As the recollection of all these circumstances gathered in my mind, I found I was drawing near the field-path which led out of the direct road home, to farmer Dobson's, and thither I suddenly determined to go, and hear if they had heard anything respecting their former lodger. As I went up the garden-walk leading to the house, I caught M. de Chalabre's eye; he was gazing abstractedly out of the window of what used to be his sitting-room. In an instant he had joined me in the garden. If my youth had flown, his youth and middle-age as well had vanished altogether. He looked older by at least twenty years than when he had left us twelve months ago. How much of this was owing to the change in the arrangement of his dress, I cannot tell. He had formerly been remarkably dainty in all these things; now he was careless, even to the verge of slovenliness. He asked after my sister, after my father, in a manner which evinced the deepest, most respectful, interest; but, somehow, it appeared to me as if he hurried question after question rather to stop any inquiries which I, in my turn, might wish to make.

"I return here to my duties; to my only duties. The good God has not seen me fit to undertake any higher. Henceforth I am the faithful French teacher; the diligent, punctual French teacher, nothing more. But I do hope to teach the French language as becomes a gentleman and a Christian; to do my best. Henceforth the grammar and the

syntax are my estate, my coat of arms." He said this with a proud humility which prevented any reply. I could only change the subject, and urge him to come and see my poor sick father. He replied:

"To visit the sick, that is my duty as well as my pleasure. For the mere society—I renounce all that. That is now beyond my position, to which I accommodate myself with all my strength."

Accordingly, when he came to spend an hour with my father, he brought a small bundle of printed papers, announcing the terms on which M. Chalabre (the "de" was dropped now and for evermore) was desirous of teaching French, and a little paragraph at the bottom of the page solicited the patronage of schools. Now this was a great coming-down. In former days, non-teaching at schools had been the line which marked that M. de Chalabre had taken up teaching rather as an amateur profession, than with any intention of devoting his life to it. He respectfully asked me to distribute these papers where I thought fit. I say "respectfully," advisedly; there was none of the old deferential gallantry, as offered by a gentleman to a lady, his equal in birth and fortune—instead, there was the matter-of-fact request and statement which a workman offers to his employer. Only in my father's room, he was the former M. de Chalabre; he seemed to understand how vain would be all attempts to recount or explain the circumstances which had led him so decidedly to take a lower level in society. To my father, to the day of his death, M. de Chalabre maintained the old easy footing; assumed a gaiety which he never even pretended to feel anywhere else; listened to my father's childish interests with a true and kindly sympathy for which I ever felt grateful, although he purposely put a deferential reserve between him and me, as a barrier to any expression of such feeling on my part.

His former lessons had been held in such high esteem by those who were privileged to receive them, that he was soon sought after on all sides. The schools of the two principal county towns put forward their claims, and considered it a favour to receive his instructions. Morning, noon, and night he was engaged; even if he had not proudly withdrawn himself from all merely society engagements, he would have had no leisure for them. His only visits were paid to my father, who looked for them with a kind of childish longing. One day, to my surprise, he asked to be allowed to speak to me for an instant alone. He stood silent for a moment, turning his hat in his hand.

"You have a right to know—you, my first pupil; next Tuesday I marry myself to Miss Susan Dobson—good, respectable woman, to whose happiness I mean to devote my life, or as much of it as is not occupied with the duties of instruction." He looked up at me,

expecting congratulations perhaps; but I was too much stunned with my surprise. The buxom, red-armed, apple-cheeked Susan who, when she blushed, blushed the colour of beet-root; who did not know a word of French; who regarded the nation (always excepting the gentleman before me) as frog-eating Mounseers, the national enemies of England! I afterwards thought, that perhaps this very ignorance constituted one of her charms. No word, nor allusion, nor expressive silence, nor regretful sympathetic sighs, could remind M. de Chalabre of the bitter past, which he was evidently striving to forget. And, most assuredly, never man had a more devoted and admiring wife than poor Susan made M. de Chalabre. She was a little awed by him, to be sure; never quite at her ease before him; but I imagine husbands do not dislike such a tribute to their Jupiter-ship. Madame Chalabre received my call, after their marriage, with a degree of sober, rustic, happy dignity, which I could not have foreseen in Susan Dobson. They had taken a small cottage on the borders of the forest; it had a garden round it, and the cow, pigs, and poultry, which were to be her charge, found their keep in the forest. She had a rough country servant to assist her in looking after them; and in what scanty leisure he had, her husband attended to the garden and the bees. Madame Chalabre took me over the neatly furnished cottage with evident pride. "Moussire," as she called him, had done this; Moussire had fitted up that. Moussire was evidently a man of resource. In a little closet of a dressing-room belonging to Moussire, there hung a pencil drawing, elaborately finished to the condition of a bad pocket-book engraving. It caught my eye, and I lingered to look at it. It represented a high narrow house of considerable size, with four pepper-box turrets at each corner; and a stiff avenue formed the foreground.

"Château Chalabre?" said I, inquisitively.

"I never asked," my companion replied. "Moussire does not always like to be asked questions. It is the picture of some place he is very fond of, for he won't let me dust it for fear I should smear it."

M. de Chalabre's marriage did not diminish the number of his visits to my father. Until that beloved parent's death, he was faithful in doing all he could to lighten the gloom of the sick room. But a chasm, which he had opened, separated any present intercourse with him from the free unreserved friendship that had existed formerly. And yet for his sake I used to go and see his wife. I could not forget early days, nor the walks to the top of the clover field, nor the daily posies, nor my mother's dear regard for the emigrant gentleman; nor a thousand little kindnesses which he had shown to my absent sister and myself. He did not forget either in the closed and sealed chambers of his heart. So, for his sake, I tried to become a

friend to his wife; and she learned to look upon me as such. It was my employment in the sick chamber to make clothes for the little expected Chalabre baby; and its mother would fain (as she told me) have asked me to carry the little infant to the font, but that her husband somewhat austere-ly minded her that they ought to seek a *mar-raine* among those of their own station in society. But I regarded the pretty little Susan as my god-child nevertheless in my heart; and secretly pledged myself always to take an interest in her. Not two months after my father's death, a sister was born; and the human heart in M. de Chalabre subdued his pride; the child was to bear the pretty name of his French mother, although France could find no place for him, and had cast him out. That youngest little girl was called Aimée.

When my father died, Fanny and her husband urged me to leave Brookfield, and come and live with them at Valetta. The estate was left to us; but an eligible tenant offered himself; and my health, which had suffered materially during my long nursing, did render it desirable for me to seek some change to a warmer climate. So I went abroad, ostensibly for a year's residence only; but, somehow, that year has grown into a lifetime. Malta and Genoa have been my dwelling places ever since. Occasionally, it is true, I have paid visits to England, but I have never looked upon it as my home since I left it thirty years ago. During these visits I have seen the Chalabres. He had become more absorbed in his occupation than ever; had published a French grammar on some new principle, of which he presented me with a copy, taking some pains to explain how it was to be used. Madame looked plump and prosperous; the farm which was under her management had thriven; and as for the two daughters, behind their English shyness, they had a good deal of French piquancy and *esprit*. I induced them to take some walks with me, with a view of asking them some questions which should make our friendship an individual reality, not merely an hereditary feeling; but the little monkeys put me through my catechism, and asked me innumerable questions about France, which they evidently regarded as their country. "How do you know all about French habits and customs?" asked I. "Does Monsieur de—does your father talk to you much about France?"

"Sometimes, when we are alone with him—never when any one is by," answered Susan, the elder, a grave, noble-looking girl, of twenty or thereabouts. "I think he does not speak about France before my mother, for fear of hurting her."

"And I think," said little Aimée, "that he does not speak at all, when he can help it; it is only when his heart gets too full with recollections, that he is obliged to talk to us,

because many of the thoughts could not be said in English."

"Then I suppose you are two famous French scholars."

"Oh yes! Papa always speaks to us in French; it is our own language."

But with all their devotion to their father and to his country, they were most affectionate dutiful daughters to their mother. They were her companions, her comforts in the pleasant household labours; most practical, useful young women. But in a privacy not the less sacred, because it was understood rather than prescribed, they kept all the enthusiasm, all the romance of their nature for their father. They were the confidantes of that poor exile's yearnings for France; the eager listeners for what he chose to tell them of his early days. His words wrought up Susan to make the resolution that, if ever she felt herself free from home duties and responsibilities, she would become a Sister of Charity, like Anne-Marguerite de Chalabre, her father's great-aunt, and model of woman's sanctity. As for Aimée, come what might, she never would leave her father; and that was all she was clear about in picturing her future.

Three years ago I was in Paris. An English friend of mine who lives there—English by birth, but married to a German professor, and very French in manners and ways—asked me to come to her house one evening. I was far from well, and disinclined to stir out.

"Oh, but come!" said she. "I have a good reason; really a tempting reason. Perhaps this very evening a piece of poetical justice will be done in my *salon*. A living romance! Now, can you resist?"

"What is it?" said I; for she was rather in the habit of exaggerating trifles into romances.

"A young lady is coming; not in the first youth, but still young, very pretty; daughter of a French *émigré*, whom my husband knew in Belgium, and who has lived in England ever since."

"I beg your pardon, but what is her name?" interrupted I, roused to interest.

"De Chalabre. Do you know her?"

"Yes; I am much interested in her. I will gladly come to meet her. How long has she been in Paris? Is it Susan or Aimée?"

"Now I am not to be balked of the pleasure of telling you my romance; my hoped-for bit of poetical justice. You must be patient, and you will have answers to all your questions."

I sank back in my easy chair. Some of my friends are rather long-winded, and it is as well to be settled in a comfortable position before they begin to talk.

"I told you a minute ago, that my husband had become acquainted with M. de Chalabre in Belgium, in eighteen hundred and fifteen. They have kept up a correspondence

ever since; not a very brisk one, it is true, for M. de Chalabre was a French master in England, and my husband a professor in Paris; but still they managed to let each other know how they were going on, and what they were doing, once, if not twice every year. For myself, I never saw M. de Chalabre."

"I know him well," said I. "I have known him all my life."

"A year ago his wife died (she was an Englishwoman); she had had a long and suffering illness; and his eldest daughter had devoted herself to her with the patient sweetness of an angel, as he told us, and I can well believe. But after her mother's death, the world, it seems became distasteful to her; she had been inured to the half-lights, the hushed voices, the constant thought for others required in a sick room, and the noise and rough bustle of healthy people jarred upon her. So she pleaded with her father to allow her to become a Sister of Charity. She told him that he would have given a welcome to any suitor who came to offer to marry her, and bear her away from her home, and her father and sister; and now, when she was called by Religion, would he grudge to part with her? He gave his consent, if not his full approbation; and he wrote to my husband to beg me to receive her here, while we sought out a convent into which she could be received. She has been with me two months, and endeared herself to me unspeakably; she goes home next week, unless"—

"But, I beg your pardon; did you not say she wished to become a Sister of Charity?"

"It is true; but she was too old to be admitted into their order. She is eight-and-twenty. It has been a grievous disappointment to her; she has borne it very patiently and meekly, but I can see how deeply she has felt it. And now for my romance. My husband had a pupil some ten years ago, a M. du Fay, a clever scientific young man, one of the first merchants of Rouen. His grandfather purchased M. de Chalabre's ancestral estate. The present M. du Fay came on business to Paris two or three days ago, and invited my husband to a little dinner; and somehow this story of Suzette Chalabre came out, in consequence of inquiries my husband was making for an escort to take her to England. M. du Fay seemed interested with the story; and asked my husband if he might pay his respects to me, some evening when Suzette should be in,—and so is coming to night, he and a friend of his, who was at the dinner party the other day; will you come?"

I went, more in the hope of seeing Susan Chalabre, and hearing some news about my early home, than with any expectation of "poetical justice." And in that I was right; and yet I was wrong. Susan Chalabre was a grave, gentle woman, of an enthusiastic and devoted appearance, not unlike that portrait

of his daughter which arrests every eye in Ary Scheffer's sacred pictures. She was silent and sad; her cherished plan of life was uprooted. She talked to me a little in a soft and friendly manner, answering any questions I asked; but, as for the gentlemen, her indifference and reserve made it impossible for them to enter into any conversation with her; and the meeting was indisputably "flat."

"Oh! my romance! my poetical justice! Before the evening was half over, I would have given up all my castles in the air for one well-sustained conversation of ten minutes long. Now don't laugh at me, for I can't bear it to-night." Such was my friend's parting speech. I did not see her again for two days. The third she came in glowing with excitement.

"You may congratulate me after all; if it was not poetical justice, it is prosaic justice; and, except for the empty romance, that is a better thing!"

"What do you mean?" said I. "Surely M. du Fay has not proposed for Susan?"

"No! but that charming M. de Frez, his friend, has; that is to say, not proposed but spoken; no, not spoken, but it seems he asked M. du Fay—whose confidant he was—if he was intending to proceed in his idea of marrying Suzette; and on hearing that he was not, M. de Frez said that he should come to us, and ask us to put him in the way of prosecuting the acquaintance, for that he had been charmed with her; looks, voice, silence, he admires them all; and we have arranged that he is to be the escort to England; he has business there, he says; and as for Suzette, (she knows nothing of all this, of course, for who dared tell her?) all her anxiety is to return home, and the first person travelling to England will satisfy her, if it does us. And, after all, M. de Frez lives within five leagues of the Château Chabre, so she can go and see the old place whenever she will."

When I went to bid Susan goodbye, she looked as unconscious and dignified as ever. No idea of a lover had ever crossed her mind. She considered M. de Frez as a kind of necessary incumbrance for the journey. I had not much hopes for him; and yet he was an agreeable man enough, and my friends told me that his character stood firm and high.

In three months, I was settled for the winter in Rome. In four, I heard that the marriage of Susan Chabre had taken place. What were the intermediate steps between the cold, civil indifference with which I had last seen her regarding her travelling companion, and the full love with which such a woman as Suzette Chabre must love a man before she could call him husband, I never learnt. I wrote to my old French master to congratulate him, as I believed I honestly might, on his daughter's marriage. It was

some months before I received his answer. It was:—

"Dear friend, dear old pupil, dear child of the beloved dead, I am an old man of eighty, and I tremble towards the grave. I cannot write many words; but my own hand shall bid you come to the home of Aimée and her husband. They tell me to ask you to come and see the old father's birthplace, while he is yet alive, to show it to you. I have the very apartment in Château Chabre that was mine when I was a boy, and my mother came in to bless me every night. Susan lives near us. The good God bless my sons-in-law, Bertrand de Frez and Alphonse du Fay, as He has blessed me all my life long. I think of your father and mother, my dear; and you must think no harm when I tell you I have had masses said for the repose of their souls. If I make a mistake, God will forgive."

My heart could have interpreted this letter even without the pretty letter of Aimée and her husband which accompanied it, and which told how, when M. du Fay came over to his friend's wedding, he had seen the younger sister, and in her seen his fate. The soft, caressing, timid Aimée was more to his taste than the grave and stately Susan. Yet little Aimée managed to rule imperiously at Château Chabre; or rather, her husband was delighted to indulge her every wish: while Susan, in her grand way, made rather a pomp of her conjugal obedience. But they were both good wives, good daughters.

This last summer, you might have seen an old, old man, dressed in grey, with white flowers in his button-hole (gathered by a grandchild as fair as they), leading an elderly lady about the grounds of Château Chabre, with tottering, unsteady eagerness of gait.

"Here!" said he to me, "just here my mother bade me adieu when first I went to join my regiment. I was impatient to go; I mounted—I rode to yonder great chestnut, and then, looking back, I saw my mother's sorrowful countenance. I sprang off, threw the reins to the groom, and ran back for one more embrace. 'My brave boy!' she said; 'my own! Be faithful to God and your king!' I never saw her more; but I shall see her soon; and I think I may tell her I have been faithful both to my God and my king."

Before now, he has told his mother all.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

A GREEK FEAST.

I AM in Mytilene; on storied ground, for Mytilene is the ancient Lesbos, and one of the largest and most beautiful islands of the Ægean Sea. It is situated on the coast of Asia, between Tenedos on the north, and Chios on the south. Its first inhabitants were the Pelasgii. It then became an Eolian colony, and attained great prosperity, num-

bering as many as nine considerable towns. It was subjugated by the Athenians; but revolted during the Peloponnesian war, and again during the Social war. The ancient Lesbos was celebrated for its wines; and its inhabitants were renowned for their beauty and musical talents; but they were very corrupt. Mytilene was the birth-place of Arion, Terpander, Sappho, Erinne, Alcæus, Pittacus, and the philosopher Theophrastus, whom I cannot help considering as one of the most remarkable men of antiquity. St. Paul also "sailed thither from Assos." Among its more modern celebrities it numbers the famous brothers Barbarossa, who, together with Doria, shared the reputation of being the greatest navigators of their age; and who seized upon Algiers, and braved the power of the Emperor Charles the Fifth for a long time with impunity. The younger of them, surnamed Hariadim, finally acknowledged the suzerainty of the Sultan, and added the rich possessions of Algiers, Tunis and Biserte to the dominions of the Porte.

So much for the antecedents of Mytilene, which I have given that the reader may have some interest in it and contrast the past with the present, as he will have an opportunity of doing from the following sketch of the Feast of St. Demetrius.

It is the seventh of November, the feast of St. Demetrius. It is, therefore, with a feeling of very considerable satisfaction that I open my eyes in the morning upon a cloudless sky and a most coquettish streak of sunshine just rising above the sea, which lies glittering so beautifully beneath my open windows. I propose to pass an idle day, and the weather is of consequence to me. I am going for a ramble, and I do not like wet boots, or wind, or clouds, or anything but sunshine. I love to see the shadows lie still upon the valleys; and the tops of the hills stand out clear against the sky of blue and gold to which I am growing accustomed.

The difference between a fine day and a dull one is often that between light spirits and a heavy heart. If we are busily employed we can overcome the influence of the weather; but when we are idle we feel it.

There is a breakfast of new bread, and of goat's milk, of fragrant honey from Mount Hymettus, and of kid chops, fresh mullet, and anchovies, awaiting me in the next room. I hear the cheerful clatter of the plates as I am shaving, and the stealthy step of the Greek—who is to be my companion—as he comes creeping up the stairs. I hear, too, the loud neighing of our horses as they come down our mysterious street, with its lattices all closed and barred by jealous trellis work. In five minutes I shall be doing my duty as a trencherman: and then up and away for the pretty village of Moria, which lies yonder on the bow of the hill. In that village—

and there only—is the festival of St. Demetrius to be celebrated; for the festivals of the Greek Church are so numerous that the countries where it is supreme would be constantly in a ferment were it not for this arrangement, and that one feast is seldom celebrated in more than one place at a time. To be sure these feasts put a complete stop to business everywhere; but with this question we have nothing to do just now.

Breakfast is over, and while we are lighting our cigars the girths are tightening and the servants shouting below. It is impossible to start in the East without a large allowance of shouting; and the Greeks have the strongest lungs I ever heard exercised. Then there is one horse short, a dogged mule supplies his place; we shall have a discussion on this subject which will last an hour. I do not love discussions. I will cut it short, and take the dogged mule myself; perchance I may have learned from Doctor Keith, in my youth, that there is a remedy for doggedness. So, Abdallah, reach me a stout stick—and away.

The road is narrow, and I give place to my companion. He is a small, thin, angular man, with undecided eyes and an anxious unpleasant smile always upon his face. He is stealthy and catlike in his movements. He seems to walk with muffled feet. In dress he is something like a farce idea of an elderly Frenchman of the old school; except that he wears the red cap, or fez, which is worn by all Turkish subjects as a mark of their nationality. He has a long straight frock coat of an undecided colour, trowsers, and delicate grey jean boots with varnished tips. He has also a superfluity of watch chain. Upon the whole he is a very frequent specimen of the modern Greek. He is not of the race of Polychronopolos, who scudded before us on his wiry horse, over the plains of Corinth. He is not the Greek of the loud voice and ready hand; of the brave apparel and the twirled moustache. He is unhappily of another school far more common. He is of the race which assassinated Capo D'Istria, and would have broken Byron's heart if he had lived. Who have no sympathy with the learning and honesty of Wyse, or gratitude for the services of the brave and gentle Church. He is of the Greeks who are so proud of the ancient glories of the land they are bringing daily and hourly to shame. He is of that plausible and clever race who have by turns won every statesman in Europe to what is called the Greek cause, only that he might add another to those who have abandoned it with deep disgust. Of the race who would rather live despised on a pittance obtained by intrigue and roguery, than make one single effort for honourable independence. They are the sons of men who were oppressed for many generations, of Turkish Rayahs, of slaves. What

need is there to say more or wonder why they are so fallen?

On I ride with my uncongenial companion, while these thoughts are passing through my mind. On, over the unequal paving of ancient roads, which may have been trodden by St. Paul; on, through shady lanes where the wild flowers cluster, and where the briar tree and the olive grow entwined together in dark luxuriance; on, through whole forests of olive trees, some in all the vigour of their foliage, others withered to dry stumps by the terrible winter of eighteen hundred and fifty, which destroyed half the wealth of the island. We pass merry parties of pleasure-hunters, bound to the same place as ourselves. The peasantry are dressed in their own national costume, and sing gaily on the way; but those who aspire to a higher rank of course deform themselves with Smyrna coats which do not fit them; and all who are under the protection of any foreign consulate assert their superiority to the law by a European hat, and make themselves ridiculous accordingly.

At length a sound of fiddling comes briskly through the pleasant noonday air; and the frequent appearance of little white houses tells us we are near the village. After scrambling up one ravine and down another and crossing a dangerous gutter, which had once been part of an ancient theatre, we find ourselves among a group of men seated on the ground and smoking nargillys. We are at Moria.

Leaving our horses to the care of our guides, who speedily left them to their own, I put myself under the protection of my acquaintance and begin to partake of the pleasures of the day.

Now a Greek feast is a feast indeed. It is the only festival I know of which is really worthy of the name. A Yorkshire Christmas or New Year in Norway is nothing to it. A Greek feast is one continual round of eating and drinking delicacies, from the beginning to the end of it. From eight o'clock in the morning, when the holiday makers are ready dressed for business, till twelve o'clock at night, when their palates must be fairly wearied out, they never rest for five minutes. They go from house to house, from café to café, and strut and swagger and talk—(heaven and earth, how they do talk!)—and eat and drink, and sing and dance together, till human nature can hold out no longer. As the night deepens, many an old score is paid off with the ready knife which the revellers carry in their girdles.

The first house we entered was that of mine host of the solitary locanda at Mytilene. He and his family, comprising a good stout serviceable set of children, were passing a few days at Moria during the gathering of the olives on their estate, and they received us very kindly. We found a large party of men seated in a circle round the room, and three musicians very busy in one corner of

it. All rose as we entered; for there is no nation in the world so naturally polite as the Greeks. We took our places, after some ceremony, among the rest; the paper cigarettes of the smokers were restored again to the mouths from which they had been withdrawn: a chibouque was handed to each of us, and the musicians again struck up the airs which our coming had interrupted. Their instruments were a lute of very antique shape, a fiddle and a flageolet. Every now and then the players stopped to sing a few bars of an air; and then went on with their playing. Sometimes they played and sang together.

I am bound, however, to acknowledge that the music was very bad. There was nothing even interesting or original in it to a musical student. The best of the airs were filched from second rate Italian operas, and spoilt by the most abominable variations. In one, I plainly detected the "Last Rose of Summer," faded and gone indeed. Even the words of the songs—which I took great pains to catch accurately—were worth nothing as poetry or traits of manners. They had nothing national about them. The groan of the patriot, and the sigh of the lover, were alike but an echo. The songs were very bad translations. In fact, modern Greeks are all mere imitators; and, as far as I know, they have not original talent of any kind. They are alike in all things, and in all mere plagiarists and pretenders.

It is due to the company assembled at mine host's, to say that they seemed to have a poor opinion of the musical part of the entertainment themselves; and on a loud clock in the next room striking twelve, the whole circle gravely marched off to dinner, without a word; leaving their musicians in the midst of as unmusical a yowl, as ever was called by courtesy a song.

We were going to follow, when we were stopped by the hostess bearing in the glyco, or preserved fruit jelly and water, which it is customary always to present to guests in a Greek house. We knew it would be considered discourteous to refuse it and so stayed. After this, came sugar plums:—a delicate sweetmeat, in the confection of which isinglass must play a notable part, a saucer full of the small white fruit of the bread tree, and some ornamental glasses of a very strong, pure spirit, called rakee. Having disposed of this second course also, it was followed by a third of coffee, made very strong and unstrained. We were then suffered to depart for this once. And so we went visiting, according to the custom of the country, from house to house, feasting at each. The Greeks are very hospitable, though they do not ask you to dinner; and I found on my return home, by an aching head, that I had partaken, during the day, of no less than twenty-one cups of coffee, the same number of small glasses of rakee, with

sweetmeats and so on to match. Indeed, the thing at last grew rather beyond a joke; for at one house, they brought me an immense English pint pot, insisting on my drinking coffee, as they said, after the fashion of my compatriots. I could only escape it by a compliment to their national manners; which—I need not say—I paid very readily. People even stopped us in the street to insist on our drinking with them.

Let me smile over my indigestion as I will, however, I confess that there was something positively enchanting in being seated on the spotless sofas of those summery houses, with their open windows, through which might be seen the cloudless sky and the distant olive woods; while the west wind came in laden with freshness and the happy hum of the holiday-makers below. It was poetical and touching too, to see the beautiful Lesbian women with their large down-cast eyes and faultless features; bringing in their trays of sweetmeats and offering the wine; and when they put down the glasses, they always said, "Your health, Lord," (*εὐχὴν ὑμῶν*) in voices which were music indeed.

The Greek is naturally clean in his dress, his person, and his house. We never went anywhere, but that it was plain good healthy soap and water had preceded us. The straw matting of the floors was quite dazzling from its cleanliness, and not a spot marred the snowy whiteness of the walls. Everywhere, too, we were received with the same graceful and innate courtesy. Our pipes were lit by the master of the house in the Oriental fashion, carrying first the amber mouth-piece to his own lips; and were always replaced, before they were half-smoked, by fresh ones. Everywhere the mistress of the house herself presented the glyco, and the pure bright water, which glittered like dissolved diamonds. I never tasted water so sweet and delicious.

The houses, in general, here and throughout the East, are small and confined—mere little wooden boxes whitewashed; but those we entered did not lack some rude attempt at internal ornament. In most of them, there were poor, but gaudy prints on national subjects, and the ceilings were generally adorned with gaily painted flowers. In one house, I noticed a picture of Anasthios, the hero of Thessaly, who was cooked over a slow fire by the Turks, during the Greek war of independence. He was represented as struggling with three gigantic Turks, and as I marked the strained and glowing eyes which even children fixed upon this picture, I thought how well calculated it was to perpetuate animosity between the two races. The tables and window sills were usually strewn with fragrant herbs and sometimes a room looked like a fairy bower from the tasteful adornment of the mirrors on the walls.

One thing struck me especially, and that was, that none of the women took any part in the pleasures of the day. The Greek, like the Jew, to whom I often fancy he bears a marked resemblance, is fond of decking his womankind with jewellery, and often sinks half his fortune in this portable form. But he adorns them for his own eyes only, they stay in state at home. They are beautiful dolls, without mind, or heart, indeed, but still beautiful as pictures are, or statues of stone. Greek women have nearly all the same dark, stag-like eyes, and brilliant complexions, the same delicate hands and feet, and the luxuriant raven hair. In figure, however, they are the same size all the way down, with no more symmetry than sacks of wheat.

In staying at home, and showing themselves rarely in public, the modern Greek women appear to have imitated the manners of the Turks; and, indeed, let them hate each other ever so cordially, a conquered people will always adopt something from the manners of the conquerors, and women are all aristocrats, from the Archipelago to the Bay of Dublin. Another thing also struck me as remarkable; namely, the total abstinence from any rough or manly sports. The men danced together the same Bacchanalian dances which their forefathers footed three thousand years ago, if there be truth in ancient urns and vases; but there was no throwing the quoit, no wrestling, no foot race, and perhaps not half-a-dozen men present had backed a horse three times in his life.

As for the dances, I regret to be obliged to assure the antiquaries that they are very awkward, clumsy hops, when actually performed. Let him fancy half-a-dozen heavy louts, aged between twenty-five and fifty-eight, hopping about and bumping against each other with senseless gestures, while the last man endeavours to win some burly bystander, aged forty-two, to make a goose of himself in the same way. I say, let him fancy this, and the burly bystander blushing and sniggering like a schoolboy caught by his sister's playfellow, and then judge for himself.

But the evening is drawing on; already the sun sheds a mellower light over the sea and woodland, and the distant horizon grows golden. We have had enough of the feast. Our guide has disappeared drunk, as all guides do when wanted; but I have tightened my own girths, and bitted a ragged pony or two before to-day. I can do so again, and then lighting our cigars, we go gossiping homewards.

I do not know whether such little sketches of far away life and manners as I paint so poorly may please you; but at any rate they are fresh from nature, and I hope no word ever creeps into them to make any man the worse. If, therefore, in passing an idle half hour with the Roving English-

man, you should now and then acquire a better knowledge of other nations than you had before, it will not be time misspent; for I honestly believe that most of the wars and ill feeling between nations, arise from not knowing each other better.

HOLIDAYS.

THEY come to us but once in life,
The holidays of Yule;
When, wild as captives from the cage,
We bounded home from school.
Unshackled by the dreary task—
All lessons put away;
The world a bright revolving mask
Of pantomime and play.

What welcome shall we ever have
Till this long journey ends,
Like that which marked the merry time
From sisters and from friends?
When presents given and received,
Brought heart to heart in view,
And every day was golden-leaved,
With wonders rich and new!

The Christmas sights, the Christmas lights,
The Christmas nights, how grand
To us who walked the glittering lanes
Of boyhood's fairyland!
Remote among its spangled bowers
Old memories parade,
And watch the gorgeous bubbling hours
All rise, and burst, and fade.

We will not sigh to see them pass—
To know them was enough;
Nay, Father, let us joy that we
Were made of sterner stuff.
Who then enjoyed the Yule Log's blaze
In retrospect enjoys:
So, welcome to your holidays,
My merry girls and boys!

Be blissful in the time of bliss,
Unloosed from toil and school:
They come to you but once in life,
These holidays of Yule.
For us, among the world's dark ways,
Our eyes are on one star,
Beyond which shine our holidays,
Though dim, and distant far.

GHOSTLY PANTOMIMES.

WE take it for granted that every reader of Household Words has a due respect for Pantomimes. Whether Pantomime be of Greek or Italian origin; whether it be a mere exuberance of animal spirits, or whether it possess a psychological meaning beneath its grotesque exterior; are questions into which we shall not enter. We do not (like Chaucer's Wife of Bath) "speak of many hundred years ago," but only of one hundred; simply proposing to show the sort of Christmas entertainment which beguiled the holidays of our great grandmothers and great grandfathers, in the reign of George the Second. We will enter, in the spirit, a theatre of those days, and see it, as Dr. Johnson and Hogarth might have seen it. We will behold the oil-

lamps, and the candles that required snuffing; the beaux with their periwigs and swords, and the belles with their hoops and powder. We will hear the laughter of lips that have become mere earth in unnumbered graves, and the whispering of silks; we will see the fluttering of the fans, like butterflies in summer air. And we will see the actors and the scenery which our forefathers and foremothers saw, and applaud or hiss, as it pleases us, the "new Pantomime" which is now a century old.

We propose to effect this necromancy by means of a magazine of the day. There is something, we think, strangely interesting in those old records which bring us into close and vital connexion with our predecessors in their daily life. To be informed of the great events of any era, however distant, seems to be a matter of course: but to be able to rescue the trivialities of an hour from utter extinction; to live with our ancestors whom we never knew, and to see them, not on the public stage of history, but in their private and familiar ways; to be able to fix and perpetuate what might have seemed as evanescent as a breath, as quickly-fading as the hues of sunset;—this is the true association of our own humanities with those of perished generations. We see the sparkle of eyes, and hear the sound of voices, that had faded into the great Eternity before ourselves were born. Surely these things have their interest. They are the electric telegraphs of Time, which link the living and the dead in a common brotherhood.

Before we start for the theatre, a few observations on the general character of pantomimic entertainments a century ago, may not be amiss. At that period—if contemporary accounts may be trusted—as great a preponderance of spectacle over the more intellectual features of the drama existed, as that with which the present age has been charged. Pantomimes, accordingly, were highly popular; and in number nine of *The World*, bearing date March first, seventeen hundred and fifty-three, we find a suggestion which might do admirably for reproduction by any dramatic critic of our own day, exasperated at the withdrawal of the double orders, and finding his stock of original irony approaching nearly to a close. "It were to be wished," says this writer, "that the managers would have done entirely both with tragedy and comedy, and resolve at once to entertain the town only with Pantomime; people of taste and fashion having already given sufficient proof that they think it the highest entertainment the stage is capable of affording." And in number forty-three of the same publication, it is remarked that when certain reforms shall have been introduced into this species of drama, "Everybody must allow that a Pantomime will be a most rational and instructive entertainment; and it is to be hoped that none but principal performers

will be suffered to have a part in it. How pleased will the town be this winter to read in one of the articles of news in the Public Advertiser, 'We hear that at each of the theatres royal there is an entire new Pantomime now in rehearsal, and that the principal parts are to be performed by Mr. Garrick, Mr. Woodward, Mr. Mossop, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Pritchard, at Drury Lane; and at Covent Garden by Mr. Quin, Mr. Lun, Mr. Barry, Miss Nossiter,' &c. It is not to be doubted that a Pantomime so acted would run through a whole season to the politest as well as most crowded audiences." This is followed by a little bantering about the decay of wits being compensated by the excellence of the stage-carpenters; so that if the degeneracy of the drama be a fact, the said degeneracy, having already outlived many generations, must in itself (like many other degeneracies) possess a most amazing stamina.

The chief character in Pantomimes a century ago, was the Harlequin who made love to, and danced with, the Columbine in much the same fashion which he now employs. The Clown—the principal man now-a-days, owing, probably, to the achievements of the renowned Grimaldi—had no existence in the Pantomimes of George the Second's reign; at any rate, no nominal existence: but the Pantaloon was attended by a servant, who may be looked upon as the germ from which has issued the matchless rogue of modern times—the veritable progenitor of that embodiment of London impudence, knavery, and slang, whom it delighteth us to patronise at Christmas, and whom we cannot help in some sort admiring for the geniality of his humour, and the southern exuberance of his spirits. Another distinction between the Pantomimes of the past and of the present, consists in the fact that the former do not appear to have had any regular "introduction" such as those with which we now preface what we call the harlequinade. Nevertheless, there was something of a story, which, instead of being kept apart, as now, was mixed up with the rest of the performance. Tales from the Greek mythology were the favourites; but a writer in *The Connoisseur* for December the nineteenth, seventeen hundred and fifty-four, derisively suggests the propriety of taking the subjects of Pantomimes from children's fairy tales. This, it appears, had already been done at one of the great theatres, where they had availed themselves of the story of Fortunatus and the Wonderful Wishing Cap. The correspondent of *The Connoisseur* suggests for adoption the old legends of Patient Grizzle, Little Red Riding-hood, Puss in Boots, and the Children in the Wood; in the last of which he thinks it "would be vastly pretty to see the pasteboard robin redbreasts let down by wires upon the stage to cover the poor innocent babes with paper leaves." It seems that in those days, as in the present,

they were fond of introducing little children into their entertainments. The suggestion with reference to fairy tales has been amply carried out in later times; and Pantomimes have no doubt been the gainers in elegance, grace, and fancy. In another respect, also, these dramas have certainly improved since the period of which we are writing. At that time, the lax morals of the reign of Charles the Second had not entirely deserted the stage; and the periodical essayists had frequent occasion to reprove the indecorums of Harlequin. It was surely, however, going a little too far, when a contemporary critic spoke of "the absurdity and profaneness of such entertainments."

Now enter with us into our aerial brougham, and let us glide away into the land of ghosts and shadows—into the spectral past. The present age vanishes like mist; and in an instant our magic chariot lands us before the box entrance of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, as it appeared in the middle of last century. Here are plenty of other carriages—ghosts, every one of them; and plenty of people in them—ghosts also: for we are now in the region of departed things, and are going to see a Pantomime acted by dead men and women to a dead audience! Here are gentlemen in velvet and gold lace, and ladies in vast amplitudes of satin. Here are magnificent footmen with their flambeaux; here are the grenadiers with their peaked caps and gaiters; and here, too, are the genuine old Charleys—the "ancient and most quiet" Dogberries—with their quarter-staves and inoffensive lanterns. There will be a crowded house; yet we shall find plenty of room in any case. All the "quality"—and many of the no-quality—are here to see the new Pantomime of "Harlequin Sorcerer;" for the scenery and contrivances are said to be inimitable, and the dresses are all new, and the music is almost entirely by Mr. Arne, who himself plays upon the harpsichord. The attraction is therefore great.

Well! we have entered the theatre, and have got a front place; and we have sat through the first piece (to which no one has paid any attention), and the overture to the Pantomime is being performed. At length, the curtain rises, and "the first scene presents us," to use the language of a chronicler of the time, "with a group of witches, exercising their orgies in a wilderness by moonlight. After a few songs, Harlequin crosses the stage, riding in the air between two witches upon a long pole, and jumps in among them." This is followed by a dance of witches, with which the scene concludes; presenting us with a parallel to the dark pieces of incantation with which our modern Pantomimes commonly open. "Next, you see the bricklayers and their men going to

• The "London Magazine" for February, 1754.

work, which now marks the time of our drama to be morning. Harlequin then stands before a balcony, serenading Columbine, who appears to him; but as he is climbing up, he is surprised by Pantaloon, who comes out, opening the door, and Harlequin pops in. Hence a warm pursuit ensues of Columbine and our hero by Pantaloon and his servant. The next scene is of a house half-built, with real scaffolding before it, and the men at work upon it. Columbine retires behind a pile of bricks; our hero mounts ladder; Pantaloon follows; Harlequin descends, removes ladder, and presently down comes the scaffolding with men and all upon it. You next come to a garden-wall; where as Columbine retires under it, Harlequin is turned into an old woman, and the scene converted into a wall with ballads and coloured wooden prints strung upon it, with a large wicker chair, in which Harlequin seats himself, supposed to be selling them. The servant comes in and buys a ballad; and here a slight satirical hint is levelled at the song of 'I love Sue, and Sue loves me,' introduced in the rival 'Harlequin Ranger' of the other house. We have now a most delightful perspective of a farm-house, whence you may hear the coots in the water as at a distance. Several rustics with their sweethearts come on; and Mr. Lowe sings an excellent song, to which all join in chorus—'To celebrate harvest home.' This scene removed, a constable comes on, with the bricklayers' men, who have a warrant to take up Harlequin. Then you have a distant view of a barley-mow and barn; several swains dancing before it, with Harlequin and Columbine. The constable and followers opportunely coming in, Columbine is seized, and carried home by Pantaloon." (Here, by the way, we are reminded of the policemen who come to apprehend the Clown in modern Pantomimes.) "When they are in the house, the servant, after many dumb gestures, introduces a large ostrich, which has a very good effect upon the audience, but perhaps would have a much greater, did not one discover by the extremities that it is Harlequin, whose legs and thighs appear under the body. Columbine by this means discovers him; and, after having made the whole house ring with applause by playing several tricks (such as kissing Columbine, biting the servant, and the like,) they morrice off both together.

"We are then carried to a back part of the farm-house, which turns into a shed, where in an instant you have the view of a copper with a fire burning under it. Harlequin changes himself into an old washer-woman, and on striking a mound raised of flints mixed with earth, it is immediately turned into a washing-tub and stand; then, opening a door, he shows us a horse with real linen upon it, which is drawn out into many folds to a considerable length upon the stage. Pantaloon

and servant come in, and after being sowed with the soap-suds, are driven off by the supposed washerwoman with a bowl of boiling water from the copper, to the no small diversion of both galleries." (How often have we seen similar pieces of practical wit thus acknowledged in the upper regions!) "But the constable at last catches him; he tumbles down 'midst his guards, and so slips away from them. We then see a fence of boards, as before a building (excellently well painted), which in a moment is converted into a gilt equestrian statue. Harlequin is discovered to bestride the horse by his sneezing; Pantaloon's servant goes to climb up by the head, which directly bends its neck and bites him; he next tries to get up by the hind leg, which in springing back gives him a most terrible kick, and the poor dog is carried off with his face all over blood, and beaten to pieces.

"After this a scene drops, and gives us a prospect of ruinous, rugged cliffs, with two trees hanging over them, beautifully executed." (This is the dark scene which invariably precedes the conclusion, and wherein we see Harlequin with a temporary deprivation of his magical power.) "The witches come in again, and, after singing awhile, retire. Then Harlequin appears disconsolate and prostrate upon a couch in an elegant apartment. Lightning flashes; and four devils, in flame-coloured stockings, mount through trap-doors, surround him with their double-tongued forks, and the whole stage, with the scenery and all upon it, rises up gradually, and is carried all together into the air.

"Here the Pantomime ends; and the scrupulous critic must not nicely inquire into the reasons why Harlequin is carried upwards into the infernal regions; as also why Pluto and his fair Proserpina descend in a magnificent throne, afterwards, into a fine pavilion. After a song or two, an imp brings Pluto word that poor Harley is trapped at last; but the black-bearded monarch says everything shall be jolly. Then the stage is extended to a prodigious depth, closing with a prospect of fine gardens and a temple." (This is what, in our modern play-bill language, we should call "The gardens of Delight and the Golden Temple of Felicity in the Realms of ever-beaming Radiance," or something to the same effect.) "We are entertained awhile with the agility of Messrs. Cook, Grandchamps, Miss Hilliard, Mademoiselle Camargo, and others; then with a grand chorus; lastly with a low bow from the performers;—and so down drops the curtain."

Our necromancy is over. We have seen a Pantomime of our ancestors; and our prevailing impression is, that, with a few differences of detail, it is in the main very like the same description of performance in the present day. There is not quite so much uproarious fun; and we miss the spoken

humour of the modern Clown, many of whose vagaries appear to be the peculiar property of the Harlequin. We note fewer gymnastic feats, and mark the absence of "hits" at the passing follies of the day. But we have learned to entertain a higher appreciation of the scenery and mechanical effects of the stage a hundred years ago, than we should hitherto have owned.

The ghostly actors have vanished into night and silence; the ideal theatre, with all its visionary scenes, its imaginary lights and phantom audience, has passed away; and we are again in our home among the living. Some of these days we too shall be gathered to the dead. Will any of our descendants in the year nineteen hundred and fifty-three, make a spiritual journey backwards, to see any one of the Pantomimes of this present year of grace? Let our Pantomime writers and actors, our mechanics and scene-painters, plume themselves with the thought of that possibility. Such things may be.

THE HARMONIOUS BLACKSMITH.

HANDEL'S Harmonious Blacksmith may be supposed to have produced harmony through the medium of his blacksmithery; the latter being the object in view, and the former an incidental and spontaneous accompaniment. But our harmonious blacksmith (or whitemith, for we will not insist upon the colour) proceeds in an inverse order; his smithery is only the means to an end, the end being harmony, or melody, or music, or sweet sounds. He hammers, or stamps, or rolls small pieces of metal, until he brings them to a vibratory state, until, in fact, he infuses the soul of music into them. In this sense only is he a harmonious blacksmith; but what a wide sphere of operation is his—from the humble Jew's harp to the imperial Harmonium, through all the intermediate stages of Accordion and Concertina! All musical amateurs ought to be, but are not, familiar with this curious subject of vibrating springs. Let us talk a while thereon.

A very pretty bit of musical philosophy is involved in the action of the Jew's harp. When Tom lays out the penny which his aunt gave him, and purchases therewith a Jew's harp; when he places the instrument to his mouth, and makes all sorts of grimaces, and pursings, and poutings, and screwings with his lips, he thinks that he breathes music upon the spring—that the current of breath has chiefly to do with the matter. But Tom is wrong: he is merely converting his mouth into a sounding-box or resonant cavity; his mouth bears the same relation to the spring of the Jew's harp as the body of a guitar or a violin, or the stretched parchment of a banjo, does to the strings—it increases the body of sound. In strictness, however, it does something more than this; for by varying the capacity of the

mouth, the player modifies the pitch of the tone produced. All this may be hard philosophy to Tom; but let him listen and consider awhile; for Tom may be pleased to learn that in the Netherlands, in the Tyrol, among the Greeks of Smyrna, and in other places, the Jew's harp is a valued and beautiful musical instrument. The spring of the little piece of mechanism, then, vibrates to and fro when touched with the finger, and in so vibrating it emits a musical sound, definite in pitch but very faint in intensity. But when the instrument is held before the mouth, and the lips and teeth are opened so as to allow the sound to enter the mouth, then does the sound increase in loudness, just as a drum emits a louder sound than a tambourine, although the parchment may be of equal diameter; and if the muscles of the face be so worked that the cavity of the mouth may be continually varying both in form and size, then will the pitch of the sound be altered—becoming more grave as the cavity is enlarged, and more acute as it is diminished. This is analogous to the fact that a big drum yields a lower note than a little one, and a long mouth-organ pipe lower than a short one, and so forth. Our nut, therefore, contains three kernels: first, that the striking of the spring produces a faint sound; second, that the reverberation in the mouth converts this faint sound into an audible musical note; third, that variations in the form and size of the cavity of the mouth, give all those variations of pitch which are requisite to the production of a tune.

If Tom could have heard M. Koch or M. Eulenstein play on the Jew's harp, he would have been infinitely delighted. Koch was a private soldier in the Prussian service under Frederick the Great. One evening the King was surprised at hearing soft beautiful music immediately under his window; and, on looking out, he saw a sentinel discoursing sweet sounds; the instrument being a humble Jew's harp. The impatient monarch ordered the man to come up stairs and play to him; but Koch, a true soldier, said that he must not do so without his colonel's orders. "But I am the King!" said Frederick. "I know it, Sire; but if I leave my post to-night, I shall certainly be punished to-morrow." The King was angry; but, himself a soldier, he knew how to respect the firmness and fidelity of the sentinel. On the following day, he had Koch to play to him, gave him a liberal gratuity, and then presented him with his discharge. Koch had been able to produce some unusual musical effects by playing on two Jew's harps at once, the sounds of which he could so modulate as to produce exquisite harmony. When Koch left the army, he travelled through Germany, giving concerts as a player on the Jew's harp; he made a moderate fortune by his exertions, and spent the decline of his days at Vienna—every way

inclined to the opinion that the Jew's harp is really a beautiful and important instrument. M. Eulenstein was a still more eminent player. He was an accomplished musician, and spent many years in studying the capabilities of the Jew's harp. He found that high tones and low tones ought not to be attempted on the same instrument; and that to produce fine musical effects, two or more should be used, each one limited to the production of a few notes. He visited the principal European capitals, giving concerts at which he employed no less than sixteen Jew's harps; he played two at a time, changing them during the progress of a tune, and doing this so rapidly and effectively as to make no break in the continuity of the music. He afterwards devised a mode of playing four at once, connecting them by silken strings in such a way that he could clasp all four with the lips, and strike all the four springs at once. The musical amateurs of those days were thrown quite into extasies by this music; some said the sounds were like those of the *Æolian* harp, some likened them to a musical snuff-box, some to musical glasses; while others averred that the sounds were like themselves and nothing else. No one ever played the Jew's harp so well before, and no one is likely ever to play it so well again; for, if we mistake not, poor Eulenstein lost nearly all his teeth, consequent on the peculiar action to which they had during so many years been exposed.

Our friend Thomas may have the satisfaction of knowing, that although other musical instruments dependent on the vibration of metallic springs may be more costly and pretentious than his penny Jew's harp, there is really none which more beautifully illustrates the principles whereon musical sounds are produced.

Something like thirty years ago, a little instrument was brought into notoriety under the name of the Mouth Harmonica. It was small; but like many other small things, it had considerable power. It depended for its sounds, like the Jew's harp, on the vibration of metallic springs. Flat discs of metal were pierced with oblong slits, which were partially closed by long slips of metal fixed at one end and free to vibrate at the other. According to the size and shape of the slit, and the thickness of the spring, so did each perforation yield a particular note when breathed upon by the mouth. If there were only one cavity and spring, only one sound would be heard, available as a pitch-pipe; if two, they might yield two notes having the interval of a musical fifth; if several, they might afford scope for the production of a tune.

This humble affair, the Mouth Harmonica, was a boyish trifle, a mere toy; but the same principle produced the more efficient *Eolina*, a little instrument from which we have heard very delicate and beautiful sounds.

The *Symphonion* was a more accomplished

member of the same family, invented, we believe, by Mr. Wheatstone. This, for effecting much in a little space, altogether eclipsed its predecessor. It was, in fact, a keyed *Eolina*, possessing increased powers in virtue of its keys. It was constructed in many different shapes; but the gist of the instrument was, that a current of air should be blown in by the mouth; that the fingers should touch small projecting pins; that these pins should raise valves which covered apertures in a metal plate; that the current should set in vibration a set of tongues or metallic springs adjusted to these apertures; and that musical sounds should thus be produced, depending in pitch on the length and thickness of the springs.

The harmonious blacksmith, who makes any of the above-named musically-vibrating springs—be they for Jew's-harps, or mouth-harmonicons, or *elinas*, or *symphonions*—supposes the player to supply a blast of air by means of his mouth; and they thus form a snug little group among themselves. But he does not leave musical persons without an alternative; he provides small bellows with which the player can puff away by hand; and thence arise the very pretty group known by the very pretty names of the *accordion*, the *flutina*, the *concertina*, &c. A vibrating metallic spring is still the soul of each instrument, as a few familiar details will enable us readily to show.

The *accordion* is, in bulk, nothing more than a pair of bellows, for the whole instrument pants to and fro while being played; but the interior mechanism of these bellows is very ingenious. There are finger-keys for the player to press upon; there are wire levers connecting these keys with a row of circular valves or stops; there are circular holes which are alternately covered and uncovered by these valves; there are oblong apertures beneath the circular holes, and metallic tongues in these oblong apertures, and an open cavity beneath the metallic tongues. There are as many keys as there are valves and circular holes; but there are two springs behind each hole, attuned differently—generally a whole tone between them. By opening the bellows air rushes in through any valve-hole which happens to have been opened by the pressure of the player's finger on the corresponding key, and produces one note by the vibration of one spring; but when the air rushes out again by the closing of the bellows, it is forced into a path contiguous to the other spring, and thus produces the other tone. On the multitude of little matters essential to the production of a good *accordion*; on the key to act as a vent without producing sound; on the extra key to produce a harmonised chord or base—we need not stop to dilate. Some varieties are called *flutinas*, or *flutina-accordions*, claiming to possess a peculiar quality of tone. The well-made French accordions mount up in price

from ten or twelve to two or three hundred frames. They extend from one octave to four and a half octaves in compass.

But there is a formidable rival to the accordion, although belonging to the same group in respect to its harmonious blacksmithery. This is the concertina, a really beautiful invention by Professor Wheatstone. As now generally made in England the concertina has two hexagonal ends, about six inches in diameter, and the bellows enable the instrument to stretch out to about a foot in length. There are not keys like those of the accordion, but little studs to be pressed in by the tips of the fingers. With a single-action, there is one spring or tongue to each stud, yielding a sound only when the bellows are pressed inward; but the double-action has a provision of two springs for each note, whereby the same sound may be produced whether the bellows be pressed inward or drawn outward. Since the expiration of the first patent for concertinas, there has been wonderful activity in devising new improvements in every part of the mechanism, both by English and foreign makers; and it is now certainly an instrument of very considerable power; for its facility of fingering affords a scope for rapid execution, while the power of sounding three or four notes at a time is a source of very rich harmonious combination. Not only have the finer specimens all the tones and semitones for three or more octaves, but they have additional notes for producing more perfect chords in various keys. There is another surprising variety in power, also, arising from the different register or general pitch of the instrument. Some are treble concertinas, with about fifty keys or studs, and a scale of more than three octaves, the uppermost note being a C, with such a troop of ledger-lines as to indicate an ultra-altissimo acuteness surpassing our humble power to measure; some are tenor or baritone concertinas, embracing about the same scale as the former, but exactly an octave lower in pitch throughout, thereby yielding sounds which have the same ratio as those of a man's tenor voice bear to those of a woman's treble; and lastly there are bass concertinas, some of which have actually a compass of four octaves, descending to a very very low C indeed; the notes throughout being an octave below those of the tenor, and two octaves below those of the treble concertina. It is by these extensive powers that concertina-players are enabled to grapple with lady-like treble tunes, with tunes adapted to tenor or baritone instruments, with chaunts and psalm tunes, written for tenor and baritone voices, and with music written for a bass voice, or a violoncello, or a bassoon. What wonders the Regondis, and the Cases, and the Blagroves, work with these compact instruments, let the concert-rooms tell.

But our harmonious blacksmith does not dismiss us even yet. He provides his delicate

little vibrating springs, and allows us to breathe upon them with the mouth—as in the Jew's harp, mouth-harmonica, colina, and symphonion; or to work them with hand-bellows, as in the accordion, flutina, and concertina. But he does something more than this; he affords facilities for supplying wind by foot-bellows or pedals, and for playing the instrument by means of keys analogous to those of a pianoforte. Oh, what a family is this! Seraphine, Harmonium, Æolophon, Æolodicon, Æolharmonica, Melodium, Melodion, Æolomusicon; what liquid sweetness of names! It is like talking music to run over such a list as this. We were about to designate these instruments as first cousins, but they are even more nearly related: they are brothers and sisters.

The seraphine was one of the earliest of the group. It is usually about as large as a small chiffonière or pier-table; and the principal portion of its interior cavity is occupied by a wind chest, governed by a foot pedal. Surmounting the wind chest is a metallic plate, perforated with about five octaves of oblong apertures, in each of which vibrates a metallic tongue. All these tongues are attuned to the proper series of tones and semitones. There are valves above the apertures, and finger keys governing the valves. When the player touches a key and lifts the corresponding valve, and at the same time works the bellows or pedal with his foot, a current of air rushes through the aperture, sets the tongue vibrating, and produces the musical note. The same blast of air is available for any of the notes, one or many; so that the player can use as many fingers at once as the pianist or organist, and produce analogous richness in harmonies.

The harmonium has more pretensions than the seraphine, inasmuch as it introduces a great number of "stops." A "stop," in a church organ, is a set of pipes, all of which, however they may differ in pitch, have the same general character or quality of sound; this quality may be analogous to that of the sound of the flute; but there is also a quality resembling that of the hautboy, and one resembling that of the clarinet, and of the trumpet, and so on—and depending on the nature and arrangement of the vibrating substance. Some of the great organs have as many as sixty or eighty stops, or even more; each stop consisting of many pipes, attuned so as to yield all the tones and semitones of several octaves. It is to these differences in the quality of the tones, that the surpassing grandeur, and richness, and expression of a fine organ are due. The harmonium imitates, in a humble way, this diversity of power. There are numerous stops or qualities of tone, in the best instruments. M. D'Outrelepont, a maker at Paris, advertises a fine list of them—"Violoncelle, expression, fauque, orgue, cor Anglais, haut-

bois, cornet, flute, flute-bass, voix-humaine, contrebasse, basson, maitau-phone, bourdon, flageolet," &c.; and MM. Debain, Alexandre, and other makers, adopt analogous means for throwing great diversity into the tones produced. It surpasseth all our ingenuity to explain exactly and minutely the precise differences between the harmonium, the melodium, the æolophon, the æolodion, the æolharmonica, the æolomusicon, and the other members of this gentle fraternity; but we need not trouble ourselves therat; for it concerns us at present only to know that their sounds are all, or mainly, due to the vibration of metallic springs in carefully cut apertures. It is just possible that, in one or two of the number, the bellows may be blown by the turning of a handle—thus affording a fourth mode of gently appealing to the vibratory tendency of the springs: indeed, we believe, such is the case.

Thus does it appear, then, that our Harmonious Blacksmith is really a clever fellow. No small portion of the music that delights us, is due to the dexterous cunning with which he fashions the dainty little tongues of metal.

OUR WINE MERCHANT.

Got up in green and gold, labelled with the Royal Arms, and those of the City of London, with *Dieu et mon droit* as the upper motto, and *Domino dirige nos* for the lower one, a pamphlet lies before us, addressed by Our Wine Merchant to the inhabitants of the district in which we reside. That district, familiarly known to the public as Saint Joseph's wood—though scarcely a tree remains to tell of its former sylvan glories, and even the shrubs which overhang the pavement are now ruthlessly lopped by the parish authorities—that district, we say, has long been well supplied with the greater part of the good things which are generally considered as essential to the enjoyment of this world, and to preparation for the next. Our mundane together with our spiritual wants have, for the most part, been carefully looked after; we have our butchers and our bakers, our greengrocers and fishmongers, our dispensing chemists and our members of the Royal College of Surgeons—the last-named in great abundance; we have our newsvenders, poulterers, stationers, auctioneers, and undertakers; schools flourish; so do private lunatic establishments. We have numerous churches and multitudinous clerical officiators; we have also a strong police force and a station-house of our own, so that if we, or the cabmen who have more than one stand, chance to go wrong, we can be set right again in the shortest possible space of time. But with all these advantages, and with the Rising Suns and Jolly Soldiers, the signs of them no less than the things themselves—at the corner of every road, street, place, and avenue, with a house of call for nearly half the omnibuses that

circulate through London, St. Joseph's Wood has wanted one thing—the roe's egg that should make our palace perfect—it has never been able to say, "We have got a first-rate, out-and-out wine-merchant." Of course we have "bottle and jug departments," into which the modest retiring customer—with money in his pocket—is invited to enter, at the Rising Suns and Jolly Soldiers, aforesaid; but however specious the promises placarded about the doors of these establishments, however certainly we may have reckoned on getting the finest, fruitiest, nuttiest, driest, purest, most "natural," most bees-wing-est—if we may be allowed the expression—of the several wines offered for our "selection," generally at the low figure of two-and-two per bottle, we confess, as far as our personal experience goes, that the pleasing consciousness of finding these promises literal facts has never yet been realised in all the wide circuit of Saint Joseph's Wood.

So much for the evil: now for the remedy.

A "spirited" individual—he will excuse us if the word has more than one meaning—has at last undertaken to supply the great *desideratum*; and that individual we delight—on paper—to call Our Wine Merchant, because, up to the present moment we have never had any other. Not that we have already retained him; no, we have not gone quite so far as that, but we have delighted our eyes through the superb plate glass windows of his Emporium on Saint Joseph's Terrace, where, in the most admired confusion, as if they had just been upheaved by an earthquake, lie slender bottles of hook, big-bellied champagnes, imperial quarts of sherry, and dainty pints of liqueurs, some topsy-turvy, seeking apparently to dive back again to the cellar: others struggling, cork upwards, to the light, some presenting a broad flank, others a foreshortened base, and all as well cobwebbed and sawdusted as if Time had given them these appliances, and not "our young man" before the window blinds were raised for the daily display. Delightedly, too, have we gazed—yet not altogether unmingled with awe—through a side window, at an enormous copper carboy, somewhat dinted by the hard work which it has had to do, which stands open-mouthed, and ready to be filled with purest spirit, whenever an order shall arrive for bottling off a few gallons. But with even still greater admiration have we gazed on the truck which is always waiting close to the kerbstone, anxious to be off somewhere, no matter how heavily laden, but which, as far as our observation—and we live opposite—has extended, has not yet stirred a peg, except to be wheeled up to its station in the morning, and back again to the "counting-house" at night. No doubt, there is "a good time coming," and while it is on its way we will peep into Our Wine Merchant's *Vade Mecum*, which, we understand, has been very liberally distributed throughout

the neighbourhood. Perhaps it may have the effect of making us give an extensive order.

In the introduction to this gorgeous volume—which has for its motto the pregnant truth that “Wine is the revealer of human varieties,” revealing also a few of its own—we read: “In the following pages we shall take the liberty of offering to your notice and consideration a few words about Wine; for it is really astonishing, that while hundreds of familiar books—from Mrs. Glasse to Monsieur Soyer—have been written about domestic cookery, and how to lay out a table, and bring in courses, and make the removes, no book has been written to give young housekeepers an idea of how Wine is to be purchased, how to be managed when sent home, what Wines are necessary to accompany a dinner (and without good Wine a dinner is worthless) and how to be served; and we shall hope that these few observations may be found useful, particularly to some of our readers, who are just entering upon that honourable position of becoming housekeepers; and nothing in domestic economy tells more of home comfort, and consequently of home happiness, than the quality and condition of the Wine, and the manner in which it is served; and we respectfully present this little book to you, in the earnest hope that there will be found in it some hints that may repay the trouble of perusing it.”

A good long sentence this, and penned with tract-like earnestness: it takes away one's breath, like a glass of real Glenlivet, of which we beg to inform the public that Our Wine Merchant—but this is anticipation. Having recovered from its effects, we turn to the Preface, which, like every separate subject throughout the work, has its special epigraph. Here we are treated to that rare one—“*In vino veritas*,” though modern Wine and old-fashioned truth seldom run in couples. Truth may live in a well, but she is not often found in a wine-cellar. Our Wine Merchant begins his Preface by stating that he has been intimately acquainted with Saint Joseph's Wood for between thirty and forty years; that he has been a resident there for nearly twenty years; and that during that time the question has been many hundred times put to him, “Do you know where we can obtain a good Bottle of Wine in this neighbourhood, at a fair price?” to which question he has been compelled, in the language of sincerity, to reply that he knows “of none such.”

His course, therefore, after a moral struggle of between thirty and forty years, was sufficiently obvious. If the mountain won't come to Mahomet, why, Mahomet must go to the mountain; and Our Wine Merchant, impelled solely by a sense of the public necessity, embraces the following stern resolve:—“We have determined (of course no persuasion of friends or relations could keep him back now) to supply what appeared to us to be one of the wants of this neighbourhood,

[but, my dear sir, it was the want, as—if you read this article—you will immediately discover]; and having premises (of our own) [that is a great hit], admirably situated for the purpose, we have had them (at great expense, &c.) adapted for a first-rate Wine, Spirit, and Ale and Beer trade.” He adds—what every one must be certain he would add, beginning with Roman capitals—that every article will be “Pure and Genuine, and in no manner Doctored, Adulterated, or Tampered with in any way; while the price shall,” &c., “our only object being,” &c., “gain,” “retain,” “firm conviction,” “honestly and fairly,” “intention to make,” “establishment,” “permanence,” &c. &c. There! self-devotion on the one hand and all the advantage on the other, what can the inhabitants of Saint Joseph's Wood desire more? Let us hear, then, of no more complaints; let us also hear Our Wine Merchant when he departs from generalities and enters into particulars:—

CHAPTER I.—OF A WINE CELLAR.—Poetry, “genuine, in no manner doctored,” &c., introduces this branch of the subject.

A wine-cellar too hot or cold
Murders wine before it is old.

Lamenting the fact that builders of modern houses are in the habit of saying, “Oh, we can put the wine-cellar and the dust-bin anywhere,” Our Wine Merchant informs us that he at any rate has not been fobbed off in so unworthy a manner—he has constructed a cellar of his own, and thus he describes it:—“We have had—at very considerable expense—the whole basement of our premises excavated into the solid earth; and the best judges have pronounced that our cellars, for their size (and they are of considerable size), are among the most perfect they have seen.” In the most generous spirit he adds:—“Our cellars are at all times on view to any respectable person who would wish to see a large stock of Wines well arranged; and as access to these cellars are easy, and they are perfectly clean and of good height, ladies can view them without inconvenience.” A little superfluous information follows:—“In these cellars our Wines are kept, and will be found in the most perfect condition when delivered to our customers; and we feel quite satisfied that it will be more to their advantage—Wine from us—moderate quantities—fit for drinking—rather than,” &c. &c.

Our Wine Merchant, who has evidently travelled, proceeds to tell us, that in Paris people buy their wine daily, and that the Wine merchants there send round their carts for orders, in the same manner as the butchers and other tradesmen do in England, with a printed list containing a blank column to be filled up; and he wishes [there is no doubt of it] to see this sensible plan followed in Saint Joseph's Wood. The truck then, would really have something to do.

CHAPTER II.—A WORD OF ADVICE AS TO

WINES, with a heading which runs thus:—"Good Wine to man is what manure is to trees. Pure Wine makes good blood. A glass of good Wine purges off distempers. A cellar without good Wine, a house without woman, and a purse without money, are the three deadly plagues." This chapter is a brief diatribe against factitious Wines and spirits. Our friend's advice may be safely taken:—"We entreat you," he says, "to avoid this trash as poison. Recollect, too, that no one would suffer putrid meat to be set before a friend, and false wine is in every respect as abhorrent to real hospitality; indeed, bad wine is the guest's horror and the host's disgrace." The corollary to this proposition naturally follows:—"The best thing for persons really not first-rate judges of wine, is to deal with persons of honour and integrity, who are judges of wine," &c.—like Our Wine Merchant.

CHAPTER III.—OF PORT WINE.—"The bees-wing in Port is the wine-seller's *pater noster*." Our Wine Merchant is justly indignant with those "cheats"—he calls them—the grocers and fruiterers, who sell sham Port at one-and-sixpence per bottle; and, with a knowledge of the subject which seems almost marvellously intuitive, bitterly denounces the conduct of those who manufacture Port Wine out of "Red Cape, sandalwood, elder-berries, alcohol, sloes, gum-dragon, cider, salt of tartar, and other ingredients of a like character." We make no question that "our premises" would "burst their marble cements," if such base compounds were—even surreptitiously—introduced into "our cellars." But having got hold of a bottle of the real stuff—and we know now where it is to be had—we are taught how to decant and then how to drink it. The first process having been got through, with a few grammatical inaccuracies, certain points are insisted on. After premising that "all Port Wine drinkers invariably hold up their glasses and look through them," Our Wine Merchant, with great gallantry, remarks:—"All glasses, and particularly Port wine glasses, should be of large size, because ladies always ask for half-a-glass of wine, and it is unmannerly, except upon particular occasions, to fill brimmers; therefore, if the glasses are too small, they are a tantalization, and give the idea of meanness and begrudging, and all glasses should be scrupulously clean and perfect, and without flaw or chip. In all wine-drinking three senses are gratified at once—the taste, the smell, and the sight—and they must all be provided for." He dismisses Port wine, for which he manifestly has himself a great relish, by observing, "It is always a useful and acceptable wine to most persons, and a glass of Port wine and a biscuit, taken regularly at mid-day, is a capital thing for growing boys and girls delicate in health."

OF SHERRY, CHAPTER IV., we learn that

"The bitter in Sherry is the *haut goût* of the wine;" that "it should be in or near the dinner-table, from the soup to the end of the entertainment;" that "it is proper to be served occasionally at all evening parties, at balls, and invariably at suppers; while two glasses of Sherry in a tumbler of pure cold water, with or without a little sugar, is, either for sight or taste, one of the most beautiful things in the world." Our Wine Merchant adds:—"East India Sherry is among the very best of wines, and should always form part of the wines at any entertainment." On reference to page fifty-six of the *Vade Mecum*, we find an "old, dry, pale East India" marked at from forty-eight to sixty shillings per dozen. Reasonable enough in all conscience.

MADEIRA, the rapid disappearance of which Our Wine Merchant deplures, supplies him with a comment, which also affords him an opportunity of shining as a linguist:—"A glass of Madeira after the soup course at dinner is really delicious. The French, who seldom drink (*vins étrangers*) wines not of their own country, drink Madeira in this way, and occasionally during dinner; and it is a magnificent wine, and particularly for persons of mature age."

We come now to the wine—CHAPTER VI.—on which, or by means of which, all are eloquent. "Champagne," poetically exclaims our friend, "looks with Peacock's eyes, and every eye a diamond." We have nothing to find fault with in his account of this "King of Wines," as he calls it, but with respect to its treatment before it comes to table, must observe that Our Wine Merchant's theory is better than his practice. "Effervescing Champagne," he informs us, "will lose that quality if the bottles are stood on end, or placed upright; and therefore they must be carefully piled, with the same sides downwards as they have previously had. The best way is to keep all champagne in the case in which it arrives, with the proper side up, and taken out just before it is wanted."

We think, if our memory serves us, that when we peeped into the Emporium, we saw a few bottles of the "Peacock's eye" standing in the reprehensible manner above described. Those, however, were probably only samples, a mere waste of the wealth with which the cellars below were overflowing. Did the reader ever hear of "Champagne Salad?" Here is Our Wine Merchant's recipe for it. "They (the French) also make Champagne Salad, consisting of strawberries, raspberries, grapes, currants, gooseberries, morsels of melon or pine-apple, (or such of these as are the dessert) placed in a bowl and covered thickly with pounded loaf-sugar, upon which is poured a bottle of champagne, and then some small globules of transparent ice are placed about in the Salad; nothing can be more delicious and refreshing, and all the ladies like it." Here is another of the uses of the "Peacock's eye":—"Nothing

is more refreshing to sitters at a card-table, than one or two glasses of champagne (with or without sponge-cake) served in the evening." We begin to fear that Our Wine Merchant is rather a fast man.

BURGUNDY—CHAPTER VIII.—is a theme on which our author descants with rapture. It is, he says, "the wine of princes. Burgundy smiles, hock winks, champagne laughs. There are many dreams in a bottle of Burgundy!" In the first rank, and he is right there, he places the "Romanée Conti;" we don't mean to disparage Our Wine Merchant's Romanée, (marked at sixty shillings. Hear it, ye grocers and fruiterers!) but if the reader really wants to know where the best is to be had, let him persuade Mr. Bathe of the London Tavern, to produce a bottle of his Romanée the next time he dines at that first of all taverns; he will never ask for it anywhere else afterwards. Next in order comes Chambertin, "the pet tipple of Nap," *apropos* of which we meet with this remark, "A bottle of Chambertin, a ragout à la Sardanapalus, and a lady causeur (query *causeuse*), are the best companions in France."

"Claret," observes Our Wine Merchant, "is the wine of the gentle born," and "to give a friend a bottle of claret (perfectly quiet and cool) is one of the most perfect marks of a gentleman." We trust that this distinguishing characteristic will not be lost sight of when we send for a dozen or two at the Emporium. Our Wine Merchant revels in Claret. "It may be served at table from the commencement of the dinner, to the end of the entertainment. . . . No wine is so congenial to the human constitution. . . . It is fashionable to drink it in large glasses, and often in large quantities" (an eye to the main chance here)—and the course advised is "to serve it out fresh from the cellar, and drink it out of the black bottle."

But we fear, in our admiration of the *Vade Mecum*, that we may be carried too far. We shall, therefore, say nothing about Hock, "which keeps off the doctor," or Hermitage, which Our Wine Merchant says is "Church wine in name, in strength, and in paternity;" neither shall we dwell upon the rest of the contents of "One of our five guinea hampers," but descend at once to homely "British gin." Very commendably objecting to the frightful abuse of this spirit among the lower orders, who never drink it pure, Our Wine Merchant thinks it is "a good familiar creature, if well used," and furnishes us with the following receipt for converting it into toddy. "In making gin toddy, mind that the water boils—have an iron-stone China jug, pour in a little boiling water first, and rinse and warm the jug, then put in first as much loaf sugar as you may require, pour on it about half a pint of boiling water, well stir with a spoon, so as to make a syrup, then pour as much more boiling water as you require to have toddy, mix again, and now

add lemon juice and skins of lemon, and stir, now taste, and you will find this an agreeable drink, if properly mixed with sweet and acid; now pour in about one fourth of gin more, and stir again, set the mixture in front of the fire, or put it on a hob, in a little time serve it hot in tumblers, and you will find a toddy that everybody likes. If this toddy is made thus, and put to keep hot, with a cover over the top, and served the last thing before guests leave on a cold night, it will be highly appreciated."

But the best made toddy must fail if the materials be not first rate; and, therefore, Our Wine Merchant concludes with this word of caution and recommendation: "But mind, the gin must be good—we keep none but that made by So-and-So, and we serve it in two gallons (twelve bottles) to our customers, pure and unadulterated, as it comes from their distillery, and one bottle of our gin will be equal in strength to one and a half bottles of the retail shops, and infinitely more pure."

And so, with our earnest wish that the carboy and the truck may have plenty to do as the season of festivity draws near, we shake hands with our Wine Merchant, and shut up his *Vade Mecum*.

AN UGLY NURSING.

GRUEL, if you please, Mrs. Rummer, for my nursing. I have picked up a Catarrh in the streets, and brought it home with me to be nursed; a very ugly nursing, certainly. At this time of the year there is a catarrh, or a cold, or whatever you please to call it, now in one shape now in another, lying heavily on the breast of many a woman and man, who is compelled to stop at home and nurse it. We must feed it upon gruel, Mrs. Rummer, keep it indoors, and let it have plenty of sleep in a warm bed—that is the way to kill it. There is a shorter way of killing it which I think cruel, and that is by depriving it of drink. An ugly catarrh, you see, is not like a pretty baby, though you do perhaps feed both with gruel; you nurse one in order to destroy it, and the other in order to keep it safe and sound.

Put a little brandy in the gruel, Mrs. Rummer—it may do me no good, but it will take away from the sloppiness; and while you stir within the saucepan, faithful housekeeper, to make your brewing thick and slab, I'll ease my mind—as slygetty old gentlemen like well to do—by talking to you freely on the subject of my ailment.

Mucous membrane, Madam, is the sufferer on these occasions. We are lined with skin outside and with mucous membrane inside, as perhaps you know. The two join at the nose and lips. There is mucous membrane in the nostril, which runs up to a little cavern in the bone at the root of the nose—I shall have that blockaded to-morrow, and a pretty

headache I expect with it—and runs down to the throat and joins the mucous membrane that has lined the mouth, and they run together down the windpipe to line all the air-passages within the lungs, and down the gullet to line the stomach and the channel thence. Now, because I have chilled my skin, the mucous membrane is to suffer for it. First, it gets dry and red—it swells and causes me to feel, as you are used to say, “stuffed up.” Next, a discharge will begin; and I shall consider myself fortunate if the catarrh in the nose does not run down into the lungs, and make me cough and wheeze, give me a touch, in fact, of bronchitis. In my case, whatever else it may do, it always runs down by the other road into my stomach, and destroys my relish of my victuals. My friend Wheelks, who is an odd fellow, generally catches a cold wrong side upwards. Whenever he eats anything that plagues the membrane in his stomach, that establishes a rebellion along the whole line, up into the nose and down into the lungs, so that he catches cold over his dinner, when he eats what would give you or me only a touch of heartburn.

You, Mrs. Rummer, being an experienced nurse, know very well how a cold like mine should be treated. It should be fed with spoon meat, kept in a warm room, and made to perspire at night. After all fever has departed, if the nursing should still linger in existence, you would suggest choking it with a rump-steak and a pint of port. A good dinner and an extra glass of wine will make me, as I have often heard you say on such occasions, a free man. You are quite right. That is the sensible, old-fashioned, efficient way of nursing a catarrh, which I commend to all who can afford to stay at home. For, you see, spoon meat and warm rooms only make matters worse, if one is obliged to go to and from them to one’s daily business through all manner of cold or damp, or among all manner of draughts.

If I were a business man, or had to spend much of my day behind the counter in a draughty shop, I would certainly not treat myself in this way. In that case I would try the barbarous but effective method first suggested by Dr. C. J. B. Williams, who advises, when you catch cold, to baulk it at once. Cut away the ground from under it. Let it have nothing to go upon. Of course there cannot be a discharge of fluid into the nose and lungs, unless such fluid is first drawn from the blood; and the blood again has to get it from the food. Let all your food, therefore, be solid. Do not drink a drop of anything. What follows? The blood has a great many pulls upon its resources, for all the natural and necessary processes and secretions in the body; such demands must be met, and the result is, that when the nose and lungs attempt to overdraw their small account upon its bank for mucous due, it is obliged to refuse payment.

I couldn’t myself go without my coffee and my tea: but when you next find that a cold is coming, Mrs. Rummer, you, if you like, may try the plan, and I believe you will find that if you lose no time in beginning, forty-eight hours of total abstinence from liquids of all sorts will kill a cold entirely. Now, a man who tries this remedy may go out into the air, and the more the better. For the more he walks and creates exhalations from the skin, the more he robs his blood of water and the more thoroughly he breaks the bank on which the nose and throat and lungs rely for the means of making themselves troublesome.

Mrs. Rummer, I have observed that when you have a cold in the nose, you yourself are always in the habit of calling it the Influenza. No doubt, Mrs. Rummer, the influenza is a catarrh; but then it is an epidemic catarrh; and it is by no means always prevailing. It has raged only about a score of times during the last three centuries; and after each visitation, for some years individuals have remained subject to isolated attacks, but that is all. It is an epidemic, and a very strange one. It is produced by some subtle influence in the air; and the Italians therefore called the whole disease the *Influenza*, or *Influenza*. The French call it the *grippe*. The old doctors called it catarrh by contagion. Certainly it is contagious; but that is not all. True influenza not only includes in one complaint the whole run of catarrh, with a more than usual tenderness about the eyes, but it is accompanied with an enormous depression of the spirits and the vital energies. You can no more mistake the depression of influenza for the depression of a cold than you can mistake a well for a worm-hole.

The disease runs its course rapidly—a previously healthy man is convalescent in a week, but remains debilitated. A sickly man, or an old man, it will often pull down to the grave. The influenza of eighteen hundred and thirty-seven was practically more fatal than cholera; though not so apparently. Many more died of it than die during a season of cholera, but then the numbers attacked are incomparably greater. Influenza will seize at once half the population in a town; and if they all get well again except one in a thousand strong men, and a certain number of the weakly, the mortality may still be very alarming—greater than is caused by cholera, which attacks only a few of us, but destroys one of every two or three on whom it seizes.

There is no mistaking the existence of the mysterious influence which causes this disease. In the year eighteen hundred and thirty-three it visited us. On the third of April in that year, the day of its arrival, a ship, the *Stag*, was coming up the Channel, and at two o’clock arrived off Berry Head, all on board well. There was an easterly wind blowing from the land, and in half an hour forty of the men were smitten with influenza; by six o’clock, sixty were on the

sick list with it; by two o'clock on the succeeding day, there were one hundred and sixty men laid up. On the same third of April the disease appeared in London, and on the evening of that day the regiment on duty at Portsmouth went to bed all well; but, on the next morning, there were not soldiers enough able to get up and do garrison duty. The influence was upon them.

What this influence is, no man can tell with certainty. Influenza has more than once in a curious way preceded cholera, and it is supposed—incorrectly perhaps—to travel as cholera does, in a given direction without being governed by the wind. It is said then to be connected with the magnetic currents of the earth. It is said also to depend on the electrical condition of the air, which becomes negatively electric, or which causes an accumulation of electricity in human bodies. Many of the recorded epidemics of this kind have been associated with the appearance of peculiar dry thick fogs. Negatively electric clouds have been observed before an epidemic has set in, and thunderstorms. Meat sent up at the tail of a kite has come down putrid. The influence has been ascribed also to the development under certain conditions of vast clouds of vegetable germs or animalcules, smaller than the microscopists can detect, as it is certain that there must exist by myriads forms of life too minute even for detection by the best of lenses. A certain animalcule or a certain fungus coming in contact with the air passages may be the cause of the peculiar irritation, and its germs carried about by a person who has been among them may be communicated by him—through contact, or contagion—to his neighbours. So we may explain the certain fact, that a man coming by railway from a town in which there is influenza, not being himself sick, may give the sickness to the friends with whom he stays, in a town not otherwise infected.

But of all colds or catarrhs the oddest is that caused by hay, called the hay asthma. Happily we are not all apt to catch it. Only a few people, and they to a marvellous degree, are sensitive to an influence proceeding from fresh hay, which begets all the symptoms of a severe cold, excessive itching and pinching over the whole mucous membrane, sneezing, running at the nose, cough, difficulty of breathing, and so forth. It will affect people not in an ordinary way liable to catch cold, will affect them only in the hay season, and then only if they go near ripe grass or new hay. Such people, if they can afford it, fly the country at that time of year, and live in town, or upon some barren stretch of coast; there they are safe. A lady liable to

suffer from this influence one day was attacked suddenly at tea-time, some time after the hay harvest. Her children had come in to tea out of a barn full of new hay, in which they had been playing. The same lady used to go to Harwich during the hay-making season, and one day, while walking on the shore there, she was suddenly attacked. Next morning she discovered that there was some hay being made on the top of a cliff, at the time when she was walking under it. In another year, she was visiting at another place after the hay season, and was suddenly attacked in her bed-room with the catarrh. It turned out that a large haystack had been since early morning in course of removal from a field at a great distance to a yard close by the house.

Dr. Watson, who is my instructor about all these things, was called to see the wife of a stable-keeper near Regent Street. He found her with a crying cold, alarming difficulty of breathing, and loud wheezing. Such symptoms having come on some days before, her husband had proposed to drive her in a gig to Islington to see a doctor. They accordingly had set out, but before they got from Regent Street to Islington the woman suddenly became quite well. She had then spent one or two quiet days and easy nights with some friends in the City, but directly after she came home the old symptoms returned upon her. There was a strong smell of hay in the house, and the husband stated that his lofts had lately been filled with a number of fresh trusses, which were more than usually scented. It appeared, also, that his wife was always worse at night when the house was shut up, and better in the morning when the windows were all opened and the air blew in. Change of dwelling was advised. The woman removed to a house a hundred yards off, and got well immediately. Then she went into the country till the scented hay was all used up. A drier stock having been laid in she returned, and suffered no more than slight cough and difficulty of breathing, which did not distress her. Whatever be the precise way in which fresh hay exerts its influence, it appears to be that particular grass which gives to the hay its scent—called by the botanists the *anthoxanthum odoratum*—which is the source of this extremely curious disorder.

Now, I am not going on to talk about old coughs, or old men's and old women's coughs, because I am an oldish man and you are an oldish woman, Mrs. Rummer, and we must not frighten one another. We must nurse carefully what ugly colds we get, and make an end of them. Fill me the footpan with hot water, and dish up the gruel.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. VIII.

McELRATH & BARKER, PUBLISHERS.
OFFICE NO. 11 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

WHOLE NO. 197

THE LONG VOYAGE.

WHEN the wind is blowing and the sleet or rain is driving against the dark windows, I love to sit by the fire, thinking of what I have read in books of voyage and travel. Such books have had a strong fascination for my mind from my earliest childhood; and I wonder it should have come to pass that I never have been round the world, never have been shipwrecked, ice-environed, tomahawked or eaten.

This time of year is crowded with thick-coming fancies. Sitting on my ruddy hearth in the twilight of New Year's Eve, I find incidents of travel rise around me from all the latitudes and longitudes of the globe. They observe no order or sequence, but appear and vanish as they will—"come like shadows, so depart." Columbus, alone upon the sea with his disaffected crew, looks over the waste of waters from his high station on the poop of his ship, and sees the first uncertain glimmer of the light, "rising and falling with the waves, like a torch in the bark of some fisherman," which is the shining star of a new world. Bruce is caged in Abyssinia, surrounded by the gory horrors which shall often startle him out of his sleep at home when years have passed away. Franklin, come to the end of his unhappy overland journey—would that it had been his last!—lies perishing of hunger with his brave companions: each emaciated figure stretched upon its miserable bed without the power to rise: all, dividing the weary days between their prayers, their remembrances of the dear ones at home, and conversation on the pleasures of eating; the last-named topic being ever present to them, likewise, in their dreams. All the African travellers, wayworn, solitary and sad, submit themselves again to drunken, murderous, man-selling despots, of the lowest order of humanity; and Mungo Park, fainting under a tree and succoured by a woman, gratefully remembers how his Good Samaritan has always come to him in woman's shape, the wide world over.

A shadow on the wall in which my mind's eye can discern some traces of a rocky sea-coast, recalls to me a fearful story of travel derived from that unpromising narrator of such stories, a parliamentary blue-book. A

convict is its chief figure, and this man escapes with other prisoners from a penal settlement. It is an island, and they seize a boat, and get to the main land. Their way is by a rugged and precipitous sea-shore, and they have no earthly hope of ultimate escape, for, the party of soldiers despatched by an easier course to cut them off, must inevitably arrive at their distant bourne long before them, and retake them if by any hazard they survive the horrors of the way. Famine, as they all must have foreseen, besets them early in their course. Some of the party die and are eaten; some are murdered by the rest and eaten. This one awful creature eats his fill, and sustains his strength, and lives on to be recaptured and taken back. The unrelatable experiences through which he has passed have been so tremendous, that he is not hanged as he might be, but goes back to his old chained gang-work. A little time, and he tempts one other prisoner away, seizes another boat, and flies once more—necessarily in the old hopeless direction, for he can take no other. He is soon cut off, and met by the pursuing party, face to face, upon the beach. He is alone. In his former journey he acquired an insatiable relish for his dreadful food. He urged the new man away, expressly to kill him and eat him. In the pockets on one side of his coarse convict-dress, are portions of the man's body, on which he is regaling; in the pockets on the other side, is an untouched store of salted pork (stolen before he left the island) for which he has no appetite. He is taken back, and he is hanged. But I shall never see that sea-beach on the wall or in the fire, without him, solitary monster, eating as he prowls along, while the sea rages and rises at him.

Captain Bligh (a worse man to be entrusted with arbitrary power there could scarcely be) is handed over the side of the *Bounty*, and turned adrift on the wide ocean in an open boat, by order of Fletcher Christian, one of his officers, at this very minute. Another flash of my fire, and "Thursday October Christian," five-and-twenty years of age, son of the dead and gone Fletcher by a savage mother, leaps aboard His Majesty's ship *Briton*, hove to off Pitcairn's Island; says his simple grace before eating, in good English; and knows that a pretty little animal on

board is called a dog, because in his childhood he had heard of such strange creatures from his father and the other mutineers, grown gray under the shade of the Bread-fruit trees, speaking of their lost country far away.

See the Halsewell, East Indiaman outward bound, driving madly on a January night towards the rocks near Seacombe, on the island of Purbeck! The captain's two dear daughters are aboard, and five other ladies. The ship has been driving many hours, has seven feet of water in her hold, and her mainmast has been cut away. The description of her loss, familiar to me from my early boyhood, seems to be read aloud as she rushes to her destiny.

"About two in the morning of Friday the sixth of January, the ship still driving, and approaching very fast to the shore, Mr. Henry Meriton, the second mate, went again into the cuddy, where the captain then was. Another conversation taking place, Captain Pierce expressed extreme anxiety for the preservation of his beloved daughters, and earnestly asked the officer if he could devise any method of saving them. On his answering with great concern, that he feared it would be impossible, but that their only chance would be to wait for morning, the captain lifted up his hands in silent and distressful ejaculation.

"At this dreadful moment, the ship struck, with such violence as to dash the heads of those standing in the cuddy against the deck above them, and the shock was accompanied by a shriek of horror that burst at one instant from every quarter of the ship.

"Many of the seamen, who had been remarkably inattentive and remiss in their duty during great part of the storm, now poured upon deck, where no exertions of the officers could keep them, while their assistance might have been useful. They had actually skulked in their hammocks, leaving the working of the pumps and other necessary labours to the officers of the ship, and the soldiers, who had made uncommon exertions. Roused by a sense of their danger, the same seamen, at this moment, in frantic exclamations, demanded of heaven and their fellow-sufferers that succour which their own efforts timely made, might possibly have procured.

"The ship continued to beat on the rocks; and soon bilging, fell with her broadside towards the shore. When she struck, a number of the men climbed up the ensign-staff, under an apprehension of her immediately going to pieces.

"Mr. Meriton, at this crisis, offered to these unhappy beings the best advice which could be given; he recommended that all should come to the side of the ship lying lowest on the rocks, and singly to take the opportunities which might then offer, of escaping to the shore.

"Having thus provided, to the utmost of his power, for the safety of the desponding crew, he returned to the round-house, where, by this time, all the passengers, and most of the officers had assembled. The latter were employed in offering consolation to the unfortunate ladies; and, with unparalleled magnanimity, suffering their compassion for the fair and amiable companions of their misfortunes to prevail over the sense of their own danger.

"In this charitable work of comfort, Mr. Meriton now joined, by assurances of his opinion, that the ship would hold together till the morning, when all would be safe. Captain Pierce observing one of the young gentlemen loud in his exclamations of terror, and frequently cry that the ship was parting, cheerfully bid him be quiet, remark-

ing that though the ship should go to pieces, he would not, but would be safe enough.

"It is difficult to convey a correct idea of the scene of this deplorable catastrophe, without describing the place where it happened. The Halsewell struck on the rocks at a part of the shore where the cliff is of vast height, and rises almost perpendicular from its base. But at this particular spot, the foot of the cliff is excavated into a cavern of ten or twelve yards in depth, and of breadth equal to the length of a large ship. The sides of the cavern are so nearly upright, as to be of extremely difficult access; and the bottom is strewn with sharp and uneven rocks, which seem, by some convulsion of the earth, to have been detached from its roof.

"The ship lay with her broadside opposite to the mouth of this cavern, with her whole length stretched almost from side to side of it. But when she struck, it was too dark for the unfortunate persons on board to discover the real magnitude of their danger, and the extreme horror of such a situation.

"In addition to the company already in the round-house, they had admitted three black women and two soldiers' wives; who, with the husband of one of them, had been allowed to come in, though the seamen, who had tumultuously demanded entrance to get the lights, had been opposed and kept out by Mr. Rogers and Mr. Brimer, the third and fifth mates. The numbers there were, therefore, now increased to near fifty. Captain Pierce sat on a chair, a cot, or some other moveable, with a daughter on each side, whom he alternately pressed to his affectionate breast. The rest of the melancholy assembly were seated on the deck, which was strewn with musical instruments, and the wreck of furniture and other articles.

"Here also Mr. Meriton, after having cut several wax-candles in pieces, and stuck them up in various parts of the round-house, and lighted up all the glass lanterns he could find, took his seat, intending to wait the approach of dawn; and then assist the partners of his dangers to escape. But, observing that the poor ladies appeared parched and exhausted, he brought a basket of oranges and prevailed on some of them to refresh themselves by sucking a little of the juice. At this time they were all tolerably composed, except Miss Mansel, who was in hysterical fits on the floor of the deck of the round-house.

"But on Mr. Meriton's return to the company, he perceived a considerable alteration in the appearance of the ship; the sides were visibly giving way; the deck seemed to be lifting, and he discovered other strong indications that she could not hold much longer together. On this account, he attempted to go forward to look out, but immediately saw that the ship had separated in the middle, and that the forepart having changed its position, lay rather further out towards the sea. In such an emergency, when the next moment might plunge him into eternity, he determined to seize the present opportunity, and follow the example of the crew and the soldiers, who were now quitting the ship in numbers, and making their way to the shore, though quite ignorant of its nature and description.

"Among other expedients, the ensign-staff had been unshipped, and attempted to be laid between the ship's side and some of the rocks, but without success, for it snapped asunder before it reached them. However, by the light of a lantern which a seaman handed through the sky-light of the round-house to the deck, Mr. Meriton discovered a spar which appeared to be laid from the ship's side to the rocks, and on this spar he resolved to attempt his escape.

"Accordingly, lying down upon it, he thrust himself forward; however, he soon found that it had no communication with the rock; he reached

the end of it and then slipped off, receiving a very violent bruise in his fall, and before he could recover his legs, he was washed off by the surge. He now supported himself by swimming, until a returning wave dashed him against the back part of the cavern. Here he laid hold of a small projection in the rock, but was so much benumbed that he was on the point of quitting it, when a seaman, who had already gained a footing, extended his hand, and assisted him until he could secure himself a little on the rock; from which he clambered on a shelf still higher, and out of the reach of the surf.

"Mr. Rogers, the third mate, remained with the captain and the unfortunate ladies and their companions nearly twenty minutes after Mr. Meriton had quitted the ship. Soon after the latter left the round-house, the captain asked what was become of him, to which Mr. Rogers replied, that he was gone on deck to see what could be done. After this, a heavy sea breaking over the ship, the ladies exclaimed, "Oh poor Meriton! he is drowned! had he stayed with us he would have been safe!" and they all, particularly Miss Mary Pierce, expressed great concern at the apprehension of his loss.

The sea was now breaking in at the fore-part of the ship, and reached as far as the mainmast. Captain Pierce gave Mr. Rogers a nod, and they took a lamp and went together into the stern-gallery, where, after viewing the rocks for some time, Captain Pierce asked Mr. Rogers if he thought there was any possibility of saving the girls; to which he replied, he feared there was none; for they could only discover the black face of the perpendicular rock, and not the cavern which afforded shelter to those who escaped. They then returned to the round-house, where Mr. Rogers hung up the lamp, and Captain Pierce sat down between his two daughters.

"The sea continuing to break in very fast, Mr. Macmanus, a midshipman, and Mr. Schutz, a passenger, asked Mr. Rogers what they could do to escape. 'Follow me,' he replied, and they all went into the stern-gallery, and from thence to the upper quarter-gallery on the poop. While there, a very heavy sea fell on board and the round-house gave way; Mr. Rogers heard the ladies shriek at intervals, as if the water reached them; the noise of the sea at other times drowning their voices.

"Mr. Brimer had followed him to the poop where they remained together about five minutes, when on the breaking of this heavy sea, they jointly seized a hen-coop. The same wave which proved fatal to some of those below, carried him and his companion to the rock, on which they were violently dashed and miserably bruised.

"Here on the rock were twenty-seven men; but it now being low water, and as they were convinced that on the flowing of the tide all must be washed off, many attempted to get to the back or the sides of the cavern, beyond the reach of the returning sea. Scarcely more than six, besides Mr. Rogers and Mr. Brimer, succeeded.

"Mr. Rogers, on gaining this station, was so nearly exhausted, that had his exertions been protracted only a few minutes longer, he must have sunk under them. He was now prevented from joining Mr. Meriton, by at least twenty men between them, none of whom could move, without the imminent peril of his life.

"They found that a very considerable number of the crew, seamen, and soldiers, and some petty officers, were in the same situation as themselves, though many who had reached the rocks below, perished in attempting to ascend. They could yet discern some part of the ship, and in their dreary station solaced themselves with the hopes of its remaining entire until day-break; for in the midst of their own distress the sufferings of the females

on board affected them with the most poignant anguish; and every sea that broke inspired them with terror for their safety.

"But, alas, their apprehensions were too soon realised! Within a very few minutes of the time that Mr. Rogers gained the rock, an universal shriek, which long vibrated in their ears, in which the voice of female distress was lamentably distinguished, announced the dreadful catastrophe. In a few moments all was hushed, except the roaring of the winds and the dashing of the waves; the wreck was buried in the deep and not an atom of it was ever afterwards seen."

The most beautiful and affecting incident I know, associated with a shipwreck, succeeds this dismal story for a winter night. The *Grosvener*, East Indiaman homeward bound, goes ashore on the coast of Caffraria. It is resolved that the officers, passengers, and crew, in number one hundred and thirty-five souls, shall endeavour to penetrate on foot, across trackless deserts, infested by wild beasts and cruel savages, to the Dutch settlements at the Cape of Good Hope. With this forlorn object before them, they finally separated into two parties—never more to meet on earth.

There is a solitary child among the passengers—a little boy of seven years old who has no relation there; and when the first party is moving away he cries after some member of it who has been kind to him. The crying of a child might be supposed to be a little thing to men in such great extremity; but it touches them, and he is immediately taken into that detachment.

From which time forth, this child is sublimely made a sacred charge. He is pushed, on a little raft, across broad rivers, by the swimming sailors; they carry him by turns through the deep sands and long grass (he patiently walking at all other times); they share with him such putrid fish as they find to eat; they lie down and wait for him when the rough carpenter, who becomes his especial friend, lags behind. Beset by lions and tigers, by savages, by thirst, by hunger, by death in a crowd of ghastly shapes, they never—O Father of all mankind, thy name be blessed for it!—forget this child. The captain stops exhausted, and his faithful coxswain goes back and is seen to sit down by his side, and neither of the two shall be any more beheld until the great last day; but, as the rest go on for their lives, they take the child with them. The carpenter dies of poisonous berries eaten in starvation; and the steward, succeeding to the command of the party, succeeds to the sacred guardianship of the child.

God knows all he does for the poor baby; how he cheerfully carries him in his arms when he himself is weak and ill; how he feeds him when he himself is gripped with want; how he folds his ragged jacket round him, lays his little worn face with a woman's tenderness upon his sunburnt breast, soothes him in his sufferings, sings to him as he limps along, unmindful of his own parched and

bleeding feet. Divided for a few days from the rest, they dig a grave in the sand and bury their good friend the cooper—these two companions alone in the wilderness—and then the time comes when they both are ill and beg their wretched partners in despair, reduced and few in number now, to wait by them one day. They wait by them one day, they wait by them two days. On the morning of the third, they move very softly about in making their preparations for the resumption of their journey; for, the child is sleeping by the fire, and it is agreed with one consent that he shall not be disturbed until the last moment. The moment comes, the fire is dying—and the child is dead.

His faithful friend, the steward, lingers but a little while behind him. His grief is great, he staggers on for a few days, lies down in the desert, and dies. But he shall be reunited in his immortal spirit—who can doubt it!—with the child, where he and the poor carpenter shall be raised up with the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

As I recal the dispersal and disappearance of nearly all the participators in this once famous shipwreck (a mere handful being recovered at last), and the legends that were long afterwards revived from time to time among the English officers at the Cape, of a white woman with an infant, said to have been seen weeping outside a savage hut far in the interior, who was whisperingly associated with the remembrance of the missing ladies saved from the wrecked vessel, and who was often sought but never found, thoughts of another kind of travel come into my mind.

Thoughts of a voyager unexpectedly summoned from home, who travelled a vast distance, and could never return. Thoughts of this unhappy wayfarer in the depths of his sorrow, in the bitterness of his anguish, in the helplessness of his self-reproach, in the desperation of his desire to set right what he had left wrong, and do what he had left undone.

For, there were many many things he had neglected. Little matters while he was at home and surrounded by them, but things of mighty moment when he was at an immeasurable distance. There were many many blessings that he had inadequately felt, there were many trivial injuries that he had not forgiven, there was love that he had but poorly returned, there was friendship that he had too lightly prized; there were a million kind words that he might have spoken, a million kind looks that he might have given, uncountable slight easy deeds in which he might have been most truly great and good. O for a day (he would exclaim) for but one day to make amends! But the sun never shone upon

that happy day, and out of his remote captivity he never came.

Why does this traveller's fate obscure, or New Year's Eve, the other histories of travellers with which my mind was filled but now, and cast a solemn shadow over me! Must I one day make his journey? Even so. Who shall say, that I may not then be tortured by such late regrets: that I may not then look from my exile on my empty place and undone work? I stand upon a sea shore, where the waves are years. They break and fall, and I may little heed them: but, with every wave the sea is rising, and I know that it will float me on this traveller's voyage at last.

IRON INCIDENTS.

I AM going to speak here of a little north-west passage which connects the waters—not of two oceans, the Pacific and Atlantic—but, of two rivers, the Thames and Mersey. Its "Point Riley" is in the longitude of Euston Square. My track is on the line established by the London and North-Western Railway Company. This body is not only wealthier than any other corporation in the world, but is distinguished by having a larger and more important field of operation.

The resources of the English people will be made very apparent when we have reflected that the value of the stock in trade connected with this one little home transaction is rather more than the whole capital of the East India Company, which rules over a hundred millions of people: it is quite double that of the Bank of England; and it comes very close up to the total outlay upon the three thousand miles of canal now established in Great Britain and Ireland. Furthermore we may reflect that it conveys every year more passengers than there are people in Scotland. Its monthly receipts (two hundred and fifty thousand pounds) equal the yearly income of a good many German Principalities. The value of the goods it conveys to and from the single port of Liverpool is fully a match for the whole export and import trade of Belgium or Portugal.

These are suggestive facts. Among other things they suggest, is the question, how can so much business be done with so little fuss? How can one company contrive to dispatch and receive along its lines every year nearly ten millions of passengers, and four millions of tons of goods and coals, at the same time earning ninety thousand pounds for the conveyance of parcels and upwards of eighty thousand for the transport of horses, carriages and cattle? How do Captain Huish, in London, and Mr. Braithwaite Poole, in Liverpool, contrive to keep masses like these perpetually rolling to and fro between them, with no more display of

effort than a pair of villagers would make over a game at bowls?

Easily as the whole thing seems to be taken, there is a vast deal of hidden work that keeps the line alive. One main secret of economical and easy management consists in the fact that the Company carries on for itself the manufacture of all that it requires for daily use. Carriages, waggons, engines, coke and gas, are produced on railway premises and by railway servants.

Besides the well-known London terminus for passengers, the many stations built along the lines, and the great termini at Liverpool and Manchester, there are connected with the railway business goods' depôts at Camden Town and Haydon Square, London; at Manchester, and at three separate spots in Liverpool. There are also waggon and carriage manufactories at Birmingham, rolling-mills for rails at Crewe, and locomotive factories at Crewe and Wolverton.

We will speak of the last first. The locomotive depôt at Crewe employs about sixteen hundred operatives, who are constantly engaged in the manufacture of new engines and tenders. So perfect is their organization and their skill that they at some seasons turn out a new engine with its accompanying tender every week, and seldom produce less than forty in a year.

The Wolverton factory gives employment to about nine hundred workmen, and these are engaged solely upon repairs and alterations. Crewe is the nursery, and Wolverton the hospital for locomotives. At the Wolverton infirmary may be seen scores of the metal steeds laid up, or rather laid down, in regular wards, as distinct and orderly and comfortable as the wards of Saint Bartholomew's. There is the worn-out ward, the rickety ward, and the "accidents" ward; and there are sundry other wards, in all of which locomotives are to be seen undergoing cure. Red hot pieces of iron are being forcibly administered here; holes are being probed, and nuts screwed on there; steam-hammers are battering; steam lathes are paring the callosities; hundreds of locomotive surgeons—stalwart, brawny-limbed and iron-fisted—dress and bind up the cases in their wards with a tremendous energy. There are sickly looking locomotives being fitted with brand new insides; there are several, in the last stage of collapse, having strong doses of copper rivets forced into their systems. Metal giants, shaky about the knees, are being fitted with new sets of joints. In short, there is every conceivable stage of disorder to be seen at Wolverton treated by surgeons, who are seldom at a loss. In the most desperate cases they effect a cure. Ninety-nine out of every hundred of these battered patients come out perfectly restored to their bereaved stokers, to run upon the rails as fast as ever, and with no diminution in their healthy appetite for coke and water. Even

the one incurable among a hundred invalids does not entirely perish. By the help of a blast furnace and steam-hammer, he is beaten young again, and eventually reproduced as a new locomotive, called perhaps the Phoenix.

Nothing is wasted in the railway hospital. The broken nails—the very hoof-parings and hair-cuttings and main-trimmings of these iron steeds—are turned to useful purposes. Odd lumps of iron, crooked bits of boiler-plate, bruised wheels and fractured spokes are heaped in piles upon the blast furnace; and, when of a bright white heat are welded together. Many of these welded masses are again exposed to a like heat; and then, brought under the action of a great steam hammer, become fit for duty as axles, or cranks, or anything requiring strength and temper.

In addition to the kind of work thus indicated there are, in various parts of the dozen acres covered by the hospital at Wolverton, many other operations to be watched. Huge and solid bars of iron or of copper are there cut through whilst cold and hard, as readily as a cook snips carrots in her kitchen; engines driving wheels of eight feet in diameter may be seen placed on a steam-lathe and spun like humming-tops, whilst shavings fly from their hard sides as freely as deal chips. Great steam planes, too, cut and trim, and smooth the most rugged metal surfaces.

Wolverton, having been formed entirely by the Company, is a railway colony. Not a hut stood where Wolverton now is when the directors determined to establish their locomotive hospital. Now, hundreds of pretty red-bricked model cottages, a neat model church, a model school-room, and an operatives' library, a mechanics' institute, shops, and even an apothecary's store, are there established; all neat, clean and orderly, and all exclusively belonging to the railway world.

At Crewe the works are on a larger scale. There, too, the Company has built a little town, let out at very low rates to the operatives and their superintendents. This is the great North-Western nursery, where locomotives, still in the first month, are reared by means of a steam dietary, and whence some of the greatest public characters of railway life have issued. Some engines are to be seen at Crewe of an entirely new construction, and of such power, that their builders offer to convey the mails by them from London to Edinburgh in less than four hours.

Much consideration must be taken for the food of working locomotives. To keep the whole stud of the North-Western Railway properly fed, it is required that six enormous coke-baking establishments should be at work incessantly, the consumption being at the rate of a thousand tons a day. Would it be possible to conceive any line of road so

horsed under the old system of coaches and waggons, that the animal should consume the yearly value in food of one hundred and seventy thousand pounds? Yet that is the value of the coke yearly devoured upon a single railway line. The company's coachmen, grooms, and stablemen, cost the annual sum of one hundred and eight thousand pounds; their infirmary, one hundred and fifty thousand; their carriages and waggons one hundred and forty thousand.

But, however large we may think these establishments to be, the depôts at Liverpool are yet more extensive, while the constant complaint in them is, that they want room. While looking through one of the five great establishments which the North-Western Company maintain in Liverpool, it edified me to compare the modern depôt and its suite of noble offices with the old single station, that for some years sufficed for the first wants of the line constructed between Liverpool and Manchester. That wry-faced little pile of buildings is yet standing, or rather leaning against more substantial works—a miserable little place that still shelters a clerk or two. The smallest hermitage of a railway-station, down in the remotest part of Cornwall, would consider itself now the superior of so trumpery an office. Twenty years make a great change in England. May the present New Year's Day be held to justify that new and most acute remark!

The Company's operations in Liverpool are now on a very large scale. There is a new passengers' station in Lime Street, with a great arched roof of glass and iron; an extensive and bustling coal depôt; a cattle station; lastly, there are two depôts connected with the carrying trade—namely, the Napping and Great Howard Street goods stations. Through them is passed one-third of the entire traffic of the port. There twenty lines of rail diverge from great piles of capacious storehouses; cranes are at work; engines come and go, tugging at long trains of heavy waggons and trucks covered up in black. Whence they all come, and whither they will go, and how it can be possible to have them all in order for a fair start by six P.M., every morning, puzzled me, the uninitiated, much. Each waggon, truck, or covered van, when loaded, has a coloured ticket fixed upon it, the colour of the ticket telling at once whether the truck to which it is attached has to go north, south, east, or west. As the afternoon closes men begin to sort these scores of loaded waggons, first grouping them into long lines, according to their colours, and then sub-arranging the carriages of each line, according to the addresses printed on their cards. Those going the shortest distance are put last, and merely have to be unhooked as they reach their destination. Ready and covered up by the appointed time, the trains glide away swiftly

through the tunnel, as worms run into their holes.

What sort of goods pass through these warehouses? A good deal of everything: bales of silks and packages of sacking; musical instruments and agricultural tools; ponderous machinery and children's toys; potatoes, pigs, perfumery; glass, grindstones, guano—all are to be seen here daily, hourly, wholesale, retail, and for exportation. We were assured that the average number of pianofortes passing through these depôts is not less than a thousand a month, nearly all designed for shipment to the New World and the Colonies. The brewers of pale ale transmit about eight thousand tuns of their beer annually through the hands of the Company's manager.

Little need be said of London goods stations; but in coming back to town I took a peep at the depôt for stores in Euston Square. There are lanthorns enough there for a Chinese feast; casks of nails and screws and hinges, full to the bung; tallow and oil enough to keep some tribes of Esquimaux throughout the winter; brushes, brooms and shovels in such multitude that one might imagine a design on the part of the North-Western directors to make one magnificent, clean sweep of it from Euston Square to Lime Street, Liverpool.

The East and West India Dock Junction, now North London Railway, connects the above named docks and the Eastern Counties and Tilbury railways with the London and North Western and Great Northern lines. It also passes on, as Londoners all know, from Camden Town, and intersecting the South Western railway, runs to Kew Gardens. This line is little and important. By means of its newly fitted depôt at Haydon Square, goods of all kinds which were formerly carted from Camden Town to the City, are now conveyed by rail during the night; and thus there is removed from our too crowded thoroughfares a traffic of about four thousand tons a week. This depôt has been formed out of one of the East India Company's old warehouses. Sluggish monopoly has given place to bustling competition. The amount of work done at this one station day and night, so quietly and unobtrusively, would very much astonish Leadenhall Street men. Indian corals and bandannas, China taptahs, preserved ginger, and nankeens have given up their rooms to Manchester cottons, Bradford alpacas, hardwood, crockery, and other English manufactured goods. The work at the great lifting cranes is performed here by means of a beautiful hydraulic machine. Huge railway waggons, heavily laden, are, by means of this power, lowered from the upper story, which is on a level with the railway, to the basement floor. There they are unloaded into carriers' waggons, and then, being empty, lifted again to the level of the line, ready to run and fetch another load.

At Poplar there are other premises for carrying on the export and coal business of the Company. Within a capacious dock steam colliers that arrive from Newcastle in forty-eight hours, are unloaded in one day by hydraulic machinery, and long before they are down the river the coals brought by them have been distributed by the North London rail among a dozen coal depôts along the eastern and the northern suburbs of the town.

Commodious and airy vaults for the safe storage of beer in wood, ready for export to all parts of the world, have been prepared both at Poplar and at Haydon Square. An idea of the extent to which this branch of the shipping trade is carried on may be formed, when I say that within those two stations I saw eight acres of malt liquor in casks belonging only to two Burton brewers.

Before ending these few notes of my North-Western exploration, let me say a word about the post-office department of the railway. The North-Western Company possesses twenty-six carriages fitted up as travelling post-offices. They contain desks, tables for sorting letters, lamps, pigeon-holes, &c. &c. Twenty-six travelling clerks and their red-coated assistants start every night by the mail trains. The letters have to be minutely arranged on the road out, ready to be dropped at the various post stations along the lines, and it is not often that the whole labour is finished much before cock-crow.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

GREEK EASTER AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE Greek Lent is over, and it is Easter at Constantinople. All night long great guns have been firing afar off, and small arms are being discharged by excitable persons at every street corner. You might fancy the town was being stormed, instead of holding high festival—so violent is the noise and uproar. During the day the streets are crowded as a fair, and perambulated by itinerant vendors of good things as boisterous as on a Saturday night at Wapping. Fowls, sweetmeats, rank pastry, various preparations of milk and rakee seem to be the chief things which furnish a Greek merry-making at Constantinople. Little boys with eager black eyes and tallowy complexions are in their glory, and go yelling and whooping about, to the dismay of staid wayfarers.

Here is a Greek and there is a Greek with splendid picturesque face, and dark matted hair falling about in wild array. I know no race of men more romantic in appearance. They go swaggering about from street to street in all the bravery of their national costume, and you may hear their voices a hundred yards off as they wrangle and glare at each other on the smallest occasion of dispute. The dominant

race, the grave and dignified Turks, carry themselves very differently. They sit about, cross-legged, on the benches of coffee-houses, or before their itinerant stalls of mohalibé and yaourt. However dirty, poor, and miserable the Turk may be, he always smokes his pipe with the same grand calm air. When two or three of them are together they may perhaps tell each other now and then that God is great; but this is evidently the only attempt at conversation which is suited to their sense of self-importance and the heat of the day.

Moving on through the motley crowd which fills the sunlit streets, and taking silent note of these things, I saunter along past the guard-house at the street corner, where the officer on service is smoking a pipe; past the artillery ground and its useless guns; past the immense dung heap which has been collecting for years beside it; and past the legion of dog vermin, who howl thereon perpetually, and form a distinct colony of their kind. At length I arrive at "the great field of the dead," or the Moslem burial ground, where a species of fair is being held. It is a strange place to choose; but I have remarked that Eastern nations generally are fond of playing above their dead; perhaps because they usually choose the most beautiful sites for cemeteries. The Grand Champ des Morts, which is the local name for the place where I now stand, occupies indeed one of the most beautiful positions in the country, commanding a magnificent view of the Golden Horn, and of the mosques and minarets of the Turkish City, and of Scutari on the other side of the way. They look very beautiful, seen through the clear air and reflected in the waves. I would almost rather take my usual seat at yonder café there and look my daily fill, than remain in the noisy fair. I turn indeed to do so; but there are a party of Greeks, hopelessly drunk, congregated round my quiet corner. Just at this time also, meeting with a friend, I find that I am fairly in for what is to follow, and so may as well make up my mind to it.

The paths are far too narrow and ill paved for us to walk arm in arm, our toes would be broken a hundred times over if we endeavoured to do so; we separate, therefore, and pick our way over flat stones and smooth places as carefully as possible. As we do so we muse upon the reasons which have always made Mussulman rule, at least in modern times, another word for semi-barbarism, national sloth, and indifference to all things. The scene around us now, beggars description. Though the afternoon is excessively sultry and threatens rain, every tombstone is crowded with a separate party of jolly Greeks; and there they are again swinging themselves from the branches of trees, and riding round on wooden horses made to turn about a pole. Some of the gentlemen occupied in these invigorating exercises are

reverend greybeards, with bald heads. I need not say, they are all of the same hopeful nationality—all Greeks.

Women there are, of course, none but the dainty dames of Pera. The men dance together their uncouth national dances to a rude and inharmonious music. It is the same dance that may have been danced by the companions of Leonidas and Miltiades, or in the ancient Chorus—the dance we see pictured on old vases and in the silent chambers of Pompeii. Some ten or twelve men, of ages between twenty and fifty-five, take each other by the hand and form themselves into a semicircle. They then begin to stamp their feet slowly, and to excite themselves, until the measured stamp becomes a frantic jump, the song a howl. They are headed by a dancing master who twirls a handkerchief, and directs their movements. One by one as the dancers retire from sheer exhaustion, their places are filled up by others, and sometimes we see some sunburnt old fellow look as bashful as a maiden when asked to join the party; but he always ends by giving his consent and will come scuffling along, blushing and smirking until he warms to the fun, after which he jumps away as lustily as the rest. I could have wished the dancers had not been so dirty and down at heel as they are; and I could have dispensed with the presence of a fat old lady in a great coat with her head bound up for the face-ache, who comes to inspect the proceedings; but, in spite of these drawbacks, the scene is curious and interesting.

Let us leave the dancers and look elsewhere; perhaps we shall find that the amusements of holiday makers are very much alike all over the world. We have nearly tumbled over a thimble-rig table! Gambling games of all kinds are going on as briskly among the tombs as at Ascot Heath after the winning of the Emperor's Cup. There is popgun shooting for lollipops of a dirtier and greasier kind than our own, if possible; there is throwing of sticks at a mark with an ingenious hole for the catching of the prize, to save the proprietor of the sticks from any disagreeable consequences of a correct aim. There are shows in canvas tents, inconceivably dirty, and music as discordant as at Fairlop fair. Everywhere there is the same eager, noisy, picturesque crowd, and life and death are jostling each other indeed. See, there is a breechless urchin seated on the sculptured turban, placed perhaps above some Moslem nero. He is stuffing himself with a filthy composition of rice and olives, while he yells to his companions who are charging at him down a little hill.

Let us go away and join the beauty and fashion of Pera. We shall have some difficulty in making our way through the dust, the men on stilts, the music, the booths, the sellers of yaourt, pancakes, rice kabobs (fried

nuts, olives, and onions chopped up together, an unsavoury mess); but we shall find the beauty and fashion quite time enough, I dare say. We shall find them among paper cigars, tents, jugglers and tale-tellers; but there they are. God is great! There is the bumptious diplomatist's lady, too proud to speak to the Pera belle and the young official nervously reining in a horse rather too much for him, as a wild Perote dashes by, thwacking the sides of his sorry hack till they sound again.

There will be parties, too, in the evening, made up of the New Cut and the Travellers' Club. They will not mix very well together; and there will be all sorts of silver fork squabbles in consequence. Already four persons have asked me if my companion is entitled to put the word honourable before his name, and evidently look upon him with much less respect after my answer in the negative. Ye gods, society's squabbles at Pera!

A DEFENCE OF FLEAS.

ONE of the peculiarities which strikes me most among the inhabitants of Turkey is their love of fleas. I am obliged to use the word inhabitants, because all are not Turks who live in Turkey; and all are alike in this respect, whether Osmanli, Armenian, Bulgarian, Wallack, Moldavian, Greek, or Jew. They pounce upon them with a cry of delight wherever they find them, and fondle them before putting them to death. They show as much art and address in their capture as a keen sportsman may evince in trying to get a shot at a flock of wild ducks. The fleas are not ungrateful for being thus held in honour, and have effected a very considerable settlement in the country. They are, in point of fact, one of the nationalities of Turkey; the only one which has nothing to ask of the government; which has no wrongs to redress or injured interests to bluster about. Most of the houses being of wood, they find warm commodious quarters—quarters which are utterly inaccessible to the broom of the houseman. I use the word houseman because there is no such thing as a housemaid in Turkey.

These little animals are so prompt and ferocious in their assaults, and have, moreover, such a keen appreciation of the delicacy of any fresh arrival from a distant country, that they keep a stranger in a perpetual state of liveliness and motion: which is, doubtless, extremely beneficial to his health, especially if he be slothful.

No idea of dirt or disgrace seems to attach to a houseful of fleas—these pugnacious little animals being looked upon as recognised proprietors in the country, and as having as much right there as any one else. Any attempt, therefore, to exterminate them from a bed or a sofa would be laughed to

scorn utterly. A Perote lady (and a Perote lady is the very essence of fine ladyism) will often stop several times in the course of a flirtation, languidly to catch a flea upon her dress: feebly smiling while she twiddles him in her fingers, and then passively dropping him on the floor. Two grave Galata merchants will stop in the midst of a bargain sportively to catch a flea on the shirt front of an acquaintance; and cracking out his crisp life on the counter, will proceed to draw a bill on London or to discuss the exchange, the depreciation of Kaimás, and the rise of gold.

No individual throughout the country seems to be able to resist the fascination of hunting a flea wherever he sees him. What trapping was to the Red Indians—what the fox-chase was to the squire of our childhood—flea-hunting is to the Oriental: it is a passion—a delight. As soon as the lively little game breaks cover, no matter where or when, the eyes of the Perote light up with an unwonted fire; a keen sporting expression passes over his face; he raises his hand stealthily by a sort of instinct; the certainty of his aim might pass into a proverb, and the next moment the hand has descended, and the Perote is twiddling his finger and thumb with tranquil satisfaction, and has resumed his occupation, be it what it may. He would stop to catch a flea, on his way to be hanged or to be married. He must have missed appointments, lost fortunes, by the habit; but it is engrafted in his nature, and is unconquerable.

I have gone into rooms where fleas lay thick as dust upon the floor, and each of my steps must have killed hundreds of them; but if I ever ventured to express the smallest distress upon the occasion, I became as incomprehensible to the men of Pera, as if I had told a Chinese I disliked stewed dog.

They will even argue the point with you, if you press them closely, and maintain that the flea is like the elder Mirabeau—the friend of men. They will tell you that fleas keep up an irritation on the skin which is highly beneficial in a hot country, and prevents the accumulation of morbid humours. On my remonstrating also with an hotel waiter about finding them constantly in the bread (some baked and some alive), that individual, who spoke all the languages of the world in bad French, assured me the baker had a superstition about them, and thought them lucky! Pumping him with a light hand, I found he was not quite free from the same idea himself, and that it obtains generally throughout the country. He said, that to allay the irritation they occasioned, was at all times a pleasing occupation; that it was to be remarked, no flea ever bit a man in a dangerous place, or injured his eye, or his ear, or opened an artery: therefore

fleas were the friends of men. He did not know (nor do I) what many of the Perote gentlemen would do if it were not for the unfailing entertainment supplied by fleas. He believed they kept people who had nothing to do, out of mischief. He said that the courteous catching of a flea upon the person of another, offered a frequent and pleasant opportunity of commencing a conversation, or beginning an acquaintance. That acquaintances so formed had often ripened into warm and lasting friendships. He had even known more than one instance of Perote marriages brought about by a cheerful and inoffensive gallantry of this kind. He was much surprised at the unjustifiable anger of an English lady at dinner, upon whose shoulder he had succeeded in catching a flea by an adroit movement of his left hand while his right was occupied in presenting her a dish of kid stuffed with chestnuts. She screamed, and her gentleman threatened to horsewhip him. He confessed his feelings were hurt and his reason confounded by this behaviour on the part of my country people. No Perote lady would have raised her eyes from her plate during such an occurrence.

I endeavoured to soothe him by saying we were a people who lived in an inclement climate, and to whom, therefore, the utility of the flea was comparatively unknown; but he would not credit it. He could not bring his mind to bear all at once on a fact which appeared to him so remarkable. I was like the Christian knight who told an African king that he could ride his horse dry-footed over some of our rivers in winter; and who was immediately bowstrung.

I remember a personage of no mean rank once calling my attention specially to see him hunt and kill two fleas, who were reposing together on the linen cover of a sofa. He began by rousing them into flight with the golden point of his pencil, and then pursued them in a state of the liveliest excitement for some minutes. (He had a long white beard, and was a man of an august presence.) At length he ran down his game, and taking them in the usual way between his finger and thumb, finally slew them upon the pipestick of a brother sportsman who offered it spontaneously for the purpose.

In the mosques, in the market-place, in the palace by the sweet cool sea-side, and in the coffee-houses in the hot and sultry town—wherever there is a Perote there is a flea, and the Perote's greatest delight is to capture it.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

THE shut-out wind is humming,
The trees are dark and still;
No sound is in the valley,
No sound is on the hill;

The fields are lost in blackness,
The heavens are all cloud;
But the echoes are stir,
And the night is glad and loud
With the swinging and the ringing
Of the massive bells, awaking,
The rebound of whose sound
Sets the heavy air a-shaking.

The silent days of Winter
Seen past, though but began;
For, the earth, like Age grown youthful,
Runs back towards the sun.
The swift and golden fountains
Of the light again are flowing,
And the infant Year leaps up
With his visage fresh and glowing;
And, with swinging and with ringing,
All the massive bells are waking,
The rebound of whose sound
Sets the heavy air a-shaking.

Our mother Earth, this midnight,
Is merrier than she seems:
A sweet new life is stirring
In her soul, like loosened streams:
The Spirit of all things living
Murmur round her in the gloom;
And she sees the Spring far off,
Starting out from leaf and bloom
At the swinging and the ringing
Of the massive bells, awaking,
The rebound of whose sound
Sets the heavy air a-shaking.

The seeds, abed and sleeping,
The sap within the boughs,
Give a start of joy, and dumbly
Join in with our carouse:
The nightmare-like December
In the fields is lying dead,
And the dawn-light of our rooms
Paints the drifting clouds with red,
As with swinging and with ringing,
All the massive bells are waking,
The rebound of whose sound
Sets the heavy air a-shaking.

The squirrel, snake, and dormouse,
Wake up in hole and nest,
And feel the New Year coming,
And relapse into their rest,
With a sense of the hot sunshine
In a forest full of leaves:
Yea, every living thing
Freshly-glowing life receives
From the swinging and the ringing
Of the massive bells, awaking,
The rebound of whose sound
Sets the heavy air a-shaking.

Yet more: Our earth-star ripeous
(What with sun-heat and with tears)
Through the budding and the dying
Of those endless leaves, the Years.
In the dark yet lustrous Future
What life-forms may be cur'd!
Every New Year's morn for aye
Is a birthday to the world:
When, with swinging and with ringing,
All the massive bells are waking,
The rebound of whose sound
Sets the heavy air a-shaking.

Not a year but has its purpose,
God-tutored and sublime:
Every moment, like a sculptor,
Shapes the marble mass of Time.
We shall see, in the great reckoning
When the final Good is wrought,

That each act was something gain'd
From the aching realm of Nought:
Even the swinging and the ringing
Of the massive bells, awaking,
The rebound of whose sound
Sets the heavy air a-shaking.

Daylight dies when night approaches,
And night when sunbeams range:
The dull days have made a turning:
Nothing changeless is but Change.
Let us sing, then, and be merry
(Since earth's dark side is but half),
Yet with conscience in our mirth
And a graveness in our laugh:
For, with swinging and with ringing,
All the New Year bells are waking,
The rebound of whose sound
Sets the heavy air a-shaking,
And old Death and young breath
A strange under-song are making.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

THERE is one great fault in most of the novels and romances of my acquaintance, and that is that all the interesting adventures are limited to persons of extraordinary personal attractions. Can't an ugly fellow meet with surprising accidents by flood or field? Must all the people who run up ladders when a house is on fire and save beautiful young ladies from being burnt to death—must all the heroes of this sort be six feet high, five-and-twenty years of age, and end with a baronetcy and twelve thousand a year? It is a most unfair distribution of the gifts of fiction, so perhaps Truth may be more just; and therefore I write down what happened, some thirty years ago, to my friend John Belton, of the house of Jones, Belton and Jones.

John Belton even then was not handsome; but he was big. Everything about him was big—his eyes, his nose, his mouth—but his manner was biggest of all. He was something like Louis the Fourteenth, only bigger; and with a considerable quantity of John Bullism in addition to the French dignity of the Grand Monarque. When big John Belton was Sheriff of his native city he expanded more than ever. It was supposed there would have been no room for him in the narrower streets of his jurisdiction if he had swelled out any more, so they didn't make him a knight. The consequences might have been awful. Big men, you may have remarked, are often addicted to very small pursuits. Belton was very fond of fishing. We used to laugh to see him affix a small bait to a small hook, and bring out at last a very small trout. But he was as much gratified as if it had been a whale. So every year when his principal, as he called old Jones, had gone for his holiday, and his ships were fairly off on their long voyages, and the homeward-bound ones not expected for a month, he used to pack up his trunk and arrange his fishing-rods, and away he went to his favourite

stream in the beautiful county of Hants, and we heard no more of him till a notice from Lloyd's summoned him back again to his desk in Riches Court.

One autumn he had buried himself as usual in the solitudes of the Downs. He had carried his conquering rod from brook to brook, and waded up to his chin, and toiled beneath his basket, and persuaded himself he was honourably and usefully discharging the duties of his station in life; and, full of this happy consciousness, he had slept soundly every night for a fortnight in the little cottage about nine miles from Winchester; which, out of compliment to that classical seminary, though without any pedantic regard to strict accuracy, he called his *Rus in urbe*. But, on a certain morning, the even tenor of his way was interrupted in a very disagreeable manner. He had risen early; he was walking at a rapid pace towards the scene of his morning's work, — a river at some distance from his *rus in urbe*—when on crossing the high road to get on the gentle down which led to the valley he was in search of, he heard the noise of wheels. Animal magnetism was not invented at that time, or at least Mr. Belton had never heard of it;—but he has often said that a feeling came over him, on hearing that very common-place sound, that all was not right. A sort of all-overishness came upon him, and he wished he had staid in bed, instead of wandering over Hampshire hills at six o'clock in the morning. The vehicle came near him and stopped—a strong determined dead stop it made, just at his side, and on turning his eyes towards it, he saw a young man, of seven or eight-and-twenty years of age, descending from the curriele, evidently with the intention of addressing him. He was surprised but not displeased. Belton was always fond of high society, and he felt that this was a Lord.

"Will you excuse me, sir," said the stranger, lifting his hat in a stately but graceful manner, "if I take the liberty of requesting a favour at your hands?"

Belton bowed in a very stately and graceful manner, too.

"Certainly, sir; whatever lies in my power."

"It is what I expected from your appearance. One gentleman is rarely disappointed when he throws himself on the generosity of another."

"Oh! hang it," thought John Belton. "Here's a gentleman in distress. I won't give him a farthing." But a look at the curriele and the beautiful bay horses restored him to better thoughts. "He's out of money, perhaps. I'll lend him twenty pounds."

"The obligation you will confer upon me, sir," continued the stranger, "is the greatest which one man can bestow on another. I know I have no right to ask it, except of the sincerest of my friends—but with me the

appearance of a gentleman is a sufficient guarantee that my request, though not acceded to, will at all events be excused."

Belton's weakness we all knew, from his earliest appearance in the City, was a passion for the genteel.

"Say no more, sir, by way of apology," he said. "I'll do what you want, I'll be bound—unless"—he added with a playfulness which never left him—"unless it be to rob a church."

The stranger smiled. "It is not on quite so dreadful a business. It is merely to accompany me for a few miles along this road and be witness to a deed—"

The stranger paused and looked at Belton, who by this time had taken his seat in the carriage, and was sitting in an easy attitude (as if he had been used to currieles every day of his life), with his rod and fishing-basket between his knees.

"I shall witness it with the greatest pleasure," he said. "Some important document," he thought; "his will, perhaps, or perhaps his marriage settlement." But there was a coldness and firmness in the expression of the handsome features of his companion, which did not accord with the idea of a wedding.

The fiery bays stepped out in noble style. Belton was great on horseflesh, as on all other branches of life and art; and guessed the prices of the animals; and told anecdotes of the horrid bargains his friends had made at Tattersall's; and was just in the middle of his famous anecdote of the Lord Mayor's horse which had been in the dragoons, and which horse carried his lordship almost into collision with George the Third on the trumpets sounding a charge, when the stranger turned his horses sharp round up a narrow lane, and put them into a hard gallop with an exclamation that he feared they were too late.

"It must be the will of some rich old relation at the last gasp," thought the discomfited story-teller.

"Is there any danger of immediate death?" he inquired.

"Considerable," replied his companion, and again whipped the smoking steeds. On breasting the height, "Thank heaven!" he exclaimed, "we are yet in time!"

Belton looked in the direction of the course they now took along the level summit of the down, and perceived three gentlemen engaged in conversation at the side of a phaeton from which it was evident they had just alighted.

Two of the gentlemen came forward and shook hands with the owner of the curriele, and looked inquiringly at Mr. Belton.

"The colonel has deceived me at the last moment," said the young man in an explanatory tone; "and my friend here has kindly consented to take his place."

This seemed quite satisfactory; and soon

of the gentlemen taking Belton aside, said: "It is useless, I suppose, to change the resolution of your principal?"

"This gentleman knows me," thought Belton, "and is aware what a pig-headed blockhead my principal old Jones is. Change his resolution!" he said aloud. "When he has once made up his mind, you might as soon ask a milestone to grow into buttermilk."

"Then we may proceed to business at once," said the gentleman, drawing himself up and assuming a haughty look.

"With all my heart," said Belton.

"Will you step, or shall I?"

"You, if you please."

"You'll drop your handkerchief?"

"Sir, I'm very much obliged to you," said Mr. Belton, placing his handkerchief in the breast-pocket of his coat, and considering that the gentleman was warning him against the depredations of rustic thieves.

In the space of two minutes from the time they arrived on the ground, Mr. Belton, with the half-consciousness of a person in an opium dream, saw some curious evolutions performed without having the slightest idea of what they meant. His companion took his stand opposite the third gentleman of the other party, who had kept some little way retired. The active individual who had entered into such a strange conversation with him, took long steps, loading pistols, whispering to the two gentlemen, and making himself excessively useful in a way he had never observed before. The tall and powerful figure of his friend might have been a study for painter or sculptor. His lips firmly contracted; his cheek pale. There was one peculiarity of his attitude which it was impossible not to observe: with his left elbow supported on his right hand, the left hand was used in continually smoothing the long moustaches which adorned his lips. While all the preparations were going on he never moved from that one position, till on a pistol being placed in his hand, he turned rapidly round, watched the fall of a handkerchief which was dropped by the active assistant, and two sharp cracks went off at the same moment. When Mr. Belton looked again he saw his companion stretched on the ground, his face covered with blood, and the discharged weapon lying close to his nerveless hand. The third member of the original party came quickly up from the phaeton where he had stood; grasped the wrist of the recumbent figure, and shook his head on discovering no pulse. With a cloth which he had rapidly unrolled he tied up the chin of the unfortunate combatant, giving him the ghastly appearance of a corpse; and, exclaiming, "Gentlemen, this is an unfortunate affair. The wound is fatal. We must provide for our own safety," he aided the horror-struck perpetrator of the crime into the phaeton, mounted the box, and drove off at full gallop across the down.

This was too serious a matter to be misunderstood any more. Belton was terrified and shocked—terrified at the prospect of his own fate, and shocked at the dreadful ending of the unfortunate young man. He overcame the instinctive horror, which all men have of death, and placed his hand on the victim's breast. There was vital warmth still there; but he could detect no beating of the pulse. The cloth round the jaw became saturated with blood; and, sickened with the sight, bewildered with surprise, and utterly unknowing what to do, he was wakened at last from the torpor of his despair by hearing, at a great distance, the voices of some of the shepherds noisily guiding their flocks.

He rushed away, scarcely caring in what direction. In spite of his eminent skill in horsemanship, his practical education in that department had been neglected; and he had not the least hope of being able to drive the fiery couriers in the curricie, even if he had known in what direction to make the attempt. He had some vague recollection of a law by which the person found in presence of a murdered man was instantly executed, or at all events imprisoned for trial. But who was to give notice of the terrible event? Was the corpse to lie there, unhouselled, unanointed, on the summit of that bare moor, looking up into noonday sun and midnight stars with that awful visage, with the white cloth round the chin? These thoughts passed through him with the rapidity of lightning—perhaps they did not occupy half a minute altogether. But the good prevailed over the timid in Belton's nature; and he determined that his late companion, if beyond the reach of human aid, should at least have Christian burial. He made right across the combe or ravine by which they had ascended; and, on the upland levels of the opposite down, he encountered a man engaged in watching a great number of sheep.

"Can you drive a pair of horses?" inquired Belton, assuming as easy a manner as he could.

"Ees; I droives five," said the man; "and main hard work it be when they be all on end."

Belton thought probably it was tremendous work to drive five rearing horses, which was his interpretation of their being all on end; but felt sure now that the curricie would be a very easy affair in the hands of such a charioteer.

"Then here's half-a-crown for you," he said. "Go to that hill, and you will see a gentleman—lying on his back—only to refresh himself, of course. Help him into the carriage you will see near, and drive to the nearest surgeon's: he has met with a slight accident. In fact," he added with a faint laugh, "he has had a hurl out of his drag and requires a plaster."

"I be Doctor Whimble's man," said the

shepherd; "he rents all these downs, and lives in that ere red house among the turnips with the broken chimney pots."

"That's very lucky," said Belton. "I'll hurry on and tell the Doctor to be ready to receive his patient."

So saying, he turned away in the very opposite direction; and, was rushing off as fast as he could, when the man called him back. The summons shook him like a leaf; he felt his knees bend under him; but the man had only stopped him to point out the nearest way to Doctor Whimbler's; and Belton, saying he had to call on a friend on the road, continued his walk at a pace that would have done honour to a steam-engine.

But where to go? He had no notion in what direction his *Rus in urbe* lay. Even if he had, what was the use of going there? The hue and cry would be up in a very short time; the people who had seen him sitting so stately in the curriole would be sure to recognise him; and—here a dreadful thought overwhelmed him, as if he were already looking on the judge's black cap—his rod and basket! he had left them in the carriage! Was his name on the handle? Was there a card with his address on the lid? He could not remember; and therefore took it for granted that they were. "John Belton, Riches Court." What was the use of further concealment? He would inquire for a magistrate—for a policeman—for a turnkey; he would give himself up to justice. He has often told me that this resolution calmed him like a charm. He was now going to be hanged, and knew the worst. He even became jocular. He saw a considerable amount of humour in the rapidity of the change that had taken place in his position. Half an hour had altered it for life. He merely accepted a polite stranger's offer of a seat in his carriage, and had become enveloped in an affair with which he had no original concern, and must make his appearance on a scaffold for the murder of a man he had never seen before. In these meditations many miles were passed over, many bye-ways sought out, many turnings and twistings scientifically performed to put his pursuers off the scent; but at last he felt faint and hungry, and was under the necessity of seeking the haunts of men. Some smoke at a little distance directed him towards a village at the foot of a gentle eminence. He looked out for a public-house, and a little way across a field he perceived a mansion which he feebly began to recognise as one he had seen before. It was not, however, a house of entertainment; it was a red brick house; it stood in a field of turnips; it had broken chimney pots.

"I say, my man," he said to a lad of ten or twelve who passed him while gazing on the object of his surprise, "there's a penny for y^e!" Whose house is that?"

"That be Doctor Whimbler's, sir—thank'ee."
Doctor Whimbler's!—the very place in all

the world it was his object to avoid! The love of life grew strong as the danger of death drew near. He slunk like a guilty wretch from hedgerow to hedgerow, and finally got into a wayside inn.

Three or four labouring men were refreshing themselves. Belton ordered some bread and cheese and a glass of beer.

"He was dead, I tell ye, afore Jem Stokes got up to the Down," said one.

"Well, I heard say that he groaned four or five times after he got to Whimbler's," said another; "but whoever did it will be hanged, and that's a great comfort."

"Yes, it is," said all the guests, except one. Mr. Belton did not enjoy his bread and cheese so much as usual.

"It was a duel," continued the first orator, "about Miss Florimond at the Hall. The Captain said he would have her, though her father had promised her to Sir Charles. So Sir Charles shot the Captain, and if he's hanged she on't have ne'er a husband at all."

This seemed to be considered a good joke, and the men laughed accordingly. Belton did not laugh, but he joined in the conversation.

"Miss Florimond will be much to be pitied," he said. "Who was the Captain?"

"He's the dead man up at old Whimbler's; and there goes the beadle for the Crown's jury," said the man: "they'll send out a warrant for the seconds, and I s'pose they'll all be hung in a fortnight."

Belton left unfinished his bread and cheese, paid his reckoning without saying a word, and walked at his utmost speed away from the fatal neighbourhood. A coach overtook him when he was nearly worn out. It was bound for London. He got inside, pulled down the blinds and determined to keep his own counsel, and let events take their course.

From that day he was more attentive to business than ever. A weight was on him. But it was like the weight of a king's crown; it had dignity as well as care. He was the depository of a tremendous secret, and he swelled with the consciousness of the superiority which this gave him over everybody he met. A week passed on, and he was unsuspected. He ventured to look at the newspapers. Only once he caught a glimpse of the awful subject. It was an allusion to the late fatal duel in Hampshire, and though the reporter was wrong in the date there could be no doubt it alluded to the same event. "The seconds have absconded, and have hitherto eluded discovery. One of them is unknown; and the medical man, it is supposed, has gone to America."

Time had its usual soothing effect. He had visions of the murdered man for some days, but after the lapse of a few weeks the strange longing came upon him which has impelled so many evil doers to visit the scene of their iniquities. He would go to *Rus in urbe* once more, and make inquiries for himself.

He would find out who Miss Florimond at the Hall was. Florimond was a beautiful name. Belton was romantic, in spite of weighing thirteen stone. What an ending it would be if he—but then there was that Sir Charles, the actual culprit. It would be an excellent secondary punishment to cut him out. So, at the end of two months, Belton ordered a new suit of clothes; a bright green satin waistcoat; with a diamond stud in the frill of his shirt, which would have equalled a king's ransom if it had been real; a pair of boots with fixed brass spurs on the heels; and set off, without consulting anybody, to resume his apartments in the *Rue in urbe*.

The plea of a sudden call to town soon explained to his housekeeper the cause of his disappearance; and he lost no time in making all the inquiries he could venture on without exciting suspicion. With this view he resumed his piscatorial pursuits, and as he discovered that near the scene of the dreadful transaction there was a house of entertainment called the "Isaac's Arms," in honour of old Isaac Walton, he betook himself to his rod, and strolled, in a very unconcerned manner, from brook to brook, till, at the close of a sharp October day, he found himself in the coffee-room, or rather the bar, of the wished-for hotel.

If there appears a little frivolity in the ease with which Mr. Belton reconciled himself to the sad event, you must bear in mind that he considered himself free from any moral guilt attending the affair. He could not justly be charged with any intentional wrong, and as he had only had a very few minutes' intercourse with the unhappy victim of the laws of society, he had no feelings of regret for the loss of a personal friend. He had, therefore, got entirely over the first shock of the scene; and, if the truth must be told, I fear some little portion of pride and gratification mingled with his remembrance of the dead. It is not every ship-broker who takes part in a duel with a Sir Charles. "A meeting" is an heir-loom of feudal times, and a very knightly method of settling a dispute. No duellist has yet been hanged; and, till that tremendous event takes place, the pistol will be the only argument resorted to by people who have perhaps no other way of showing their patrician blood. These considerations had some weight with Mr. Belton; and though he would have scorned to join a housebreaker in forcing his way into a ladder, he considered it rather a feather in his cap that he had assisted at an affair of honour. Murder is so much more aristocratic than theft.

The bar of the "Isaac's Arms" was left in solitary possession to Belton all night. The landlord had been bottling off his winter's ale, and felt the effects of the operation so powerfully that he could not speak. In answer to some questions about Miss Florimond at the Hall, he hiccuped a good deal about the odds

being five to one, and then remembered that the name was Miss Rosamond, and that she was a chestnut filly rising four. The candles burnt themselves nearly out—the gusts of a rising wind were heard against the outside walls—a pale, watery moon moved ghostlike in the sky, like the wreck of the flying Dutchman floating noiselessly over the waves—the waiter, who enacted the parts also of gardener and stableman, came in with "the gentleman's slippers," and Belton, who was now very sleepy, could only gather from the rather indistinct replies of the multifarious functionary, that, though they were very dull just now, there would be rare doings next week, as Sir Charles was going to marry the young lady at the Hall. The surname of Sir Charles was unknown to the intelligent hostler; the Christian name of the young lady laboured under the same disadvantage. He had never heard him called anything but "Sir Charles"—and had never heard her called anything at all. But the marriage was to be on Wednesday, and both horses were ordered for eleven o'clock. This was ample food for a long series of meditations. Miss Florimond was going to marry the survivor—forgetting the gallant young fellow who had died for her sake. The whole picture of that awful hour presented itself afresh. He saw the frightful wound; the preternatural calm—the rigid features—and the girl was about to lay her hand, before the altar, in the hand of the man who had pulled the trigger—who had taken the aim! He tried to banish the thought, but couldn't. It haunted him, and oppressed his spirits beyond the power of brandy to raise them. Great were his efforts in that way; and perhaps his unnatural excitement was produced by the unusual quantity he drank to explain the extraordinary incident which occurred that night. I am not superstitious; but it is useless to deny that persons under strong agitation of the nervous system have their senses so sharpened that they see strange unearthly appearances which it is impossible to account for by the ordinary laws of nature; and, however difficult it may be to bring ourselves to a belief in these startling departures from the usual course of human affairs, I think that the evidence that "such things be" is irresistible and conclusive.

The "Isaac's Arms" was a long, rambling, old-fashioned inn, with a narrow passage running through it from end to end. The bedrooms lay to the south of this passage, while a window or two looked northward over some quiet fields, by the side of which lay the parish road. With the candle in his hand, Belton paused a long time on his way to bed, and looked out of the window. The night had grown wilder than before—the wind was louder—the obscurations of the moon darker and more frequent. In one of the sudden clearings of the sky he thought he saw something in motion on the narrow road, but the light of his own candle confused him, and

he laid it on the floor of the passage and looked out again. The quick tramp of a horse now met his ear, and wondering who could be in such rapid motion at that time of night, and in that retired situation, he slipped down stairs and went out by the northern door, which commanded the road by which the traveller must pass. The traveller pulled up and dismounted within a yard of where he stood. The moon was under a cloud—he could see very indistinctly.

"Is the chaise ready? They are close at hand," said a voice he did not recognise.

"I really don't know," said Belton.

The speaker started—and by a rapid motion pulled the cloak closer round.

"Are you a gentleman?" resumed the voice hurriedly.

"I should think I was," replied Belton.

"Then I am safe. You will be secret—pass on."

The clouds dispersed for a moment. The stranger was a lady of tall and graceful presence, closely muffled, but revealing enough of shape and motion in the riding habit in which she was dressed, to complete the conquest which her musical voice had begun. But Belton had no time for the display of his admiration. The stranger disappeared, and the horse, when left to itself, celebrated his recovered liberty by some well directed kicks in the immediate proximity of Mr. Belton's eyes, which made him beat a rapid retreat towards the house. The clatter of the emancipated animal's gallop was shortly lost in distance, and Belton, after ten minutes' ineffectual search for the mysterious lady, gave up the attempt to discover her retreat; and, wearied more than ever, chilled with the night air, and puzzled at the strange event, he went once more up-stairs and entered on the long narrow passage which conducted to his room. His candle was still on the floor; and, on going forward to lift it up, he saw as distinctly as if it had been in open day a figure, standing silent and erect at the other end. It was not fancy that conjured up the terrible appearance. It was the form of a tall and handsome man—resting the left elbow in the right hand, and smoothing the moustache—there was the same firm expression of the eyes and mouth, and round the jaw was rolled a white cloth concealing the cheek, and sustaining the chin exactly as he had seen it applied by the surgeon on the morning of the death.

Belton gazed horror-struck for some time. The figure made no movement. There it stood fixed and rigid, still playing with the moustache, and looking with those unearthly eyes as if expecting to be addressed by the witness of his fate. Belton could stand the sight no longer, but made a forward rush to seize his candle. In his terror and agitation he overturned the light, and the duellist and

his second were left in total darkness. Ever through the long hours of that awful night Belton who groped his way to his bed, saw nothing but the features of the murdered man; near him—near him they seemed to come; if sleep for a moment closed his eyes, clearer and clearer the phantom rose to view; and feverish, ill, and with conscience awakened with all its stings, he rose early in the morning, and, without any allusion to the adventures of the night, betook himself to town.

There was something too painful in this incident to be kept entirely to himself. He told it to his friends. I heard it very soon after it occurred; and though we all goodnaturedly laboured to dispel his allusion, it was in vain. He became, as the saying is, an altered character. He subscribed to charities, and became governor of hospitals, and grew immensely rich, and had a charming family, and gave dinners to lords, and put Charlie Belton, his eldest son, into the crack regiment of the service. The memory of the night at the "Isaac's Arms" by these means was beginning to die out, or at least it was not so much talked of as before. But, about two years ago, he asked me to go with him to Gravesend in a magnificent new ship he had just launched, which was going to carry out the recently appointed Governor to one of our noblest dependencies. The great man was to embark at Gravesend, and Belton resolved to get everything ready for his reception. The cabins designed for his Excellency and suite were fitted up as if for an Indian King, and very difficult to please must his Excellency have been, if he felt discontented with the attention bestowed on his comfort. The small vessel which brought him on board at Gravesend was to take us on shore. The Governor stepped on deck and was received by Belton with all the respect due to his rank. He was a man about fifty years of age, and supported on his arm a lady a few years younger but still wearing the remains of exquisite beauty. With somewhat haughty manners he had a bold manly appearance which attracted notice, and a sweet smile which won our liking. He stood near the helm and looked with admiration at the proportions of the noble ship. Belton shook hands with him and wished him a prosperous voyage. We then got into the vessel at the side, and on looking once more to the quarter-deck we had left—"See there!—see there!" whispered Belton to me. "Look how he stands!"

The Governor had rested his left elbow in his hand, and was smoothing his moustache. There was a visible scar on his left cheek, imperfectly concealed by his whisker.

"That's the man I saw die on the Hampshire Downs, whose ghost I saw at the 'Isaac's Arms.' I can't be mistaken."

"Perhaps you are," I said. "Perhaps he was only wounded—perhaps he ran away with the intended bride of his rival—perhaps you had taken too much brandy and water."

But Belton was overcome with astonishment. On arriving in town we looked at one of the biographical compilations of the day; we found he had served in all quarters of the globe, and that he had married Miss Florimond, daughter of Alfred Hope, Esquire, of the Hall.

Belton was disappointed and displeased to find that his ghostly visitation had faded in the light of common day. But there are some people who turn everything to profit. Charlie Belton was shortly afterwards ordered on foreign service within the limits of his Excellency's command. A letter from Belton, with an account of his share in certain transactions long ago, produced a friendship which it is probable will never decrease. Charlie is aide-de-camp to the Governor, and has outstripped all his contemporaries in the rapidity of his rise. And Belton himself thinks that duels are sometimes excellent things, and is no believer in ghosts.

CHIPS.

VOICES FROM THE DEEP.

THERE have drifted ashore to us a chip or two sent over ships' sides. One is a letter from a master mariner at the Antipodes, evoked by two former articles in this journal.* The master mariner not only confirms the account that has been given in these pages of the Sailors' Homes Afloat, but even reveals to us, below the lowest deep depicted there, a lower deep. Worse than the top-gallant, he says, is the lower fore-castle.

The main thing to be seen to by any man who desires to advocate the cause of the seaman is, says our friend, "better house-room, that when they are off duty, they may have a place somewhat fit for a human being to live in. Act of Parliament says they are to have nine feet of deck space; now, any one that knows anything of shipboard, must be aware that this is not enough when it is measured, as it is in a ship's fore-castle, with the round of the bow and chain-cables going through it. Any respectable sailor-man always has a chest to hold his clothes, &c., and I have frequently been obliged to allow some of them to put their chests below, away from the place they live in, to make room for the others. Only give the British seaman better accommodation on board his vessel, be a little more liberal in his dietary scale, and there would not, I venture to say, be one complaint for

every hundred there is at the present time."

We think there would not.

Another chip comes from an Englishman who has picked up experience on board vessels belonging to the United States navy, and speaks of such a visit as it is in the power of every courteous Englishman visiting America to pay to any fire-spitter that sails under the stars and stripes. "I found the officers much more civil and good-natured than our own. Captain Fitz-premier would think that a mere traveller in search of information ought to go to blue books, and he would resent the intrusion of a strange man with a card upon the quarter-deck. Captain Cheke, however, of New York, was ready to give information to the full extent of his own knowledge.

"A regulation in America forbids the navy to employ seamen not subjects of the United States. Immense numbers of Her Majesty's lieges, and of those she may one day be ill able to spare, continue to evade this regulation, and obtain employment as Americans. The United States Government pays able-bodied seamen about two pounds a month, and allows to them such superabundant rations that ten men usually live upon the food of eight; they mess together and receive the difference in money. Their pay is, however, generally kept in arrear to prevent desertion; advances are never made. The Americans are in one point quite as weak as we; they fire a great many useless salutes, and every time a gun is discharged four-fifths of a dollar fly away in smoke out of the American treasury."

We are to be tempted into no remarks of our own upon the British Admiralty, and the perfection at which by long practice its workmen have arrived in the art of sawing ships asunder. We have produced our chips wet from the sea, and will not let them become dry over the heat of what might prove a tedious discussion.

TUCKED UP.

LITERATURE—though I do not say it as a lazy man—is full of sleep. Sancho Panza blessed the man who invented it. For Shakespeare's opinion see Henry Fourth, Macbeth, and other of his well-known writings. Bishop Hall, too, is not the only author of prose who has delighted us with beautiful reflections on that Great Restorer. To go no farther, there is myself. I prosed upon it in the first volume of Household Words, page three hundred and thirty-three. But what is sleep, taken by itself? What is sleep on a chair? and, with deference to Shakespeare, I may ask, perhaps, what is the comfort of sleep on the top of a ship's mast? Blessings on bed! It is but a sorry matter to most people among us to be

* See page 520, vol. vi., and page 236, vol. vii.

"wrapped round with sleep as with a garment" if we are not wrapped round also with sheets and blankets.

There is something—in a domestic way at any rate—sacred about bed. Not only by man, but by all animals, it is agreed that wherever the Bed is there is Home. The tiger picks his dinner up anywhere in the forest; the cormorant speeds over the waves and devours his prey wherever it is caught. But when they retire within themselves—when they go home to repose after their toils—man, beast, and bird retire each to a fixed resting-place. At night, when

The sea-fowl has gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair,

sea-fowl and beast are in their homes, and so are men, except those few of them who have been led by their social propensities to meet with one another.

Civilized man works hard with head and limbs; a good bed is therefore of importance to him. To sleep on the bare ground implies—at least in climates such as ours—the extreme want, a want more extreme than even homelessness; while, on the other hand, to lie on beds of down is a proverbial way of expressing the condition of those who possess every fleshly comfort in perfection. We know the man by his bed. It is the sign and emblem of his whole material condition. I am not sure whether a minute analysis of men's beds would not reveal as much of character as an examination of their skulls. There may arise, some day, practitioners who will construct out of this hint a science, calling it *Thalamology*. It should include a study of the bumps left upon the couch after a sleeper has arisen.

Latin writers, and especially the satirists, when angry with luxury, struck at their countrymen with most effect by lashing them in bed. They urged against them many picturesque descriptions of the rude state of the beds of their forefathers. Even the wealthiest of the real old Romans were content to sleep on straw, or on dry leaves, laid on the ground and covered with the skins of beasts. Etymology—good servant to History when kindly used—testifies to the fact. Of the two Latin words commonly used to mean beds or couches, one implies that the material of bed was originally "gathered" for the purpose—gleaned out of the fields or off the trees; the other, that the substances used were *treated*, and formed into mattresses, just as the coarser kind of mats are made in England at this day.

Juvenal drew a savage, Salvator-like sketch of an ancient Roman matron's conjugal couch, and it is probably correct enough. But as such writers believed that men sprang first out of the ground, or were spontaneously generated out of mud or slime, it is not remarkable if they erred in

supposing that every other people pigged after the manner of their ancestors. In each of the two most ancient writings extant, beds are repeatedly mentioned, as familiarly as we should speak about them now. Nor is it likely they were either rude in fashion, or of mean materials; because one, in particular, of the books alluded to describes a state of society so well supplied, not merely with the necessities but the elegancies of life, that no less than between twenty and thirty different kinds of musical instruments are named in it. The commodiousness and beauty of the furniture and instruments formerly in use among the Orientals, are likewise attested by extant sculptures of a very remote antiquity. As for Homer's heroes, their beds were, indeed, laid upon the floor; but they were made of skins with the wool or fur on, spread over with fine carpets, and these again covered with rich purple stuffs. The Greeks in later times slept upon raised beds.

But they were the descendants of those old luxury-aborring Romans, who in the period of the Empire—and even earlier—attained to the highest pitch of luxury—if luxury be costliness—in the appointments of their couches. They derived hints towards this, and many another notion of voluptuousness, from the nations they subdued; and they went far to better the instruction. Their beds were filled with the most delicate down; their mattresses were stuffed with finest wool. If wood continued to be the material used for the framework of their bedsteads, and dining couches, it was richly wrought and inlaid. Ivory, however, was preferred—then silver—finally, gold; the costly fabric being, in each case, made doubly precious by the sculptor's skill, and spread with cushions and counterpanes of gold and purple. Such delights were, of course, then, as now, attainable only by the rich. The plebeian, even after Sulla's time, still slept, as his ancestors had done in the time of Numa, stretched upon a straw or flock-filled truss; and still, at the late age when Pliny wrote, the soldier's camp bed was no softer.

In none, perhaps, of the manifold appliances of human life, are differences of condition and resources more observable than in the means employed for getting rest. A consideration of climate enters largely, of course, into the great bed question. The Esquimaux contrives a couch on the bench that lines his snow-built hut, and lies—snugly enough—overlaid with moss and skins, well warmed and lighted by his seal oil lamp. The native of the tropics lies down, without any covering, beneath his frail shelter of palm leaves; or, for greater coolness and security, may sling his hammock between trees, and sleep, rocked by the odour-laden night-wind. Such contrasts are agreeable as well as necessary; of the two methods, each is in its way equally conducive to repose.

Not so agreeable—and surely not so necessary—are the contrasts that shock an inquirer into beds, on our own soil. Here, while there are some who can sink nightly to rest in the midst of all the delicious accessories of more than Roman luxury, a greater number keep cold Christmas upon heaps of rags and vermin, on the cleaner earth. And if we do not talk of such extremes, yet, taking as a test the beds and bed-linen of the labouring classes, and of the classes nearest them in station, we shall find our countrymen to be less comfortably furnished than their equals in adjacent countries.

Misery, they say, makes men acquainted with strange bedfellows; and it makes him acquainted also with strange beds, and it is not misery alone that can do that. They who have travelled much, and through countries differing much in custom and in climate, must have felt every contrast strongly in this respect. Imagine the transfer, rapid as travelling now is, from a nest of eider-plumage in one of the sybaritic capitals of Europe, to the coarse rug of an Arab tent, or half a blanket at the diggings.

Great is the variety of inclination in the choice of pillows; some fancying, or requiring them high, some low; some hard, some soft. Madame Pfeiffer, who has tried the pillows of many lands, avers that the wooden bolsters of the Chinese are particularly comfortable. And was not Jacob content with a stone?

There is material for bed-making frequently mentioned by the poets of a certain class to which some reference ought to be made—roses. Who has not heard of "a bed of roses?" Who has ever seen them mentioned by any upholsterer in his list of bedding? But if the poets mean a garden bed of roses, full of thorns—their vegetable fleas—let them indulge themselves with a stretch out in the moonlight, or the rain, until the gardener sticks his rake into them in the morning. I am for a snug room, and a bed of the best horse-hair. Wherever rhyme does not forbid—even, I think, in spite of rhyme—I would suggest printing in such passages, horse-hair for roses in all future editions of such poems.

Surely we ought not to have false notions of bed, when we spend in it a third part of our lives. We ought to respect it too. It is our birthplace. There we lay, when there were lavished upon our unconscious infancy the first outpourings of a mother's tenderness. There we have rested through our measles, and, as children, felt the luxury of being ill—a little ill—just ill enough to be kept warm in bed; the object, all day, of fond service and attention, and dismissed at nightfall to sound sleep, with a double portion of warm kisses and good-nights. Grown people, too, have felt that luxury of sick-bed cure. "It is worth while being sick," exclaimed,

in his dying days, a late distinguished natural philosopher—"It is worth while being sick, to see how kind every one is!"

Scenes varied as those that the world without has witnessed—some more touching than any that its greater stage has had to show—have the bed for their centre, and the bed-room walls for their circumference. Even the outer world, however, has sometimes intruded upon its seclusion. In their bed-chambers, kings and ministers have held their levées (thence so named); and fair ladies have, ere now, received their visitors and adorers, either behind bed-curtains or at their toilets.

The word is full of affecting bed scenes. Gloomily from his meagre pillow the poor man who is sick looks out upon a desolate home; now raising his eyes imploringly heavenward; now, with a smile that slides quickly into a sigh, playing languidly with the emaciated child that sits beside him. He chides and soothes, by turns, the voices of the little ones that cry for bread alternately to him and to their mother. His health and strength were the sole wealth of the small household; but its sources are dried up, as the shallow brook dries in the day of heat. Alas for those who must draw water thence or perish, when there is left to them nothing but the empty bed.

Then we may change the scene, and think of the sick bed of the Christian statesman, the philosopher, or the divine. We may hear Walsingham repress the ill-timed jocularity of courtly friends; and Burghley, like Jacob of old, blessing the sorrowing circle that surrounded him. We may hear Jewel making a pulpit of his death-bed; or Newton, with that holy humility which belongs always to the great and good, speaking of his immortal labours as the pastime of a child who picks up shells upon the brink of the wide unknown sea. We may think of Schwartz, who, when unable to leave his missionary's travelling cot, still employed himself in the instruction of the affectionate Hindoo. We may see, in a hundred thousand instances, how a good man's bed may be made a school of wisdom, and preach more truth than was ever uttered in Athenian porticoes, with better emphasis than ever has been reached by any orator whose voice has rolled under the fretted vault or echoed down the aisles of a cathedral. But all bed thoughts are not sad or solemn. Bed taken in large doses is a cure, I think, for disappointment. Bacon lay many days in bed after his disgrace. I could quote cases in which a subsidence between the sheets has proved in no small degree effectual as a cure for a bad fall and sprained heart in love. Tindarides received a prostrating blow, when his proposals were rejected by Cleonthea; for believing himself to be desperately earnest, yet entertaining at the same time a fair opinion of the value of

his offer, it had not occurred to him to anticipate any rebuff. Being repelled, however, he retreated to his chamber, and to bed. Day after day went by—his friends despaired of ever seeing him again. At the end of a fortnight, Tunderides reappeared among living men in good health and spirits, went about his affairs as usual, and has never since mentioned Cloantha's name. All that he had of her he snothered in bed, and lived at ease ever thereafter.

A noticeable and necessary circumstance, connected with true lying in bed, is the entire giving up of one's self to the peculiarities—as far as, in such a place, they can be indulged—of one's own natural character. Together with the dress and ornaments of the day, we lay aside what Mr. Carlyle calls its shams. Bed makes of us unsophisticated men and women. The Lord Chancellor might be a costermonger, or a costermonger a Lord Chancellor, when they are both upon their backs. Bed brings them to a level.

The maid that chares—and, for her reward, as she acknowledges, "enjoys her bed"—is no freer of imb, or more natural of breathing, than the most fastidious lady in the land. It is impossible to tell which of the two may snore.

Widely different, however, doubtless, are the dreams of folks so different. Though it is not at all the fact, that people dream most at night about things that have occupied them in the daytime, yet it is true, that the general complexion of dreams is in harmony with each person's peculiar character and habits. The courtier, the lawyer, the parson, the soldier—all alike under the sceptre of the same Queen Mab—dream each with a characteristic difference. Our dreams take their colour from conscience, as well as from experience. They are, besides, as much influenced by natural temperament, as by any other agency. The melancholy and contemplative Hamlet had bad dreams; while many a differently tempered man has had to complain of the cock—or, if a Londoner, the sweep who

"Reft away
His fancied bliss, and brought substantial woe."

Perhaps the most marvellous among bed incidents, is that a sleeping man should quit his place of refuge; that in dark nights and while his senses are chained up, a person shall get up out of his bed to perform a series of actions, for the performance of which in his waking hours the carefullest use of the senses is quite indispensable. For the sleeper to get out of bed is at least irrational, and it is very marvellous, for even when we are awake the act of rising is not easy.

What are we to do at night, if we don't sleep? We cannot all live the life of the artificer or field labourer.

"He, all day,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus; and at night
Sleeps in Elysium."

But the man of thought is very often wakeful. He may need more sleep than others, but he will not always have it. In periods of mental anxiety, too, and in sickness and old age, sleep, which so freely visits the healthy, the happy, and the young, is apt, like a false friend, to keep at a distance. It is hard, sometimes, for the best and wisest to fill an unquiet night with peaceful ruminations. The best use of such hours is the devotional. The author of the *Morning and Evening Hymns*, sung by every English child, likewise composed one, which is less known, for midnight; it was his custom, at the proper hour, to accompany this hymn with his lute. Dr. Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man, in whom we witness the nearest recent approach in the Church of England to a truly primitive bishop, was often heard in his sick-bed, soothing the hours of wakefulness and pain with midnight orisons. After the death of another prelate of the like stamp, Andrewes, the manuscript of whose *Book of Devotion*, now equally familiar to the scholar's desk and to the table of the cottager, was found in his bed "so soiled by usage, and stained with tears, that it was scarcely readable."

Another useful bed employment when one waits for sleep, is to recal to distinct remembrance agreeable and innocent passages of one's past life, to renew virtuous friendships, to rejoice again over just successes, to encourage a just sentiment concerning them. Bishop Hall (who has a fine passage, somewhere, in relation to this subject) observes that he is a miserable student who allows his waking thoughts at night to run in the same current as his work by day. Nevertheless, I have faith in the benefit of concentrated thought, as a refreshment—an anodyne—to a brain wearied with the random freaks of its own wakeful fancy. Some students—among whom the great thinker, Descartes, may be quoted—have adopted the practice of making their bed their study; tempted to this abuse of a good thing by experience of the aid to profound meditation afforded by the easy, recumbent posture, and the silence of a solitary chamber.

The last lying in bed, what is that like? One wonders how that person feels, whose whole world has been turned into a bedstead. What are the feelings of the man so cribbed and cabined, when he thinks of the work at that time being done in the sunlight by the healthy and the strong? Then, however, is the time for looking forward.

For, there is another bed to come—the grave—and it is only a temporary resting-place. So poetry names it the "narrow bed," but it is the poetry of simple truth. We make the grave, too, in a cemetery; and what

does cemetery mean? Etymology replies that it means dormitory. It is a bedroom—nothing more.

THE HORSE GUARDS RAMPANT.

Ir Sense were duly installed at the Horse Guards as commander-in-chief for a twelve month, *viz* Tradition inviolated, there would soon be bustle in the British army. Almost everything needs to be changed except the courage and spirit of the men. We have brave soldiers who go hampered into battle, and are never beaten—fighting often, it is true, with other bodies of men hampered absurdly like themselves. They wear coats of the brightest colour, that they may be easy marks for the shot of the enemy; they are half-strangled with stocks which prevent the free passage of venous blood out of the head, and hinder the brain from working clearly, or the eye from keeping its sight keen. The infantry are ill-clothed, and march with their chests oppressed by the ill-arranged belt of a clumsy and heavy knapsack which is a direct cause of disease. The cavalry are perched on military saddles, and taught to ride in a military style, which is not half so free and firm as the style usually adopted by the same men when they go out after the hounds and ride like English gentlemen—the best riders in all Europe. Their swords, grated down in steel scabbards, are scarcely more capable of cutting, than policemen's truncheons; their carbines are so slung as to gall the wearer's hips if his horse trots; and the rider is so heavily weighted with encumbrances of arms and armour, that the best horse cannot sustain a pace of seven miles an hour. We could fill some columns with a mere bald list of the things that require alteration in the British army.

We are certainly not fighting men ourselves, and we cannot read in a cold-blooded way about hacking and hewing. Inevitable as war for some time must continue to be, we are never able to leave out of sight its misery and horror. No feeling of humanity, however, can induce us to remain contented with the fact that thousands of our English soldiers, and many foreign soldiers, are sent into a battle trussed for slaughter, and deprived of at least half the use of their limbs, and that their lives are sacrificed to antiquated notions of correct military "style."

We invite attention to the two remarkably fine men on show daily on each side of the Horse Guards. With the permission of the police, let us have a battle in Whitehall: let us mount a street boy on an active pony, put a pistol into his hand and bid him fight them. He snaps his powder in the face of one by way of challenge. Out they come, brave fellows, able in themselves to crush the ragamuffin; but, outside themselves there

is their handsome armour, and there are all their ponderous equipments. By the time their horses have made such a rush as the great loads upon their backs will permit, and have carried them abreast of the Treasury doors, the ragamuffin has reached Westminster Bridge—where he has time to load quietly—and comes back to the charge. One handsome trooper strikes at him; and if he could reach the nimble enemy (though his sword probably would not draw blood), the boy would be knocked down. The enemy is off, however, and has shot the other trooper in his right arm just as he was lifting up his carbine. Away gallops the pony, then, to Charing Cross, the troopers lumbering behind. The unwounded soldier takes to his carbine, but it is so much encumbered with the belt and hook, that he is unable to bring it freely to his shoulder; he cannot take good aim and misses. The boy has reloaded his one pistol once more behind the Opera Colonnade; and, galloping round the two soldiers at Charing Cross, inflicts a second wound upon the one whose arm is shot, and retreats; slowly pursued by one guardsman, whose horse is already at a loss for wind. Soon finding time to load again, he inflicts a wound so serious on the pursuer, that he reels, and by the very weight of his impediments, is overbalanced and unseated. Galloping back to Charing Cross, the boy finds that the other man in armour has already toppled off his horse's back. He makes the two handsome Horse Guards both his prisoners.

Very absurd, perhaps; but not impossible. Call the street boy a Cossack, with a lance—so blunt that twenty blows from it have been borne without fatal hurt—and such a Cossack, mounted on a pony, is the man who was the terror of magnificent French cuirassiers, and killed or captured them at the rate of about two a day. Call the boy a Sikh, with free limbs and a sharp sword; and such a Sikh is the man who cuts down English soldiers at a blow. The Swiss, going on foot only with pikes and halberds against heavy French gendarmerie, almost annihilated them at the battle of Novara. Marshal Saxe said, "Cavalry which cannot charge at speed over a couple of thousand yards, to pounce upon the foe, is good for nothing." Charge at speed! In the last war the fine French cuirassiers were compelled to charge at a trot, because their horses could not work under their weight; and awful was the execution done upon them. The effect of improved artillery on cavalry of that kind in the present day would be terrible. If the French cavalry at Waterloo had been a little lighter; if it could, after Marshal Saxe's plan, have pounced upon the British squares, leaving the men little time for second loading; Waterloo might have been our disaster, not our victory.

We have been particularly led into reflections of this kind by a sensible and thoughtful book upon cavalry that has been published recently by Captain Nolan. We shall draw upon that book for illustrations of some points to which we have referred. Captain Ganzauge, a Prussian lancer, has given this account of one affair between the nimble Cossacks and the heavy French dragoons. "Several squadrons were told off to attack the enemy in flank and rear during the conflict. All these orders were steadily obeyed; they pressed in upon the French, and surrounded their squadrons: here I saw, myself, many of the French dragoons cut down or speared after firing off their carabines, before they could draw their swords. The French steadily defended themselves at first, as well as cavalry standing still can do, against such active adversaries, who swarmed about them on all sides; however, presently, some of them turned, and their example was soon followed by the remaining squadrons. The reserve, instead of advancing to restore the fight, joined in the flight; in a short time every one was galloping towards Jacobsthal, and the entire plain was covered with scattered horsemen. Not one troop was to be seen in close order; it was a regular hunt, and most of those who were taken prisoners in it had previously fallen from their horses."

In the late Hungarian war Klapka relates a bold attack on the part of the enemy with a regiment of cuirassiers and a brigade of guns, by which the rear guard was driven in, only two thousand yards outside the camp. "The men of the ninth Nikolaus hussars sprang on their horses," Klapka says, "and galloped to the rescue. A splendid sight it was to see this swarm of light horsemen dashing in on the heavy cuirassiers, bursting their ranks asunder, cutting down, destroying, and scattering them in all directions. The hussars captured the whole of the enemy's guns, which, with a number of prisoners, they brought triumphantly into camp." The Hungarian hussars, who performed brilliant actions throughout the whole war, are really light and unencumbered troops. They wear no stocks, but simple handkerchiefs about their necks.

As for our preposterous military stocks, the best advice concerning them was given by Dr. Fergusson, the army surgeon. If the men's necks are to be tortured for the public good, he proposed that they should have issues established in them; they possibly might clear the head, while ligatures can only muddle it.

We would have—in place of these tremendous horseloads into which the members of our cavalry are converted, for pure purposes of show—active men tolerably light, supple of limb, good riders, riding naturally. Never mind what the height of each may be, if he be only active, strong, intelligent, and quick of sight. Even in what we call our

light cavalry, there are to be found men riding—taking them with all their trammels—twenty stone. In one of the finest regiments of the Hungarian hussars, the men are all small and well built, their average height not being above five feet four. There was an old military tradition, still in force in many countries, that the value of cavalry depends upon the height of man and horse: but the truth is, that a cavalry soldier should be as light and small as can be consistent with the possession of strength, nimbleness and vigour; that a powerful horse lightly and naturally ridden by a strong man, who is not himself weighed down with trappings, carries into battle a most formidable soldier, who puts the impetus and strength of horse and man at once into each blow that he strikes: who is in the best position for attack or self-defence, and who has the fairest chance when hardly pressed of fighting his way bravely out of danger.

It is hardly to be credited that in this land of horsemanship, our cavalry are, for tradition's sake, sent to expose their lives in battle, riding very much as Guy Fawkes rides astride upon his donkey. English soldiers used to ride as became their birthplace until the time of Marlborough, when France and Germany came to be regarded as great military lights, and English soldiers took to the riding ways of Frenchmen and Germans—who are never less at home than when they have a horse between their legs. The English are the best riders in Western Europe; our women ride better than continental men. Is it not ridiculous that our soldiers should be compelled by routine to ride after the gawky and unhandy fashion used by foreigners, whose pure misfortune it is that they know no better?

The Germans spend years over a military horse in teaching it to jump up perpendicularly, and to kick its legs out while still fairly off the ground; but, as riders, they can scarcely leap a three-foot ditch, and never keep their seats while doing so; in riding at a trot they bump upon their saddles like so many rammers bumping upon paving-stones. Our cavalry soldiers bump in the same way, because it is part of their routine duty to sit in the German way, with the legs nearly in one line with the body. The old knights in armour, being heavily weighted, were compelled to take care how they threw the centre of gravity too far to one side; if they had not studied balance-riding, they would often have come down, at unexpected moments, in the dust. But of what use are such traditions in this country? Englishmen learn to sit their horses as familiarly and safely as their chairs, and let their horses take them over hedge and ditch with perfect ease. The natural way of riding, common among us, neither galls the horse nor shakes the breath out of the rider's body. The artificial way of riding, common abroad

and ordained for the use of our army, does both, and does worse than that. The cavalry soldier who depends upon his balance, cannot give his whole force without reservation to a blow, cannot take his whole body out against the enemy when he rides into battle. Part of his attention, and dexterity, and physical strength, have to be diverted to the business of maintaining his artificial seat; sitting naturally, he would be as comfortable as though he had under him an easy chair, and at the same time would carry about, not only the whole of his own energy unimpaired, but also the whole energy of the horse, which would be but the lower part of him; for English riders when on horseback, are centaurs.

Ridiculously cumbered, and compelled to ride in the worst way, how are our cavalry soldiers armed? The arming of Infantry has been improved, and the artillery service has become very much more formidable than it used to be; but our men of war on horseback carry swords which, but for their weight, might as well have been supplied from a stall at the Pantheon. We see the effect of this in the behaviour of two classes of our Anglo-Indian soldiers: one set of Indians are allowed to fight with their own weapons, and to sit their horses after their own reasonable way; it is a very irregular proceeding, and they are called *Irregulars*. They are as brave as Britons, and acquit themselves like heroes in the day of battle. The brothers of these men become Indian *Regulars*, wear regulation stocks, tight regulation clothes, are perched on a regulation saddle, and provided with a regulation sword. The swords they rarely use. "At Rummugger," says Captain Thackwell, "it would have been difficult to point out half-a-dozen men who had made use of their swords. On approaching the enemy, they have immediate recourse to their pistols, the loading and firing of which form their sole occupation." Captain Nolan quotes a few practical remarks on this subject from a letter published in the *Delhi Gazette*, whereof the writer protests that "There is scarcely a more pitiable spectacle in the world than a native trooper mounted on an English (military) saddle, tightened by his dress to the stiffness of a mummy, half-suffocated with a leather collar, and a regulation sword in his hand, which must always be blunted by the steel scabbard in which it is incased. This poor fellow, who has the utmost difficulty in sticking to his saddle and preserving his stirrups, whose body and arms are rendered useless by a tight dragoon dress, and whose sword would scarcely cut a turnip in two, is ordered to charge the enemy; and, if he fails to do what few men in the world would do in his place, courts of inquiry are held, regiments are disbanded, and their cowardice is commented upon in terms of astonishment and bitterest reproach. This is truly ri-

diculous; the system, and not the man is to be blamed."

Now, although an English soldier trained to make the best of this preposterous equipment fears no enemy, English blood congests behind a ligature as much as Indian blood: and English limbs with fair play given to them, are of more use than the same limbs unduly cumbered and restrained.

In the Sikh war, arms, heads, hands, and legs of British soldiers were lopped off by the enemy on all sides, while English swordsmen laboured often in vain even to draw blood. Yet the Sikhs, as it was found, used chiefly our own cast-off dragoon blades, fitted into new handles, sharpened until they had a razor edge, and worn in wooden scabbards from which they were never drawn except in action. In such scabbards they were not blunted, and they were noiseless; they made none of that incessant clanking which almost drowns the trumpet or bugle, and quite the word of command, in the ranks of our own cavalry regiments; and which, unless the men wrap hay about the steel, renders any attempt at a surprise by cavalry perfectly absurd. The wooden scabbards, it was found upon inquiry, are even less brittle than steel ones.

A squadron of the third dragoons charged a band of Sikh horsemen under Major Unsett. The Sikhs let the squadron enter. A dragoon of the front rank thrust with his sword point at the nearest Sikh. The weapon broke into the skin, but did not penetrate so far as to do any serious mischief. The Sikh in return struck the dragoon across the mouth and took his head off. A Sikh at Chillianwallah galloped up to the horse artillery, cut down the two first men and attacked the third. He, seeing that his comrades had been unable to save their lives by the use of their blunt swords, left his sword in the scabbard and fought off the assailant with his riding whip—flogging away the Sikh's horse to keep the fatal arm at a safe distance. So he saved himself.

There can be no doubt that heavy riding-whips would be more formidable weapons in all warfare than the cavalry swords now in use. It would not indeed be a bad reform if battles were decided only by the thong, and if victory remained literally with the army that could beat the other off the field.

The execution done in battle now is mainly done by fire-arms. Cavalry soldiers in France, Germany, and England might as well carry whips as regulation swords. At the battle of Heilsberg, in eighteen hundred and seven, a division of French cuirassiers fought hand to hand with two regiments of Prussian horse. What sort of hacking and hewing they did one upon another may be judged from the fact that one French officer came out of the fray with fifty-two new wounds, safe in life and limb; and that one of the heroes of the fight was a Captain

Gebhart, who did not use his sabre but performed prodigies of valour and did great execution with the shaft of a broken lance—in other words, with a big stick—by the power of which he knocked several cuirassiers off their horses.

Captain Nolan quotes a most sensible letter of Cromwell's very much to his purpose. It runs thus:

"Wisbeach, this day, 11th Nov., 1642.

"Dear Friend,—Let the suttler see to the horse gear. I learn from one, many are ill served. If a man has not good weapons, horse and harness, he is as nought.

"From your Friend,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

"To Auditor Squire."

And so we are reminded that we have said nothing yet about the trooper's horse. Good as English horses are, and better still as they may be, there is a vice in our system which does some little injury to the best class of saddle-horses used for working purposes. The race-horse breed does them no good. For their purpose, race-horses suit perfectly; they are capable of putting out great speed for a short time. They have long legs, straight shoulders, and delicate constitutions. There is no power of endurance in them. They cannot maintain speed or hard labour day after day. Our cavalry horses are a little on the same model, long-legged, straight shouldered, and less capable of sustained work than could be wished. They stand high, and so come up to the old standard of excellence; but their height is one symptom of their weakness. They are no match for the wiry little Persian and Arab horses used by our troops in India. An officer in India rode his charger, an Arab little more than fourteen hands high, four hundred miles in five consecutive days, and the horse did not even throw out a windgall. A man weighing, when in marching order, twenty-two and a half stone, was carried with ease on a march of eight hundred miles by a small Persian horse, which, in the course of the march, even swam a broad and rapid river under him; the man saying that "a hussar and his horse should not part company," and declining to make use of the ferry-boat. Probably there is no horse in the English army able with anything like equal ease to do either of these two things, and it becomes a question whether the introduction into this country of a little more of the hardy oriental breed of horses, to the exclusion of a certain amount of our more artificial race-horse blood from the cavalry stud of the nation, would not be an excellent appendix to the five hundred other reforms necessary before English cavalry shall become as efficient as it ought to be. At present let it be confessed, that we are no worse than our nearest neighbours; indeed, not so bad, for they are not nearly so well horsed, are worse riders even in their own bad way, and are

equally encumbered. But if we make our army horsemen what they easily may become, and what each naturally would be if left to his own devices, we at once make them what our neighbours never can become, and, without adding a man to our cavalry troops, we increase by at least one third their power as defenders of the nation.

AMY, THE CHILD.

I FOUND the story of Amy, the Child, in an old German pocket-book.

One Sunday afternoon, in summer-time, the village children went into the church to be taught their catechism. Among them was Amy, the shepherd's step-daughter, some seven years old. She was a tender-hearted child; and when the clergyman, after speaking of our duty towards our neighbour, said, "All people who would please God, must do good according to their means, be those means ever so little," she could not refrain from weeping.

For, Amy was very poor, and felt innocently persuaded that she had no power whatever to gladden by her love or kindness any earthly creature; not even a lamb, or a young dove. She had neither, poor child.

So, Amy came out of church with sadness in her heart, thinking that God would take no pleasure in her, because (but that was only her own idea) she had never yet done good to any one.

Not wishing that her eyes, now red with weeping, should be seen at home, she went into the fields, and laid herself down under a wild rose bush. There, she remarked that the leaves of the shrub, tarnished with dust, were dry and drooping, and that the pretty pink blossoms looked pale and faded; for there had been no rain for a very long time.

She hastened to a brook that flowed by at no great distance, drew water in the hollow of her hand, (for cup she had none) and thus toilfully and by slow degrees, often going and as often returning, she washed the dust away from the languishing rose bush, and so refreshed its roots by the timely moisture, that soon it reared itself again in strength and beauty, and joyfully and fragrantly unfolded its blossoms to the sun.

After that, little Amy wandered on by the side of the brook in the meadows, whence she had obtained the water. As she gazed upon it, she almost envied the silver stream, because it had been able to do good to the rose tree.

On what she herself had done, she did not bestow a single thought.

Proceeding a little way further, she observed a great stone lying in the bed of the narrow brook, and so choking up the channel that the water could only struggle past it slowly; and, as it were, drop by drop. Owing to this obstacle, all the merry prattle of the stream was at an end. This grieved Amy

on the water's account; so, with naked feet she went into the stream, and shook the heavy stone. Some time elapsed before she could move it from its place; but, at length, by tasking all her strength, she rolled it out, and got it to remain on the top of the bank. Then the streamlet flowed merrily by, and the purling waves seemed to be murmuring thanks to the gentle child.

And onward still went Amy, for at home she knew there was no one who cared to inquire after her. She was disliked by her step-father, and even her own mother loved the younger children much better than she loved her. This constituted the great sorrow of Amy's life.

Going far about, and ever sad because she had done good to no one, she at last returned to the village. Now, by the very first cottage she came to, there lay, in a little garden, a sick child whose mother was gone to glean in the neighbouring fields. Before she went, however, she had made a toy—a little windmill put together with thin slips of wood—and had placed it by her little son, to amuse him, and to make the time appear shorter to him during her absence.

Every breath of air, however, had died away beneath the trees, so that the tiny sails of the windmill turned round no more. And the sick child, missing the playful motion, lay sorrowfully upon the green turf, under the yellow marigolds, and wept.

Then, Amy stepped quickly over the low garden-hedge, heedless that it tore her only Sunday frock, knelt before the little windmill, and blew with all her might upon its slender sails. Thus impelled, they were soon in merry motion, as at first. Then the sick child laughed, and clapped his little hands; and Amy, delighted at his pleasure, was never weary of urging the sails round and round with her breath.

At last the child, tired out by the joy which the little windmill had given him, fell fast asleep; and Amy, warned by the evening shadows which began to gather round her, turned her steps towards home. Faint and exhausted was she, for since noon she had eaten nothing.

When she reached the cottage door, and stopped there for a moment with beating heart, she heard her step-father's voice, loud and quarrelsome, resounding from within. He had just returned from the alehouse, and was in his well-known angry humour, which the least cause of irritation might swell into a storm. Unfortunately, as Amy, trembling, entered the room, her torn frock caught his eye. His passion was kindled at the sight. Roused to fury in a moment, he stumbled forward, and, with his powerful fist, struck the poor little child on the forehead.

Then, Amy bowed her head like the withered roses in the field; for the blow had

fallen upon her temple. As she sunk, pale and dying, to the ground, her mother, with loud lamentations, sprang forward and knelt beside her. Even the stern and angry man, suddenly sobered by his own deed, became touched with pity.

So, both the parents wept and mourned over Amy, and laid her upon her little couch in the small inner chamber, and strewed round her green branches, and various kinds of flowers, such as marigolds and many-coloured poppies; for the child was dead!

But, while the parents bitterly reproached themselves, and wished they had been kinder to poor Amy, behold a wonder!

The door of the chamber gently opened, and the waves of the Brook which Amy had set free, came gently rippling by, in the stillness, and sprinkled the mouth and eyes of the dead child. The cool drops flowed into her veins, and once more set the arrested blood in motion.

Then, she again unclosed her eyes, which so lately had been dim and motionless, and she heard the soft waves, like gentle voices, murmuring these words in her ear:

"This we do unto thee, in return for the good thou didst unto us."

Yet, a little while, and the chamber was again stirred by the presence of some kindly power.

This time it was a gentle Breeze which entered with softly fluttering wings. Tenderly it kissed the forehead of the child, and lovingly it breathed its fresh breath into her bosom.

Then, Amy's heart began to thrill with quicker life, and she stretched out her hand to the many-coloured flowers, and rejoiced in their beauty.

And the Breeze softly said:

"I bring thee back the breath, which thou didst expend upon the sick child's pleasure!"

Then, Amy smiled, as if she were full of bliss.

When the Breeze had ceased to murmur its soft words, an Angel came gliding in, through the low door of the little chamber, and in his hand he held a garland of fresh fragrant roses. These he laid against the cheek of the pale child; and, lo! they restored to it the hues of life, and they bloomed again. And the flowers seemed to whisper:

"This we do unto thee, in return for the good thou didst unto us!"

And the Angel kissed Amy on the forehead, eyes, and mouth; and then came life back to her in its strength.

And the Angel said to her:

"Forasmuch as thou hast done good according to thy means, and thou knewest it not, therefore shall a tenfold blessing rest upon thee!"

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. VIII.

McELRATH & BARKER, PUBLISHERS.

Office No. 11 SPADINA STREET, NEW YORK.

WHOLE No. 198.

ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE.

I do not know that I had anything to do at Dahomey, when I used to put this magnificent heading outside my letters to my brother Tom; but I do know the name of my appointment, which is more than most of us did. I was called Sub Vice-Consul, and I think I was the only salaried functionary of the kind extant. I was appointed because Sir Hector Stubble, Her Majesty's Ambassador at Dahomey, had quarrelled with everybody about him, so violently and so often that the service could no longer go on. I need scarcely add that he also quarrelled with me. He would not have anything to say to the Honourable Mr. Faddleton, our secretary, because he lisped; nor to his first *attaché*, because he squinted; nor to the six other *attachés*, for equally cogent reasons.

Between the Consulate and the Embassy there was open war; one pretending to all authority, and the other granting none. A person arriving as I did in Dahomey, from any other quarter of the world, and finding himself in an official situation, might have thought easily enough that he had lost his way and got into the Inquisition.

Sir Hector Stubble had set every living being within his influence by the ears. He had a talent for it. You could not walk across the street with a British subject, whom you met by accident, without that British subject immediately falling foul of every other British subject in the place—and there were a good many of them—all at loggerheads. Slander and backbiting, complaints and annoyances, quarrels and jars of all kinds were going on from morning till night. The very cats and dogs about the premises learned to look shyly at each other.

I never could account for, or explain to myself how a man so thoroughly respectable as Sir Hector could have contrived to make himself so disagreeable. He was a man of fair average capacity, upright, and hard-working. But a more hard, stern, unjust, unkind, unlovable man never stood within the icy circle of his own pride and ill temper. He was haughty and stiff-necked beyond any

man I have ever seen. He trampled on other men's feelings as deliberately and unflinchingly as if they were wooden puppets made to work his will. He was not a great-minded man, for he had favourites and jealousies and petty enmities; he had small passions, and by no means an intellect mighty enough to make you forget them. He was a fine specimen of the British Bigwig, and would have figured well as the head of a public school, or the principal of a college.

He had been at Dahomey nearly all his life. Dahomey was a very bad school for the rearing of an English gentleman. He had exercised too much power over others so long, that at last he could speak to none save in the grating language of harsh command. He seemed to look upon mankind as a mere set of tools: when he wanted an instrument he took it; and when he had done with it, he put it aside. Perhaps it was the long habit of dealing with persons placed in an improper position of subordination to him which made him treat every one under him as a slave. Nature never could have made a man so thoroughly unamiable.

Sir Hector Stubble had no heart, no feeling, no eyes, ears, thoughts for any one but Sir Hector Stubble. For him the world was made, and all that in it is; other people had no business there except in so far as they were useful to him. His private secretary or his valet—any one upon whom his completeness in any way depended—would have appeared to him an individual of much more importance than the greatest practical thinker who ever served mankind.

No one had ever owed him a service or a kind word. In seventy long years of a life passed in honour and fair public repute, he had never gained a private friend. He had been appointed at twenty-one to a position for which he was unripe—that of Secretary of Embassy at Dahomey. He had passed nearly the whole of his subsequent life among slaves and orientals, until he had become incapable of holding equal commerce with free men.

Now, this kind of thing will not do among Englishmen; few Englishmen are so much superior to the rest of their countrymen, as

not to find a great many who are ready and able to cope with them. So the chief characteristic of Sir Hector's mind became at last an insane jealousy.

Such was Sir Hector Stubble; yet he was one of the celebrities of the world. In Mayfair it would have been laughable to express a doubt about him; but in Dahomey we know him better. We had some pleasant fellows among us, as there are everywhere—men perhaps not very likely to do much in the world, but gentle and good-natured. The speciality chosen by the *attachés* at Dahomey was more in the agreeable than the useful line. They kept pianos in their rooms; and sang little French songs, which did not respect anything very particularly, to impossible tunes. They rode and dined together, and were great men in a small way. They knew the people of the opera in private life, and were proud of entertaining them. They were the despair of the bankers' sons and parvenus, whom they snubbed from the height of their grandeur. They were fond of patronising, and behaved as people having authority. They were exceedingly pleasant fellows, but I am afraid they were official snobs.

We gave our minds to secrets in the same way as our chief: we were mysterious, and fond of speaking nothings to each other in an under tone. Two or three of us were never gathered together without many communications of a private and confidential nature being interchanged between us. We took each other apart for the purpose, and told the same thing privately and confidentially to every one of the party; but we would not for the world have spoken it out, although it had been probably the town-talk for several days. Secrecy was the mainspring of our lives. Our minds fed upon it, and became all turn and twist and shuffle in consequence. We were taught to believe this necessary for carrying on the business of the world. It was our idea of diplomacy.

As for our Secretary of Embassy at Dahomey, he was a myth. We rarely saw him. Sir Hector hated him, and his appointment was a painful species of sinecure. He never saw a despatch, and of course he never sent one, except on the days when he drew his salary. When Sir Hector went away on leave, he knew as much of the business of the Embassy and the manner of conducting it, as people in general know of the political affairs of Japan. He was supposed to live somewhere, with a very private and confidential establishment; but further, we knew nothing of him, except that he was a pale, fair, nervous man of fifty, rather overdressed, and very much afraid of committing himself.

There was another class of persons attached to our Embassy at Dahomey, whose existence I could never contemplate without being filled with a serene joy. They were the

Dragomen, or Interpreters. In our other Embassies the ignorance of the staff is only tacitly connived at, the price paid for translations being allowed in the extraordinary expenses. But at Dahomey this ignorance is proudly acknowledged, and a species of official interpreter has grown up indigenous to the place. The chief of them is officially recognised by a salary of one thousand pounds a year. These gentlemen—I mean the dragomen—display the beauty of our diplomatic system in a very refreshing and agreeable manner. It must be borne in mind that the very key-stone of that system is secrecy. The dragomen are foreigners, they are not English gentlemen, in official rank they are beneath our seventh unpaid *attaché*, a raw lad of nineteen; are altogether in an inferior position. There is no world to cry shame on them if they do things now and then that ought to be left undone, and yet it is through the hands of these gentlemen that all those secret and confidential matters pass, which we fearfully acute diplomatists take so much pains to hide. They have brothers and cousins in trade—men who make their bread on the Exchange, and they have others who serve as dragomen in other Embassies. They form a class apart. I wonder how many or how few of the private and confidential affairs of Embassies are communicated by these gentlemen to each other. I wonder whether they have always been proof against the witchery of a power which spent forty eight thousand pounds in one week to mollify any who would listen to the pleasant chink of money!

Meanwhile, in my time, there were four English gentlemen who were appointed by Sir Charles Grandison (Minister for Foreign Affairs) especially for this service. They had been educated at the Government expense; and were known to be perfectly capable of performing their duties. Why they were not employed was a secret hidden in the diplomatic bosom of the mighty Sir Hector Stubble.

The duties of dragomen to most of the other Embassies at Dahomey, were filled by gentlemen of the country to which those Embassies belonged, bred to the business. In Austria they were usually chosen from the most distinguished Oriental scholars of the University of Vienna. In France they begin their career as *jeunes de langues*. The other Embassies had a decided advantage over us in this respect. Russia indeed employed one or two foreign dragomen, but then every member of that Embassy spoke Dahometan, so that it mattered little.

There are, perhaps, no duties which require more close attention and ability, more tact and judgment than those of an able interpreter. He should not only render the words of his chief, but the very tone and manner in which they are said. A remark made in one voice and repeated in another,

may have quite a different meaning, and a sulky stupid fellow might bring about a war. Every smile, every intonation of a chief therefore ought to be copied. A dragoman should look upon himself merely as the faithful mouthpiece of his superior. If he add one word more or less to a phrase, he may spoil the work of the ablest negotiator. No one can discharge such duties properly who has not considered and felt them. I will go farther and say that nobody can render rightly the ideas of one English gentleman, but another English gentleman. By the term English gentleman, I mean a man who has been educated in the ideas of persons of our standard of honour, and accustomed to live habitually with them. For we have our own straightforward Island way of looking at things. We may be right, or we may be wrong; but for my part, I believe a high-minded honourable Englishman makes the best and safest of negotiators. He must, however, be clearly understood; for if you bother him and put him out, he grows hot and confused. Now, in our negotiations with the Court of Dahomey, the British ambassador was not understood, for the simple reason, that not one of the dragomen had a thorough knowledge of English. Even their reports to the Embassy on the most trifling occasions were made in a kind of barbarous French, which it was a great question, nine times out of ten, if the ambassador understood in his turn. Bless my heart! Had our schools and universities no youths between the ages of ten and twenty-five, who could make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the English and Dahometan? I have known men who mastered the latter in twelve months. It is the easiest of jargons.

It may be readily supposed, after what I have said, that I did mighty little in my official career at Dahomey. But I brought away a thought or two on our Embassies in general, and I proceed to note them.

I should like to see our embassies form more of a council than they do; many heads are better than one. The wisest ambassador may, now and then, be the better for a little wholesome advice; although he never will be induced to take it unless it is imposed upon him. He grants any of his suite a voice in an affair of importance, as grudgingly as an absolute king grants a parliament.

I would like to see the duties of each member of an Embassy clearly fixed and appointed as in other services, so that he may qualify himself to fulfil them; and not be forced into a place for which he is unfit by habit and education, at the pleasure of a chief who does not take the trouble to know him.

I would like to see men of more real mark and importance attached to our Embassies. They would thus acquire an immense increase of weight and importance. A lad of

nineteen can be of no use upon a foreign mission, except to bring it into disrepute while he is sowing his wild oats. He is a mere encumbrance, and could learn his business much better at home.

Let us be represented abroad as we really are; in our best colours; by our best men who have really shown ability, and earned (not inherited) distinction. Let us have really respectable Embassies, which may help to advance the progress of science and civilisation all over the world; which may carry the healthy genius of our land from one hemisphere to the other, and bring us back numberless practical benefits in return. What stores of useful information, not only to Government, but to the public, might be gleaned by really able and useful men attached to our diplomatic establishments; by draughtsmen, surveyors, engineers, physicians, soldiers, lawyers, sound men thoroughly accustomed to observe, and scholars!

Our Embassies might be much more numerous than they are. At Paris, Vienna, Constantinople, Berlin, Naples, Madrid, we could hardly have too many clear-headed, hard-working men; while such a farce as our missions at Hanover, Stuttgart, Dresden, and so forth, ought to be abolished as ridiculous. *Chargés d'Affaires* with a thousand a year, not too proud to attend to their business, would really be of service there.

As it is, how does the case stand? Not one in twenty of our diplomatic servants knows anything of our real interests, either in art, letters, science, or commerce. Will you only consider the notable case of Lord Fiddledede at Timbuctoo. Yet he is but one example out of several. Useful treaties, therefore, are seldom made except by men like Ashburton or Bruck, who were altogether out of the regular line.

We are essentially a commercial people; and our public servants should be qualified to look to the interests of that commerce which they are placed in positions of honour and emolument to protect. This is precisely where our diplomacy most signally fails. It writes home despatches about the health of serene princes and their relations to the third and fourth generation; about the opinions of this man or that man on Noodle or Doodle questions, worth as little as the men themselves. It presents the assurance of its high consideration; and it smiles, and it dines, and it bows, with curious felicity.

I do not mean by any means to object to dining. Lord Palmerston never said a truer thing than when he assured us that dining was the soul of diplomacy. No good was ever done without being on pleasant terms with people; and an invitation to dinner is merely an assurance of good will. It saves a vast deal of trouble, talk, and loss of time. People

understand this. They feel expansive and good natured at dinner time—they are ready to listen to things adroitly dropped. After the fish and Madeira, little angles and asperities of character are apt to wear away. A cause is sustained with more wit and heard with more good nature. Things can be said, which could not be hazarded in a formal audience: I have known a matter which had kept all the pens of the Foreign Office at work for a long time, brought to a happy issue in taking up the odd trick at whist. What I complain of is, that our diplomatists dine and make merry, and that nothing comes of it. Lord Malmesbury indeed startled the diplomatic world by saying, in one of his remarkable speeches, that an ambassador was merely an organ of his Government, and nothing more. But I apprehend that this was an idea of the true functions of a foreign envoy, in which its profound originator will preserve an exclusive right for evermore.

No man at the head of our Foreign Office, though as able and indefatigable as Lord Palmerston, or as honest and laborious as Lord Clarendon, can attend to the details of all the business of all the countries in the world. It is the duty of the envoy to relieve him of this; to present him projects, already formed, for approval or rejection. It is the duty of every minister at a foreign court to make himself specially acquainted with the things relating to that country. If he wait for orders from the Foreign Office upon very many important subjects, his mission is an expensive folly or a deliberate imposition. Diplomatists being really able men, I wonder if International Postal Treaties would be such clumsy things as they are! There is not a merchant who could not suggest practical improvements by the handful on this subject alone. Consequently, I wish that English diplomatists would mix more with the commercial classes; and I would like to see a few more hard-working hands sometimes at the tables of ambassadors, and fewer stars of the order of St. Somebody.

It may be urged that a great deal of the business I have set down here is proper to Consuls, and that the duties of Ambassadors are altogether different. If so, I should be infinitely obliged to any one who would have the kindness to point out to me what the duties of Ambassadors really are.

The plain truth is, our diplomatic service has been allowed to run riot. Instead of being a most important part of the machinery of an enlightened and progressive state, alive both to her own interests and the general advancement of civilisation; it has been allowed to become mere useless obsolete lumber—or, worse than that, expensive and mischievous lumber. On the other hand the Consular Service has been remarkably well looked after. Lord Palmerston's numerous regulations for the guidance of consuls are models of lan-

guage, style, and proper feeling; and although the circulars of his successors have not always been so happily expressed, yet it is easy to trace through them the same hearty English rightmindedness. Why is this? The consuls are men who could be told what they are required to do. It was impossible to use the same freedom with Lord Fiddlededee.

We should have no permanent Embassies. The objects for which they were established are gone by. When news was scarce, and the intercourse between nations rare and difficult, it might be all very well to have the power and majesty of a great nation represented by the quantity of lace on a man's coat, and the servants in his suite. Now, all the nations of the world know each other too well to have need of such follies; and a black coat and a walking stick are as potent for all good, as a harlequin jacket and a baton. For all ordinary everyday purposes, *Chargés d'affaires* would be quite sufficient and more useful. If on any special occasion we require special Embassies, we can send them. I would fix the salaries of the *Chargés d'affaires* at the larger courts, at three thousand pounds a year, exclusive of table money; and at other courts, at from one thousand to two thousand pounds, which is still more than is given by foreign governments. If Government thinks proper at any time to choose a special man for special purposes, and desires to invest him with peculiar splendour and importance, then by all means let him have the rank of ambassador, or any other rank, and for salary, pay him what such special services may be worth; now three thousand pounds, and now ten thousand pounds, if the right man cannot afford his time for less. It is manifest that in all great international questions this manner of acting would be attended with advantage, and that a negotiator having special knowledge of the business in hand, would be much more likely to bring it to a useful and satisfactory issue, than a man who never gave five minutes' attention to the subject in his life. It is a great error to make diplomacy a close profession.

The mischief of the existing system is, that high place is not, as it ought to be, the reward of services rendered to the State, or reward of ability; it has proved an inheritance in certain families, and is considered as a provision for their dependents.

Office, in England, is notoriously bartered for political considerations or private friendship; and fitness and the interest of the service have rarely anything to do with the chances of a candidate. We have men enough in England whose recognised abilities, whose writings, or whose speeches, show as plainly as possible their aptitude for the public service. But our ministers resolutely refuse to know of their existence. Connection they persist in holding as the first thing necessary; and there is a joke on the subject, which has

passed into history. When Lord Fiddlededee was appointed minister at Timbuctoo, an angry politician asked indignantly what were his *antecedents*? "Oh," replied a wit, who has furnished half the good sayings of the day, "You had better ask what are his *relatives*?"

Are you, therefore, a cousin of the great Duke of Thunderbolt? Do you belong to the eccentric family of the Blazes? Are you the thick-headed brother of a thick-headed peer? Are you his importunate cousin? Are you the son of the confidential steward of his first wife's half-brother, who is paralytic, and has twenty thousand pounds a-year? Have you got a friend with a borough in his pocket, and who does not want anything himself? If so, nothing in the world is easier than to get you a place. If not, go about your business.

If you wish to see patronage in another point of view, I can oblige you. It is not long since that a certain very useful post was suppressed at the request of the Austrian Government. The official to whom it had been given was dismissed with a pension of one thousand pounds a year. He was quite a young man; and—what is rather rare in the subordinate ranks of the public service—a remarkably able one; yet there he was, in the prime of life, to receive one thousand pounds a year from an easy-going public for doing nothing to the end of his days. He was capable of filling almost any official situation in our civil service; but it was easier to give pensions than to find vacancies, and the Government of the day wanted every place which fell in, for its own supporters. Well, it was not long after the bestowal of this snug pension that the friends of our young gentleman returned to power. They of course lost no time in providing for him afresh; but he keeps his pension still, and if he have good luck, in these days of retrenchment and economy, he may perhaps be suppressed again, and may get another pension when his friends go out.

I would have the lists of candidates for all public offices submitted to Parliament. The ministers of the several departments may have the advantage of recommending this man or that man; but let his appointment be in all cases ratified, at least by the tacit consent of Parliament; so that if there should be any well-grounded objection to the appointment of any particular man it may be heard beforehand. Most ministers would be ashamed to recommend a Fiddlededee or a Tweedledum if the thing were not done snugly in the dark.

At present, Fiddlededee and Tweedledum are the great staple English sample. And many a foreigner have I seen—albeit he may have been the subject of an arbitrary government—open his amused eyes in wonder

at the extraordinary Island which delights so much to honour Fiddlededees and Tweedledums, and can find no worthier representatives.

A LEAF FROM THE PARISH REGISTER.

I HAD once a long search to make among the register-books of Chorley Parish. It extended over many years, and kept me poring, day after day, over the musty pages in the old vestry-room. Abraham Stedman, the clerk—whom we all know very well in Chorley—kept me company the whole time; and in one of my mid-day pauses, when we were sharing some bread-and-cheese and beer over the vestry fire, he told me the following passage in his life:—

I have lived in the parish, said he, going on now seventy years. When I think of past times, my present friends in the place seem strangers to me. Our old acquaintances die off one by one, and new ones come into their places so gradually, that we scarcely miss them; but one day we look round, and find that the world has passed into strange hands.

[At this point Abraham Stedman paused and looked at the vestry fire for a few moments; I was silent, waiting for him to proceed.]

The story I am going to tell you is wonderful enough, though there are no ghosts in it. I do not believe in ghosts. If any man ought to have seen ghosts, I ought; for, I may say, without any offence to my kind friends of to-day, that all my truest and oldest friends are gone to the ghost-land; and I am sure they would pay me a visit if they could. Besides, I never feared to walk about an old house in the dark at midnight, or to go at that silent time through the churchyard where most of my friends lie, or even into the church if I had occasion.

On Christmas Eve—I cannot say exactly how many years ago it is now, but it was not very long after I was made clerk—the rector (that was poor Mr. Godby) told me he was in a little perplexity about the sexton's being ill; seeing that there would be no one to ring the bells. Now I always made a point of sitting up with the sexton on that night, and taking a hand at the bells; for I could ring them pretty well, and it seemed to me only a little kindness, proper to the season, to offer to keep him company in such a lonely place. He was a much older man than I was, and I knew he was glad of my society. We used to have a little fire up in the belfry, and make toast and posset an hour or two after midnight. But this time the sexton was ill, and I promised the rector at once that I would ring the bells; and so it was agreed that I should.

I used to offer my company to the old

man because I knew that he was timid and a little superstitious; but, for myself, I did not mind at all going there alone. At exactly half-past eleven, on that Christmas eve, I took all the church keys, and started from my house to fulfil my promise. It was very dark that night, and windy, and several of our old lamps had either dropped out for want of oil, or been blown out by the gusts. I could not see any one in the street; but, as I left my door, I fancied that I heard footsteps a little way behind me. I should not have noticed it then, if it had not been that on several nights previously I had fancied that some person had secretly followed me, as I went about the town. I came up to a little band of carol singers soon after, and stood listening to them a minute or two. When I bade them good night and a merry Christmas, I had forgotten about the footsteps. It was striking the three-quarters as I passed over the stile into the churchyard; and just after that I caught a sound like the footsteps again. I looked back, and waited a while; but I could hear nothing more. I was ashamed to walk back a little way, for I began to think that I was becoming a coward, and conjuring up things out of my fear. It was true I had fancied this before that night; but it had never troubled me till then, and so I did not doubt it was some superstitious feeling about my task that was at the bottom of it. "What object could any one have in following a poor man like me, night after night?" I asked myself. So I went on through the pathway between the gravestones, humming an old ditty.

Now, though I had resolved to banish all thought of the supposed footsteps from my mind, I could not help just turning half round as I stood with the great key in the lock, and looking about in the direction I had come. I own I was frightened then, for, at about thirty yards' distance, I saw distinctly, as I believed, the dark head of a man peeping at me over the top of one of the tombstones. I stood in the shadow of the church porch, so that it would be difficult for any one at that distance to observe I was looking that way. The tombstone was some way from the gravel path, and out of the line of any one passing through the churchyard, and indeed, as you know, no one would have occasion to pass through the churchyard unless he were going to the church, like myself. I hesitated for a moment, and then walked briskly towards it; but the head seemed to withdraw itself immediately and disappear. What was more strange, I walked round the very stone, and could see no one near; nor could I hear any movement. A little further was another tombstone, somewhat higher and with a carved top, and I tried to persuade myself that it was this top coming close behind the other stone which had deceived me. But this

could not be; for stand how I would in the church porch, I could not bring the second tombstone exactly in a line with the first, to my eye. I felt a little uneasy at this strange fancy; but it would not do to go back, for it was near twelve, and I had promised the rector to be in the belfry, ready to ring out a peal on the stroke of midnight. So I opened the door quickly, closed it behind me, and walked feeling my way down the aisle.

I was quite in the dark, for my lantern was in the vestry-room, and I kept a tinder-box and matches there to light it. I had to grope about for the keyhole of the heavy iron-plated door, and again to fumble among my bunch of keys to find the right one. I am not a man of weak nerve; but a strange sensation came over me, as I stood there in the dark, feeling through all the bunch for the key. The air of the church was close, and had a faint smell of mouldering leather, such as you smell in some libraries. I believe it made me feel faint; for, just then, I had so strong a tingling in my ears, that I seemed to hear the bells already beginning to peal forth in the belfry. I listened, and fancied I heard distinctly that confused jingle which precedes a full peal. The fancy terrified me for the moment, for I knew that I had seen the sexton ill in bed that day, and that even he could not be there, unless he had got the key from me. But when this notion had passed, I set it down for another invention of mine, and began to think the tombstone affair no more worthy of belief than this. So I turned the great key with both my hands; and, opening an inner fire-proof door, I let myself into the vestry-room.

When I was once in there, I knew where to find my lantern and tinder-box in a moment. I always kept them on the second shelf from the ground, in the closet just behind where the plan of the parish estate at East Haydocke hangs up framed and glazed. But the pew opener kept her dusters and brushes there also, and we used to have words about her throwing my things out of order sometimes. This time I found that she had scattered my matches, and I had to stoop down and feel about for them among all the things at the bottom of the closet, which took some time. When I found them, I struck a light and blew the tinder with my breath. I saw the sexton do exactly the same thing one night as I stood in the dark, right at the end of the aisle, and his face reflected the fire at every puff and looked quite devilish as it shone out strongly and faded away again. I mention this because I have thought of it since, and I believe it had something to do with what befel me that night. I lighted my candle, and shut it up in my lantern. It gave a very weak light and the sides of the lantern were of thick, yellow horn, very

dirty and dusty with lying in the closet; for I rarely had occasion to go into the church after dark.

Swinging this lanthorn, then, in one hand, and holding some faggots under the other arm to light my fire with, I went up the steps again into the dark side aisle. Just at that moment, and as I was shutting the vestry-room door, I suddenly felt a heavy hand laid upon my arm. I started, and cried "Who's there?" letting my lanthorn fall, so that the light went out. Nobody answered; but some one immediately held me from behind, trying to keep back my arms with extraordinary strength. I was not a weak man then, although I am short; but I struggled long to get round and face my enemy, and just as I was getting a little more free, another one came to his assistance. I called aloud for help; but they stuffed my mouth with something, and swore if I called they would shoot me through the head. Upon this they bound my arms tightly, and led me back into the vestry-room, where I sat on a chair, while they lighted a candle they had with them.

I was a little frightened, as you may suppose; but I thought they were only thieves, who had followed me, and got into the church, through my forgetting, in my fright about the tombstone, to fasten the church door; and, as I knew that there was very little of value in the vestry-room, I was rather glad to think how they would be baffled. When they got a light, I saw that they had half masks on. They were well dressed, and although they swore at me, it was evident that they were not common burglars: I could tell that from their language. One laid a long shining pair of pistols on the baize that covered the table, out of my reach. I knew he did it to intimidate me; for he asked me immediately for my keys, in a loud voice. It was no use my refusing them; I was quite helpless, and they had nothing to do but to take them out of my hands. I told them that the rector kept all the plate in his house, and that there was nothing in any of the closets but a few bottles of wine, and some wax candles. The oldest man, I think, asked me then where the books were kept; but I would not tell him. I determined that, let them do what they might to me, I would keep to my determination not to tell them where the books were. They tried much to terrify me, with words at first, but finding that did not do, the elder one, who was the principal in everything, put his pistol to my ear, and declared he would ask me three times, and after the third time, fire. Now I was in great terror at this, and never believed myself so near death as I did then; but I had made a kind of vow to myself, and being in a church, I thought a curse would be upon me if I yielded; so I held my tongue; and, when he found I was firm, instead of firing he flung his pistol down upon the table again,

and began sullenly to try all the locks he could find about the room with the keys he had taken from me. In this way he soon found the books he wanted in a fire-proof safe.

And now both of them began to pore over the books by the light of the candle. They chose two with vellum covers, which I knew to be the marriage registers—the old and the new one—containing all the marriages that had taken place at old Chorley church for seventy years back. I heard one ask the other if there was no index; for they did not understand our way of indexing, which was merely to write down all the letters of the alphabet, with the numbers of the pages at which names beginning with each letter could be found—taking the first letter from the bridegroom's name, of course. So they had a long search, each of them turning over the leaves of one book and examining it page by page. I watched their faces, and tried to bear in mind at what part of the book they were, in case they should stop. The one who had the old book came to a place, at last, which seemed to contain what he was looking for. He showed it to his companion, and they conferred together for a moment, in a whisper. Immediately after, the elder one tore out I thought some half-dozen leaves. He was going to burn them in the flame of the candle at first; but his companion stayed him, and he tore them up, and put them in his pockets. As soon as they had done this, they turned hastily to depart, as if they were anxious to be gone now their business was done. The older one took some more cord from his pocket, and bound me fast in the great vestry chair, drawing the cords round my wrists and ancles, till I cried out with the pain. Then threatening again to return, and blow my brains out if they heard my voice, they went out down the aisle, leaving the vestry-room door open. All this happened in little more than half an hour; for the clock chimed the two-quarters after midnight at this very moment.

I sat there two hours alone; but it seemed to me so long that, if I had not heard every quarter chime, I should have expected to see the day dawn through the stained glass window. It was the dreariest two hours that ever I passed in my life. It was bitter cold, and sitting there helplessly in one position, my limbs grew frozen, and the cords seemed to get tighter and tighter, and stop the movement of my blood. It is no wonder I felt nervous after such a scene. Where I sat, with my back to the wall, I looked right into the church, and the door was left open. I could feel a cold wind rushing from it into the room; and, as I sat staring into the darkness, strange fancies troubled me. I saw dark shapes floating about, as I thought, and peeping at me from the sides of the doorway; and now and then I noticed something like

little flakes of light, moving in the gloomy space beyond. I would have given anything for the power to close the door. I fancied strange noises, and began to think of the people I had known who lay in the vaults just below me or in the graves about the church; and several times a heavy hand seemed to be laid upon my arm again, just in the spot where the man had first seized me. Once I could not persuade myself but that I could hear a low, deep tone from the organ; and again the supposed jangling of the bells annoyed me. So I sat, listening intently, when the whistling of the wind paused out of doors, and hearing and seeing all kinds of strange things till the chimes went the quarter after two.

Soon after that, I saw a little shining light moving about at the bottom of the church. It came nearer to me, and I heard a footstep. I had fancied so many things, that I was not sure yet whether I was deceived again, but now I heard some one call "Abraham Stedman! Abraham Stedman!" three times. It was the rector's voice, and I answered him; but he did not know where I was till I called to him to come into the vestry-room. He held up a lamp, and was much surprised to find me as I was. I related to him what had happened, and he unbound me. He told me he had lain awake since midnight wondering to hear no bells ringing, and had grown uneasy, for he thought I could not have failed to keep my word, and he knew that I was in the church alone. So at last he had determined to come in search of me.

This affair made a great stir in Chorley. But we could get no clue to the parties; nor to their object in mutilating the register. They had taken out so many leaves that it was impossible to tell what particular entry they had wanted to destroy; but it was a curious thing, that on examining the skeleton index, we found that, although there was as many as thirty entries in those six leaves, every one of them began with one of three letters. This was a very small clue, and the marriages at that part were all of many years back; so that no one could ever tell what the names were. It was no wonder that we could get no trace of the two men. Before the next year came round, Chorley people had got some new thing to talk about; and, as no one came for a copy of the missing entries in the register, they began to forget all about my adventure.

Eighteen months after the night which I was bound in the vestry-room, old Mr. Godby sent for me one night, and told me he thought he might yet be able to trace the two strangers. He had got a copy of a London newspaper, in which there was an advertisement addressed to parish clerks, inquiring for the marriage register of a Mr. Maclean, which took place about thirty years before. The initial of that name was one of our three letters; but as the advertisement mentioned no

place, that would seem a very small matter to go upon. But I had always thought that the entry which the two strangers had searched for was on the first of the leaves which they tore out, and that it was the other leaves underneath which were torn with it, to put us off the scent. Now, on this first page, we found there were two entries, both beginning with M; which was something more. Besides, Mr. Godby reasoned, that a register, about which the parties interested were so uncertain, was the very one which, any person knowing of its existence, and having an interest in preventing its appearance, might endeavour to destroy. These three reasons seemed to him so good, that he went up to London about it; and a day or two after, he wrote to me to join him. We were soon upon the scent now; for Mr. Godby had ascertained who were the persons likely to be guilty, supposing that we were right in our conjecture, that the missing register concerned this family. When I saw one of them, I recognised him immediately, although he had worn a mask in the church. I knew him by his appearance, but when he spoke, I could swear that he was the man, and the officer accordingly arrested him. We got such evidence against him afterwards, as clearly to prove him guilty. People were hung for such a crime then; and it was with great difficulty that he escaped with transportation. He confessed all about it afterwards, and said his companion had gone abroad since, he did not know whither; and I believe they never caught him. His motive—as you may suppose—was to defraud children of large property, by destroying the proofs of their legitimacy; by which he benefitted as the next of kin of the deceased person: but the lawyers set all to rights again, in spite of the missing register.

THE STEAM WHISTLE IN INDIA.

By way of contrast to the tale I am about to tell, let me dwell for two seconds (electric time) upon the opening of the first railway in England. Of the thousands who are daily sliding down the rails laid between Liverpool and Manchester, there are a few, perhaps, who, when they pass Parkside and the white tablet that marks the spot where Mr. Huskisson lost his life, think of the day when the Rocket made its trial trip encouraged by the cheers of thousands of spectators, among whom were the great men of the land. The Rocket set in motion not merely a few carriages, but the whole railway system. And that was only seven-and-twenty years ago. Now, look at Bradshaw, and imagine what I felt as an old Indian just come home.

On the eighteenth of November, 'fifty-two, I saw the run of the first train and for the first time heard the steam whistle in India. Was there a grand inauguration, were there

speeches, was there joy? Let me be reporter:—

I was on my way from the Punjab to England, and so reached Bombay. Being a poor Bengalee, with no friends or acquaintances in the land of ducks, I betook myself to the Hope Hall Hotel. I had spent several years in remote districts on the north-western frontier, and more recently in the Punjab. A sandy track really not even fit for bulki-travelling and utterly impassable for carriages, was all that I had been accustomed to see in the way of road, and our track there, bad as it was in itself, used to be crossed by unbridged nullahs, or sometimes cut asunder by broad rivers, unfordable, and equally unsaddled with a bridge. I had seen no better things on my way through Scinde. It was, therefore, with a luxurious sense of enjoyment that, when I had sent on my baggage to Hope Hall, I took reins between my fingers, and drove out of the fort in a hired buggy over the smooth macadamised road. I admired civilisation. Savage life is not good for the bones. The buggy really was a tumble-down affair, dragged about by an animal that might have served as spare horse to Don Quixote; but it was very well, and there was the fine road, and I said to myself with a thought of lands over the sea, "Now I begin to get a foretaste of our English comfort, and of the refinement of an European capital!"

As I mused, I was dragged in my buggy to a handsome stone bridge; and, carelessly turning my head, expecting, as a matter of course, to see the usual yellow nullah creeping along at its sluggish cold weather pace, I was amazed. For what I saw was a dry gravel bed, a double line of rails, trim fences: in fact, the Bombay and Calcutta railway!

Of course, I knew that there had been talk about railways for India. But Indian talks are always such abominably long talks that I have seldom paid much heed to them. I had, moreover, been much occupied by my own business, with which no hope of any railway ever was connected. People "up country" have long since become tired of asking or hearing about any such European curiosity. Calcutta merchants now alive may come to travel by cheap trains from the Ditch to Hooghly, but the Punjaubite knows that he must jog on to the end of his days in the good old style; that is to say, in a creaking, leaking, confined crib of a palki; and at the good old pace.

But having actually seen the railroad, my up-country faith was strengthened and my interest revived. I hurried on to Hope Hall, and began to inquire of every person whom I encountered, when the line was to be opened, how far it went, and all about it. I was astonished—as I had no right to be—at the ignorance and indifference with which my inquiries were all met. Nobody knew

anything about it. As it seemed, also, nobody cared. The opening, some thought, had taken place already; others believed that it was fixed for next day—or imagined it might be next month, or on New Year's Day, very possibly. Either the listlessness of Anglo-Indians had not been overstated, or the Ducks had become quite as much disheartened as their neighbours at the hopelessly slow progress made in all such matters. It appeared certain, however, that twenty-four miles of rail—from Bombay to Tannah—were really finished; and, at last, by dint of much inquiry, I discovered that the informants who fixed next day for the business of opening were in the right. At some time or other in the forenoon, the railway authorities, accompanied by a party of their friends, would make their trial trip.

Accordingly, at ten o'clock the next morning, I took up my station on the bridge. It was quite deserted; no gathering of Europeans and natives indicated expectation of a strange event. I waited patiently, with my eyes staring abroad over the parapet, until half-past eleven; and, by that time, my perseverance in looking out had collected a small crowd around me. About a hundred natives seeing a sahib wait so pertinaciously, thought that something must be in the wind, and being always glad to witness a *tamasha*, equally glad of an excuse for sitting still in placid expectation of no matter what, they wandered up and down or sat upon the bridge, talking and laughing, jesting and smoking after their own manner.

The day was fine, November being one of the most enjoyable months in the Indian year; sky cloudless; sun glaring, indeed, but not intolerable; leafy foliage, white houses; flowing-robed, brown-skinned, easy-going natives, all full of the laziness of India, suggestive of the primitive East, of the land of dreams and fables.

Suddenly out spoke, in its own harsh and peremptory way, the unmistakeable Steam Whistle! The white gates which marked a stream crossing a little way down the line were thrown open; and, with a shriek, and a puff, and a whiz, and a rattle, engine and train, consisting of four covered waggons, smoked under our legs. I knew the natives too well to expect that they would show any great excitement at the apparition. With a few ejaculations of "Wah! wah!" they turned slowly away, and began to disperse.

"Well, what do you think of that?" I asked of one of them—a fat, well-to-do, and evidently most conservative Burmese.

"Too quick, sir—too quick—all be killed." He had no more to say about it.

The train went on, attaining at one time a speed of forty miles an hour, screaming and frightening the birds in the flat quiet meadows, but not at all alarming or surprising Hindu men or Hindu cattle. At Tannah the occupants of the train got out and took tiffin

in a tunnel. The tunnel was unfinished—the trip, therefore, ended in it, and its cave was used as a cool saloon. A few complimentary speeches having been made, all hands got on board the train again, and rolled back to Bombay. The bridge, when they went under it the second time, was quite deserted.

Thus it was that the Indian railway system crept into existence.

The fact that a train had been running to Tannah and back was casually mentioned at some mess tables in town that evening, but did not excite much more interest in the English than it had excited in the native mind. The opening of the Liverpool and Manchester railway is at home regarded as one of the greatest historical events of the present century. Perhaps a hundred years hence, this record of the way in which the first train was seen in India may be read with interest in households accustomed to hear of such lines as the direct Calais and Mooltan, or out of which some son may have gone by the express train from Boulogne to Lahore. For, thereafter, mail trains shall run nightly through the plains of the Indus, and screen in the deserts of Beloochistan; passengers shall look out of their carriage windows at the Persian Gulf as they fly by; and farmers speculate upon the corn crops while they pass through Mesopotamia. All this is inevitably to come. Although India has made the small beginning, which I stood on the bridge and saw made, there is no silencing that steam whistle or stopping the rapid advance of the giant locomotive.

OFF! OFF!

I WAS reflecting the other day with a good deal of satisfaction upon the improved spirit of modern criticism. Certainly, the reading public has reason to be rejoiced that good sense, good taste and right feeling have pretty nearly discountenanced that pungency of ridicule and bitterness of invective with which critics were wont to assail authors, and that fierceness of retort and defiant *tu quoque*ism wherewith the book-writer retaliated upon the reviewer. It appears by this time to be generally understood that such exhibitions were most unseemly and disgraceful to the actors engaged in them, and that their tendency in all cases has been to degrade literature. The wit and dexterity of Pope can reconcile few of us now-a-days to the gross personalities and filthy machinery of *The Dunciad*, several of the heroes of which might have found a sufficing vengeance upon the poet in a court of law; and one needs not to be very old to remember critical articles in magazines of great reputation, written by men of very vigorous minds and with uncommon powers of humour, in which the antecedents of an author, his person, and sometimes (following Pope) even his poverty, have been brought to bear against him by

way of accessories to public scorn and contempt. None of us can doubt, now, that literature was herein degraded, and that the responsibility which is upon all men—but especially upon men with those dangerous weapons, pen and ink, in their hands—to be temperate and forbearing was most blamefully set at naught. Dull authors will undoubtedly continue to write; and much waste of vivacity will be shown in exposing their sorry pretensions; and sprightly writers will, as heretofore, be taken to task by very self-sufficient and leaden critics; but it is to be hoped that the day is gone by when the publication of a bad poem subjected the bard to a punishment hardly preferable to the pillory; when the alleged vulgarity of one author was denounced in the language of Billingsgate, when his want of feeling and nature was stigmatised with utterly unfeeling and unnatural bitterness.

The crushing, extinguishing, tomahawking system having been well nigh abolished, there is one further reformation, in which the interests of literature are deeply concerned, that I could wish to see achieved. The abuse of which I am about to speak is one of which, I fancy, a moments consideration will convince anybody of the expediency of getting rid. It is so barbarous and inhumane that it is not a little surprising it ever obtained in countries boasting a civilisation, however imperfect; but it is altogether marvellous that it should have been retained till hear antiquity can come forward and shake his venerable head against its extinction.

The other evening I was at one of the theatres when a piece was presented which underwent that time-honoured process of condemnation, which has an appropriate name for it, likewise sanctioned by time. In plain but theatrical language, it was "damned." Now, it must be confessed, the piece in question was indeed a sorry affair. Professing an intent to be a side-splitter of no ordinary width of aperture, it was conducive rather to a pensive frame of mind, in which the occasionally defective adaptation of means to an end, and other infirmities of human design, might be taken into consideration. The piece deserved to die, and suffered incontinently. But, while we applaud the verdict of a jury, we do not witness the execution; still less should we consent to be present in court, were the culprit to undergo his capital punishment then and there. The mode of dealing the fatal blow to this heavy dramatic trifle pained me exceedingly; although, in former years, I am grieved to remember, I have witnessed much more violent demonstrations of popular vengeance with comparative indifference, even when I have seen the actors in distress, and the ladies in the boxes pale with terror at the "row," and agitated by sympathy for the author.

And, indeed, the author demands all our sympathy, with whatever delicacy we may intimate to him that his genius does not lie in the direction of the stage, or however tenderly we may refer him back to his desk, and recommend him to try his fortune a second time. He has bestowed nights of most anxious thought upon, he has undergone days of labour in, the composition of his work. He will be paid for his labour; but only if he can delight an audience, or, at any rate, please them. He hopes to do so. Call this not an author's vanity; for most men, of all professions, are ill judges of what has cost them much time and great pains to accomplish. If a dramatist got his plot by inspiration, and could stamp his characters and evolve his plot instantaneously, he would the better discern his chances of success. Well, then, imagine the play accepted; the actors pleased with their parts; the curtain up; the curtain down. See the pallid poet in that side-box. Be sure the ebbs and flows of his drama, during the performance, have had their copies in the advances and recessions of his heart. And now he casts a hurried and wild glance at the audience,

"Expecting
Their universal shout and high applause
To fill his ear; when, contrary, he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal universal hiss, the sign
Of public scorn."

It is this—this "sign of public scorn"—which we must at once away with. Let it be a matter of common consent that such degrading marks of public displeasure shall be reserved for exhibitions of gross immorality or licentiousness, to which they are alone applicable, and for the condemnation of which a deaf and uninitiated spectator, on the first night of a bad play, would naturally suppose them to be designed.

"If I have unearned luck
To escape the serpent's tongue,"

says Shakespeare, "I will do better another time." This he adds in effect, and this was pleaded by Puck to the audience of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*! And Prospero beseeches the groundlings to be merciful to *The Tempest*!

When I read that some of Jonson's and Beaumont and Fletcher's plays were condemned on a first hearing, I cannot but acknowledge that I feel a particular concern, especially for the former. While I admit that some of his later plays are deficient in that interest which an audience has, perhaps, a right to expect, still Old Ben's age, his misery, his poverty, his renown as a scholar and the author of four comedies—in their way incomparable—should have protected him against the "serpent's tongue." The commendatory verses prefixed to his printed plays, from the pens of his brother dramatists, must have afforded a sorry consolation

to the outraged poet. It gives me a twinge to read the following:—"Dryden, who was present on the first night of Cowley's *Cutler* of Coleman Street, related to Dennis, the critic, that when they told him how little favour had been shown him, he received the news of his ill success not with so much firmness as might have been expected from so great a man." If being told of the condemnation of his amusing comedy so affected the melancholy Cowley, what would have been his feelings had he seen and heard the operation as it was practised by the fathers of the Molochs of the next age. As it was, he never again tried the stage; neither did Congreve, after the condemnation of his *Way of the World*. There is a story that the author, hearing behind the scenes the hideous marks of disapproval, snatched the copy from the prompter's hand, rushed upon the stage, and forbade the actors to proceed, adding that the public was not worthy of such a play. The tale has been doubted, but it is probable. The hard-hearted licentiousness of this comedy was no cause of its ill reception; and Congreve might well have thought, with Dryden—

"Sure there's a fate in plays, and 'tis in vain
To write while those malignant planets reign:
Some very foolish influence rules the pit,
Not always kind to sense, or just to wit."

The *Way of the World* contains more wit, perhaps, than any comedy in the English language.

If anybody wishes to know how a sensitive man of genius can be touched by hisses, cat-calls, and other discordant exponents of summary criticism, let him turn to Mr. Forster's *Life of Oliver Goldsmith*, where he will see such a laceration of the poet's feelings, on the disapproval of some scenes in his comedy of *The Good-natured Man*, as will, I am sure, effectually deter him from ever again sibilating, off-off-ing, and roaring down any play whose only fault, however grievous it may be, is dulness.

Charles Lamb, in a letter to a friend, has recorded the fate—and the manner of it—of his farce of *Mr. H—*. It will be seen that he would fain make light of it, but his pleasantry is somewhat hysterical. "Hang 'em, how they hissed! It was not a hiss neither, but a sort of a frantic yell, like a congregation of mad geese, with roaring sometimes, like bears; mops and mows like apes; sometimes snakes, that hissed me into madness Mercy on us, that God should give his favourite children—men—mouths to speak with, to discourse rationally, to promise smoothly, to encourage warmly, to counsel wisely; to sing with, to drink with, and to kiss with, and that they should turn them into the mouths of adders, bears, wolves, hyenas, and whistle like tempests, and emit breath through them like distillations of aspic poison; to asperse and vilify the inno-

cent labours of their fellow creatures, who are desirous to please them!"

We are informed by Lamb's excellent biographer, Mr. Justice Talfourd, that, seeing the lame and impotent conclusion of his farce, the author was himself disgusted, and hissed in concert with the audience. That he hissed is undoubted; but that the defect of the *dénouement* of Mr. H—— incited him to do so, I cannot believe. He felt—the house had so decided—that he was a dramatic culprit. He was

"A guilty creature sitting at a play"

—at a play of his own too; and an exquisite consciousness of his own miserable identity awoke a fearful suspicion that the audience would detect him. Accordingly, like many a true culprit in the world's ways and high-ways, he joined the cry of "Stop thief!"—set off on an imaginary chase—in other words, hissed himself with all his might.

"De Camp was hooted more than hissed—hooted and bellowed off the stage, before the second act was finished, so that the remainder of his part was forced to be, with some violence to the play, omitted."

This, with other particulars, is related by Charles Lamb as having taken place on the first night of his friend Holcroft's *Vindictive Man*. The Good-natured Man, some forty years before, had been treated in pretty much the same manner. But let me find room for a graphic description from the pen of Lord Byron. It chronicles the disastrous doom of *Ina*, a tragedy:—

"Mrs. Wilmot's tragedy was last night damned. They may bring it on again, and probably will; but damned it was—not a word of the last act audible. I went and witnessed the whole process. The first three acts, with transient gushes of applause, oozed patiently but heavily on. I must say it was badly acted, particularly by Kean, who was groaned upon in the third act. Well, the fourth act became as muddy and turbid as need be. But the fifth! the fifth stuck fast at the king's prayer. He was no sooner upon his knees than the audience got upon their legs—the villainous pit—and roared, and groaned, and hissed, and whistled. Well, that was choked a little; but the ruffian scene, the penitent peasantry, and killing the bishop and princes—oh, it was all over! The curtain fell upon unheard actors, and the announcement attempted by Kean for Monday was equally ineffectual. Mrs. Bartley was so frightened, that, though the people were tolerably quiet, the epilogue was quite inaudible to half the house."

We have quoted the above description that full weight may be given to the comment by the writer on the scene which he had been so recently witnessing. He says, "It is, however, a good warning not to risk or write tragedies. I never had much bent that way; but if I had, this would have cured

me." Herein we see plainly enough the evil consequences to dramatic literature that arise from this mode of manifesting disapproval of a play. "But Byron had no dramatic genius; he himself confesses he had no bent that way." I am by no means sure that he had no such genius; but, whether or not, that is little to the purpose. "If I had, this would have cured me." There is the point. Others have been as sensitive to criticism as Byron; indeed, young Keats and others have proved themselves much more so; but what was Byron's mental plight when he heard that Elliston was about to bring upon the stage his *Marino Faliero*? It is possible that the torture he describes himself as suffering, in his letters to Mr. Murray, may be exaggerated; and that, after all, there might be within him some lurking "fearful joy" that his tragedy might be produced and be successful, I can believe; but that he had a most acute and painful remembrance of poor Mrs. Wilmot's *Ina*, I am quite certain. I say, then, that the system of damning plays has often dismayed poets—and, perhaps, great ones—from attempting to write for the stage, or, having made an attempt and failed, from renewing it.

Not to speak farther of the feelings of authors in this matter, where, let us ask, is the necessity, what is the use of hissing and hooting a new play? The time has been, indeed, when, if no justification could be found for this most uncivil and unfeeling custom, a plea might be offered in palliation of it, on the ground that the *Mitre* and the *Mermaid*, or *Will's* and *Button's* ought not to be permitted to decide upon the merit of plays in an authoritative manner, and to dictate to the town what entertainment it was to see, and to pay its money for seeing.

But now-a-days, what play of any pretensions can be performed any night which, on the next morning, has not half-a-dozen, and by the end of the week, a couple of score newspapers that will tell us all about it: what it was like, how it was liked; and this, in most instances, infinitely better than any jury that could be empanelled from the pit, or any critic that could be persuaded to descend from the gallery, even were he as acute as Addison's renowned trunk-maker himself! But for these papers, indeed, the public would not know in what spirit the audience of the first night had exercised its self-imposed critical functions; and the press has told us before now of suspected enemies of the author in the house, and has often warned us against being guided by their report of a favourable reception of a piece, because the house was pretty nearly filled by his friends. Mr. Nightingale, in Fielding's great romance, is a good-natured young fellow, but he entreats Tom Jones to go with him "to a new play, which was to be acted that evening, and which a very large party had agreed to damn, from

some dislike they had taken to the author, who was a friend to one of Mr. Nightingale's acquaintance." Fielding adds that "this sort of fun our hero, we are ashamed to confess, would willingly have preferred" to an appointment with a lady. Personal hostility—a few disaffected people operating by chance upon the animal spirits of others of the audience who love "a row" for its own sake—has destroyed many plays, and flung some good ones on the shelf for twenty or more years. Was it to force She stoops to Conquer down the throat of the public that Dr. Johnson made one of a large party to cheer that exquisite comedy? No; it was to bring it through the first night, which is everything to a good play, and little indeed to a bad one. It is observable, and perhaps remarkable, that after the first night, an audience never makes any manifestation of dislike. A play soon finds its own level. If, from whatever cause, it is liked, it is run after; if not, any applause verdict of the first night is of no avail.

Let us adopt the practice of Mr. Lovelace, (though by no means a model in other respects) who tells his friend Belford, in *Clarissa*, "I have never given noisy or tumultuous instances of dislike to a new play, if I thought it ever so indifferent. For I concluded, first, that every one was entitled to see quietly what he paid for; and next, as the theatre, the epitome of the world, consisted of pit, boxes, and gallery, it was hard, I thought, if there could be such a performance exhibited, as would not please somebody in that mixed multitude; and if it did, those somebodies had as much right to enjoy their own judgment undisturbedly, as I had to enjoy mine. This was my way of showing disapprobation—I never went again. And as a man is at his option whether he will go to a play or not, he has not the same excuse for expressing his dislike clamorously as if he were compelled to see it."

THE BELLS.

As one, who would you city reach,
Was slowly rowed to shore;
For whose strange tone and broken speech
They lightly dipp'd the oar;
His failing voice, his mild dark eye,
Won the rude boatmen's sympathy.

He told them how, when he was young,
In his bright southern land,
A grand old church with bells was hung,
All fashion'd by his hand;
How they had won him much renown
And honour, in his ancient town.

How love first glided with their sound
Into one gentle heart;
And how their tones had linked it round,
Until the Bells were part
Of its own nature, and were fraught
With beautiful and holy thought.

And when, upon his wedding-day,
His ear those joy-bells met;
His own heart-beatings, quick and gay,
Seemed to their music set.
And how that day, hope, love, and pride—
His whole full heart was satisfied.

How she would say those chimes were meet
To mark their pleasant hours,
Which were but the unfoldings sweet
Of joy's fresh-springing flowers.
How their young daughter would rejoice
At theirs, as at its mother's voice.

Like rainbows, many-hued, had shone
Those hours of youthful prime.
At length a fatal storm fell on
The rushing gulf of time;
And smote him in a single day—
One wave took wife and child away!

And then the bells poured out a peal
So sorrowful and slow,
To his sick heart they seem'd to feel
For their old master's woe;
And they had cause; for War's red hand
Drove him an alien from the land

Now, for the sake, an ocean far
In his old age he crossed.
For, in that dire distressful war,
The sweet bells had been lost;
And yearning for their sound again,
He came to seek them o'er the main—

Was there, because that western town
Some foreign bells possess'd,
And the fond hope they were his own
Flutter'd his aged breast.
He had in them a father's pride:
He fain would hear them ere he died.

The boatmen said, for lovely sound,
His bells they well might be;
And sooth to say they had been found
Somewhere in Italy.
Their voices soon would fill his ear;
The time of evening prayer was near.

And, as the sunset deepen'd more
The silence and the glow,
They rested lost one plashing oar
Might break the calm below;
And as they heard the light waves float
Their rippling silver 'gainst the boat,

Those glorious chimes told out the hour
With stronger waves of sound;
And when the full peal left the tower,
He knew them—they were found!
And, with strained ear and lips apart,
He drank their music to his heart.

O! trembling like an under strain
Their sweeping anthem through,
Fame's whisperings grew clear again,
And Hope's old carols, too.
Though all without their ancient thrill,
The true bells kept their echo still.

Fond words from wife and child he caught,
As exquisitely clear
As though some breeze from heaven had brought
Their voices to his ear.
He lost, in that one moment's ray,
The gloom of many a lonesome day.

The boatmen saw the flashing smile
The faded eye that fired;
The thin hand that kept time a while,
Until it sank as tired;
They saw not as the sun went down,
How the pale face had paler grown:

How God, to his long-waiting hope,
More than it asked had given;
How his dear bells had borne him up
To dearer ones in heaven.
But when the boatmen's toil was o'er:
His soul had reach'd a brighter shore.

MIGHTY HUNTERS.

THE Squire Western tribe of sportsmen is extinct. When squires lived in remote mansions—with few roads, one newspaper, no books, the chaplain for a buffoon and bottle companion—they had few other resources for diversion than field sports in the morning, and dining and drinking confusion to Hanoverian rats in the evening. But the progress of commerce, and all the aids to commerce in easy travelling and complete commingling of all classes of society that enjoy leisure, has refined without destroying that love of sport which is innate in those bred in a northern soil.

The term, once synonymous, of a fool and a foxhunter, is no longer significant; and some of our most amusing and not least instructive books of travel are from the pens of sportsmen. Of course, sportsmen are but men; and, with them, as with graver men, the famous old story of "Eyes and no Eyes" closely applies.

The London bred attendant of an African traveller described a rhinoceros horn as "the penetratingest thing as is;"—we should say that observation describes admirably well our modern sportsmen, who rush from all the luxuries of civilisation to the most remote and savage regions, to try their courage and enjoy a new excitement in the shape of cold, hunger, wet, heat, drought and furious wild beasts.

John Palliser, by birth an Irishman, by education an Oxford man—six feet four in height, with inexhaustible spirits and humour, a taste for the polka, a talent for singing and making himself agreeable in all company, a fearless horseman, a tolerable cook, and a dead shot, having exhausted the excitement of European game, panting for fresh fields and pastures new—determined to take himself to the prairies, and to have a shot at the buffalo and the grizzly bear. In his voyage out to America he had for one fellow-traveller General Tom Thumb, whose great amusement was climbing to the shoulders of the tall Irishman, and then making a perilous descent at one leap to the bottom of his shooting-jacket, until by repeated droppings the bottom of the garment gave way. At New Orleans, he commenced operations in the marshes by waging war on snipe to the extent of twenty-one brace, and the following day took the solo parts, first of Goliath, and then of Saul, in the oratorio of David, performed by amateurs to purchase a new organ for an Episcopalian church.

In Arkansas Mr. Palliser shot deer by night,

with a fire-pan, and carried off seven deer-skins for buck-skin clothes, as trophies. Here, too, he met his first experience of the hospitality of American sportsmen, and tried his first experiment in camping out. He remarks "It is only when left to our own resources that we sportsmen feel how very helpless we are rendered by our civilisation. Very delightful is the refinement of sport in England, rising not too early, shaving with hot water, and tea cream-softened, waiting for you in the breakfast room, guns clean as if not used the day before, the gamekeeper following with the load of shot, and an excellent dinner awaiting, without any stint in consequence of the birds being wild, or your shooting nervous. Such were my thoughts as, for the first time, I sat solitary by my fire; but they presented themselves much more forcibly on subsequent occasions when, tired, cold, and hungry, I encamped after a day's unsuccessful hunting on one of the wild plains of the Rocky Mountains." His first night's lonely camp was marked by the stealthy approach of something in the dark; which something turned out to be a panther. He became tired of tame life in Arkansas, and joined a fur party travelling across the prairies from Independence to the Yellow Stone River. On this journey, daily before sunset, they unsaddled and unpacked the horses; formed with the pack a circular enclosure about ten feet in diameter, and hobbled out the horses with straps and chains to prevent their straying; then cut and gathered wood, kindled fires, fetched water in kettles, put meat on to cook, roasted coffee-berries, pounded them in deer-skins on the stump of a tree with the back of a hatchet, put them in the coffee-pot and boiled them; then, the meat being cooked, set to work to eat, made beds of saddle clothes and buffalo robes, then smoked their pipes, and so to sleep, as only travellers in the prairie can sleep.

One day they arrived at a lake, and camped when their meat was exhausted and they had nothing but beans to eat; so our sportsman was set to work to kill ducks for dinner, and Mr. Palliser naively observes: "I had to work hard for my ducks that evening. They all fell into the water and I had to swim for them, but they formed a great addition to the boiled beans we had been reduced to."

After a long journey, sometimes "struggling through immense wastes where, feeling my own insignificance, I seemed carried back to some long past age, and as though encroaching on the territories of the mammoth and the mastodon," Mr. Palliser reached Fort Vermillion and found it surrounded by a camp of six hundred Sioux Indians just returned from a successful foray; so he witnessed a scalp dance, and then bought the scalp and the "poor devil's head-dress made of the scalp of a black bear, for fifteen rounds of ammunition." He also got

up a subscription and purchased a poor woman prisoner, whom the Indians were about to put to death with great solemnity, and set her free at night. She finally escaped: running all night, guiding her course by the stars, and concealed all day; so that in two days and nights she reached her husband and children, "half starved but very happy."

In spite of savage Indians, who sometimes shot at him by mistake, and nights in the prairie—where he woke in the morning and found himself lying in a pool of water—on he went, now starving, now feasting on the spoils of his gun, until, as the winter set in, he reached Fort Union. There the inhabitants of the fort were one after another laid up with the mumps; until, at length, the supply of fresh meat depended entirely on the traveller. One day he set out covered with a white blanket, and "stalked" a herd of buffalo in the snow so successfully, that he crept about undetected for an hour and laid five of the fattest low; "then the herd bolted in a body, tossing their shaggy heads and ploughing up the snow." He cut out the tongues of those he had killed; and, leaving a blanket on one animal, a cap on another, a pocket-handkerchief floating from the head of a third, to scare the wolves, "set off full speed for the fort; for it was pudding day, and worth while to make haste." He entered just as the clock struck twelve, and feasted on buffalo and venison of his own providing, "dressed in delicious bear's grease and buffalo marrow, by a capital cook."

Listen to that, ye Norfolk pheasant-slaughters, and hide your humbled heads! Practice makes perfect. After a time Mr. Palliser flayed, cut up, and disposed of his game as neatly as any Indian hunter, and congratulates himself on driving a good trade as a dead shot, by earning white wolfskins worth two-and-a-half dollars each. But he was not destined to slay buffaloes scathless. After firing four times at an old buffalo, our hunter walked up and lodged a final shot, when the old brute charged, pursued and overtook him. "I swerved suddenly on one side to escape the shock, but to my horror, I failed in dodging him; he bolted round quicker than I did, affording me barely time to protect my stomach with the stock of my rifle, and to turn sideways in hopes of getting between his horns, when he came plump upon me with a shock like an earthquake; one horn shivered my rifle-stock, the other tore my clothes. I flew in mid air, scattering the prairie hens that hung from my belt in all directions, and fell unhurt in the snow, while my dying victim subsided not quite over me in a snowdrift."

Some time after this adventure, Mr. Palliser purchased from an Indian woman a magnificent dog, whose portrait forms the frontispiece of his volume—"Ismah." When

purchased, it took time and trouble to reconcile the animal to its white owner; but eventually Ismah became a faithful efficient servant, drawing a small sledge called a "travail," during the day, and sleeping on his master's bosom saving him from being frozen to death at night. With Ismah as sole companion, he set out on a solitary winter's journey along the shores of the Upper Missouri.

Ismah dragged all the spare clothing, dry food, and the flesh of the deer last shot, as they travelled along the ice. "When I stood and looked about to choose a convenient spot to camp, Ismah used to gaze into my face, and whine, as much as to say, 'I am tired too.' When I trampled down the snow, cut and strewed the willows, and proceeded to collect wood, he used to watch me eagerly, and prick up his ears when he saw me take the flint and steel from my pouch, and the dry inner bark of the cotton-wood free from my chest, in order to kindle a spark. The fire secure, I turned my attention to him, unpacked his travail, and placed it aloft against the side of a tree to protect the leather straps from the voracity of wolves. This done, I spread my bed and filled my kettle, took a handful of coffee berries from my bag, washed them in the cover of the kettle, then, pounding them, put them in the smaller kettle, and the meat in the larger to boil. These operations Ismah used to regard with intense interest. When supper was over—and his share was often very scanty—he sat up close beside me as I smoked my pipe and sipped my coffee. When at last I got into bed, he used to lie down with his back close against my shoulders, and so we slept until morning. As soon as it was daylight we rose; Ismah submitted patiently to be harnessed, and we resumed our march.

"Ismah's relationship to the Lupus [he was of the wolf-dog breed] family was often inconvenient to me, as he used to run off, and play with the young Luperkins. One day, after a long march, while looking out for a camping place, a she wolf crossed the ice, and, in spite of coaxings and threats, Ismah set off to join her. I shouted to the wolf, the wolf ran off, and away ran Ismah after her, with his travail behind him loaded with everything I possessed in the world. I followed, shouting, until he disappeared, and then followed the tracks upon the snow, until darkness obliged me to abandon the pursuit, and I found myself alone on a vast waste of snow, stretching around me on every side, a hundred miles from any human habitation, without warm covering for the night, with very little powder in my horn, and only two bullets in my pouch! I turned back and fortunately made the way to the river again, by the light of the moon collected fallen wood, lighted a fire, and sat down to consider what to do next if Ismah did not return. The cold north wind froze the perspiration—which, in the hot pursuit, had run down my face—and

formed icicles on my beard and whiskers, that jingled like bells as I shook my head, and dismissed one project after another. I took out my pipe to console myself with a smoke; alas, on feeling for tobacco, that was gone too. I looked at the North star, and calculated, by the position of the Plough, that it must have been about ten o'clock—the time in England when we discuss a bottle of the best with our knees under the mahogany, awaiting the summons to the drawing-room. I endeavoured to trace familiar faces in the glowing embers till I almost heard the rustling of fresh white *crêpe* dresses round me; when hark! I did hear a rustle—it approaches nearer and nearer, and I recognise the scraping of Ismah's travai on the snow; another moment and the panting rascal was at my side! Nothing of the load missing or injured. I laughed aloud from sheer joy at the cringing movements by which he showed how well he knew that he had behaved very ill, but I was too well pleased to beat him. I had nothing more to do but unpack, make my bed, cook our supper, and go to sleep."

On the same journey the hunter again fell short of meat; for one day he sought game in vain, without coming on a single track. On the second day he saw Wapiti deer, but was unable to get near them. That night, tired and hungry, he dreamed continually of delicious feasts and hospitable friends, and waked all the more hungry and disappointed. On the third day, having had no solace but a pipe, he hunted hard without success, and suffered less from hunger than on the second day. He was upheld by the confidence that sooner or later he would fall in with game. At length he came upon the fresh tracks of deer, zig-zagging, as they do before lying down. He says: "I remained perfectly still, looking intently, with eyes sharpened by hunger, at the copse; something stirred in the willows—it was a deer going out to feed; most fortunately he came on towards me, slowly feeding, until he approached to within about one hundred yards, and stopped. I drew up my rifle; but he came still nearer, feeding slowly forward, until scarcely sixty yards off, when I took a steady deliberate shot as he turned his flank towards me. I heard the bullet crack against his shoulder; he rushed a short distance back, and rolled over in the snow. Wood was close at hand. I made a fire, cut, broiled, and eat sparingly of a little venison; fed my dog. Then made a rope of the deer-skin, and dragged the carcase to my camp of the previous night, cooked and eat an enormous supper, smoked my pipe, and slept comfortably."

At length Mr. Palliser reached a hunter's paradise on the Yellow Stone River; built himself a boat of bull's hide, with willow frames, to carry his baggage, spoils, and attendants; manufactured a shirt and breeches of deer-skin, and encamped and

enjoyed himself. "If I wished to shoot from horseback, a ride of a few miles afforded sport after buffalo; if to stalk Wapiti deer, or black-tailed, there were plenty to be had, with enough toil and labour to afford sport; *grouse corvée* (wild sheep) were to be seen balancing themselves on the tops of cliffs as I sat in my own camp; lots of pheasants were handy on the prairie, antelopes were constantly bounding past, and many a prowling wolf received a bullet while feeding on offal, cunningly disposed to tempt him. The dinners of this Yellow Stone camp would make a European epicure's mouth water—buffalo tongues and humps, elk meat and venison, antelopes' livers, wild mutton, and cat fish, which is a sort of miniature fresh-water dolphin, white, firm, and rich, marrow-bones of buffalo bulls, with a fair supply of coffee and sugar; bread is not mentioned.

But our hunter could find no grisly bear. Their fresh tracks were found, but the monsters were gone. This grisly bear, when full-grown, measures eight feet six inches from muzzle to stern, and about that size round the body, with feet eighteen inches in length, armed with claws five inches long—a lion cannot be more formidable.

One day, having shot a fine buck, he heard Dauphin, a French Canadian, one of a party he had joined, cry loudly, "*Monsieur, venez ici!*" (Come here, Sir!), and, looking up, saw him disappearing at his best pace over the brow of a hill; Palliser, following with his loaded rifle, beheld a bear standing on his hind legs staring about while Dauphin, concealed behind a rock, was industriously snapping a pistol that would not go off. First master and then man took a shot with the same rifle; and then Mr. Palliser, in spite of the remonstrances of Dauphin, followed the enemy into a clump of trees, and finished him. "He was young, only in his third year, but he measured five feet four inches from the rump to the muzzle, and had he been full grown it would certainly have fared badly with us."

The next grisly bear adventure was with a five year old female with two cubs, who chased Boncharville as he was washing his carbine at a river. "I at first ran to assist my companion; but, seeing the bear at fault, I rushed back to secure my horse, fearing that, on smelling the bear, he would gallop off and be lost on the prairie for ever. Seeing me run the bear charged after me; I rolled the halter round my arm and prepared to face her—had my horse flinched I had been lost—she rose on her hind legs, then turned aside, and followed her cub. I fired through the bushes, but only hit her far back in the flank, on which she stopped, wheeled round and round, tore at her side with her teeth and claws, and allowed me, fortunately, sufficient time to load again; my ball was hardly down when Boncharville cried out,

"*Gardez vous, gardez vous, Monsieur, elle fonce encore!*" (Take care, take care, Sir, she is after us again!) and on she rushed. I had barely time to put on my copper cap as she rose on her hind legs; I fired, and sent my bullet through her heart. She doubled up, and rolled to the bottom of the slope; but we did not venture to approach until we had ascertained she was dead by pelting her with sticks and stumps. After this Dauphin, with a stick and a coil of rope, set out to catch the young sucking bears, but they fought so hard that he was obliged to kill one, and the other bit and scratched so that the old hunter was glad to let him go."

Mr. Palliser was not content until he had shot three more of these grisly monsters, of the largest of which he says, with his usual candour, "He rose up displaying such gigantic proportions as almost made my heart fail me. I croaked again like a bull calf: he came cantering up slowly. I felt I was in for it, and that escape was impossible, so cocking both barrels of my firelock I remained kneeling until he approached very near, when I suddenly stood up; upon which the bear with an indolent roaring grunt raised himself once more upon his hind legs. Just as he was balancing before springing on me, I fired, aiming close under his chin; the ball passing through his throat, broke the vertebrae of the neck, and down he tumbled floundering like a great fish out of water, until at length he reluctantly expired. I drew a long breath, and felt right glad at the successful issue of the combat."

And here we may as well end the hunting adventures, of which we have given only a few. Many amusing and pleasing traits of the character of the author are unconsciously scattered through the narrative. The self-possessed manner in which, at New Orleans, having forgotten the name and street of his hotel, and, having wandered into a house by mistake, he receives a candle through a narrowly-opened door from a white jewelled hand, and retires, to be awakened the next morning by an offer of ivory-backed hair-brushes from a lady who turns out to be the wife of a friend—such is the hospitality of New Orleans—is delightful. So is the ball at St. Louis, where he rushed into a kitchen, and made pretty Madame Zoller leave the cooking, and come up and dance the *Sturm Marsch Gallop* with a pair of shoes that kept continually coming off.

If he has the toothache and cannot eat venison, he goes down and kills a buffalo bull, and feasts off his marrow bones. Then he will catch alligators at Cairo; and finally embarks for England with a menagerie of one black bear, two bisons, two bison calves, a deer, and antelope, after being indebted to the bear for defending his chum, the antelope, against the attacks of a great mastiff in the streets of New Orleans.

And so we take leave of John Palliser—

a good sportsman; who does not gloat over his victims with half savage exultation.

THE STOP THE WAY COMPANY.

To the lovers of antiquarian lore—that peculiar race of philosophers who look upon Gog and Magog as intimately bound up with the welfare of Great Britain;—so such as consider the turning up of some antediluvian monster as of far more value than any discovery of modern science; it may be matter for congratulation and pleasure to know that there is a broad region of this globe, which has not only been standing still while all the rest of the world has been whirling round, busy with human thought and human progress, but has been actually in many respects retrograding.

The middle-age student may rub his parchment hands at the idea of a territory equal in extent to the whole of continental Europe, watered by some of the finest rivers in the world, blessed by a health-giving climate, abounding in mineral wealth, possessing many thousands of miles of fruitful soil, which is still in the very self-same barbarous, unsophisticated condition as it was in the time of Charles the Second; defiant of the ruthless innovations of science and art, stopping the way for labour and capital, and presenting at every entrance, by rivers, by bays, by highways, by by-ways, one enormous, unrelenting notice of *NO THOROUGHFARE*.

It is not an idle fairy tale for Christmas, but a stern reality. No truant schoolboy, in search of apples or birds' nests, was ever scared more effectually by the ominous black board with its "steel traps and spring guns," than have been the pioneers of civilisation, by the great *No Thoroughfare* monopoly, the Hudson's Bay Company.

Some people may openly profess scepticism as to the existence of such a Company, and look upon it as a sort of incorporated Mrs. Harris. Who ever heard of its annual meetings? Did any one ever see its shares advertised for sale, or quoted in any share list? Has it transfer days, and open days, and shut days? Did it ever make a call; or, if it ever did, when was the last call answered? Has anybody, by chance, stumbled upon a Hudson's Bay Director, or Chairman, or Deputy Chairman? Does any letter carrier or policeman know where the Hudson's Bay House is? It must be somewhere, and must have clerks, and messengers, and office-keepers, and ledgers, and day-books, and (perhaps) transfer books, and no doubt it takes in the Public Ledger. But where? The abstract Company. All actually exists, and has existed since the reign of Charles the Second; who, as some chronicles rather unkindly relate, having been sadly pressed for money to meet some heavy bills falling due, made over certain territories in North America to

certain capitalists, the founders of the Stop the Way Company, for a good round sum in hard cash, upon certain conditions.

What those conditions were; how far they have been fulfilled; of what those territories consisted; and, to what extent the Company have succeeded in maintaining the integrity of their No Thoroughfare, it will be now our endeavour to show, as well as existing records will enable us.

The charter under which the Hudson's Bay Company hold their territories and exercise their monopoly of the fur trade, derives additional interest from its intimate connection with the attempts at the discovery of the north-west passage, as well as with the origin of the premium offered to successful navigators in those dangerous seas. The preamble of the charter runs as follows: "Whereas certain parties have, at their own cost and charges, undertaken an expedition for Hudson's Bay in the north-west part of America, for the discovery of a new passage into the South Sea, and for finding some trade for furs, minerals, and other considerable commodities, &c., now, know ye, that we, being desirous to promote all endeavours tending to the public good of our people, and to encourage the said design, have" &c. The charter then goes on to grant to the Company, in consideration of their making attempts for the discovery of the said north-west passage, the privilege of exclusive trade throughout certain territories which it pretends to describe in very vague and unsatisfactory language, and which it calls Rupert's Land: also the property and lordship of the soil of the said Rupert's Land; together with the privilege of exclusive trade with all countries into which the Company might find access by land or water, out of Rupert's Land.

It is not our intention to discuss the construction placed on the Royal charter, which thus dealt so freely with, not thousands, but three millions of square miles of territory, nor to inquire into the intention of the language employed in endeavouring to lay down the boundaries of this Company's territorial and trading rights. These questions, not less than the validity of the charter itself—which does not appear to have received the sanction of the Legislature at the period of the grant—will, it is understood, form matter for Parliamentary inquiry. Let us rather examine the vast tract of country which forms the subject of these remarks, and ascertain what are its capabilities and at the same time learn if the great object, "the public good," for which it was made over to the Company, has been attained.

The Directors, it would appear, have construed "the public good" to mean their own "private gain;" and no body of men have ever pursued any definite object through a period of two hundred years, with more watchful, unflagging zeal, than have this Company. The

enormous profits realized by the fur trade, the ease with which it was kept up, the small capital required, were inducements sufficient to make them not only not attempt to open up any other resources of the country, but actually to interdict any effort of the kind. With this view ever before them, it has been their endeavour to paint the territories, over which they exercise sovereign rule, as barren, uninhabitable, and profitless; fitted only for the abode of the wild animals in whose skins they traded, and of the equally savage natives who trapped them.

Unfortunately, however, for this policy, one or two gentlemen in their employment, as well as one of their own governors, Sir George Simpson, took a fancy to travel through these sterile, useless wilds; and, what is more to the purpose, resolved to publish the results of their observations. From the journals of these officials, and from the notes of some few other chance travellers who have broken through the Stopped Way, we are able to present a tolerably detailed sketch of this enormous tract of private continent.

If the reader will open before him a map of North America of any recent date he will observe a line drawn across it, from east to west, in the latitude of forty-nine degrees North. This forms the boundary between the British territories and those of the United States. Of the former vast tract, it will be readily perceived how small is the portion included in the boundaries of Canada as compared with the remainder. It is indeed but a narrow slip of it—little more than a south-westerly crust. Canada is nevertheless a large country, for it contains about four hundred thousand square miles. The shape of the remainder of the huge northern private continent is very irregular. We will not go into any very nice calculations, but call it in round numbers three millions of square miles, or about the extent of the great Australian continent.

A certain portion, or, we should rather say, a very uncertain portion of this northern country is denominated Rupert's Land, or Hudson's Bay Territory. Geographers have differed as to the limits of this land quite as much as certain persons once did in regard to the colour of a certain chameleon. Some amongst them wiser than the rest hazard no particular limit—they content themselves with inserting the name, and leave the imagination of the reader to define the boundary-line.

It would be in vain to consult the Company's charter. Its vague language may be made to signify anything clever lawyers choose. Some aver that the Company's territorial rights extend round Hudson's Bay in a horseshoe form for several hundreds of miles, in the latitude of fifty-eight degrees north, extending as far as the Rocky Mountains, and thence running south as far as the

American boundary, and skirting it to nearly the head of Lake Superior. This outline would give them a tract nearly equal to the whole of our Australian colonies, and would include all the wooded and prairie-land, shutting out only the barren and desert tracts incapable of being colonised. The Company, not intending colonisation, nor mining, but bent only on fur-trading, look upon those great northern wilds as the true source of their wealth, and consequently lay claim to the whole country east of the Rocky Mountains, as far as the Arctic regions; and, with enlarged views, went so far as to claim all to the westward of this rocky range. To make assurance doubly sure, the Company, in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-one, and again in eighteen hundred and thirty-eight, obtained a royal license, which extended their American preserves—until the year eighteen hundred and fifty-nine—over the whole of the territories to the West of the Rocky Mountains, as far north as Russian America. Until the latter period, therefore, the great No Thoroughfare notice will be maintained.

However lightly the second Charles may have made over this enormous slice of a continent to a trading board of directors, he was not unmindful of the cause of science, nor of the welfare of the state; hence we find him stipulating that the Company shall use their endeavours to discover the north-west passage, and declaring that he made the grant with a view to the public good. Whether it was that the Directors were prophetically endowed with a foreknowledge of the practical inutility of the north-west passage, or were moved by the suffering that must be entailed by prosecuting it, not less than in opening up any of their frosty territories, is not clear, but their policy has ever been to keep away Englishmen, and to send home furs.

The entire surface of this country, with the exception of the mountains, lakes, and rivers, may be classed under three distinct heads—the woody, the prairie, and the desert country. The former stretches around the vicinity of Hudson's Bay to a greater or less depth, and contains vast forests of useful trees, many of them of enormous size. These forests cover tracts greater in extent than the United Kingdom; some parts of them are situated in uninhabitable regions, but others are far more favourably located.

The prairie, or open country, extends from the head of Lake Superior, in a westerly direction, past Lake Winnipeg, as far as one hundred and ten west longitude; thence north to the Deer Lake, and eastwards and south past the head of Lake Winnipeg and the Lake of the Woods—comprising half-a-million of square miles of land as fertile as in any part of the world, watered by a net-work of lakes and rivers, and, although cold during the winter, sufficiently warm in spring and

summer to bring forth most abundant crops of almost every species of European grain, vegetable, and fruit. Enough food might be there raised to serve the entire population of Great Britain and the whole of her dependencies; and were it not for the No Thoroughfare policy of the Company, we might, at this present moment of scarcity and dearth, be drawing large supplies of cheap corn from this very country.

Of the beauty and fertility of this part of Rupert's Land all who have seen it speak in glowing terms. One writes thus of the neighbourhood of Lake Winnipeg:—"There is not, perhaps, a finer country in the world, for the residence of uncivilised man, than that which occupies the space between Red River and Lake Superior. Fish, venison, fowl, and wild rice are in great plenty; the fruits are strawberries, plums, cherries, hazelnuts, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, pears, &c." Surely a country which produces all these in such variety is fit for more than uncivilised man. Other eyes than those of the savage might revel in the scenery which is there to be met with. Broad rivers winding their way through ample valleys, stretching for miles in grassy slopes, crowned by beetling forests of ash, poplar, and oak, and affording shelter and food to numberless herds of elk and buffalo. Extensive lakes in the midst of fertile plains, fringed with natural plantations of roses and sweet-briars, lend an enchantment to this wild country which has struck every traveller. Sir George Simpson, the late governor of the Hudson's Bay territories, made a tour through this same country, and speaks of travelling by the Kaninistaquoix, one of the numerous rivers which fertilize and beautify the neighbourhood. He penetrated forests of elm, oak, pine, birch, &c., and passed many isles not less fertile and lovely than the banks, reminding him of the rich and quiet scenery of England. The shores were spangled with violets, roses, and many other wildflowers, while fruits of all kinds were equally abundant. The governor, carried away by his admiration of this beautiful scenery, and forgetful, for the time, of the Stop the Way policy of his masters, the Directors at home, was led incautiously to declare that it is impossible to pass through this fair valley, without feeling that it is destined sooner or later to become the happy home of civilised men, with their bleating flocks and their lowing herds, with their schools and their churches, with their full garners and their social hearths.

Something of this has actually come to pass on the banks of the Red River, a little farther to the west, where a tract of country has been located by Highlanders, Canadians, and half-breeds. Nearly midway between the American boundary and Lake Winnipeg, the Red River Settlement, although of nearly forty years standing, does not contain above

two thousand inhabitants. They appear to have everything in abundance which is needed to support life. Wild fowl and fish are to be had for the seeking. The neighbouring forests yield them plentifully of every variety of useful timber, whilst the vast tracts of open country about them afford a never failing pasturage for their flocks and herds.

The soil of this land is a rich black alluvium of great depth, which, when first tilled, produces extraordinary crops, as much on some occasions as forty-fold of wheat; even after twenty successive years of cultivation, without the aid of manure or of green crops, it still yields from fifteen to twenty-five bushels the acre of fine heavy corn.

Farms have sprung up in all directions; cattle are heard lowing; the bleating of the sheep tell of the progress of industry, and wool and corn, hides and tallow, are amongst the leading productions of these thriving colonists. For seven months out of the year cattle are able to be pastured on the wide savannahs of the Red River, for the remainder of the twelve months they are fed in their stalls on straw, hay, &c. It might reasonably have been expected that this germ of colonisation would have spread into many other channels; that pioneers would have gone forth from it in all directions, to realise the anticipations of Sir George Simpson, and that those people on the Red River would have risen to opulence by the abundant produce raised on their lands.

All this might have been and would have been long before the present time, but for the steel-trap and spring-gun policy of the Company, who, having resolved that nothing should be encouraged which might in the most remote way interfere with the integrity of beaver-skins or martens'-tails, effectually checked the onward progress of these rising colonists, and hedged them and their industry in by an impassable Stop the Way barrier. How this was accomplished may be seen by one instance—that of a gentleman who had assumed the character of merchant in a small way, and having imported some few goods from England in the Company's ships by way of Hudson's Bay, and found them pay well, determined to try a shipment of tallow home, of which there was abundance to be had at a trifling cost. He did so. The venture succeeded to the utmost, and was followed by one of much greater value. By this time the Directors were alarmed at the prospect of having a tallow trade springing up, and throwing their cherished martens'-tails into the shade, and otherwise unsettling the minds of the natives; accordingly, as none but the Company's ships are permitted to ruffle the waters of Hudson's Bay with their keels, the Directors had but to give orders that no more of this dangerous tallow should be taken on board, and the affair was settled, as the presumptuous merchant found to his cost.

His tallow remained spoiling on the Company's wharf at York Factory for two entire years, at the end of which time he abandoned the affair in disgust.

This, however, was not all. The merchant was far too enterprising and energetic for the Directors' fancy. Who, could say what he might not attempt next? Perhaps explore some of the copper and lead mines of the north, or open a coal seam along the banks of the Saskatchewan! It was, in short, resolved that he should be "put down;" and accordingly he was put down, there being no power on that private continent to prevent the thing. The following brief but expressive note was received by the obnoxious trader, in the latter part of eighteen hundred and forty-five; it was dated from the Factory of the Red River Settlement, and ran thus:—"Sir, I beg to state that in a private letter from Mr. Secretary Smith, dated the eighteenth of April last, I am requested to acquaint you that no goods will be shipped in your name on board the Hudson's Bay Company's ship for York Factory this season. I remain, &c." A strange fulfilment this, in the nineteenth century, of the injunction laid upon the Company in a comparatively benighted age, by the sovereign who gave them their charter, and who was thus liberal to them from a desire to promote the public good of his people.

That this immense tract of country contains within it much mineral wealth there is ample evidence to show, despite the steady perseverance of the Company to throw discredit upon every such statement. Lead, quicksilver, and cinnabar are known to exist in the region of Hudson's Bay. Many natives have been seen wearing bright shining pieces of copper ore round their necks by way of ornament, evidently removed from the surface of the soil; and so common was the practice near Fort Churchill, in the north, that the tribe thus decorating themselves were known as the Copper Indians. The Company's servants, however, true to their employers' creed of the unproductiveness of the country, declare that these pieces of bright metallic substance are neither more nor less than the broken fragments of brass cannon picked up from some foreign vessels that had been wrecked on the shore.

The existence of most extensive seams of coal along the banks of the Saskatchewan flowing from the Rocky Mountains to Lake Winnipeg, is more difficult of denial than the ores to the northwards. It has been examined and burnt by more than one intelligent traveller; nay, the Company's own governor, before alluded to, notices it in his journal as beyond all doubt, and not as found in any particular tract of country, but along many hundreds of miles. It has, likewise, been found of good quality and in great abundance in Vancouver's Island, situated at the southern extremity of the west coast of this private continent.

There is another feature to be examined in the operations of this Company, which to the philanthropist must be of greater importance than the growth of corn, the trade in tallow, or the raising of minerals. The exclusive trade and territorial rights, assumed in the rigid and unflinching spirit which they ever have been by these dealers in beaver skins, involve something more than appears on the surface. In handing over millions of square miles of territory to the iron custody of commercial speculators it seemed to have been overlooked that the act involved the future weal or woe of the many tribes of Indians inhabiting those regions: natives who certainly possessed a better claim to the lordship of the forest and the prairie than Charles the Second, who presumed to will them and their soil away to pay his private debts; whose only forfeiture of ancient rights lay in their utter inability to defend their hunting ground against the aggressions of the swarthy king and his white subjects.

So little was known of the original tribes of Indians inhabiting the distant districts of those territories, during the first century of the Company's establishment, that it is scarcely possible to form any close calculation as to the decimation of these unfortunate people. We can but make a guess at it from the process of annihilation that has been going on during the past fifty years, when better data have been at hand.

When Europeans were but as strangers in that land, there were upwards of fifty numerous and powerful races of Indians inhabiting those vast hunting grounds. Amongst these were the Crees, the Yellow Knives, the Chippewayans, the Hares, the Dahotonies, the Dogribs, the Nihanies, the Loncheaux, the Blackfeet, the Assiniboinies, the Blood Indians, the Sarcees, the Copper Indians, and many others. Not a few of these numbered ten thousand souls each, early in the present century. Doubtless their lives were spent pretty much as savage tribes usually pass their days. Hunting buffaloes, spearing salmon, trapping deer were occasionally varied with skirmishes into the neighbouring territory, when the fish-spear and the wooden-trap would be laid aside for the tomahawk and the scalping-knife. Still they were happy after a fashion, and were at any rate not demoralised as at present.

Living in rude tents, subsisting on kammas or preserved bulbs, pemmican, and dried fruits, they had little desire for civilised luxuries. Of athletic form, and taking abundant exercise, they enjoyed robust health, and the calling of the "medicine-man" amongst them was entirely confined to the healing of wounds obtained in the chase or war. Their weapons for slaughtering the buffaloes or deer were bone-point arrows and spears, which latter were formidable instruments of

destruction in their hands. These animals being found in great numbers, often in thousands at a time, it was seldom they ran short of a good store of dried pemmican for the long winter months.

For upwards of a century the fate of these once happy races was hidden from Europe. All within that great "Beaver preserve" was a sealed book in this country. But in the course of time the truth oozed out slowly but sadly. Tales reached England of the extermination of entire tribes and races by starvation, intemperance, and disease introduced from Europe. Stories were listened to, but scarcely credited, of cannibalism from sheer starvation, of wholesale murders in the madness of intoxication, and it was said that at the then rate of human destruction, the footprint of a native would not be seen on the wastes of the Indian territories by the end of the present century.

It was doubtless the recital of some of these horrors which induced the government of the year eighteen hundred and twenty-one, and again in eighteen hundred and thirty-eight—when granting exclusive trading privileges to the Company over the entire northern part of this continent—to stipulate that they should take effectual steps for gradually diminishing and ultimately preventing the sale or distribution of spirituous liquors to the Indians, as also for promoting their moral and religious improvement.

In eighteen hundred and twenty, the very year in which the Company were seeking for a license of exclusive trade, and just one hundred and fifty years after their establishment, they sent out the first minister of religion that has been permitted to enter the country. On making their second application for a trading license in eighteen hundred and thirty-eight a few missionaries were sent out; but, the license once obtained, the number of these was gradually reduced.

With regard to the Company's undertaking to stop the distribution of spirits amongst the Indians, nothing could be more readily effected, seeing that liquor, not less than any other imported article, can only be introduced into the country by the Company's ships. The Company stop the way against every useful requirement of more civilised life; but open it wide for the passage of ardent spirits; which so utterly demoralise the natives, that amongst them the rise of drunkenness annually increases, leading to crime, to poverty and death by hundreds. The Indians are fully sensible of the deadly consequences attending the free use of spirituous drinks; yet are unable to withstand the temptation. The results are fearful. During a parliamentary discussion upon Hudson's Bay affairs in eighteen hundred and forty-eight, it was significantly remarked by Mr. Gladstone that, in the year eighteen hundred

and thirty-seven, when the Company were seeking for a renewal of their license for exclusive trade, the quantity of spirits introduced into the country was only three thousand eight hundred gallons; whereas in eighteen hundred and forty-five, when they felt secure in their new privileges, the quantity rose to upwards of nine thousand gallons.

A very striking and instructive anecdote is told by a late servant of the Company, to the effect that on the occasion of a most atrocious murder having been perpetrated by a native trapper at the very door of one of the factories, no notice whatever was taken of it, because, as it was urged, the murderer was one of the Company's best fur hunters at the post. This entirely bears out the statement to be found in a publication by one of the Company's chaplains, who declares most solemnly that, throughout the Hudson's Bay territories, the life of an Indian was never yet, by a trapper, put in competition with a beaver's skin.

We have yet one other illustration of the light account taken in this sealed country of solemn engagements or native life. When their recent rights were given to them, it was considered that, to leave the Company with power of life and death throughout a territory so shut away from the rest of the world, would be highly improper: accordingly, whilst magistrates were allowed to be appointed to take cognizance of all minor offences, a bond was taken of the Company that they should convey felons to the Canadian courts for trial. Many tales are told of the utter disregard of this salutary injunction, but we will content ourselves in the matter with quoting the language of one of the Company's agents, (Mr. A. Simpson), who at page four hundred and twenty-seven of his published work, tells us that the Company have an invariable rule of avenging the murder by Indians of any of its servants—blood for blood, without trial of any kind. As a pendant to this, we are assured by a late governor of the country, in the account of his travels through those territories, that whether in matters of life and death, or of petty theft, the rule of retaliation is the only standard of equity which the natives are able to appreciate.

It would be easy to fill a goodly volume with interesting accounts of this sealed country, this region hidden from the knowledge and industry of mankind during nearly two hundred years, in order that a body of private individuals might realise handsome profits. But enough has been said to show how desirable it is that more should be known, and that the original and subsequent conditions on which the Company hold their present rights should be rigidly fulfilled. It is impossible to look without interest on a country containing three millions of square miles, abounding in mineral wealth, and capable of growing enough corn to feed the

whole of Europe, yet whose sole destiny it is to furnish four shiploads of skins annually, of the value of about five hundred thousand pounds. A region forming a large portion of that enormous whole, by whose vast net-work of lakes and rivers a canoe may voyage from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Seas. A land so admirably adapted for easy water communication, and so fitted to open a connection between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans that, but for one break and that easy of removal, a vessel might sail from London Bridge to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. At a gap in this range the source of the Saskatchewan, which runs eastward towards the Canadian frontier, is so close to that of the Columbia, which course is in a south-westerly direction and finally empties itself into the Pacific, that a traveller tells us he could have filled his tea-kettle from the waters of both of them for the same meal. It is mortifying in the extreme to know all this and at the same time to feel that, save to a few privileged voyagers and the Company's servants, there is no *Thoroughfare* through such a magnificent highway. We must, however, in justice add, that many of the gentlemen connected with this old monopoly deplore its selfish exclusiveness as much as the most liberal free-trader. It is indeed from the revelations of such gentlemen that much of the information contained in this paper has been derived.

SEASONABLE GAINS.

Now that we are fairly launched in the New Year, and steering a direct course for Christmas 'fifty-four, it is a pleasant thing to feel that we are richer than we were a month ago. Richer by all that we have received; richer by all that we have given. A storm of kind words has been beating about the ears of every man who has had a ship or but a little boat to run into the Christmas harbour. Every man's memory has just come into a little property, and we are all walking about with heaps of lately acquired treasures in us. We have all—all, at least, able to read this gratulation—lately found out that we are very valuable people.

I should like to know what a political economist would have to say of the season now ending. Has it confused him? Has he been able to bring the laws that regulate supply and demand to bear upon it? Has he had twelve hares, nineteen turkeys, three dozen barrels of oysters, twenty-three hampers of fish miscellaneous, and a vanload of French plums in boxes sent to him in the most irrational way from north, south, east, and west, by kind relations and old friends, all to supply one dinner? Have his nephews earned half-crowns and half-sovereigns by the purseload without doing a bit of work, when their unskilled labour—they being only com-

petent to frighten birds—is worth but fourpence a day in the market? By what law has the said economist been called upon to supply storybooks containing pictures to the little boys and girls of his acquaintance? What says Adam Smith of Christmas and the New Year, and of the modes of acquiring property established at that season?

These may be grave questions or they may not:—I always feel to be getting on with any argument when I can say that a thing is or is not something. But the fact of the matter is this—another good phrase, it looks lucid—the fact is that we are richer than we were by all the money we have spent: everything given away has been gain, and we have gained also all that we have got. What have we got? Every house, I suppose, contains something pleasantly and recently acquired by some one of its inmates. Don't let me be thought boastful if I count my gains.

My youngest daughter, Tabitha, with whom I will begin, found a beautiful maiden with black locks and large eyes barbarously tied by the hair to a Christmas tree, and rescued her. The beautiful maiden shows her gratitude by devoting her whole life to Tabitha. She never quits her side, and at this moment, I perceive, lies clasped in her embrace. Tabitha has gained this charming friend, this sharer of her walks and talks, this bosom companion, who is called Zenora. She does not regret the accident that brought them to a knowledge of each other, and though she has a very strong suspicion that it was a cruel uncle—Uncle Robson—by whose hands she was suspended to the tree, suspended by her lovely hair—he has great whiskers, and looks like a creature who can do such things—she cannot find it in her heart to scold a relative by whose deed Zenora was brought to her arms. On my part, as an economist, I can make no objection to this introduction of a strange lady into the household, for she never speaks an unkind word of anybody, makes no mischief—if I except that upon one occasion she did certainly strew bran over a muffin—and she takes nothing, literally nothing. She lives upon bran, and a little lasts her a long time. My daughter in the excess of hospitality has frequently endeavoured to force tea upon her, but the hot tea having burnt her mouth to an alarming degree on one occasion, none has recently been offered.

Egbert, aged twelve, has become since Christmas a great ship-owner. His I believe is the largest ship in our parish—Marylebone—that has a boy for captain; there may be, and I believe are, larger such at sea. Egbert, who knows nothing of Blake or Nelson, brought a history-prize home at the end of his last half year, and he calls his ship the *Actium*—which has been lettered on the side by our page, John, who is a neat hand at mechanics, “the gallant *Axem*.” Egbert

is out now on a three days' visit to his aunt Matilda, and John, who is a good-natured lad, has been lettering the ship in his absence with gold-leaf as an agreeable surprise prepared for him against his return. The gallant *Axem* rides in dock now in the arena cistern, and stems the tide of water when it is turned on and rushes in with fearful vehemence, as grandly as becomes a piece of your real British timber, and the leading vessel in the naval armament of Marylebone. She carries only two brass guns, but those have been procured by Egbert himself regardless of expense; he gave for one of them as much as eighteenpence sterling, and when the trial of them took place, I remember being told that his eighteenpence sent a bullet clean into a teapot of Britannia metal, causing an enormous leak, and so completely wrecking it, as it lay on a day in the nursery tray, with a full cargo of tea on board, that it went down and has never been brought up again. If Britannia cannot resist my son's artillery, can Russia? Not Russia, not Morocco, not even double sole leather, for the rash cannonader has fired—I regret to say—one of his shots through the sole of a pair of boots that I use in rough weather. I went out in the last thaw and was obliged to take a cab when I found one boot letting in water with most unaccountable rapidity.

Egbert, who is quite an illustration of nepotism in his way, has not only been appointed by one uncle to the command of a vessel, but he has been made by another uncle half proprietor with Tabitha of the Royal Victoria Theatre—not the Victoria sustained by icks, that in the Lambeth Marshes, but the Royal Victoria Theatre—now open at nineteen, Bunkiter Street, Marylebone. Egbert is stage-manager and director; Tabitha paints the scenery and the actors, they not being competent to paint themselves. The proprietors of the Royal Victoria have an exclusive property in the performers. Now, although that may be a wrong state of things in a free land, it is exceedingly convenient in a theatre. They are always to perform one piece (which will ensure perfection), *Timour the Tartar*. I may illustrate the complete subservience of the company of this theatre to the management. One of the horses that appears in the tournament scene being too thin in the knees, and very liable to come down, Egbert, in the true spirit of a despot, tore his legs off, and that horse has ever since gone through the play upon its tail and belly.

The Royal Victoria Theatre has not only brilliant scenery and actors liberally spangled—every one a firmament in himself or herself; but it has also a handsome green silk curtain that rolls up at the tinkle of a bell, and footlights that burn real oil. Mrs. Gettleton—my wife and Egbert's mother—has objected very much to the real oil. The rea-

son was this; the first performance of Timour the Tartar having taken place under the distinguished patronage of J. Stotman, Esquire, the well-known Uncle Jack of our domestic history, in fact, the presenter of my children to the theatrical property in question—the first performance, I say, having taken place under such patronage on New Year's Eve, and the stage being established on the parlour table, there resulted a slop upon a very handsome table-cover, which my son, the manager, in the enthusiasm of the moment, endeavoured to wipe up with the sleeve of his best jacket. Mrs. Gettleton perceived it to be the real oil and had difficulty in retaining her composure. Every one else was, however, satisfied, when Mr. Egbert came forward and apologised for the mishap, accounting for it by the fact that the whole theatre had inadvertently been joggled.

Then I have another child, Matilda, seventeen years old, who is mysteriously gifted. Something has been given to her which she carries, either up her sleeve or in some fold of her frock, I suspect over her epigastrium, and I know that she got it from Frank Holly, with whom she thinks herself in love, but who is old enough, silly child, to be her father. He will be twenty-three next May, and she is scarcely out of her pinafores.

Redmond, my eldest boy, aged twenty, is studying medicine in Paris, and as he has not come home for the holidays, Uncle Jack, who knows how the mounseers feed, has sent him a sirloin of beef and two plum puddings in a hamper. I had a notion that the parcel might require a passport; Uncle Jack says not. Redmond is upstairs on a fifth floor, and I don't know what sort of a cook he has to look to for his dinner. I expect to hear that the whole sirloin was fricassed and garnished with the pudding.

I, for my share of gifts, have had turkeys and things; but, of all presents, the most puzzling was the one sent me by a fine old farmer in the country, my mother's father, who has often heard us rejoice, when visiting him, at our escape from the London milk, and who forwarded to me suddenly, and as a surprise, his favourite milch cow. It arrived at my door, nineteen, Bunkiter Street, Marylebone, on Christmas Monday, in the evening, when there was a party at our house; my wife had her best things on, and I was in the middle of a rubber. Suddenly, John, the page, steals up to Mrs. Gettleton with "Please, ma'am, here's a cow come. A note came with it." The old gentleman was very kind, and would be mortally grieved if we refused it; but just think of the worry in the

midst of a party close by Oxford Street, of having to think where to put a cow. It wasn't safe for it to go down steps into the back kitchen; we couldn't stand it in the hall, because there were the gentlemen's coats, and the ladies would have to go by with their cloaks on and their handkerchiefs over their heads, and they might be afraid that she would toss them. I can't tell how we managed; but we did manage. I wasn't cowed out of my wits, and so I found out a solution of the difficulty.

Now I must have said enough of my own gifts and those of my family. We are not more gifted than our neighbours, I dare say, and I don't mean to brag; but I do say, what a fine thing Christmas tide and New Year tide is: they are indeed the tides in our affairs which, taken at the flood, lead on to fortune. If Christmas tide would only overflow and cover the whole year, we should all get on swimmingly. Why doesn't it? It is so pleasant for us all to feel that we are feeding upon one another—jolly Christmas cannibals—Jones eating Smith's flesh, Smith eating Jones's fowl, and Jones and Smith both eating Brown's fish.

You may call me sordid, but I take pleasure and put faith in these material attentions. I know my wife's father by his cow. Privately, I may confess cow-keeping in Bunkiter Street to be no welcome addition to my cares, but how well do I ascertain the length of my father-in-law's heart-strings, and understand that they reach fully to me, when an animal that is notoriously bound to them is found at my home door! I say to myself, Bragsby's favourite would not have come so far if Bragsby did not love us as he does.

Smithson praised me neatly, and expressed the warmest affection and respect for me in proposing my health over Johnson's supper-table on the third of January last. Robertson didn't so much as cheer when they gave me the honours; he was talking to Miss Priggs. What of that? Who sent me the fat turkey that was chosen for our Christmas bird? Robertson did. Who is my friend, then? Robertson. This test is very fallible. I grant, but deeds are not so fallible as words, and *ceteris paribus*—I know that is a clinching phrase to use—*ceteris paribus*, I say, I like to receive gifts.

Having proposed the sentiment, May we all get and give with equal pleasure, and do both abundantly, gentlemen and ladies, I—ah—if you please, with musical cheers. Hem. This is the time to be harmonious if ever.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. VIII.

McELRATH & BARKER, PUBLISHERS.

Office No. 11 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

WHOLE No. 199.

CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

ROYALTY in decadence and adversity, although it may be occasionally magnanimous, is at all times a melancholy spectacle. A seedy prince, a duke out at elbows, a shabby lord even, are objects of pity and compassion; but a bankrupt sovereign, a queen at a discount, a king "hard up," are, I take it, superlatively pitiable. Women, it is true, can bear adversity better than men. Without misery it would seem to be impossible for some of the dear creatures to "come out so strong" (to use a vulgar phrase) in the way of patience, of long suffering, of love, of mercy, of self-abnegation, as under the pressure of adverse circumstances. Marie Antoinette, we will wager, was oftentimes as cheerful while washing and combing the little dauphin (before he, poor child, was taken from her), in the gloomy donjon of the Temple, as she had been, in the days of her glory, in the golden galleries of Versailles. Queen Margaret, in the forest with her son, mollifying the robber, is a pleasanter sight to view than Queen Margaret the Cruel, an intriguing politician, decorating the Duke of York's head with a paper crown. Who would not sooner form unto himself an image of the Scottish Mary weeping in her first, innocent, French widowhood, or partaking of her last melancholy repast at Fotheringay among her mourning domestics, than that same Scottish Mary battling with Ruthven for Rizzio's life, or listening in the grey morning for the awful sound which was to tell her that the deed of blood at the Kirk of Field was done, and that Henry Lord Darnley was dead?

Still for one Porphyrogenitus, as it were—born in the purple—lapped in the velvet of a throne, with an orb for a plaything, and a sceptre for a lollipop, to come to poverty and meanness, to utter decay and loss of consideration—be he king, or be she queen—is very wretched and pity-moving to view. Dionysius keeping school (and dwelling on the verb *tupto*, you may be sure); Boadicea widowed, scourged, dishonoured, wandering up and down in search of vengeance; Lear, old, mad, and worse than childish, in the forest; Zenobia ruined and in chains; Darius

"Deserted in his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed;"

VOL. VIII.—No. 199

Theodore of Corsica filing his schedule in the Insolvent Debtors' Court; Caroline of Prussia bullied by Napoleon; Murat waiting for a file of grenadiers to dispatch him; for those who have once been "your majesty," before whom chamberlains have walked backward, to be poor, to be despised, to be forgotten, must be awful, should be instructive, is pitiable.

A case of this description, and which I have been emboldened to call one of real distress, has lately come under the notice of the writer of this article. He happens to be acquainted with a Queen, once powerful, once rich, once respected, once admired, whose dominions were almost boundless, the foundations of whose empire were certainly of antediluvian, and possibly of pre-Adamite date. Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, Phœnicia, Carthage, Rome, Greece, Macedon, were all baby dynasties compared with that of QUEEN MAB.

Not always known under this title, perhaps, but still recognised in all time as a queen, as an empress, a sultana—the autocrat of imagination, the mistress of magic, the czarina of fancy, poetry, beauty,—the queen of the fairies and fairyland.

Her chronicles were writ with a diamond pen upon the wing of a butterfly, before ever Confucius had penned a line, or Egyptian hieroglyphics were thought of. She animated all nature when, for millions of miles, there had not been known one living thing, and there was nothing howling but the desert. She peopled the heavens, the air, the earth, the waters, with innumerable tribes of imaginary beings, arrayed in tints borrowed from the flowers, the rainbow and the sun. She converted every virtue into a divinity, every vice into a demon. Far, far superior to mythology, her sovereignty was tributary only to religion.

When Theseus reigned in Athens—let William Shakespeare settle when—Queen Mab, under the name and garb of Titania, reigned lady-paramount in all the woods and wilds near the city. She was wedded to one Oberon: of whose moral character, whatever people may say, I have always thought but very lightly. She knew a bank whereon the wild thyme grew; she had a court of dancing fays and glittering sprites; at her call, came from the brown forest glades, from the

recesses of mossy banks, from the penetralia of cowslips' bells, from under the blossoms that hung on boughs, from where the bee sucked, from where the owls cried, from flying on bats' backs—satyrs and fauns, elves and elfins, naiads, dryads, hamadryads, bry-comanes, strange little creatures in skins and scales, with wings and wild eyes. And Oberon had but to wave his wand, and lo, the dewdrops and the glow-worms, and the will-o'-the-wisps gathered themselves together, and became a creature—that creature Puck—the mischief-loving, agile, playful Puck, putting “a girdle round the earth in forty minutes,” weaving subtle incantations upon Bully Bottom with the ass's head, or, with some million Puck-like sprites bearing glistening torches, singing in elfin chorus—

“Through the house give glimmering light,”

and lighting up the vast marble palace of Theseus until Philostratus, lord high chamberlain and master of the revels, must have thought that his subordinates were playing the *diabla à quatre* with his stores of “wax ends from the palace.” This was Queen Mab—Titania—the fairy queen who reigned in the Piræus and in the Morea, from Athens to Lacedæmon, from Thrace to Corinth. The bigwigs of Olympus recognised her: Jupiter winked at her while his ox-eyed spouse had turned her bucolic glances another way. Pan was aware of her, and lent her his pipes oftentimes. Socrates knew her, and she consoled him when his demon had been tormenting him unmercifully. Not, however, to Greece did she confine herself. She winged her way with Bacchus to the hot climes of Indy when he became Iswara and Baghesa; she sported on crocodiles' tails in Egypt when Bacchus once more changed himself into Osiris. She was a Sanscrit fairy when Bacchus became Vrishadwaja. The stout bulrushes of old Nile, the gigantic palms of Indostan, the towering bamboos of China, quavered lightly as the myriad elves of fairyland danced upon them. Wherever there was mythology, wherever there was poetry, wherever there was fancy, there was Queen Mab: multi-named and multi-formed, but still queen of the beautiful, the poetical, the fanciful.

The East was long her favourite abode. She hovered about Chinese marriage feasts, and blew out the light in variegated lanterns; she sat on Chinese fireworks, let off squibs and crackers and pasted wafers, upon Mandarin's spectacles, thousands of years before lanterns, fireworks, or spectacles were ever heard or thought of in this part of the globe. When the whole of Europe was benighted and in gloom, she—Queen Mab, as the Fairy Peribanon—was giving that gorgeous never-to-be-forgotten series of evening parties known as the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. She had castles of gold, silver, brass,

and precious stones; of polished steel, and adamant, and glass. She had valleys of diamonds and mountains of sapphires. In her stud were flying horses, with tails that whisked your eyes out; mares that had once been beautiful women. In her aviaries were roes whose eggs were as large as Mr. Wyld's Globe; birds that talked, and birds that danced, and birds that changed into princes. In her ponds were fishes that refused to be fried in egg and bread-crumbs, or, in the Hebrew fashion, in Florence oil, but persisted in holding astoundingly inexplicable converse with fairies, who came out of party-walls and defied Grand Viziers; fishes that eventually proved to be—not fishes—but the mayor, corporation, and burgeses of a highly respectable submerged city. From them doubtless sprang, in after ages, the susceptible oyster that was crossed in love, and subsequently whistled; and the accomplished sturgeon (I think) that smoked a pipe and sang a comic song. In those golden Eastern days the kingdom or queenom of Fairyland was peopled with one-eyed calenders, sons of kings, gigantic geni who for countless ages had been shut up in metal caskets hermetically secured by Solomon's Seal; and who, being liberated therefrom by benevolent fishermen, began in smoke (how many a genius has ended in the same!), and finally assuming their primeval proportions threatened and terrified their benefactors. In the train of the Arabian Queen Mab, were spirits who conveyed hunchbacked bridegrooms into remote chambers, and there left them, head downwards; there were fairies who transported lovers in their shirts and drawers to the gates of Damascus, and there incited them to enter the fancy-baking trade, bringing them into sore peril in the long run, through not putting pepper into cream tarts; there were cunning magicians, knowing of gardens underground, where there were trees whereof all the fruits were jewels, and who went up and down Crim Tartary crying “Old lamps for new;” there were palaces, built, destroyed, and rebuilt in an instant; there were fifty thousand black slaves with jars of jewels on their heads; there were carpets which flew through the air, caps which rendered their owners invisible, loadstones which drew the nails out of ships, money which turned to dry leaves, magic passwords which caused the doors of subterranean caverns to revolve on their hinges. Yes; and the Eastern Queen Mab could show you Halls of Eblis, in which countless multitudes for ever wandered up and down; black marble staircases, with never a bottom; paradises where Gulchenrouz revelled, and for which Bababalouk sighed; demon dwarfs with scimitars, the inscriptions on whose blades baffled the Caliph Vathek, and who (the dwarfs), being menaced and provoked, rolled themselves up into concentric balls and suffered themselves to be kicked into interminable space. Queen Mab beld her

court in Calmuck Tartary; and there, in *The Relations of Ssidi Kur*, yet extant, she originated marvellous stories of the wandering Khan; of the glorified Naugasuna Garbi, who was "radiant within and without;" of the wonderful bird Ssidi, who came from the middle kingdom of India; of wishing-caps, flying-swords, hobgoblins, and fairies in abundance. In the East, Whittington and his Cat first realised their price; it rested in Italy on its way northward; and the merry priest Piovano Arlotto had it from a benevolent Brahmin, and told it in Florence before there was ever a Lord Mayor in London. The King of the Frogs—that of Doctor Leyden and the Brothers Grimm—was a tributary of Queen Mab in Lesser Thibet, centuries ago; and the fact of the same story being found in the *Gesta Romanorum*, and in the popular superstitions of Germany, only proves the universality of Queen Mab's dominion. It is no proof that, because Queen Mab's fays and goblins hovered about the rude incantations of Scandinavian mythology, they were not associated likewise in the One awful and mysterious monosyllable of the Hindû Triad.

Before Queen Mab came to be a "case of real distress," she was everywhere. She and her sprites played their fairy games with Bramah and Vishnu, and with the Ormuzd of the Zendavesta. Her stories were told in Denmark, where the troll-folk celebrated her glories. The gib-cat eating his bread and milk from the red earthenware pipkin of Goodman Platte, and in deadly fear of Knune-Marre, is the same Scottish gib-cat that so rejoiced when Mader Watt was told that "auld Girnegar o' Craigend, alias Rumble-grumble, was dead." The Norman *Fabliaux* of the Poor Scholar, the Three Thieves, and the Sexton of Cluni, are all of Queen Mab's kindred in Scotland. The German tales of the Wicked Goldsmith, the Talking Bird, and the Eating of the Bird's Heart, were written in Queen Mab's own book of the Fable of Sigurd, delighted in by those doughty Scandinavian heroes, Thor and Odin. A corresponding tradition has been seized upon by that ardent lover of Queen Mab, Monsieur Perrault, in his story of the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood. The Golden Goose we have read and laughed at when told us by the Brothers Grimm in their *Kinder-Märchen*, is but the tale well known to Queen Mab, of Loke hanging on to the Giant Eagle, for which you may consult (though I daresay you won't) the *Volsunga Saga*, or the second part of the edition of Resenius. Monk Lewis's hideous tale of the Grim White Woman, in which the spirit of the child whistles to its father:

"—pew-wew—pew-wew
My Minny he stew,"

is but the nether-Saxon tale of the Machan-

del Boom or the Holly Tree. "My Minny he stew" is but

"Min Moder de mi schlacht,
Min Vader de mi att."

The Queen Mab records of the Countess d'Anois delighted children whose fathers' fathers had anticipated their delight hundreds of years before, in the *Pentamerone* of Giovan' Battista Basile. The Moorish tales of Melendo the man-eater were known of old to the Welsh, and are recorded in their *Manobogion*, or *Myvyrian Archaeology*. The bogey of our English nursery was found in Spain in the days of Maricastana; and, under the guise of a horse without a head, he yet haunts the Moorish ramparts of the Alhambra, in company with another nondescript beast with a dreadful woolly hide, called the Belludo. Belludo yet haunts Windsor Forest as Herne the Hunter. I hear his hoarse growl, awful to little children, in the old streets of Rouen, where he is known as the Gargouille. I have seen him—at least I have seen those who have seen him—as the headless hen of Dumbledowndeary.

I count as Queen Mab's subjects and as part of her dominions, all persons and lands not strictly mythological, but only fanciful. Homer, Virgil, Ovid and Company, may keep Mount Olympus, the ox-eyed Juno, the zoned Venus, the limping Vulcan, the nimble-fingered Mercury, for me. I envy not Milton his "dreaded name of Demogorgon," his Satans, Beelzebubs, Molochs, his tremendous allegories of Sin and Death. Queen Mab has no sympathy with these. Nay, nor for Doctor Johnson's ponderous supernaturals (fairies in full-bottomed wigs and buckles), his happy valleys of Abyssinia, many-pillared palaces, and genii spouting aphorisms full of morality and latinity. Nay, and Queen Mab has nought to do with courtly Joseph Addison and his academic vision of Mirza, where the shadowy beings of Mahometan fancy seem turned into trochees and dactyls. Queen Mab never heard of Exeter Hall; and never made or encouraged dense platform eloquence. I claim for Queen Mab, that she once—alas! once—possessed the whole realm and region of fairy and goblin fiction throughout the world civilised and uncivilised. I claim as hers the fairies, ghosts, and goblins of William Shakespeare; Prospero with his rough magic, the beast Caliban, the witch Sycorax, the dainty Ariel, and the whole of the Enchanted Island. I claim as hers Puck, Peas-blossom, and Mustard-seed. As hers, Puckle, Hecate, the little little airy spirits, the spirits black white and grey, the whole goblin corps of the Saturnalia in Macbeth. These were wicked subjects of the Queen of Fairyland—rebellious imps; but they were hers. I likewise claim as hers, all the witches, man-eaters, lavaudeuses, brucoliques, loup-garous, pussies-in-boots, talking birds,

princes changed into beasts, white cats, giant-killers, (whether Jacks or no), dragon-quellers, and champions, that never existed. Likewise, all and every the Bevis's, Arthurs, dun cows, demon dwarfs, banshees, Brownies (of Bodestock, or otherwise), magicians, sorcerers, good people, uncanny folk, elves, giants, tall black men, wolves addicted to eating grandmammas and grandchildren, communicative fish (whether with rings or otherwise), ghoules, afrits, genii, peris, djinns, calenders, hobgoblins, "grim worthies of the world," ogres with preternatural olfactory powers, paladins, dvergars, Robin Good-fellows, and all other supernatural things and persons.

And preferring these great claims—howsoever wise we grow, are they not great after all!—of Queen Mab's, to the general respect, I present Her Majesty as a case of real distress. She has been brought very low indeed. She is sadly reduced. She has hardly a shoe to stand upon. Boards, Commissions, and Societies, grimly educating the reason, and binding the fancy in fetters of red tape, have sworn to destroy her. Spare her, drivers of Whole Hogs to not unprofitable markets: spare her, also, Marlborough House; spare her, Mr. Golez, for you ride your hobbies desperately hard!

THE SACK OF CHESTNUTS.

WHEN I fixed my abode, in October last, in the Hôtel des Carmes in the street of the same name, which runs through the town of Rouen, piercing it from the broad Quai du Havre to the weird old tower of Philip Augustus on the Boulevard Beauvoisine, I had not taken the well known fact into consideration that, if the season be wet anywhere, the rain has a peculiar privilege of coming down into the basin of Rouen. For a whole month that I remained there it rained every day, more or less—but generally more; for an hour in the middle of the day, it would sometimes clear and allow the possibility of a pedestrian reaching the cathedral or Saint Ouen; and, amidst the grove-like aisles of either of these, the most beautiful churches in France, endeavouring to forget the ennui of a solitude into which he had rashly betrayed himself.

Probably there is no city in Europe which has been longer in getting rid of its antiquity and its dirt than Rouen, but it has at last advanced considerably in that way. For instance, to form the magnificent street, which after several changes of dynasty since it was first begun is now called La Rue Impériale, no less than six narrow streets of high striped houses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries had to be demolished. The street, as wide as Picadilly in London, is now nearly completed, and would be quite so, but for the opposition of an obstinate mill-

owner whose ancestors for several centuries before him may have possessed his mill on the subterranean stream, whose black waters can be perceived from a parapet above the footway, and from whence he refuses to move without receiving almost the weight of his domicile in francs, in exchange for his filthy dilapidated black and yellow striped tenement. Just opposite this unsightly pile of building, beneath which the dragon of Saint Romain, so celebrated for his ravages in monkish days, might well have hidden himself in the sable waters, is a fine range of new houses in the Parisian style, much disgraced by the vicinity. A few steps further, in a vast square, rises high in air the white and fairy-like structure of the newly restored church of Saint Ouen, the boast of Normandy. All that presents itself to the stranger's eye on this side is new and clean and freshly decorated. There are new iron gates to the pretty, freshly arranged garden which surrounds the church, newly painted seats under the trees, generally dripping with the heavy rain drops hanging on their last leaves, but if you advance to the edge of the garden, and observe the remaining ends of the streets which have been cleared away to afford space for these parterres and avenues and gold fish fountains, you recognise the Rouen of the Regent Bedford.

As no one can help being an antiquary in the city of a hundred towers, as Rouen has been called, and as the stranger has nothing more amusing on his mind than speculating on old stones, I allowed myself to indulge in many dreamy speculations. But in vain had I examined the huge posts at the entrance of the hotel court to convince myself that they were part of the ancient temple of Roth; I was obliged to believe what the old woman who sold hot cakes opposite told me, that they were recently put there to guard the foot passenger in the absence of the pavement, which is some day to beautify the street; in vain had I hoped in the Rue de Fossé's Louis VIII., close by, to discover a *tourelle* or a buttress which would tell a tale. I was forced to give up all thoughts of times gone by as I ascended the gaily ornamented flight of steps leading to the coffee-room of the hotel where usually stood my smart hostess and her smarter daughter, glittering in mosaic gold, and blossoming in the gay artificial flowers for which Rouen is famous.

The room assigned me looked to the street, and was a lively, noisy, tawdry chamber, with nothing old about it. Though I knew that every step I took along the galleries which led to countless bed-rooms and dining-halls, was over the site of the old convent of Carmelites of the time of Joan of Arc, yet it was but too evident that not a plank, a brick, or a stone of the modern building had the remotest connexion with the middle ages.

The great fair of Saint Romain or the Pardon

was approaching, and the town by degrees became filled with merchants from every part of France whose commodities were to be exposed for sale; but chiefly the proprietors of whole troops of diminutive Norman horses and ponies intended for sale came pouring in from the towns and villages; all these required domiciles, and the Hotel des Carmes had always been the favourite resort of most of them, owing to its central position. Application was made to me to give up my large chamber to claimants who were content to sleep four in a room rather than forego the convenience of the house to which they were accustomed, and whose *table d'hôte* had a good reputation. I resisted for some time, much to the annoyance of an ugly chambermaid and an insinuating waiter, until, one morning, I was suddenly favoured by a visit from the smart daughter of my landlady in person, who, dressed with even more brilliancy than usual and arrayed in her most winning smiles, came to expostulate with me on the want of consideration I displayed in preferring my own comfort to that of the estimable horsedealers, whose right it had long been to take up their abode beneath her roof. "Madame," she remarked, "can have another room infinitely more suitable to her, out of the noise and bustle of the street, and where her studies will be less interrupted: it is at the other side of the court looking into the charming garden which gives a view of the Palais de Justice, and offers many advantages of air and light. It is all that remains," continued the fair Léonie, with an arch look, "of the convent garden; and Madame, who is fond of antiquities, will not object, as most persons do, that it is dull and retired."

This last argument was conclusive, and I at once agreed to the fair Léonie's proposition of following her to look at the offered chamber, which I was to have in exchange for the one coveted by the more favoured horsedealers of the Fair.

Through a series of rooms so numerous that I thought I should never get to the end of them, Léonie tripped, jingling the keys with which she opened one after another, informing me that every one would be tenanted in a few hours. I followed, wondering where the journey would finish, when she turned suddenly down a narrow dark passage, and, mounting a little stair, emerged into an upper wooden gallery which ran along outside the house above a court yard, and presently arrived at a low doorway, giving entrance to a second passage darker than the first. Léonie, after descending a few stairs, stopped at a small portal at the end of this passage, and, turning the key in the rusty lock, threw open the door of a chamber—long, narrow, and meagrely furnished—which, however, looked rather cheerful as a blaze of sunshine seemed suddenly to have darted into it from a high church-like

window at the extremity, to which she at once advanced; and, opening it to the fullest extent, exclaimed, "See what a charming prospect Madame will have from the chapel-room, as we call this *pièce*."

I was obliged to confess that there was something attractive about the appearance of the garden below, neglected though it was. Far above the level of the street we had left on the other side, it could be reached from this room by a flight of stone steps descending from the window.

The sun was glittering on dripping trees and flowers grouped around a broken fountain in the middle of this hanging garden, into which no windows besides this one looked, for, on one side was the blank wall of a sugar-refinery, and on the other were the striped gables of several ancient houses whose fronts looked into the narrow Rue des Fosses. The garden-wall partly shut out the opposite hovels and only allowed the mysteries of their upper stories to be seen, where rickety balconies high in air hung from black windows supporting pots of flowers and bird-cages, in the midst of rags hung out to dry. Several spires of churches with delicate tracery, peered above the roofs of distant manufactories, whose high, singularly-shaped chimneys formed grotesque figures against the sky; some lofty trees, growing in the gardens attached to some of the numerous houses, broke the lines of buildings rather gracefully; and, towering over one mass of spreading foliage, the beautiful lacework of the parapet of that portion of the Palais de Justice built by George d'Amboise, the minister of Louis the Twelfth, and the small ornamented pinnacles which surmount it, finished the prospect.

I did not disagree with Mademoiselle Léonie when she insisted that the position of this secluded chamber was in its favour; and to my objections that the floor was paved with dingy red brick and had no carpet—and that there were no curtains to the two windows, one of immense size, and one small—she replied, that an hour would remedy all defects, and make it a very pattern of comfortable.

"Look," she added, "what fine cupboards you have too! This one alone is large enough for all your trunks and books. And into this you could even move the bed itself, if you pleased."

It was quite true that the closets were singularly large, dark, and lofty, and that their hinges creaked dismally as they were thrown open for my inspection.

"Really," continued Léonie, seeing that I appeared tolerably satisfied, "I do not know that we are right in giving up so convenient a chamber when the house is about to be so full, but, to oblige Madame, we will not be particular."

However bright this model of a room might have looked when I first visited it, it

had another aspect on the day succeeding that on which I was installed within it. The rain had descended in torrents ever since, and none of the dark nooks in which it abounded looked the livelier for there being no fire because the huge chimney smoked. I did not look much at my prospect, but occupied myself with a pile of folios, which the liberality of the authorities of Rouen had supplied me with, for certain researches, from the richly endowed public library.

I soon began to find that the quiet of my chamber had not been exaggerated: not a sound reached me from without, and, except when I opened the door of the passage which separated me from the world behind, to descend into day—which was a rare event—no distant murmur from the bustling department on the other side of the court came upon my ear.

I had been three days in my new domicile. It was on the third night of my occupancy, that as I sat reading by two candles placed in high heavy bronze candlesticks, like those of an altar, a low sound, as of a person nearly choked, which seemed to issue from the huge closet at my back, disturbed my studies. I started, looked up, and glanced round me into the dreary space; my hearselike bed, shrouded by dark red curtains, confined by a coronet with feathers which had once been gaily gilt, but was now dim and dingy, stood shadowy in its recess; my view next took in a clumsy commode with numerous drawers and a grey marble top, on which stood a clock of the period of the Renaissance, rather a valuable relic, but tarnished and with a broken face: the cracked porcelain circles for the numbers that mark the gliding hours, looking like so many staring inquisitive eyes. As I marked these things, the voice of my only companion informed me that it was eleven o'clock, and as the last sound of the communication died away I again heard the same hoarse, unpleasant sound from the interior of my closet. I got up and opened the huge panelled door, which gave its customary creak, but there was nothing within from whence a sound could have proceeded. I sat down again, satisfied that the wind was rising, and that the night would be stormy.

Presently, I had resumed my reading, and had become absorbed in the history of Saint Romain, the popular Saint of Rouen, and the dragon which he subdued by his prayers, bound with his scarf, and gave in charge to the criminal who had consented to accompany him on his adventure. I read how the saint and the sinner dragged and lured the scaly monster along until the bridge over the Seine was reached, when Saint Romain, seizing the scarf which possessed holy virtue, suddenly flung the monster into the river. I paused to consider how it happened that the imaginative monk, who invented this legend, should have forgotten that no bridge of any kind existed

over the Seine at Rouen until more than three hundred years after the miracle; and my thoughts fell into a train, representing the processions of yearly occurrence which, before the great Revolution, took place in Rouen in commemoration of the delivery from the dragon, and the pardon accorded to the criminal, as still shown in the painted windows of the Cathedral. The Cathedral itself next came before my mind as I had seen it in the morning, when I ventured among the umbrellas of the curious under the dripping trees, where the wooden sheds, filled with wares, are erected throughout the extent of the Boulevard Bonvreuil: I mentally walked along the line of toy shops, and hardware, china, and jewellery, until I paused at the Rue Chant-Oiseaux, where the old church of Saint Romain once stood—when again, close to my ear, the same gurgling sound came, as if from the keyhole of the great closet. I got up and stuffed it with paper, but I felt disturbed and nervous, and, closing my book, prepared for bed; previously, however, to retiring, I rang my bell, thinking to obtain a new supply of candles, as I observed that both those I had been reading by, were nearly burnt out, and I felt nervous at the idea of being without any, in case of not being able to sleep. But I rang in vain; not a creature answered my summons, neither the cross chambermaid nor the flippant waiter; and, after repeating the attempt without success, I resigned myself to the privation, and went to bed in the dark.

I had no sooner laid my head on the pillow, than a most remarkable change suddenly came over my solitary domicile. First of all, I heard a door shut with violence, as if at the end of the passage, where I was not aware that one existed. Presently there were confused voices and a heavy step, and a sound as though something were being dragged along, until a stoppage took place at my door. A glimmering light then shone through the wide crevices, which usually let more air than was pleasant into my room; and a rattle, as if an attempt were made to turn the key, ensued. I recollected, however, that the key was inside, and that I had turned it myself before I retired to bed.

I concluded that some newly arrived guest had mistaken his assigned dormitory, and I listened no more. But, all at once the glimmering light again appeared beneath the door—this time, of the large closet, which slowly opened, and I clearly and distinctly saw what seemed to me a man in a cloak, with a broad hat very much over his eyes, step out, and raising a lantern in his hand, which however threw his features into shade, gaze round the room. I was so amazed that I had no power to call out; but, still keeping my eyes fixed on the opening left by my two dark red curtains, I saw the man walk a few paces towards the large window, open it cautiously, and descend the steps which led from it into the garden.

In a few moments he re-ascended, and as he seemed to have left his lantern below, his figure was merely a black shadow, which I still traced in the gloom advancing to the same closet; he entered it; there was a pause; and he re-appeared dragging something along, which he took to the steps. I plainly heard that at every one of them—and I counted six—a heavy dull sound was returned as his burthen descended, and it struck against them.

Nothing more occurred; but I confess to having been so uncomfortably nervous—not to say, terrified—that, though after looking long into the darkness to see the glimmer of the lantern again, I ended by being convinced that I had imagined the whole scene, I had still not the courage necessary to get up and grope towards the bell: excusing my not trying to do so, by reflecting that I had previously found it useless. At last I went to sleep, and in the morning, impressed with the idea that I had passed the night with the large window open, I advanced to close it, when I found to my surprise that it was shut, and the rusty bolt well fastened inside, as it had been during the three rainy days before; the curtain, faithfully placed by Mademoiselle Leonie, had not been disturbed since it was drawn by my own hand early in the evening; and as for the great closet—when I opened it, the hinges creaked as usual, and there was emptiness, but no outlet.

When the cross chambermaid brought my coffee, I ventured to remark that I had been disturbed by new arrivals in the night.

"Impossible," was her sharp reply, "no one arrived last night, and if they had, there is no room for them."

"Unless they have a fancy to sleep in the old fount in the garden," said I; "for, if I was not dreaming, I saw a traveller dragging his own portmanteau down those steps in search of such a lodging."

Catherine, as I said this, looked at me with an uneasy expression of countenance, but said nothing. I asked her why she did not come when I rang my bell.

"Because, after eleven o'clock," said she pertly, "it is time for every one to be asleep, and we are too tired to attend to bells. It is quite enough that Madame has seen it, without us poor servants being scared."

"Seen it!" I inquired with interest, "what do you mean, Catherine?"

But already the cross chambermaid was gone, and did not deign an explanation of her mysterious words.

The next morning was fine. Determined not to lose the opportunity of seeing something of the pretty country, I went out early to keep an appointment I had made with my slight acquaintance, Madame Gournay, whose grandchild was at nurse at Bois Guillaume about half a league from the town, and whom I had promised to accompany in her first walk over the charming hill and pretty fields

which led to the cottage of the peasant who supplied her place to her daughter's infant. Like many French mothers, Madame Gournay the younger—as well as her husband, the organist of the cathedral—preferred the absence of a troublesome baby to its presence in their confined apartment in the town.

"It is better for the child's health," remarked the grandmother, "to be amongst the flowers and fields at Bois Guillaume than in the smoky streets of Rouen."

The beautiful, neat embowered spot was soon reached was so singularly clean and well built for a foreign village that it made me appreciate my companion's prudence, and when I saw the pretty tidy nurse whom we found playing with the baby, as it lay in its cot, I could not but acknowledge that it was likely to be better taken care of with Gustaire Braye than by its rather coquettish mamma at home.

Gustaire had a little son of her own who was also in the cottage, but in an outer chamber. An old woman was knitting beside him as the child scrambled backwards and forwards in a long crib, placed against the wall, in the midst of which it was fastened by the waist to a moveable board, which slid along as his struggles impelled it. No harm could happen to the child in its oddly contrived prison, but the position looked uncomfortable, and I could not help contrasting the two boys as I observed the superior care bestowed on the nursing.

The son of Gustaire Braye was a strange infant: it had a pair of rolling startling eyes, which were continually but without meaning fixed on the cot of its foster brother, seen through an open door; it had a large head, was very pale, and every now and then a shudder seemed to pass over it, which was succeeded by a restless movement in its railway. The old woman, from time to time, looked up from her knitting, and gave a glance towards her charge, but did not speak to it, nor did it utter any cry or attempt any sound like words; while the other child was laughing, crowing, and delighting the company in the cottage.

The visit paid, on our return towards Rouen I congratulated Madame Gournay on having found so respectable a nurse.

"Yes," said she, "we consider ourselves lucky, and so is poor Gustaire, and very grateful too to M. le Curé for recommending her; it is not every one would like to have to do with her, after all that has happened; but as I said to my daughter, the poor young woman was not to blame, though her evidence did cause the death of her father. But I forget," she continued, smiling, "you know nothing of the story."

I begged she would indulge my curiosity by relating to me the reason why so neat and pleasant looking a young woman as Gustaire should be avoided.

"As we descend to the Boulevard Beauvoisine," said Madame Gournay, "we shall pass by the Rue Chant-Oiseaux, which, a very few years ago, was quite in the fields, and at that time, where there now stand good stone houses, there used to be only wretched hovels. In one of these Gustaire's father, a widower, with three children, lived: he had, however, a few fields, and drove a little trade, chiefly in horses, which you must have observed by our fair is a rather extensive trade here. He was a man who was but little liked by his neighbours, whom he shunned in consequence, and was very frequently away in Brittany, of which province he was a native. Gustaire, though almost a child, took care of her two brothers, worked in the fields, and did more than a grown woman to keep the family comfortable; but her father was not fond of her, nor indeed of any of his children, and they would have been much happier without him, but that when he returned they lived better than usual, as he took care of himself, and generally had money.

"On one occasion when he came home, he brought with him a large sack of chestnuts, of which the boys were very fond, and which they so freely indulged in, that he at last, angrily, told Gustaire to lock up the remainder, so that there might be some left to be roasted, when he asked for them for his supper. She put the sack away, therefore, in the granary, and the disappointed urchins were foiled. One of them, however, finding where it was hidden, and unable to open the mouth which his sister had carefully tied up, cut a round hole with his knife, and abstracted as many chestnuts as his daring little hand could grasp. Gustaire, on finding this out, afraid to let her father know of the delinquency, mended the hole, and hid the bag in another place, after soundly rating the boy for his theft.

"There was a man named Flecher, a countryman of Gustaire's father, who had established himself at Rouen, as a workman at one of the cotton manufactories, and was known to be a bad character. He spent all the money he earned, which was considerable, in dissipation; he had been turned away from one factory, but, having a good deal of skill, he had not found any difficulty in getting a new engagement, and could have lived well but for his extravagance. This man took a fancy to Gustaire, though he was nearly as old as her father. The latter, thinking him well off, rather encouraged his suit, much to the young girl's annoyance, who had taken him in particular aversion; and who, besides that, felt inclined to listen to the addresses of a young man about her own age, who often helped her in her work, being a neighbour's son.

"Flecher and her father, Ivan Braye, became very great friends. From the time of their association, the cottage of the latter was frequently a scene of drunkenness and riot,

to avoid which Gustaire would often run to the house of the *curé* with her knitting, and sit in the kitchen with the good father's *bonne*, until she heard, by the loud singing of the friends as they descended the hills, that her father and his comrade were gone into the town to finish their orgies.

"One night, later than usual, she had left the *curé's* and returned home, when she found the door left open, a candle burning in the cottage kitchen, and the floor strewn with chestnuts. She suspected her brothers and went to the granary to see what depredations they had committed; to her vexation, she discovered that the sack was gone.

"Her father, for whom she waited until daylight, did not return, and as soon as the children were up, she scolded them for the renewal of their theft. Both protested that they were innocent, and that they had longed in vain for the forbidden fruit, the scattered remains of which they took care to appropriate. That same night, Gustaire sat up for her father, but neither he nor his friend Flecher came, nor did he return when several days were passed. She began to feel uneasy at this, as he generally mentioned, in however surly a way, when he intended to be absent long. Her brothers came in on the fourth day after he was gone, having been at the fair; and the news they had heard there, was, that Flecher had left the town, having quitted his employers at the cotton factory at Darnetal without notice. She was not sorry to hear this, but a vague uneasiness took possession of her mind.

"There has been a horrid murder in the town," said one of the boys, 'at least they say so, though nobody has been found; however, the police are looking out, and we shall soon have more news of it.'

"At this moment the *curé's* *bonne* arrived to look after Gustaire; surprised that she had not, for several evenings, paid her usual visit.

"This is a sad business," said she, 'the person supposed to be murdered is a distant cousin of M. le *Curé*; he had seen him at the fair, and had received a letter which he had brought from le Mans for him; he had a good deal of money, it was said, for he intended to make large purchases in Rouennerie, and as his stall of jewellery was very attractive, no one could fail to remark, when for two days he no longer came in the morning to open it. It was not known where he lodged in the town, but people getting uneasy, the police began to inquire, and it was found that he had slept in the Rue aux Juifs the last night he was seen; but no notice had been taken as to whether he left in the morning, for the house was so full of lodgers and in such a bustle that no one had time scarcely to think. Certain it is that he has not reappeared, and all the town thinks he has been murdered.'

"'Perhaps he is gone away with Flecher,' said Gustaire's eldest brother, 'for he lived in the Rue aux Juifs too, and he has run off no one knows where, and so has father too for that matter.'

"Excited by this account, Gustaire set out with her brothers and the *cure's* *bonne*, curious to know if anything new had been discovered, as an event of the kind was too unusual not to excite great interest. They soon reached the Palais de Justice, where a crowd was assembled, and on the countenances of many might be observed an alarmed expression which told that some new feature had appeared in the case.

"'The body of poor Marceau the jeweller has been found,' said a person, addressing the *cure's* *bonne*, 'in the well of the old convent garden, tied up in a sack; it is thought that this will lead to discovery, for the sack has two or three chestnuts in it, and has a round hole in one side which has been sewn up.'

"'Blessed Mary!' exclaimed Gustaire, with a sudden start. 'Why, that is the sack my father brought home, and which has just been stolen from me!'

"This exclamation of the young girl excited instant attention, and led, in fact, to the discovery of the whole affair. She was obliged to appear in evidence to prove that the sack had belonged to her father, which she was able to do without difficulty, and entirely unsuspecting that she was thus casting suspicion upon him. It was found that Ivan Braye and Flecher had been seen in company with Marceau, who appeared intoxicated, and that he had entered the lodging of the latter in the Rue aux Juifs; that the two had left early in the following morning without the jeweller, who was not afterwards seen. As Flecher had not returned, the proprietor of the tenement he occupied had resolved to re-let the room; and, on the visit of the police, a search was made, which disclosed the marks of what might have been a scuffle, in several pieces of broken furniture, and a torn curtain in the recess where the bed stood; but the police only picked up a chestnut on the floor. They searched among the tangled shrubs in a half-choked bit of garden to which from the room of Flecher a flight of stone steps led, and there, in the centre, found an old dried-up well, where the murdered man's body was discovered in the sack.

"Of course the suspicion which had fallen on the two absent men was confirmed by Gustaire's identification; and the vigilance of the police, after some delay, succeeded in discovering the route of both Flecher and Braye. They were taken at Saint Malo, just as they were about to embark for California. Flecher confessed to having counselled the deed; but asserted that the murder was committed by Braye, who, having premeditated it, had brought the sack from his own house; and he it was who had placed the

body in it and then dragged it to the spot where it was found. He stated that they had made Marceau drink to excess, and that Braye had strangled him when in a state of insensibility; that they had robbed him, and then fled; that they had spent a great part of their booty, and with the remainder had intended to cross the seas in search of gold; that a quarrel had delayed them, and thus they had been overtaken.

"It is enough," continued Madame Gournay, "to tell you that both met their deserved fate; but, poor Gustaire's evidence having gone so far to condemn her worthless father, the circumstance preyed on her mind and almost destroyed her. By the kind care of the *cure* and his good *bonne* she recovered, and her young lover, who remained true throughout, did not object to take her as his wife in spite of the opposition of his family. The *cure*, however, managed it, and has always continued her friend. You observed her child—he is dumb and much afflicted, and it is to be hoped will be mercifully taken from her. But she is a good young woman, has quite recovered her health, her husband works hard and is a pattern of kindness to her, and we really saw no reason why she should not nurse our little Albert."

I thanked Madame Gournay for her story, and ventured to inquire the exact locality of the murder. She informed me that most of the houses in the neighbourhood had been taken down.

"You may, however," she added, "still find the spot, oddly enough, in the back part of the Hôtel des Carmes; the late proprietor bought the ground and built quite a new wing; he laid out the garden and put a fountain over the well. For a time, as it was pretty, nothing was said; but the servants began to fancy strange things—noises and ghosts and such nonsense—particularly in a certain room, which they insist is part of the original building, once the Convent, against the strong walls of which (too strong to take down), many of the old houses in the Rue aux Juifs were erected in former days. There is a flight of steps from what is called the chapel, but it is so changed that it would be ridiculous to say that it positively was so, except that there is still a window that looks like it. I believe the whole place, garden, fountain and all, is left now to neglect, as no one would care to inhabit so gloomy a room. The present mistress of the hotel, however, is capable of putting a stranger there in fair time when she is over full, and I think," said Madame Gournay, laughing, "you are lucky to have secured a room in the front that looks into the street."

I did not undeceive my acquaintance, nor did I say a word about the strange vision I had seen; but, on the same day, after my return from our walk, I removed to the Hôtel de Bordeaux on the Quai de Paris,

where my cheerful room looked on the suspension bridge, and commanded a full view of all the shipping on the Seine.

SLATES.

THOSE who now run through Wales on the way to Ireland should, unless their time be very limited indeed, turn aside from the iron pathway, and glance at the wonderful slate quarries up Nant Francon. They will be repaid for their trouble. And if a circuitous coach-route be adopted instead of the rail, there are Mr. Asherton Smith's quarries in the very bosom of Snowdonia, and Mrs. Oakley's quarries near the beautiful Ffestiniog. Plenty of slate in North Wales, if we will turn a little out of the highway to look for it; but of all the quarries in the Principality—of all in the world, perhaps—the place of honour must be given to those which have Bangor for their shipping port, and which have poured such wealth into the coffers of the Penrhyns and the Pennants. Penrhyn castle, one of the best of all modern castles, built at a cost of a hundred thousand pounds, may be regarded as a slate trophy; its cost was defrayed by the fortunes of the quarry-owners, and it very properly contains rooms and furniture, and ornaments of slate.

It is alone worth a journey into North Wales, and a walk of seven miles from Bangor, and a day's heat or cold, or rain or snow, to see the pigmies at work high up Y Bron, "the pap," a name frequently given in Wales to rounded summits. The excavation commences at a low level in the mountain; but as the workings have been carried on for ninety years or more, they now extend more than half a mile into its heart, and form a vast amphitheatre. It is an amphitheatre of terraces one above another, like the seats of the ancient Coliseum, but so vastly large as to eclipse them in every sense; while the workmen appear like mere specks, so high and so wide-spreading are the workings. The adoption of this terrace-like mode of working is due to the peculiar structure of slate. The slate is not merely separable into beds or layers, nearly horizontal, but it has innumerable lines of cleavage nearly vertical; and these lines facilitate the separation of the blocks from the vertical face of the mountain. A trench is first worked into the side of the slate mountain; and, when this has extended to such a distance that the rise of the mountain causes the height of the trench to be about forty feet, another trench is commenced at the top of the former, and then another and another, like a huge flight of steps up the side of the mountain. Meanwhile, the gradual widening of the lowermost trenches will be effected by detaching blocks of slate. The upper part of the mountain being of course narrower than the base, it necessarily follows that the lowest trenches

can be expanded farther and wider than the upper. In fact, the lowest trenches have ceased altogether to be trenches at Y Bron, and have become vast semicircular cuttings. No less than sixteen heights or terraces, each about forty feet above the one next below it, now exist; and all sixteen are advancing simultaneously further and further into the heart of the mountain. As the quarrymen proceed, they will probably have to make other terraces still nearer the summit of the mountain.

Two thousand men are digging, and blasting, and levelling, some of them at a height from the ground equal to double the height of St. Paul's Cathedral, and all working open to the light of day, instead of burrowing underground like miners. The blasting is extraordinary work, requiring no little firmness of nerve. The men are suspended by ropes from the edge of an upright crag of the rock; they drill holes into the vertical face of the slate; they put the blasting-charges into these holes; they are hauled up again, and, when precautions have been made for obviating danger, the charges are fired, the blast takes place, and huge masses of slate become loosened. At the upper part of the quarry the slates are loose enough to be detached by crow-bars; but, at greater depths, the slate is more compact and requires the aid of gunpowder for its disruption. So many are the perils at Y Bron, that accidental deaths are painfully numerous among the quarrymen. There are parts at which the slate is interrupted by veins of intensely-hard basalt or greenstone, the presence of which is a sore trouble to the proprietor and the workmen.

The men, the slates, the tools, and the working-tackle, are raised and lowered from one terrace to another by means of inclined planes. A drum and a brake-wheel are placed at the top of each inclined plane; and, by dexterous management, trucks are raised and lowered with great facility. The men not only blast the compact recesses, and split the loose blocks with wedges, but also separate these blocks again into slabs, thin slates. They then square and trim them. On most of the terraces there are sheds or workshops in which these subsidiary operations are carried on. The very hard blocks are cut with saws into slabs; while the looser kind are split into roofing-slates by means of long wedge-shaped pieces of iron.

But the quarries themselves are only one part of this great Penrhyn property—one end of a commercial chain. We have said that the valley on the side of which this slate mountain is situated is called Nant Francon. The quarries are called by the Welsh name of Delawen, or the still more Welsh name, of Brach-y-Cavn; or Penrhyn, after the name of the first worker; or Bangor, after the name of the shipping-port: but it matters little what we call them, provided we bear in mind

that the mountain which yields the slate is Y Bron.

The mountain is on the west side of the little river Ogwen; and the quarrymen's cottages and villages are scattered about near it; but the most remarkable place in the vicinity, for its human and social interest, is Bethesda—a town whose very name shows that it owed its origin to a body of persons among whom religious feeling is strong. Bethesda is a quarrymen's town, a slate community. Dissenters are in full force all over the Principality, and nowhere more so than at the quarries. We happened to be at Bangor on the day when the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists held their annual field-meeting in that town in that town, and shall not soon forget the sight; so neat, so clean, so earnest, so simple-minded, so honest-hearted did they all appear. They came from the quarries, from Conway, from Carnarvon, from Beaumaris, from every place within many miles around Bangor; they sang their unpronounceable Welsh with good healthy lungs; and sat on chairs, or carts, or waggons, or reclined on the grass under a bright blue sky and a cheerful sun, to listen to discourses. Such was a great day for the quarrymen; but for all ordinary occasions they have their own chapels in their own Bethesda. And they have their retail shops, too, where David ap Jones ap Price ap Davies ap Morgan ap Shenkin, and his brother tradesmen, sell bread, cloth, pins, herrings, lucifers, candles, penny pictures, saucepans, leeks, lollipops, and all the other necessities and luxuries for a working population.

While passing through Bethesda, on our way from the quarries to Bangor, we for a time catch a glimpse of the railway or tram along which the slates are conveyed to the shipping quay. This tramway was perhaps the making of the quarries, as a commercial speculation. Lord Penrhyn is said to have spent nearly two hundred thousand pounds on the means of transport to the ships; and a most wise expenditure of capital it was. The railway glides between Bangor town and Penrhyn Park, carrying its long train of little trucks down to the docks and quays at the northern end of the Menai Straits. These quays are excellently arranged; nothing can better aid the slates in setting off on their travels all over the world. The ships draw up close to the quays; the railway runs along the quays; and the transfer from the trucks to the ships is made easily and rapidly. The quays, running a thousand feet out into the sea, are laden with slates in countless number; slates in blocks, and slates in slabs, and slates in slices; slates little and slates big; slates for builders and slates for schoolboys; slates for home and slates for abroad. As to the extent and value of these quarries and shipments, we are afraid to say how great are the estimates sometimes made. We have been told of three thousand men and boys employed

at the works—of eleven thousand persons supported by the wages thus received—of eighty thousand pounds a year expended in working the quarries, and yearly profits much larger than this; but unless we could tell more accurately, it will be better to keep clear of such big, high-sounding numbers as these.

There is, we believe, a little example of quarry visiting made easy—not at Bangor—but at another slate quarry in North Wales. At Tan-y-Bwlch (oh these names!) near Ffestiniog, there is the lovely park of Mrs. Oakley and a tourists' hotel; and we have heard of a sort of tourists' truck placed upon the tramway for the use of the hotel visitors; but of this we cannot speak from personal knowledge. Instead, however, of describing my second quarry, let us rather notice a few facts in the subsequent history of the slates.

Practical application treads so closely on the heels of science in these our busy days, that no sooner does the thinking man discover something new, than the commercial man tries to convert this something into silver and gold. Unluckily the thinking man does not always obtain his share of these precious rewards. So far as regards slate, we can hardly assert that any very decided or novel discovery has been lately made in the geological position or relation or quantity of available slate; but there certainly have been many notable improvements in the mode of obtainment. The improved management of the blast; the skilful arrangement of the terraces in the quarry; the construction of a well-graduated railway from the quarry to the shipping port; the quick transit from place to place by the construction of go-ahead vessels; the application of steam power to the mechanical sawing and planing, and turning, and grinding and polishing of slate; the ingenious process of enamelling—all act as so many impulses, tending to an increase in the use of this material. No one with eyes open can fail to see indications of this increase. Here and there and everywhere we now meet with slate pavements, slate terraces, slate walls, slate cisterns and tanks, besides the ordinary application for roofing. But there are also new modes of employing slate for steps, balconies, larders, wine-cellars, dairies, skirtings of rooms, linings for damp walls, wine-coolers, bread-troughs, pickling-troughs, pig-feeding-troughs, grave-stones, tombs and monuments, clock-faces, sun-dials, sinks, filters—even strong rooms and powder magazines, if the slabs be unusually thick. It is a circumstance of immense value, in respect to many of these applications of slate, that slabs can be obtained so large as fifteen feet long by eight in width, and as flat as a billiard-table; nay, the very billiard-table which we here bring into comparison owes its own flatness to the true level produced by the laminated structure of slate. How many million of feet pressed upon the south transept

threshold of the Hyde Park Palace, we cannot exactly say; but the use of slate as a pavement was excellently illustrated there; for it would require more millions of feet than any calculating boy could reckon, to press a slate pavement into holes, so close and hard and durable is this material. The baths and washhouses—those excellent results of a mingling of good sense with good feeling—exhibit very advantageously the employment of large slabs of slate in places where water is splashed about.

We are enamelling everything now-a-days. We were wont, not many years back, to be content with daguerreotypes in ordinary form, but now we must have them enamelled. Our boots and slippers, if blacked with the "inestimable composition, fully equal to the highest japan varnish, and warranted to keep in any climate," used to content us; but now, forsooth, they must be enamelled. Our cooks were accustomed to value an honest iron saucepan, or stewpan, or kettle in its undisguised metallic state; but now it must be veiled over with enamel. And slate used always to be slate, *pur et simple*, but now it is not unfrequently enamelled; and good reason there is, so far as concerns iron and slate (whatever may be said for daguerreotypes and boots), for the adoption of this enamelling process. Enamel is a species of glass or glazing; it both shields the substance beneath from chemical action, and enables it readily to receive the adornment of colour. Slate has come out with startling splendour under this new mode of treatment. We have seen slabs for a bath-room representing various marbles inlaid after the style of Florentine mosaic; candelabra to imitate porphyry; a billiard-table with the legs and frame enamelled to imitate various marbles; a circular table with a top representing black marble inlaid with lumachelle and jasper; a pedestal imitative of porphyry, with a pseudo-black marble plinth; chimney-pieces representing black and green marbles; ink-stands and ink-trays similarly imitative of costly marbles. Those who profess an intense dislike of shams may perchance disapprove of these sham porphyries and marbles; but it may at the same time be urged that slate is so hard and so durable as to be better for many purposes than any kind of marble. Supposing beauty can be produced, durability and cheapness are certainly obtainable; and these three form an admirable trio; the latter two render slate useful, while the first renders it ornamental. It deserves also to be borne in mind that slate is lighter than marble, bulk for bulk. So great is the strength imparted to slate by its lamellar structure, that it is estimated at four times the strength of stone flags of equal thickness; and a slab only half an inch in thickness, even to so great a length as eight feet, has strength sufficient for a great variety of constructive purposes. To enamel this substance is an art

and mystery which requires the cunning skill of the workman with the fiery aid of a furnace. A colouring pigment of some kind is laid upon the slate, and this, by exposure for several days to a temperature between three hundred and five hundred degrees of Fahrenheit, becomes so thoroughly burned into the slate as to be scarcely eradicable.

When Bill Barlow breaks his slate pencil, and invests a little capital in the purchase of more, he does not know—and in all probability he does not care—that the pencil is slate as well as his slate itself; he would not unlikely give a flat denial to such an assertion. The schoolboy slates—those used for writing—do not differ in any considerable degree from roofing-slates; the quality is a little finer in the first instance, and the surfaces receive a careful grinding and smoothing; the pieces are in the first place reduced by cleavage to sheets, or leaves or films as thin as can safely be fitted into the wooden frames, and then the smoothing is effected. At the quarries boys are employed in this process of splitting the slates into thin layers, and it is said they do the work better than men. The kind of slate used for pencils is much softer—it contains a little carbon, which lessens its stony character and increases its marking or tracing action. There is very little lamellar or sealy structure, and the slate can—as Bill well knows—be cut with a knife. The pencils called Dutch are formed of harder slate than the others, and are fashioned into cylindrical pieces for use.

Despite what we might expect to the contrary, slates are the most lady-like of all mineral substances. What other can boast of queens, and duchesses, and countesses, and ladies—to say nothing of imperials! The slaters tell us that a queen is three feet long by two feet wide; that a duchess is two feet long by one in width; that a countess is twenty inches long by ten wide; and that a lady, a simple lady, is sixteen inches long by eight in width. All this is very peer-like and heraldic; the four kinds take rank according to their dignity in the peerage. True, a queen would be a very Queen Dollalolla, who should be half as broad as she is long, like these duchesses, countesses, and ladies; but the slate-queen presents a still more ample ratio in width. All these ladies, however—like the clown who has been crushed under an enormous weight on the stage—are remarkably thin from front to back: regular slats, in short. And then these ladies are subjected to square measure; for we find that a hundred and seventy-six countesses will only cover as much square space as a hundred and twenty-seven duchesses, while it requires no less than two hundred and eighty simple ladies to cover an equal space. We thus see how it is that the dignity of peeresses varies as the square of their dimensions—a law which Mr. Debreton and Mr. Burke would never have discovered. The

greater dignity of a duchess is further shown by this fact, that a smaller number of copper nails is required to fasten down a hundred square feet of duchesses, than a similar area of peeresses of lower degree—only two hundred and fifty-four; whereas three hundred and fifty-two are needed for countesses, and two hundred and eighty for ladies. All alike, however—duchesses and countesses and ladies—are destined to be fastened down with two nails each. The mode of treatment, as a slater's book just tells us, is very uncere- monious indeed:—"The sides and bottom edges are trimmed, and the nail-holes punched as near the head as can be done without risk of breaking, and at a uniform distance from the tail."

ONE SPOT OF GREEN.

WHEN the winter bloweth loud,
And the earth is in a shroud,
Bitter rain and blinding snow
Dimming every dream below;
Cheerily! cheerily!
There is e'er a spot of green,
Whence the Heavens may be seen.

When our purse is shrinking fast,
And our friend is lost (the last!),
And the world doth pour its pain
Sharper than the frozen rain;
Cheerily! cheerily!
There is still a spot of green,
Whence the Heavens may be seen.

Let us never greet despair,
While the little spot is there;
For winter brighteneth into May,
And sullen night to sunny day;
So, cheerily, cheerily!
Let us seek the spot of green,
Hopeful, patient, and serene,
Whence the Heavens may be seen.

COMPLETELY REGISTERED.

BETWEEN Provisional Registration and Complete Registration there is a long and difficult way to travel; that is to say, the intention of the law was to make this way difficult, but some knowing fellows have found out a path that is strewn with rose-leaves. The Patent Corkscrew Company, however, have had no easy time of it since we left them (all hopeful as young girls) enjoying the charms of Provisional Registration.* Directors would pour in. The Rothschilds and the Barings would at once see the magnificent commercial promises of the scheme, and take an early walk to the offices. The manufacturers of all old-fashioned corkscrews would tremble in their boots. Wine merchants in every part of the kingdom would be in a painful state of expectation.

The first point to be attended to was advertising. Without a shower of advertise- ments no company—not even this—could

hope to succeed. Advertising agents soon presented themselves. It was mildly sug- gested that the Chelsea Banner was an im- portant medium; that the Juan Fernandez Gazette was an authority on corkscrews, and had an enormous circulation; that the Baker Street Star would bring two or three hundred first-rate applications for shares. The advertisements were given out very handsomely to all kinds of papers. Subur- ban prints informed their readers, that the Patent Corkscrew Company would make the fortune of its shareholders, and that it would be the moral duty of every honest man to have a patent corkscrew in the house. At this time the promoters had pleasant dreams. The incessant popping of corks made blissful the nights of the happy in- ventor; for the list of applications for shares included some of the most notable names in the country. Captain Bluebill, of Tanglebury Hall, Norfolk, wanted three hundred shares for investment; Benjamin Button, of Clap- ham, the great silk merchant, would be glad to take up two hundred; Thomas Towling, of the Cottage, Putney, the well-known banker, would not be content with less than four hundred; Admiral Hawker, of the Grange, Somerset, who gave as his reference one of the most respectable banking firms in the metropolis, would be obliged to the direc- tors for an allotment of one hundred. The promoters examined these applications, and did not permit themselves to doubt the re- spectability of the parties. Then Thomas Marsh, Esq., of Piccadilly, wanted fifty shares; Tollemache Towneley, Esq., of Pall Mall, would be obliged by an allotment of seventy-five. How cheerfully the se- cretary filed these applications! How merrily the members of the Board talked of the extensive manufactory they would open over the water!

It was determined, that in consequence of the great influx of applications, the time al- lowed for further applications should be short. The shares applied for already amounted to three hundred thousand pounds in value. A day was appointed, beyond which no applica- tion would be received; and on that day the letters were literally poured into the office of the happy promoters. Now, the success of the undertaking was beyond a doubt. Alas! how slyly did that seedy gentleman grin, who appeared at the offices the day before the directors allotted the shares. He wanted to know whether or not the directors were pre- pared to buy up their own letters of allot- ment.

"Bless me!" replied the secretary, "my good man, our business is not to buy our shares, but to sell them. We buy shares! That's very good! No, Sir, good morning." And chuckling very merrily, the secretary turned his back upon the applicant. The seedy man said he would call again in a day or two, and departed.

* See Provisionally Registered. Vol. vii. p. 445.

How heartily Lord Ballyshannon, the worthy chairman of the company, laughed when the secretary described the applicant and his inquiry. It was a great joke. They buy their own shares.

With great ceremony the Board proceeded to allot. It was really heart-breaking to see the excellent men whose applications they were compelled to refuse. Yet it could not be helped—the applications were so very numerous. They could afford Captain Bluebill, of Tanglebury Hall, only one hundred and fifty of the three hundred applied for; the great silk merchant, Benjamin Button, of Clapham, who was eager for two hundred, could not possibly have more than one hundred and twenty-five. The public had apparently conspired to heap riches upon this most fortunate, this most promising, company. But then everybody said the thing would be a great success from the first. It was to supply a want, long felt throughout the country.

Four days were given to the happy applicants who had shares allotted to them to pay up their deposits—four days only, and then would arrive the golden day when the directors would be able to draw a cheque for the purchase-money of the invention.

Two days after the clerks had poured three bagfuls of allotment letters into Her Majesty's Post Office, the seedy gentleman once more made his appearance at the office of the prosperous company. On this occasion he had business of some importance to transact; and must see the secretary. The secretary condescended to give the applicant an audience—just to humour the fellow.

"Now, sir, do you wish to buy any letters?"

"My good man, I don't understand you," replied the secretary.

"Any letters of allotment?"

"Letters of allotment! I am still more perplexed!"

"Well, then, let me tell you, sir, there are plenty to be had—and at sixpence per share." The seedy gentleman smiled with great condescension upon the secretary. The secretary looked very foolish. The applicant drew a dirty bundle from his pocket, and continued:

"Look here, sir; here are four hundred and thirty shares I have bought at fourpence per share."

"Dear me, let me look at them!"

"O dear no: buy them, and you may do what you please with them. There are plenty of them in the market; and if you want any paid upon, I should advise you to buy them up as fast as possible."

"I can't understand this; we allotted only to persons of the first respectability."

"You allotted to a great many stags, sir, I can tell you," replied the seedy individual. "Now, I venture to assert, sir, that unless you buy up these letters upon the market,

you will not have a five-pound note paid into your bankers. Everybody who intends to pay, goes to see how the shares are upon the market first; and if they see letters of allotment being hawked about for a few shillings, they'll not pay up. Why, it was only the other day that the Great Timbuctoo Mining Company got up thirty thousand pounds in two days. And how did they do it? Sir, they bought up any letter of allotment at any price that was offered in the market; they gave commissions to brokers to buy shares even at a premium; and so they were quoted at two premium in the list, and everybody rushed to the bank to pay in. Why, to-day I was offered a letter for a hundred of your shares for half-a-crown!"

"You surprise me," the bewildered secretary exclaimed. "But how do these letters get into the hands of men who hawk them about?"

"They write for them. Didn't you have any stag-books when you allotted?"

"Stag-books! No. What are stag-books?"

"I see, sir, you have much to learn in these matters."

This observation roused the secretary's indignation, and he began to entertain an idea that he was being duped by his informant.

"Sir," said the secretary, with a grand air, "we do not wish to have the knowledge you seem to possess. The Patent Corkscrew Company is not the Great Timbuctoo Mining Company. I wish you good morning. We do not wish to purchase letters of allotment."

"Very well, sir," replied the seedy gentleman, with a jaunty air, "you will have a different story this day next week. I shall sell these at any price, and then you'll see how many you'll have taken up." With this threat the seedy individual left the astonished secretary.

When the Board met that afternoon, the directors did not look quite so gay as on former occasions. The secretary's account was not a cheerful one; and, after due deliberation, it was agreed that one of the clerks should be sent into the market to buy up a letter for one hundred and fifty shares at the current price. Armed with this power, the clerk was not long in transacting his business. He soon returned with one hundred and fifty shares, which he had bought for seven shillings. The letter of allotment was handed to the noble chairman, who read the name, the honoured name, of Captain Bluebill. Could the owner of Tanglebury Hall stoop to this?

Three days after this purchase had been made, the seedy individual made his appearance a third time at the offices of the Patent Corkscrew Company. He saw how matters stood, at a glance. Everybody was dull. Directors were whispering together in couples; the clerks were making up their

thousand five hundred pounds—a moderate sum for such noble proprietors. But, so successful had their operations been at the end of twenty years, that in order to make their yearly dividends appear smaller than they really were, the directors passed a resolution declaring the Capital of the Company to be trebled. It was accordingly entered in their books at thirty-one thousand five hundred pounds, each holder of one hundred pounds stock becoming, by that arrangement, a proprietor of the value of three hundred pounds. Thirty years after that date a similar proceeding was adopted; and, by a stroke of the pen, the Company's capital was made ninety-four thousand five hundred pounds; each hundred pound share being thus made to represent nine hundred pounds. Subsequently, a further subscription of ten per cent. on the shares raised in cash, and nominally trebled, so as to amount to nine thousand four hundred and fifty pounds, was added to the previous capital account in the Company's books, which then stood at one hundred and three thousand nine hundred and fifty pounds; of which, however, only thirteen thousand six hundred and fifty pounds was really subscribed by the shareholders. In the middle of the last century, the Company appears to have realized the sum of six thousand three hundred and sixty-four pounds a-year in nett profits, which, apparently, on a capital of one hundred and three thousand pounds is small enough for a monopoly trade; but, taken as a dividend upon their real capital of thirteen thousand pounds, it amounted in fact to not less than fifty per cent. per annum.

During the first hundred years of the Company's rule in Rupert's Land—which is the name bestowed upon the territory held under their charter—the trade was carried on by means of two ships of about two hundred and fifty tons each, and one or two factories established on the shores of Hudson's Bay. Nothing whatever was then known of the interior of the country. A white foot had not been seen at a greater distance than a score of miles from the waters of the Bay; and then only in pursuit of game, of which there was abundance on every side.

In those primitive days of aboriginal trading, the Company's factors were content to sit down within their log-forts, and there—hedged round by piles of blankets, copper kettles, cotton handkerchiefs, knives, gun-powder, looking-glasses, beads, and, though last not least, gin—await the arrival of the up-country Indians; who, during the spring and summer months, came down to them in great numbers in canoes, travelling along the many rivers which flow from the distant Rocky Mountains of the far west towards the salt water of Hudson's Bay.

The winter is the hunting season, when, provided with guns and ammunition by their

white friends, the Indians sally out in pursuit of beavers, martens, otters, cats, bears, and wolves. By the month of March, the fruits of their labours are ready for market; and, loading them in bundles in their birch-bark canoes, each tribe, in those days, despatched them in the custody of a chief and a certain number of their best men, in order to barter them for English commodities at the factories.

It was a busy and picturesque scene when these children of the prairies came down from their distant homes laden with beaver skins and martens' tails, and decked out in their gayest holiday attire; and when, pitching their temporary tents in the close vicinity of the fort, they prepared for the important business of barter. On arriving within sight of the factory, they would fire a volley from their fowling-pieces to acquaint the factors with their near approach, and these latter would return the compliment by the discharge of two or three small pieces of ordnance.

Before any trading commenced, it was necessary that a formal visit should be paid to the chief factor in the fort by the principal man of the Indians and one or two of his followers. These receptions must have been strange spectacles. Habited in his own mocassins and fur tunic, he put on over all these a suit of coarse slops presented to him by the factors in order that he might make a proper appearance within the walls of the fort. The apparel thus worn consisted of a coarse cloth coat, either red or blue, having regimental cuffs; and a waistcoat and knee-breeches of baize, trimmed with coarse laco. His stockings were, one red, the other blue, and tied below the knee with party-coloured garters. A checked shirt and coloured cotton handkerchief, a coarse hat and feather, and a worsted sash, completed his costume.

The chief and his friends were received in the large dining-hall of the factory; and, after a mutual exchange of compliments, a quantity of bread and dried prunes was placed before them, with a two-gallon keg of spirits and some pipes and tobacco. With these they were to regale themselves in their own tents previous to beginning the barter; but, before departing, the wary chieftain took especial care to fill his capacious pockets with precious gifts, in order to ensure a royal share to himself. When a few civilities had been exchanged between the two parties, the Indians rose and proceeded with the presents, accompanied by their white friends, to their temporary dwellings. They marched in procession, preceded by a halberd and ensign bearer, a drummer beating a lively tune, and a number of the factory people carrying the spirits, prunes, and so forth; then, having shaken hands with the chief, the factors returned to the fort, leaving the natives to their drunken carousal, which lasted until the keg of spirits was emptied. During the orgy it was pretty cer-

tain that one or more lives were lost from their drunken quarrels.

When sobered, the Indians again entered the fort; but for business this time. Previous to any trading, it was considered necessary that the chief and the factor should smoke the pipe of peace. The Indian trappers and the factory people having completed this necessary ceremony, a further repast of bread and prunes was partaken of, at the conclusion of which the chief addressed the factors, preparatory to commencing the barter. One of these speeches, which has been preserved by an old servant of the Company, is worth quoting, as giving an insight into the mode of conducting a barter in those distant regions.

"You told me last year to bring many Indians to trade, which I promised to do: you see I have not lied: here are a great many young men come with me! Use them kindly. Let them trade good goods, I say. We lived hard last winter, and hungry, the powder being short measure and bad. Tell your servants to fill the measures and not to put their thumbs within the brims. Take pity on us, I say. We paddle a long way to see you. We love the English. Let us trade good black tobacco, fair weight and hard twisted. Have pity on us. Let us trade good light guns, small in the hand and well made, with locks that will not freeze in the winter. Let the young men have good measure and cheap kettles, thick and high. Give us good measure of cloth: let us see the old measure: do you mind me? The young men love you, by coming so far to see you. Take pity, I say, and let them have good things."

From the contents of this address, we cannot help inferring that the scale of weights in use among the early traders to America was not very different from that described by Knickerbocker in his history of New York; where it is humorously stated that the inviolable custom was for a Dutchman's hand to be reckoned as one pound and his foot as two pounds.

Having delivered this oration the Indian and his people proceeded to examine the "guns small in the hand," the "kettles thick and high," and such other things as took their fancy, for which they then commenced a rapid barter with their skins. The Company had a nominal "standard of trade," as it was called, for the pretended guidance of their several factors, but, in reality—as one of their clerks writes—to deceive those who are not in their secrets. In all dealings a beaver skin is taken as a standard of value, hence every article is looked upon and reckoned as worth so many beaver skins: it is, in fact, the Hudson's Bay currency. The above pretended standard of trade gave twelve needles, or six thimbles, or a pound of powder, or a comb, or a yard of gartering, as equivalents for one beaver skin; a gallon of brandy was equal to four skins.

Had this tariff been adhered to, the profits on the trade would have been enormous. In those days a good beaver skin was worth twelve shillings; it is easy, therefore, to see how favourable this pretended scale was to the Company. But the tariff was only a blind. In addition to making two gallons of brandy out of one by the aid of water, the factors appear to have adopted a scale of their own construction, which no doubt fleeced the Indians; who had no alternative but to take the measure they could get, or to starve. Just as pocket-combs and copper kettles had their imaginary equivalents in beaver skins, so, was there also a scale—on a similarly sliding principle—for all other skins in reference to that of the beaver. Thus, by a factor's fiction, a skin of the beaver was taken as equal in barter to two white or two brown foxes, or one old otter, or two prime martens, or six musquashes, and so on. Not content with watering the brandy and measuring the powder in small measures with their thumbs inside the rim, they multiplied their enormous gains by false counting of skins, and so mystifying the table of equivalents as to completely bewilder the untutored Indian, who only discovered the fraud when he came to reckon up his kettles, knives and glass beads in his native hut a thousand miles distant, and compared them with the number of skins he had carried down to the white man's fort.

In this manner were the fur purchases of the Company carried on up to the latter part of the last century. At that period an enemy of a daring and dangerous character appeared in the very heart of this vast American preserve. Attracted by the reputed richness of those regions in furs, a few enterprising Canadian traders penetrated beyond the boundary of their territories; and, making their way by the streams which fell into Lake Superior, sought the Indians of the Red River and Saskatchewan country in their own villages, and there opened a trade with them on terms much more favourable to the natives; who were not long in finding the advantage of bartering close to their doors, and at the same time obtaining for their skins articles at far more moderate rates.

Large profits and a ready trade soon caused these straggling Canadians to flock into the country in considerable numbers, and to interfere very seriously with the Hudson's Bay Company; whose officers at length found themselves compelled, in self-defence, to imitate the plans of their rivals and to establish branch factories and depôts at various spots throughout the interior of the country. Henceforward a fierce and determined opposition was engendered between the contending traders; until, in the year seventeen hundred and eighty-three, the Canadians found it necessary to form themselves into a party for mutual self-

defence. They accordingly enrolled themselves under the name of the North-west Company, dividing their interest in future undertakings into twenty shares or parts, but without laying down any money capital. They were content to make proportionate contributions of goods, according to the interest held by each; and, while the different shareholders undertook each their own part in the carrying on of the up-country traffic, four of the most influential proprietors were named managers, of whom two remained at Montreal, whilst the other two undertook the direction-in-chief of the country trade; each of these managers was paid a commission on the business transacted.

The operations of this new Company—unprotected by any charter, but stimulated by their own individual interests—extended rapidly on all sides, despite the violent opposition of the Chartered Trappers. In a few years their shipments of furs to Europe exceeded those of the Hudson's Bay Company, whilst their various establishments gave employment to more than double the number of those attached to their rivals' factories. It was these enterprising traders who were the first great pioneers through the interior, across the Rocky Mountains, as far as the banks of the Columbia river to the westward of that vast range. The example had been set them, on a small scale, by the early French settlers in Canada; but, until the formation of the North-west Company, nothing of any extent had been attempted in the way of opening up the country.

With a view to cutting off the supplies of this new and formidable rival, the Hudson's Bay Company made a grant of sixteen thousand square miles of territory, situated on the banks of the Red River, to Lord Selkirk, one of their most influential directors, and immediately in the track of the North-westers, as they were called. This his lordship undertook to colonise, with the ostensible object of introducing civilisation amongst the neighbouring tribes of Indians; but in reality, as the sequel fully proved, to harass their opponents in their fur trade. It was not long after this colony of half-castes and raw Orkney-men had been formed, that the servants of the two Companies came to open and deadly blows. Robbery, assaults, murder in cold blood, were resorted to by either party, to the heavy loss of both and to the gain of neither.

At length, after some fifty years of the most bitter opposition, the two Companies were amalgamated; and, in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-one, the whole trade once more merged into the hands of the Hudson's Bay factors. The capital of each Company was at that period made up to a nominal amount of two hundred thousand pounds, so that four hundred thousand pounds is the imaginary capital said to be invested in the trade of three millions of

square miles, about one-third of that sum being really the total of subscribed capital employed. From that time forward there has been no change whatever in the mode or extent of the Company's dealings.

If there has been no alteration in the *status* of the Company, the same at least cannot be said of the thousands of Indians who are still left the sole sad representatives of once powerful nations; rude and barbarous it is true, but, in their ages of primitive darkness, less degraded, less brutal, less lost to every human quality of goodness than are their modern types—the consumers and the consumed of the white men's fire-water. It is sad to read the tales of destruction told concerning those children of the prairie: how disease and starvation have swept fertile valleys and populous districts, until single families and sometimes single Indians remain the sole remnants of the warlike tribes that once thronged the great hunting-grounds of the North.

The decrease arises from small pox, drunkenness, and starvation. Indians in their aboriginal state of simplicity supported themselves by the chase and fishing, in which they were remarkable adepts with the rudest weapons. Trappers came amongst them and taught them the use of firearms, with which they soon became as skilful as their teachers. They discovered at the same time, that, instead of hunting buffaloes and deer, it was better to shoot or trap beavers, martens, wolverines, bears, and such animals as yielded furs, with which they could purchase ammunition, clothing, finery, and a variety of things they soon acquired a taste for. In this way they shot, and traded, and lived on, until at length the furred animals of their district became scant, or until many of their best men became old and no longer able to use the fowling-piece. Then, when the usual number of skins were no longer forthcoming, the supply of ammunition was refused. The Indians having long since forgotten their ancestors' cunning with the spear, and the arrow, and the trap, found themselves suddenly deprived of their sole means of support. Their lives may now be said to be held in the hands of the Company's factors, who may thus at any time virtually order the destruction of thousands of their fellow-creatures by withholding from them the means of subsistence.

Amidst the crying evils of slavery in its worst form, in its worst days, there was one evil which the Legrees and the Haleys had not entailed upon the captive negro. Toil as these poor slaves might through the noon-day of their darkened lives, there was one small consolation never denied them by their hardest task-masters. In their old age, when infirmities crept over them, they were still housed, and fed, and clothed, although scarce able to make the slightest return in labour. But in Rupert's Land, where, by a curious old-world fiction,

it is pleasantly supposed that British laws and British virtues are in the ascendant, for the government of which territory a royal charter was granted, having for one of its expressed objects the public good of the people—in this land, we say, the Indians who have grown old in the service of the Company are deprived, amidst their infirmities, of the means of supporting themselves; and, failing this, famine and disease sweep them away from the face of the earth.

It is not without interest just at this moment to find that one of the conditions upon which the Hudson's Bay Company held their charter, was that they should despatch ships for the discovery of a north-west passage. Nor will it be of less interest to notice in what manner this Company were reported to have been the cause of the offer of a premium of twenty thousand pounds by the British Government to any one who should succeed in the attempt. It appears certain that, during the first hundred years of their charter, this Company made no more than two attempts at Arctic discovery; the last having been made in the year seventeen hundred and sixty-nine, and the account of which was not published until after a lapse of twenty-six years. At the end of another period of forty-six years their third Arctic expedition was undertaken; being by a curious coincidence set on foot in the same year in which they made application for a renewal of their license for exclusive trade; and, moreover, at about the same time that another expedition was being fitted out by the Government under Captain Back. It is not less singular and significant that their next and latest expedition to the Arctic regions, under Dr. Rae, was undertaken simultaneously with that which in eighteen hundred and forty-six went out under Captain Sir John Franklin, and concerning which so much painful suspense has been felt. In this way we perceive that, during a period of little less than two hundred years, the Hudson's Bay Company have set on foot four expeditions for the purpose of Arctic discovery.

It is related in a chapter of Middleton's Geography, published in seventeen hundred and seventy-one—though we would hope without good grounds for the statement—that it was a matter of public notoriety that Captain Middleton, who in seventeen hundred and forty had been sent by the Government upon a voyage of Arctic discovery, was charged with having received a sum of money as a bribe from the members of the then company to defeat or conceal the success of the undertaking; and that the Government, in order to preclude the recurrence of such bribery, passed an Act for the encouragement of attempts to discover the north-west passage, with a liberal premium as the reward of the successful adventurer. However

little credit we may be disposed to give to the impression of bribery alluded to, the story at any rate shows what the popular opinion was in those days concerning the *morale* of the Company.

Having thus sketched the operations of this Company, it now only remains to examine the course taken by the North American fur trader on this side the Atlantic. London is the great centre of this, not less than other branches of commerce. Hither come the investments of the Hudson's Bay Company, of the United States dealers, and of those from Russia and Russian America. Here, too, the dealings lie within a limited space. Twice a year, sales of furs take place by two parties; one of those is the Company, the other, a gentleman who conducts the sales of all the skins belonging to private traders which find their way into the country. Between these two, the trade is about equally divided; each disposing of furs to the yearly value of half a million sterling in this market.

For a month or six weeks previous to each of these periodical sales, the noble pile of buildings devoted to the reception and assortment of private importers' goods, presents an animated and interesting appearance. Lofty, well-aired warerooms are thickly studded with wooden stands, piled up with countless skins of every colour and quality. The visitor may there find skins of the same animals ranging in value from sixpence to forty pounds. One would imagine that nothing could be easier than to detect this amazing difference, and such indeed is the case with the party of workpeople employed at a long table with piles of pretty looking furs before them. These skilled hands have but to glide their fingers through the hairy covering of the skin, and with one sharp, experienced glance, its classification into first, second, third, or fourth class quality is at once determined; yet the eye of the stranger would not be able, at first, to detect the varieties. And so, no doubt, it happens with the Indians and Trappers of America, who value all beaver skins, or martens' tails, by one universal standard. The private importations here spoken of, are the skins purchased by the American citizens of the States of their Indian neighbours and shipped from New York chiefly.

Attending these bi-annual sales, are to be seen a motley crowd of Germans, Parisians, Turks, Russians, Greeks, and a sprinkling of our own countrymen for the supply of the home trade. Particular markets take off particular qualities and kinds of skins. The finest of any are sold at enormous, almost fabulous prices, for the Russians; the emperor and chief nobles of which country care only for such furs as are too costly, on account of their scarcity, to be within the reach of any other class of wearers. Bear

skins are taken for Germany and for the caps of our Grenadier Guards. Next to the Russians, the Greeks and Turks are the most costly purchasers. The trade in this country for beaver skins is all but annihilated, owing to the universal substitution of silk hats for those made of the former.

The use of furs has been for many years on the decline in this country, and even such as are still in demand for muffs, boas, and so forth, owe their origin to English rabbits, more frequently than to animals of the American wilds. The Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Common Councilmen of London, as well as the Sheriffs, have their robes and gowns trimmed with the fur of the sable or marten according to their respective ranks. In like manner, the state robes of the nobility and majesty are lined with ermine, one of the most costly of furs.

Of the antiquity of the use of furs, as an article of dress, there is ample proof, although it is not so many centuries since the better kinds, as at present known, were very rare and costly. In the account handed down to us of the wardrobe of Edward the First, no mention is made of any furs but those of the goat and the lamb. The importation of foreign skins became a matter of some importance very shortly after this period; doubtless the profession of skinner or furrier must have been, even in those days, a very lucrative one, for we read that in the reign of Edward the Third, Thomas Legge or Legget, a skinner, and then Lord Mayor of London, whose descendants have since become Earls of Dartmouth, was so exceedingly rich, that he lent the king three hundred pounds to aid his majesty in carrying on the war against the French.

At a very remote period, fairs were appointed to be held at Winchester, St Botolph, Stamford, and St Ives, for the sale of furs. Various statutes have been passed by different monarchs, from Edward the Third to Henry the Eighth, regulating the use of furs of several kinds by particular classes. One of the oldest of these confines the use of furs of all kinds, "to the Royal family, and the prelates, earls, barons, knights, and people of Holy Church, who might expend by the year one hundred pounds of their benefices at the least."

In the reign of the last Henry a law was passed forbidding the use of the sable to any below the rank of Earl; and it is certain that, up to the reign of Elizabeth, but few of the gentry wore any richer furs than those of the rabbit. On the Continent, at no more remote period than in the seventeenth century, laws were in existence on the same subject; the use of the costly sable being there confined to kings and princes only.

In connection with this subject there is a story which deserves mention, however much it may be scouted by the lovers of fairy tales and the romance of childhood. We ourselves

would wish to disbelieve it; but it reads nevertheless, very like fact. In the tale of Cinderella, the maiden is represented as putting on a pair of glass slippers, in which to dance at a ball; indeed, the main interest of the story hinges at length in these same slippers of glass. To spoil all this pretty romance, the antiquarian steps in with his musty parchments and assures us that we are quite mistaken in our version of the story, which is of French origin, and that the blunder of an ignorant translator has caused the error. The slippers were really of sable fur, and the French for sable being *vair* were mistaken for *verre* —glass, and hence the blunder. The same learned authority tells us that whilst the slippers being of glass had no meaning, their having been composed of sable carried a real significance, inasmuch as the use of that costly fur being then confined to princes of royal blood, the fairy intended by this to endow Cinderella with an importance in the eyes of the Prince that could not be mistaken. I shall be, however, much mistaken if the English nation does not still adhere to the glass version of our beloved Cinderella, repudiating all antiquarian interpretations and translations of every kind, for generations yet to come.

CHIPS.

THE ANTECEDENTS OF AUSTRALIA.

TRANSPORTATION of criminals to the American colonies having ceased from the commencement of the war of independence, the jails in England were soon overflowing with criminals and reeking with disease. The Government therefore determined, upon the favourable representations of Captain Cook, to form a penal settlement upon that portion of the eastern coast of New Holland that had been named by him New South Wales. There he had discovered Botany Bay, so named by Banks and Solander—the naturalists who had accompanied Cook—from the abundance and variety of its then unknown productions. A few miles to the northward of Botany Bay he had named a magnificent inlet of the ocean Port Jackson; which now forms the harbour of Sydney—in beauty and extent second only to that of Rio Janeiro.

No time was lost in carrying the new scheme into operation. Captain Phillips was selected to take charge of the expedition, and to superintend the formation of the penal colony. He sailed from England in May, seventeen hundred and eighty-seven, and in January of the following year landed at Port Jackson with seven hundred and fifty-seven convicts.

From this small beginning have sprung, at various intervals, the colonies of Australia and Van Dieman's Land. It was only in eighteen hundred and thirty-five, that Governor Sir E.

Bourke came down from Sydney with Mr. Lonsdale, the surveyor, and a few others, and laid out the plan of the town of Melbourne on the banks of the Yarra Yarra. However, had it not been for this system of transportation, many more years must have elapsed before the capabilities of this extraordinary country could have become known. There were no visible inducements to attract towards it any private enterprise. It was not until the Government had, by the aid of the criminals, caused the country to be opened up, the fertility of its soil to be made known, and the suitability of many of its districts for pastoral purposes to be quite understood, that emigration properly began. Sixty-three years ago, nothing but the existence of Australia was known—now it is a foremost figure in our picture of the history that has yet to be acted in the world.

IGNOBLE CONDUCT OF A NOBLEMAN.

"WHAT should I do," says the philanthropist, "if my donkey refuses to go? Shall I flog him?" The philanthropist shudders at the very idea; and yet, under all the circumstances, what is a man to do? The animal won't move; its forelegs are pertinaciously bent forward to resist any forcible shove in an advance direction; its ears lie close down upon its scraggy neck; its eye is dull with stubborn resolution; and I don't see how it is possible to abstain from the luxury of breaking one's cudgel on its back. But after all, what is a donkey? A donkey is a stupid, awkward, obstinate, slow-paced animal; dead to all the ordinary excitement of life; it has no ambition, and therefore doesn't care who gets before it in the race; it has no heart, and therefore doesn't care how much its abominable conduct injures or afflicts its benefactor; it has no vanity, and therefore doesn't care what contemptuous epithets you heap upon its head, nor how vociferously you proclaim it to be an ass. You will observe that in the above definition of the object of my abhorrence, I have taken care to abstain from classing it universally and affirmatively in the list of quadrupeds. The qualities by which I wish it to be defined are, its obstinacy in not moving forward when urged to do so; its heartless disregard of the suffering inflicted by its obstinate persistence in standing still; and the excessive inclination which every one feels to despise, in its instance, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and to break every bone in its skin. In fact, the object of my dislike is not, in the strict acceptation of the word, an ass; he has only two legs; and they are acknowledged, I believe, to be remarkably handsome legs; he has beautiful auburn hair; the finest hazel eyes that ever glowed into fire or melted into tenderness; he is six feet in height; strong as Hercules,

graceful as Apollo; the eldest son of an ancient baron and heir to his grand uncle, the old Marquis of Barton-dyke, with a territorial property of seventy-five thousand a year. Yes! Bertram the Normandale is the person who has roused all the indignation which I have feebly endeavoured to give expression to by these allusions to cudgelling and long ears. But he never reads; he will never see this slashing attack. If he did, he would not understand it. He would, perhaps, think it a compliment. I will lay the case before an attentive universe and leave the judgment between us to the assembled nations of the habitable globe.

In the first place, the man's ingratitude is astonishing. The noble halls he lives in—the historic name he bears—the wealth he is in expectation of—are all owing to me. I don't pretend that I built Barton-dyke Castle, or inserted him in the peerage, or drew a check in his favour for a couple of millions or so of money; but I maintain that I was the means of putting him into his present situation, and rescuing him from a life of vulgar usefulness and unaristocratic activity as the son of a Yorkshire farmer. If I had not traced him out step by step, followed him in the very curious incidents of his infancy, and saved the reputation of his sainted mother by the discovery of the wedding certificate which made her the legal wife of the Right Honourable Lord Normandale, he would, probably, at this moment have been young George Cookson, the supposed son of the yearly tenant of Yellowleaf farm. I have been the maker of Bertram de Normandale, and now he thwarts my wishes in the most mulish and insulting manner. But you shall hear:

Five-and-twenty years ago, when his father, Lord Normandale, was at Oxford, he became acquainted with a young man of the same college who soon acquired an extraordinary influence over his mind. The only son of a poor parish clergyman, Alfred Winterton was the surprise of the whole University. Bred up in a rural village, he seemed to know the great world more intimately than the lady patronesses of Almack's. Far from polite society, his manners would have thrown Chesterfield into despair. Too poor to have had a stud, he hunted with a courage and skill which made him the admiration of the hunting field; he played billiards like Jonathan; was perfect master of pistol and small sword; took the best double-first that had ever been heard of in Oxford; and was preparing to say farewell to the scene of so much happiness and so many triumphs without a single debt! His power over Normandale was magical.

"You will come and see me, Normandale?" he said, as they stood at the door of the Angle Inn, while the tandem was getting ready, which was to convey Winterton towards Birmingham on his way home.

"I will wait till your dinner hour; but I really hope I don't incommode you."

"Not in the least. That is one of the artificial methods of saying you are sorry you came. I tell you you will not be sorry after an hour or two. Come in! I will introduce you to my father."

They entered the low porch, traversed the narrow passage, and, passing through a low door, found themselves in the kitchen. At the side of the fire-place, sat an old man with spectacles on nose, intent on a large book.

"Father!" said Winterton, "here is my friend, Lord Normandale, come to see us; you'll make him welcome for my sake, till you learn to like him for his own."

"Ah! my lord," said the old man, rising and taking his visitor's hand, "it is many years since I heard the name of Normandale, except from Frederick since he went to college. There is a sound in it that recalls many thoughts. How strange!" he added, as the sunshine fell on the young noble's face, "will those likenesses *never* wear out! But you are welcome, doubly welcome. Is Effy returned from market?"

"You've conjured her," said Frederick, "by naming her name. This moment she is dismounting in the yard. She's here."

The door opened, and the same person who had overtaken Normandale on the road entered the kitchen. She wore still the scarlet cloak which had attracted his notice, and carried the basket on her arm. The veil was lifted up, and never had Normandale seen so radiantly beautiful a face. It was the face of his friend Frederick, softened into feminine loveliness, and presenting all the expression of high intellect and exquisite refinement which made his appearance so remarkable.

"So, you be here afore I," she said to Normandale, without waiting for the ceremony of introduction. "You do ply your pins to good purpose, for I didn't stay ten minutes at Bill Cookson's, and trotted Jobler every yard o' the way. And how be ye, father? I've brought ye such prime beef, and only sippence a pound."

Lord Normandale bowed, and remained silent. Winterton seemed not at all astonished at the *brusquerie* of his sister's manner, and the old gentleman looked at her with a benevolent smile.

"You've done excellent well," he said, "and now put it before the fire, and see that it is well roasted in time for our dinner at two."

She laid the basket on the floor, and lifting up the cloth, discovered a large joint all ready for the spit.

"I've heerd say," she said, "that folks always like best what they cook themselves. Perhaps if you gave the spit a turn, the meat would be all the better."

"With all my heart," said the young noble; and a minute more saw him busy watching

the motions of the beef, and basting it with a long pewter spoon. Meanwhile, his beautiful companion was engaged in preparing the plates, boiling vegetables, laying the cloth in the parlour, and in all ways conducting herself like a maid-of-all-work. But, her step was like a fawn's; her figure, graceful beyond the reach of art; and the turn of her arms and fall of her shoulders, were such as would put to shame the colder beauties of the Medicean statue. Her smile was irresistible; and in spite of the rustic language in which she expressed herself, there was so much sense, so much humour, so much mystery, in her conversation, that Lord Normandale never felt so happy in his life, as when he sat, hour after hour, watching her charming movements, and listening to the tones of a voice which in his ear was musical as is Apollo's lute. If he forgot for a moment to baste the now rapidly browning meat, he was reprimanded with such sharpness and real oburgation, that it required him to look at the lovely lips from which the scolding proceeded, to reconcile him to the assaults he sustained.

When all was ready, the old gentleman rose from his book. Frederick re-descended from the roof where he had resumed his work, when Normandale commenced his cooking operations. Euphemia instructed her assistant in the art of laying the dishes on the table; and the gentlemen, when duly summoned to take their places, proceeded to the little parlour. The fair spirit who had ministered to them, however, had disappeared. The father said grace, and began the repast; and Normandale was sunk in grief at being deprived of the society of the fair *cuisinière*.

"Effie will be here in five minutes," said Winterton; "make no remark on the scene that has past. She doesn't like to be reminded of her morning's occupations." The door opened, and a figure walked into the apartment, which at once absorbed the visitor's attention, and nearly deprived him of breath. On the coiled up hair of the young maiden who now joined the circle, was a wreath of red and white roses; her shoulders were bare; and over them hung a scarf of the richest lace—a material with which her pink silk gown was profusely ornamented. She carried a fan in her hand; and with a start of surprise, Normandale caught the calm and thoughtful expression of her eye. It reminded him of a portrait in his gallery, of his aunt, the unhappy Marchioness of Barton-dyke, the loveliest woman of her time, and in her fate the most miserable. He stood up and bowed. The lady returned his courtesy, and kissing her father's cheek, sat down at his right hand without any observation.

"Restored to me for the rest of the day, my darling?" said the father; "to be my companion, my entertainer, my chamber?"

"Yes, father! I have strung the harp, and

have a new song of my own to submit to your judgment. Perhaps Lord Normandale is a connoisseur?"

"A lover only," said his lordship, "but most anxious for information."

"It is the noblest of studies," she said, "for it embraces and comprehends all others. What are all studies and sciences but search after the hidden harmonies of being? What is astronomy but a listening for the divine music which rings through space? To me, it is like a new and delightful language to whose treasures I am admitted—as sometimes is the case with mesmeric patients. I hear Homer in his original grandeur, thrill with the raptures of Pindar, or mount on the wings of inspiration with the Hebrew prophets—all at the touch of the strings of my poor harp! It opens out to me landscapes among the Grecian hills; reveals to me valleys—richer, greener, lovelier than ever lay between the hills of Circassia—for it is my book of landscapes, my traveller's library, my camera obscura. We have no other. We can afford no books, we have time for no accomplishments. Music supplies the want of all."

When the cloth was removed the harp was introduced. No Italian prima donna ever sang with such effect. It was power, it was inspiration, it was prayer. Normandale answered to every touch of the chords. "How surprised I am!" he whispered. "How delighted! Delighted by your matchless voice, surprised by the strange contrast between what you were on the back of Jobler, or presiding at the kitchen fire, and what I see you now—the queen of dignity and song, the priestess of intellect and passion."

"There are strange inconsistencies in human character," she said. "In yourself, for instance, the artificial rank makes you altogether ignorant of what you really are. The baron's robe hides the breast of the wearer; there may be a heart beneath it—there may be nothing but selfishness and pride."

"I think—I know—I feel—there is a heart," said Normandale, his cheek flushing and his eyes on fire; "last of all the world should you be, Miss Winterton, to doubt that a heart is here." He blushed for what he had said; it was too open a declaration.

"Do you think of leaving us to-morrow, or will you have your trunks unpacked and take possession of our spare room?" inquired Frederick, with a malicious smile.

"Oh, my friend, let me stay with you as long as I can! It does me good; it elevates, refines, instructs me."

So, he took possession of the room; and great was the surprise of his retainers at home, great the anxiety of his uncle, the Marquis of Bartondyke, when, after a silence of more than two years, a letter reached both establishments, dated from Cairo, to say that Lord Normandale had resided there for some time, and was now at the point of death. A confidential servant was despatched to Egypt;

he arrived barely in time to receive a breath of the English nobleman, who struggled to say something which died ruptured before the sentence could be finished. "My boy," he said, "Farmer Cook Frederick knows all—my wife—my w

Now, who do you think was the boy? do you think was the wife? Why, the stubborn, immovable personage scribed to you at the beginning. It was *tram de Normandale*. The marriage between *Effie Winterton* and the enraptured nobleman had been private—unknown even to the polished Frederick. The poor girl had shortly after giving birth to her son, placed him in charge of her friends the Cooks of the *Yellowleas* farm, with a sum settled on by Lord Normandale of five hundred pounds while he lived, without being reclaim his parents, or having the secret of his revealed. Here was my task: I had to find out evidence; I had to trace the lives of the Cooksons from their earliest days; to discover a mole on the left shoulder of an unfortunate infant; I had to inquire into the real position in life of the Reverend *Reverend Mirables*; I found him out to be a young brother of the *Marquis of Bartondyke*, who had retired into solitude and priest's orders when he was disappointed in love; I had to go into Doctors' Commons, into the Regency Courts of all the Bishops, into Chancery, had to hold endless consultations with lawyers and pickpockets, and policemen, and geologists; and at last I succeeded in all attempts. *Bertram de Normandale* is acknowledged legitimate heir of his noble father next in succession to the finest estate in England.

And yet—would you believe it?—the wretch is ungrateful, dull, phlegmatic, unpressible; and wholly unmanageable after all this! I can't get him to do a single thing to reward me for all my pains. I know what to do with him—whether to send him to Oxford or Cambridge—whether to make him fall in love with a countess in his own right, or with a tinker's daughter. He shall of course fight a duel, and travel Italy; but when to do it, when to start Ostend, whom to fight with, and when to fight—all is utterly at a stand still, because he is so ridiculously slow; so preposterously and asininely obstinate. He will go anywhere or do anything. I can not get the donkey to stir!

In fact, I am stuck in the beginning of my second volume, and am bound to say this blockhead's adventures over three times the mean time the following advertise concerning this Beast, is perpetually at me out of all manner of periodicals:

"Early in the year will be published *Hope of the Bartondykes*, an Historical Novel, in Three Volumes. Truth is a thousand times stranger than fiction."

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—CHARTERHOUSE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. VIII.

McELRATH & BARKER, PUBLISHERS.
Office No. 17 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

WHOLE No. 200.

FIRE AND SNOW.

CAN this be the region of cinders and coal-dust, which we have traversed before now, divers times, both by night and by day, when the dirty wind rattled as it came against us charged with fine particles of coal, and the natural colour of the earth and all its vegetation might have been black, for anything our eyes could see to the contrary in a waste of many miles? Indeed it is the same country, though so altered that on this present day when the old year is near its last, the North East wind blows white, and all the ground is white—pure white—inso-much that if our lives depended on our identifying a mound of ashes as we jar along this Birmingham and Wolverhampton Railway, we could not find a handful.

The sun shines brightly, though it is a cold cold sun, this piercing day; and when the Birmingham tunnel disgorges us into the frosty air, we find the pointsman housed in no mere box, but in a resplendent pavilion, all bejewelled with dazzling icicles, the least a yard long. A radiant pointsman he should be, we think, invested by fairies with a dress of rainbow hues, and going round and round in some gorgeously playful manner on a gold and silver pivot. But, he has changed neither his stout great coat, nor his stiff hat, nor his stiff attitude of watch; and as (like the ghostly dagger of Macbeth) he marshals us the way that we were going, we observe him to be a mortal with a red face—red, in part from a seasonable joviality of spirit, and in part from frost and wind—with the encrusted snow dropping silently off his outstretched arm.

Redder than ever are the very red-brick little houses outside Birmingham—all staring at the railway in the snowy weather, like plethoric old men with white heads. Clean linen drying in yards seems ill-washed, against the intense white of the landscape. Far and near, the tall tall chimneys look out over one another's shoulders for the swart ashes familiar to them, and can discern nothing but snow. Is this the smoke of other chimneys setting in so heavily from the north-east, and overclouding the short brightness of the day? No. By the North Pole it is more snow!

Making directly at us, and flying almost

VOL. VIII.—No. 200

horizontally before the wind, it rushes against the train, in a dark blast profusely speckled as it were with drifting white feathers. A sharp collision, though a harmless one! No wonder that the engine seems to have a fearful cold in his head. No wonder, with a deal of out-door work in such a winter, that he is very hoarse and very short of breath, very much blown when we come to the next station, and very much given to weeping, snorting and spitting, all the time he stops!

Which is short enough, for these little upstairs stations at the tops of high arches, whence we almost look down the chimneys of scattered workshops, and quite inhale their smoke as it comes puffing at us—these little upstairs stations rarely seem to do much business anywhere, and just now are like suicidal heights to dive from into depths of snow. So, away again over the moor, where the clanking serpents usually writhing above coal-pits, are dormant and whitened over—this being holiday time—but where those grave monsters, the blast-furnaces, which cannot stoop to recreation, are awake and roaring. Now, a smoky village; now, a chimney; now, a dormant serpent who seems to have been benumbed in the act of working his way for shelter into the lonely little engine-house by the pit's mouth; now, a pond with black specks sliding and skating; now, a drift with similar specks half-sunken in it throwing snowballs; now, a cold white altar of snow with fire blazing on it; now, a dreary open space of mound and fell, snowed smoothly over, and closed in at last by sullen cities of chimneys. Not altogether agreeable to think of crossing such space without a guide, and being swallowed by a long-abandoned, long-forgotten shaft. Not even agreeable, in this undermined country, to think of half-a-dozen railway arches with the train upon them, suddenly vanishing through the snow into the excavated depths of a coal-forest.

Snow, wind, ice, and Wolverhampton—all together. No carriage at the station, everything snowed up. So much the better. The Swan will take us under its warm wing, walking or riding. Where is the Swan's nest? In the market-place. So much the better yet, for it is market-day, and there will be something to see from the Swan's nest.

Up the streets of Wolverhampton, where

the doctor's bright door-plate is dimmed as if Old Winter's breath were on it, and the lawyer's office window is appropriately misty, to the market-place: where we find a cheerful bustle and plenty of people—for the most part pretending not to like the snow, but liking it very much, as people generally do. The Swan is a bird of a good substantial brood, worthy to be a country cousin of the hospitable Hen and Chickens, whose company we have deserted for only a few hours and with whom we shall roost again at Birmingham to-night. The Swan has bountiful coal-country notions of firing, snug homely rooms, cheerful windows looking down upon the clusters of snowy umbrellas in the market-place, and on the chattering and chattering which is pleasantly hushed by the thick white down lying so deep, and softly falling still. Neat bright-eyed waitresses do the honours of the Swan. The Swan is confident about its soup, is troubled with no distrust concerning cod-fish, speaks the word of promise in relation to an enormous chine of roast beef, one of the dishes at "the Ironmasters' dinner," which will be disengaged at four. The Ironmasters' dinner! It has an imposing sound. We think of the Ironmasters joking, drinking to their Ironmistresses, clinking their glasses with a metallic ring, and comporting themselves at the festive board with the might of men who have mastered Iron.

Now for a walk! Not in the direction of the furnaces, which we will see to-night when darkness shall set off the fires; but in the country, with our faces towards Wales. Say, ye hoary finger-posts whereon the name of picturesque old Shrewsbury is written in characters of frost; ye hedges lately bare, that have burst into snowy foliage; ye glittering trees, from which the wind blows sparkling dust; ye high drifts by the roadside, which are blue a-top, where ye are seen opposed to the bright red and yellow of the horizon; say all of ye, is summer the only season for enjoyable walks! Answer, roguish crow, alighting on a sheep's back to pluck his wool off for an extra blanket, and skimming away, so black, over the white field; give us your opinion, swinging ale-house signs, and cosey little bars; speak out, farrier's shed with faces all a-glow, fountain of sparks, heaving bellows, and ringing music; tell us, cottage hearths and sprigs of holly in cottage windows; be eloquent in praise of wintry walks, you sudden blasts of wind that pass like shiverings of Nature, you deep roads, you solid fragments of old hayricks with your fragrance frozen in! Even you, drivers of toiling carts, coal-laden, keeping company together behind your chaises, dog-attended and basket-bearing: even you, though it is no easy work to stop, every now and then, and chip the snow away from the clogged wheels with picks, will have a fair word to say for winter, will you not!

Down to the solitary factory in the dip of

the road, deserted of holiday-makers, and where the water-mill is frozen up—then turn. As we draw nigh to our bright bird again, the early evening is closing in, the cold increases, the snow deadens and darkens, and lights spring up in the shops. A wet walk, ankle deep in snow the whole way. We must buy some stockings, and borrow the Swan's slippers before dinner.

It is a mercy that we step into the toy-shop to buy a pocket-comb too, or the pretty child-customer (as it seems to us, the only other customer the elderly lady of the toy-shop has lately had), might have stood divided between the two puzzles at one shilling each, until the putting up of the shutters. But, the incursion of our fiery faces and snowy dresses, coupled with our own individual recommendation of the puzzle on the right hand, happily turn the scale. The best of pocket-combs for a shilling, and now for the stockings. Dibbs "don't keep 'em," though he writes up that he does, and Jibbs is so beleaguered by country people making market-day and Christmas-week purchases, that his shop is choked to the pavement. Mibbs is the man for our money, and Mibbs keeps everything in the stocking line, though he may not exactly know where to find it. However, he finds what we want, in an inaccessible place, after going up ladders for it like a lamplighter; and a very good article it is, and a very civil worthy trader Mibbs is, and may Mibbs increase and multiply! Likewise young Mibbs, unacquainted with the price of anything in stock, and young Mibbs's aunt who attends to the ladies' department.

The Swan is rich in slippers—in those good old flip-flap inn slippers which nobody can keep on, which knock double knocks on every stair as their wearer comes down stairs, and fly away over the banisters before they have brought him to level ground. Rich also is the Swan in wholesome well-cooked dinner, and in tender chine of beef, so brave in size that the mining of all the powerful Ironmasters is but a sufficient outlet for its gravity. Rich in things wholesome and sound and unpretending is the Swan, except that we would recommend the good bird not to dip its beak into its sherry. Under the change from snow and wind to hot soup, drawn rei curtains, fire and candle, we observe our demonstrations at first to be very like the engine's at the little station; but they subside, and we dine vigorously—another tribute to a winter walk!—and finding that the Swan's ideas of something hot to drink are just and laudable, we adopt the same, with emendations (in the matter of lemon chiefly, of which modesty and total abstinence principles forbid the record. Then, thinking drowsily and delightfully of all things that have occurred to us during the last four-and-twenty hours, and of most things that have occurred to us during the last four-and-twenty years, we sit in arm chairs, amiable

basking before the fire—playthings for infaney—creatures to be asked a favour of—until aroused by the fragrance of hot tea and muffins. These we have ordered, principally as a perfume.

The bill of the Swan is to be commended as not out of proportion to its plumage; and now, our walking shoes being dried and baked, we must get them on somehow—for the rosy driver with his carriage and pair who is to take us among the fires on the blasted heath by Bilston announces from under a few shawls, and the collars of three or four coats, that we must be going. Away we go, obedient to the summons, and, having taken leave of the lady in the Swan's bar opposite the door, who is almost rustled out of her glass case and blown up stairs whenever the door opens, we are presently in outer darkness grinding the snow.

Soon the fires begin to appear. In all this ashy country, there is still not a cinder visible; in all this land of smoke, not a stain upon the universal white. A very novel and curious sight is presented by the hundreds of great fires blazing in the midst of the cold dead snow. They illuminate it very little. Sometimes, the construction of a furnace, kiln, or chimney, admits of a tinge being thrown upon the pale ground near it; but, generally the fire burns in its own sullen ferocity, and the snow lies impassive and untouched. There is a glare in the sky, flickering now and then over the greater furnaces, but the earth lies stiff in its winding sheet, and the huge corpse candles burning above it affect it no more than colossal tapers of state move dead humanity.

Sacrificial altars, varying in size, but all gigantic, and all made of ice and snow, abound. Tongues of flame shoot up from them, and pillars of fire turn and twist upon them. Fortresses on fire, a whole town in a blaze; Moscow newly kindled, we see fifty times; rattling and crashing noises strike the ear, and the wind is loud. Thus, crushing the snow with our wheels, and sidling over hillocks of it, and sinking into drifts of it, we roll on softly through a forest of conflagration; the rosy-faced driver, concerned for the honour of his locality, much regretting that many fires are making holiday to-night, and that we see so few.

Come we at last to the precipitous wooden steps by which we are to be mast-headed at a railway station. Good night to rosy-face, the cheeriest man we know, and up. Station very gritty, as a general characteristic. Station very dark, the gas being frozen. Station very cold, as any timber cabin suspended in the air with such a wind making lunges at it, would be. Station very dreary, being a station. Man and boy behind money-taking partition, checking accounts, and not able to unravel a knot of seven and sixpence. Small boy with a large package on his back, like Christian with his bundle of sins, sent down into the snow an indefinite depth and distance,

with instructions to "look sharp in delivering that, and then cut away back here for another." Second small boy in search of basket for Mr. Brown, unable to believe that it is not there, and that anybody can have dared to disappoint Brown. Six third-class passengers prowling about, and trying in the dim light of one oil lamp to read with interest the dismal time-bills and notices about throwing stones at trains, upon the walls. Two more, scorching themselves at the rusty stove. Shivering porter going in and out, bell in hand, to look for the train, which is overdue, finally gives it up for the present, and puts down the bell—also the spirits of the passengers. In our own innocence we repeatedly mistake the roaring of the nearest furnace for the approach of the train, run out, and return covered with ignominy. Train in sight at last—but the other train—which don't stop here—and it seems to tear the trembling station limb from limb, as it rushes through. Finally, some half-an-hour behind its time through the tussle it has had with the snow, comes our expected engine, shrieking with indignation and grief. And as we pull the clean white coverlid over us in bed at Birmingham, we think of the whiteness lying on the broad landscape all around for many a frosty wintry mile, and find that it makes bed very comfortable.

LIVES OF PLANTS.

It is unfortunate for the general diffusion of the great truths of science, that learned men have always amused themselves by throwing dust in the eyes of the unlearned; clothing the history of their investigations in pedantic and technical language. We can comprehend why the medical man should wish to conceal the nature of his remedies from the nervous patient by using a hieroglyphic to which only the profession possess the key: but it is quite indefensible that interesting and elevating subjects should be rendered unintelligible and repulsive to the mass of readers who have not time to master the slang of each branch of science, by the adoption of an arbitrary vocabulary, itself requiring special study. Although in nature, everything is sublimely simple, the initiated render everything complicated by overlaid explanation, concealing their ignorance by formidable words.

As science advances, the tangled web is gradually unravelled. What appeared to be confused and unconnected, is seen to blend harmoniously in a general action regulated by a common law. Formerly, as the botanist looked around upon the infinitely varied vegetation of the world, and saw plants clothing the whole surface of the globe, in endless wealth of differing forms; the mighty oak and the minute duckweed, the baobab counting six thousand years of life, and the fungus springing up in a night; all varying in con-

formation, in colour, in size, in duration, in every apparent particular; it appeared to him altogether hopeless to bring these marvellously different structures under one general law of production and of growth; or to trace the harmony of their functions. But the microscope has brought new eyes to man; and, after years of patient investigation, the great result was obtained which was expressed in a former paper;* that the basis of all the vegetation of the world is a little closed vesicle, composed of a membrane usually transparent and colourless as water;—the vegetable cell. At first, perhaps, this idea, so novel to the botanist of the old school and apparently so opposed to the evidence of the unassisted vision, is difficult to grasp; but when we have satisfied ourselves, as we easily may, that even the hardest portions of vegetables—such as wood—are capable of being resolved into cells no less than the softest vegetable slime, and that the processes of production and nutrition are regulated in both by the same great laws, we begin to comprehend how marvellously this aphorism of the universality of the cell simplifies botanical research.

The simple relation thus established throughout the vegetable kingdom, enables us to reduce our investigation, to the simplest form, at the same time that we include in them the whole vegetable world. As the bulk of every plant, whether great or small, is only an aggregation of the separate cells; so the life of the whole plant is but the sum of the vitality of each individual cell. Every cell being, in itself, a distinct structure, carrying on independent vital processes, possesses, necessarily, an independent vitality; and thus in studying the life of a plant cell individually, we shall also be contemplating the life of the whole plant. The first necessity of cell-life is, of course, nutrition, and before the cells can be agglutinated together or increased in size, they must receive nourishment from without. The materials for this nourishment are chiefly gases;—carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, of which the philosophical Schiller sings—

Four elements in one firm band
Give form to life, build sea and land.

These four great organic elements the plant-cell receives in the form of carbonic acid gas, atmospheric air, water, and ammonia; together with these it takes up certain salts and metals. The question which here presents itself is, how does this globular vesicle, which has no aperture, obtain these materials of nutrition; or, in other words, how do they arrive at the interior of the cell? The first fact to be observed in solving this important problem is, that the cell receives no food which is not dissolved in water. All its nourishment is obtained by the absorption of a

nutritive fluid—an aqueous solution of the materials mentioned. This function cannot be too strongly impressed on the mind; the passage of nutritive fluid through the walls of the cell is the universal means of growth in both animal and vegetable kingdom; it is a process with the due performance of which the existence of the whole animal and vegetable creation is intimately connected. It depends upon a physical law, with examples of which every one is familiar. If one end of a piece of sponge be immersed in water, the fluid will ascend throughout the cells of the sponge, and will moisten that part which is not so immersed. The same operation may be seen still more rapidly exemplified on dipping a lump of white sugar into water at one extremity. This law holds true of gases; and it explains the process by which the plant receives its nourishment.

The nutritive fluid, being brought in contact with the external wall of the cell, passes in by a process precisely similar to that which was seen in the sponge and the sugar—travelling from one cell to the other until it permeates the whole plant. And, since the same holds true of gases, the aqueous vapour in the atmosphere is no less active in aiding in the nutrition of the plant than the liquid water which is absorbed by the roots. The plant cell is acted upon by the sun, and we know that it rapidly and largely exhales watery vapour. The process of nutrition is, consequently, continually renewed; heat drawing off a great part of the water, and leaving in the cell the substances which it brought with it. So that the cell-membrane being kept dry by the action of heat while the atmosphere and earth are charged with moisture, it is perpetually absorbing fresh nutritive fluid. This is the reason why the life of most plants is only active during the summer, when, the heat being greatest, evaporation is also greatest, the exhaling organs of the plant are put forth, and the processes of nutrition are vigorously carried on. It has been shown that for every grain of the salts deposited in the plant, two thousand grains of water must be exhaled; and for every grain of other substances two hundred grains of water must be driven off. Now, as this is effected by the agency of heat and light, it is easy to comprehend that in summer the plant is actively nourished, old cells perfected, the sections of the cell produced, and new cells formed. These new cells spring up between the cortex or bark and the first layer of cells internal to this cortex. It is by their agency that the process of absorption is so rapidly carried on. They receive the raw nutritive fluid, and exert such a chemical influence over it, that whatever remains in the cell is converted into a more highly organised fluid—the sap of the tree—and is absorbed by the inner and dry cells, which form out of this the secretions of the plant. It is this fresh layer of cells which springs up every summer

* See page 254 of the current volume.

in the trees of all but tropical climates, which enables the woodman to name with unerring accuracy the age of the forest tree.

Until the discovery of the cell as the basis of all vegetation, and the investigation of the physical laws by which it is governed, the circulation of the sap was formerly quite inexplicable. Botanists conceal their ignorance, by talking learnedly of a mysterious vital action—words without meaning;—and by speaking of the ascent of the sap through certain vessels, and its circulation through the plant, and descent by other vessels, just as the blood is circulated in the body of animals. In plants, this involved a contradiction of the laws of gravitation, which was got over by calling it a vital action. We no longer acknowledge the possibility of any operation in nature which contravenes the laws established by nature's great Master. The life of the Plant-cell is but a fact of the life of the entire material world, and is subjected to the same organic laws. The discovery of the manner in which the cell absorbs its food, and its relations to heat and light, have harmonised what had been observed of the ascent of the sap during spring with the action of the great physical laws. Look out from the window this wintry day, and observe both plants and trees stripped of their leaves, with nothing but the stems and branches covered by bark or rind remaining. No evaporation is taking place, and, consequently, no absorption; or these processes are carried on to so very slight an extent, as only to suffice to preserve the vitality of the last-formed cells. The plant is hibernating. Its life is dormant. With spring come light and heat—the two great agents in the chemical actions of the cell. Evaporation commences, and with it the absorption of nutritive fluid; fresh cells are rapidly formed, to carry on actively the processes of primary cell-life. Buds sprout forth, leaves are unfolded and exposed to the influence of the sun's rays. These act chemically upon the raw fluid as it passes through them, and thus the interior cells receive a more highly elaborated juice—the sap. It is the passage of this sap through the walls of the Plant-cells that constitutes the ascent of the sap, which takes place in spring, for reasons we can now easily appreciate. The descent of the sap was a clumsy fiction intended to complete the old theory of its circulation. If, after the water has risen, in the experiment described, to the top of the sponge, and saturated its walls, and filled its interstices, we cut off the upper part and suspend it, the fluid will trickle away—dropping from the cut end of the sponge. And if we cut off the part of a branch, of which the cells are filled with sap, and allow the cut end to depend, the sap will exude. But is this a "vital" process either in the sponge or the twig, or is it not merely an instance of the ordinary gravitation of fluids?

For the alteration of the raw materials of

the plant into the sap, and their further conversion, by chemical changes, into the secretions of the plant, not only heat, but light is necessary. Heat appears only to act in driving off the water, depositing the dissolved substances. Light seems to give rise to the chemical processes by which these substances are made to undergo changes which fit them for the immediate purposes of vegetable and animal life. If a plant be placed in a dark cellar, although it may be surrounded with an atmosphere well supplied with all the materials of nutrition, it will not be nourished; for the processes of cell-life will not be carried on. Carbonic acid will not be decomposed, nor oxygen given off. The plant will not grow. But admit the light, and it will grow. Deprived of a due supply of light, the plant languishes, and the cell carries on but feebly all its vital functions; it becomes pale and colourless, neither developing its colouring matter, nor any of its special secretions. The gardener has availed himself of this fact; and by moderating the supply of light to the growing parsley or celery, checks the development of otherwise poisonous secretions. Light is the great agent by which is effected the chemical change of the materials of the Plant-cell into starch, and sugar, and albumen, and fibrine.

Science has divided the rays of the sun into blue, red, and yellow, to each of which different actions are ascribed. To these influences the term Actinism has been given. The relations which they have been shown to hold to the Plant-cell are very simple and very beautiful. Experimental research has proved that the blue rays are those most favourable to germination, the yellow rays to the production of leaves, and the red rays to the perfection of the fruits. Further experiments have shown that, in accordance with these requirements of the plant, it is in spring, when germination is taking place, that the blue rays abound; it is in summer, when the plant is clothing itself with leaves, that the yellow rays are most abundant; and it is in autumn, when the fruit is ripening, that the red rays predominate.

We must guard ourselves from the absurdity of supposing that this is ordained with a special view to the well-being of the plant only. We see here only one of the innumerable instances which nature affords of the marvellous harmony of all the great operations of the world's forces, unanimously bearing witness to the omniscience of the Mighty Designer.

Tracing the history of cell-life, we have seen that the first function of the cell is to absorb the raw nutritive fluid; the second is to form out of the sap the peculiar secretions of the plant. At this stage man enters the field; he converts the plant to his uses; feeds on the materials it prepares for him, and thus builds up the structure of his body; and not only man, but all the graminivorous division of the animal world. The number of vegetable

feeders can hardly be estimated: the insect world alone has been calculated to contain five hundred and sixty thousand species of insects, of which the greater number feed on plants. Thus man and the whole animal world derive their nourishment from the elements abstracted by the Plant-cell from the air. Were not the elements so abstracted in some way restored, this enormous drain of certain materials must speedily have worked a change on the face of the earth such as would have unfitted it for the purposes of animal and vegetable life. But ample provision is made; when life ceases in the animal, his organism becomes resolved into the original materials out of which the plant first was formed, and through it the animal. Carbonic acid gas, ammonia and water are given off, again to be absorbed by the Plant-cell, again to become the food of the animal and form part of his structure, again to pass through the never-ending changes of material existence, revolving through all earthly time in ceaseless circles of vital action. The truth thus arrived at throws a new light upon the words "From dust hast thou come and to dust shalt thou return." It adds fresh sublimity to them. We return to dust; our ashes are scattered abroad to the winds, over the surface of the earth; but we know now that this dust is not inactive: its term of existence ends not here. It rises to walk the earth again; to aid perhaps in peopling the globe with fresh forms of beauty; to assist in the performance of the vital processes of the universe; to take a part in the world's life. In this sense the words of Goethe are strictly applicable—"Death is the parent of life."

"Nothing of us that doth fade
But doth suffer a slow change
Into something rich and strange."

Regarding the action of the cell from this wide point of view we arrive at a true estimate of the nature of its functions. We see that the only power which it possesses, as the artificer, under God's great laws, of all animal and vegetable organism, is a capability of altering and modifying the forms and combinations of already existing matter. We see that neither plant nor animal can create anything, neither can they annihilate: they can add nothing to the world's materials, nor can they take away the minutest particle. By a marvellous power, which we admire without being able to imitate, the vegetable produces its appropriate secretions by modifying certain materials, and the animal organisation constructs from these its own tissues; but neither plant nor animal can make or destroy one single atom of oxygen, or hydrogen, or carbon; they have no power beyond modification.

We must tread here with reverential step; for we have reached the utmost boundaries of human science, and stand in the presence

of the Almighty Maker of all things, with whom alone rests the power of creation or annihilation.

PHARISEES AND SINNERS.

He was the saint of the family, and the model man of the neighbourhood. There was not a charity that he did not subscribe to, not a deputation that he did not entertain—and they were hungry fellows generally, who knew the comforting virtues of his choice Madeira—he founded Sunday-schools and Chapels-of-Ease as other men would build barns, and he was the public purse of all the ten parishes round. The poor called him a real gentleman, and the ungodly a fine fellow; while the elect looked solemn, and spoke of "that pious man, Jacob Everett;" through their noses for the most part. No one had an ill word for him; excepting the landlord of the Grapes, who declared with a mighty oath that he was the "pest of the place, and would ruin all Green Grove if he was left to do as he liked." Notwithstanding this Bacchic judgment, Jacob Everett was a good man; weak, perhaps, but lovable in his very weakness; sincere, gentle, generous, merciful; puritanical in principle, but—as his younger brother, the archdeacon, once said in full vestry, when Jacob opposed him about the penance of Hannah Brown—"sadly latitudinarian in practice." Jacob, however, who loved mercy and hated condemnation, went on his own way, opening a wide door of forgiveness to all sinners; closing to a narrow chink the yawning gates of destruction which his brother swung back wide enough for all mankind, saving the small band of the elect to which he and his belonged.

The family was proud of Jacob. He was an old bachelor and rich; and the Everetts—albeit of the rigidest—liked wealth and honoured pedigrees. They were grand people, who practised humility in coaches, and self-abasement in velvet; who denounced the lusts of the flesh at state dinner-parties, over champagne and pine-apples; but who believed that eternal punishment was the doom of all who entered a theatre or a ball-room. They went to morning concerts of serious music, and patronised oratorios. They thought it sinful to be in love, and called it making idols—so they married their children comfortably among godly families with money, and told them that esteem was better than romance. Miss Tabitha Everett was once suspected of a tender partiality for young Mr. Aldridge of Aldridge Park; but the family hushed it up as a scandal, for unconverted Mr. Aldridge kept a pack of hounds. Afterwards, they married her to the Rector of Green Grove, the Honourable and Reverend Humdrumle Hibbert, eldest son of the Dean, and heir to an un-apostolic fortune. The Everetts were exceedingly undemonstrative. Miss Tabitha accepted her husband,

and, concealing her feelings, made a very good wife. For marriage was not their forte. Not an Everett was ever known to stoop down to kiss a husband's forehead as he sat before the fire reading; not an Everett was ever known to talk nonsense in the nursery—neither to ride a cock-horse, nor to bewail the fate of Humpty Dumpty, neither to rock-a-by-baby on a tree top, nor to perform a monody in A minor, all about "Kiddie, Coosie, Coosie, Coo"—a song I once heard from a dear young mother, and which I thought the most beautiful of songs. The Everetts were not given to any such follies; excepting Jacob, who loved children as they would be loved, and who used to play at bo-peep with the cottagers' babies.

Some years ago—just at the time when pretty Anna Fay, the Sunday-school mistress, so suddenly left Green Grove—a strange alteration took place in Jacob Everett. His cheerfulness, which had been his strongest characteristic, was exchanged for the most painful depression. He talked frequently of his sins, and gave more liberally than ever to missions and charities. His friends could not understand this depression; which, at last, became habitual. He gave them no clue to it; but, with scarcely a day's warning, he left home to travel in the south of Europe. He had been looking ill and more than ever harassed of late; and every one said, it was the best thing he could do, great as would be everybody's loss. His sister Tabitha alone objected, on the score of the Jesuits. However, Jacob went; discharging all his servants and shutting up the beautiful old Hall. To the infinite surprise of everybody he openly and unblushingly took from the neighbouring village a certain Betty Thorne, a fine, handsome, Roman looking woman, a farmer's sister, aged about forty. And Betty Thorne travelled with him in his own carriage.

Five years passed away, and Jacob's letters became rarer and more rare. He wrote ever in the same depressed condition of mind; spoke often of "Good Betty Thorne, who had been such a blessed comfort to him," and hinted vaguely at some unforgiven sin. Then for two years more no letters came, even in answer to business inquiries; and all trace of the traveller was lost. His very anchors did not know his address, and "Sarcinia" left wide margins. Mrs. Hibbert one day grew quite warm when she spoke of his neglect with Paul and Jessie, her two children; almost agreeing that Paul, poor child—wh, by the way, was three-and-twenty, destined for the church but preferring the arm, and so making a compromise by studying at the bar—that Paul should go to Italy in search of his Uncle Jacob. But the Jesuits and the Signoras frightened her. And while their deliberations went on, a letter came from Mrs. Hibbert sealed with black and written with copper-coloured ink; which letter was from Betty Thorne, telling her

"that her honoured master had gone to rest the seventh of this September last past, and the letter would tell her gracious madam all about it."

The letter enclosed was from Jacob Everett himself, revealing the mystery of his life.

Oh Anna Fay! with your nut-brown hair and quaker eyes, and dove-like ways, who would have believed that you, so good and so demure, with Jacob the best man of Green Grove, would have given such a hostage as that round, red, laughing, loving little being—that flower plucked in a forbidden forest; that unauthorised, unsanctioned, unlawful little liege—Estella, "star of your mourning!" God forgive you both. You sinned, and you suffered; you fell and you repented; perhaps your burning tears and your prayers of penitence and grief may have effaced the dark record in the Great Book above. You are both cold in your tombs now—Heaven's mercy rest on you, and Heaven's angels restore you! There are enough in this hard world to cast stones at you both; for us, we will but water the flowers on your graves, and pluck up the weeds, and place a headstone where ye lie, with "There is joy among the angels of God over the sinner that repenteth," engraven thereupon.

In this letter to his sister, Jacob made a full confession; telling her that, shocked and terrified at his crime, he had sent away Anna Fay, who refused to marry him as he wished, and how she had lived in Italy ever since—he, Jacob, feeling that entire separation, though they loved each other well, was the only reparation they could make to Heaven: and how, five years ago, she had died, leaving their child without a friend or protector in the world. How he had then gone over with Betty Thorne, to whom he had confided his secret, to guard and educate his girl; which he had done carefully. He then ended by appointing Tabitha guardian and sole trustee of his daughter, now seventeen years of age; for, to his child he left all his property, excepting a generous donation to Betty Thorne. He further said that a bequest made so solemnly as this of his orphan child on his deathbed, would, he was sure, be regarded as sacred; and that Estella would be nurtured carefully for his sake. All his usual subscriptions, and a certain yearly allowance of which we shall have to speak presently, were to be continued until Estella would be of age, when she would consult her father's memory and her own feelings only.

It took but little time for Mrs. Hibbert to reflect on her course of action. Paul and Jessie, impulsive as all young people are, pleaded instant adoption of the child, and of Betty Thorne, too; but Tabitha Hibbert, wounded in her family pride, in her religious conscience, and in her worldly ambition, turned coldly to her children saying, "The girl who has robbed you and your cousins of your rightful inheritance, who is a stain on an unsullied name,

and who damages our religious character for ever, shall never darken my threshold. I refuse to act as guardian or trustee. Entreaty is useless, Jessie! I am a Christian woman and a mother, and I understand my duties."

So Betty Thorne was written to, and "all recognition of that unhappy girl" distinctly declined; coupled with a severe warning which sounded very like a threat, to "sell the Hall when she came of age, and never dare to intrude herself among the members of a family which disowned her as a disgrace." After Mrs. Hibbert had written this letter, she read, as was her daily wont, the lesson of the day. It chanced to be the history of the Magdalene, her sins, and her pardon. But she made no comment, though Paul and Jessie looked at each other—the girl's pale eyes full of tears, and the youth's cheek crimson.

Months and years rolled by; and Jacob's name was never mentioned, neither was his sin, neither was his good works. The beautiful old Hall was still shut up, until Estella should be of age, and the donations and subscriptions were punctually remitted; Betty Thorne writing all the letters in the name of Master's Heiress.

There was a certain yearly allowance made by Jacob to a certain widow with five children—a Mrs. Malahide, relict of Captain Malahide of the Fourth Engineers. She was an Everett—Miss Grace Everett—who had eloped one day with a scampish young officer with nothing but his pay, and who had consequently been disinherited by her father. She was the youngest, and had been the darling; but she had lost herself now, they said; and so, though not wholly dead to, she was partially excommunicate by, the family. Jacob, as head of the house since his father's death, had always given Mrs. Malahide an allowance, with the consent of Mrs. Hibbert and the archdeacon; to whom it was a matter of pride rather than of love that an Everett should not starve. But for themselves—Grace had married a poor man and an unconverted one, and what claim had she, therefore, on them? So, the archdeacon drove his prancing bays, and Mrs. Hibbert bought her Lyons velvets, and they both said that Mrs. Malahide was only too fortunate in having such a devoted brother as Jacob, and that her sins had merited her sufferings. This was the allowance which Jacob had desired in his will should be continued until Estella was of age, but which then she was free to discontinue or keep up as she liked.

Mrs. Hibbert had not remembered this clause when she refused to accept the trust confided to her. Perhaps if she had, she would have acted differently, from family interests. For the Everetts dare not, for the sake of the world's opinion, wholly desert a sister of their house; and if Jacob's five hundred a-year were withdrawn, they must

either support Grace themselves, or suffer an additional family degradation in her poverty. Neither of which alternatives pleased them. However, the matter as yet was in abeyance; but soon to be settled; for the year wanted only six or seven months of completion which would see Estella of age, mistress of the Hall, and of her father's wealth. And Mrs. Hibbert groaned, and the archdeacon shook his stick, and something very like an anathema flew across the seas to rest on the bright head of the young girl sitting in the balcony overlooking the Grand Canal at Venice, thinking of the mother she had loved, and of the father she had lost.

This young girl leading the secluded life of a foreign damsel; seeing no one but her faithful English nurse and the various mistresses of such accomplishments as her father had desired her to learn, and her own artistic taste had directed her to; living in a world of poetry of her own creation, her full heart yearning for love and sympathy, and companionship; her imagination filled with great visions of her mother's home, of that large strong England whose voice sounded through the whole world, and whose sons held away in every quarter of the globe; this young girl stored up large treasures of poetry and affection, all the purer because of their depth, all the more enduring because of their unuse.

Mrs. Malahide lived at Brighton, in a pretty little house on the sea-shore, occupying herself with the education of her four daughters—her only son was at Cambridge—in quite a natural and un-Everett fashion. Not that she was wholly natural either; for inherited reserve and early education were too strong to be set aside, even by the freer life she had led since her marriage. There were still traces of Green Grove in the precise slow manner in which she spoke, and in the stiff hand held out like a cleft bar of iron, which formed the chief characteristic of the Everett world. But she was a good creature at heart, and had been softened, first by love and then by sorrow, into more real amiability than her rigid manners would give one to believe.

It was to Mrs. Malahide that all Estella's feelings turned. She knew the secret of her birth, poor child; and though too ignorant of the world to understand it in all its social bearing, yet she was aware that a stain of some kind rested on her, which made her grateful for any love as for an act of condescension. She knew that her father's family had disowned her, and that the very woman who had lived on her father's bounty, and who now expected to live on hers, had written in a letter to her lawyers, thus:—"No one can feel more strongly than I the sin and the shame which the existence of Miss Fay's daughter entails on our family; still, for the sake of my children, I trust that she may continue the allowance made to me by my brother in

reparation of my father's injustice, and that, in so doing, she will not feel she is conferring a benefit, but simply doing her duty in repairing, so far as she can, the wrong which her birth has done to us all."

But, although Estella knew that these were the proud and hostile feelings with which the whole Everett world regarded her, yet, as she used to say to herself, whom else had she to love?—whom else to benefit? Her father had left her his fortune and his name; she must see the old Hall at Green Grove; she must some day go down there as mistress, sole and unaccountable, of all the farms and lands around; and, do what they would, they could not keep it secret from the world that Jacob Everett had left his property and his name to the child of his unmarried wife. She pitied them; she would have pitied them more had she understood the matter more; but she knew of nothing better to do than to win their love and conquer their esteem, and so make them forgive her for her unintentional wrong towards them.

She, therefore, determined to go to Brighton, where she knew Mrs. Malahide resided; to find some means of introduction to her; and, she said, looking on to the waters of the Adriatic, force her aunt to respect, to love, and in the end to acknowledge her. The scheme was romantic enough; but it did not promise badly. Estella and Betty Thorne left beautiful Italy, and went, in the dull autumn months, to Brighton.

It took a little time before she and her faithful nurse settled themselves, and then a little time longer before she discovered Mrs. Malahide's address. Then she had to make her plans and determine on her point of attack; for a thing of such gravity, she thought, was not to be done in a hurry. She felt frightened now, that the time had really come when she was to see and be seen by her father's family, and she almost wished she had remained in Italy. She felt strange too in England. Everything was cold and formal. The language sounded harsh, spoken all round her with gruff, rough voices and ungraceful accents; the houses looked small and mean after the glorious marble palaces of Italy; and the people were strangely dressed in shabby finery—dirty bonnets in place of the white veil of Genoa, the simple flower of the Mediterranean coast, and the picturesque head-dresses of Italy; trailing gowns, with flounces dragging in the mud, worn by women who, in her own country, would have been dressed in peasant's costume, graceful and distinctive—all was so strange that Estella felt lost and miserable, and wished herself back among the orange trees again, far away from a land with which she had not learnt to be familiar in its familiar features, and whose industrial grandeur seemed to diminish as she approached it. For, ideal admiration does not go very far in daily life.

At last, Estella took heart and courage,

and one day boldly went to Mrs. Malahide's house. She knocked at the door, which a prim, neat-looking servant girl opened. To her inquiry if "Mrs. Malahide was in her own house,"—for Estella did not speak English with a perfect knowledge of its idiom—the servant, with a broad stare, said "yes," a vague belief that she was somebody very improper crossing her brain.

Estella was ushered into a prim room, with the chairs, and the sofa, and the curtains, done up in brown holland; no fire in the grate, and girl's work all about—Berlin worsted mats netted, knitted and crocheted, and embroidered blotting-books of faded coloured flowers, and other things of the same kind, all very stiff and formal, and with no evidence of life or artistic taste among them. Estella's heart sank when she looked round this cold lifeless room, so different to the Italian homes of pictures, and birds, and living gems of art; but she resolved to bear up against the chilling influences pressing on her, and to be brave and constant to herself; no little merit in a girl brought up in Italy, where but little of the moral steadfastness of life is braided in with its poetry. In a short while a lady entered, dressed in deep mourning, her face fixed into a mask of severe grief, but still with a certain womanly tenderness lurking behind, like the light through a darkened window. She bowed; looking suspicious and a little stern, standing erect by the door.

"You do not know me, Madam?" said Estella, her soft voice, with its pretty foreign accent, trembling.

"I do not," answered Mrs. Malahide, coldly.

The girl's eyes filled with tears. "And I am afraid I shall not be welcome when you do know me," she said timidly. "I am Estella Everett."

Mrs. Malahide started. "Impudent! forward! presumptuous! here in my very house!" she thought this, strongly agitated; and moved to the fireplace, to ring the bell.

Estella went nearer to her, and laid her hand on her arm. "Do not send me away without hearing me," she said plaintively; "for, indeed, I have only come in kindness and love."

Her pure young voice touched the woman's heart in spite of herself. She dropped the hand outstretched, and, pointing to a chair, said, "What is it you have to say?" in a voice still cold, yet with a shade less sharpness in it.

"I have come to you, Madam," began Estella, "that I might see some one who knew my father, and some one that he loved and belonged to. I am very lonely, now that he has gone, with all of you disowning me; but I thought that you, who had seen more sorrow than the others, would have more sym-

pathy with me than they; for sorrow brings hearts very near! And so, Aunt Grace, I came to Brighton from Venice, on purpose to see you and the children, that I might make you love and adopt me among you. And now," she added, her full heart swelling with its old hope of love, "you will not turn me away from your heart? You will not forbid my cousins to love me? If I have injured you by my birth—and, dear Aunt, it was not my own fault—I will make up for it in the best way I can, and prove to you my love for my father by loving you. I want some one to be kind to me, and some one, Aunt, that I can be kind to and love. I am rich, and I want some near one to share my riches, and not strangers; I want one of my own blood, one of my own kindred. I want you and your children, Aunt Grace, and you will give them to me!"

This simple, unworldly outpouring, softened Mrs. Malahide into almost a smile—a smile which, when just born around the corners of her mouth, Estella caught like a ray of light. Young and impulsive, she ran up to her Aunt, and, flinging herself on her knees by her side, putting her arms round her, said, "You are going to love me, Aunt Grace? And you will let me love you and the children?" holding up her face to be kissed.

She looked so lovely, with her beautiful grey eyes which had their mother's depth, and softness, and lustre—with her bright brown hair brushed off her low white brow—with her small red lips, like little rose-buds parted—her caressing ways, which had all the grace and warmth of Italy—her voice so soft and musical—that the frozen Everett soul was thawed in Mrs. Malahide, and the iron bond of reserve which had so long unnaturally held it prisoner, gave way. She laid her hand on the girl's shoulder, she looked her frankly in the eyes. Tears came into her own. She remembered the time when she was young and impulsive—when love formed her life too, and when loneliness and want of love were death. She stooped down, half unconsciously, and kissed the face upturning to hers, murmuring, "My poor desolate child!"

Estella felt as if a volume had been said between them—as if a life had been written in one motherly caress. She cried for joy—she sobbed—she kissed her Aunt's cold hands, called her *cariassima* and *carina*, and poured out a flood of gratitude and love, half in Italian and half in bad English, sweeping away all power of resistance in the living force of her own tenderness. All was over. Little impulsive as was any true born Everett, there was that in Estella which no one could withstand—such depth, such gentleness, such fervour, such childish faith! And although she was by birth so highly objectionable, and albeit she had been brought up abroad, and was therefore only half an Englishwoman, the truth and trust of her nature were stronger

than even Mrs. Malahide's prejudices; so, giving way for once to her own instincts, she folded the girl to her heart, and kissed her again and blessed her.

Jessie Hibbert was delicate. She was ordered to the sea-side; and Brighton being convenient on many accounts, Mrs. Hibbert took her there, notwithstanding the presence of Mrs. Malahide, who was rather "cut" than sought after by the family. So, she packed up a carpet-bag full of tracts; and, it being Paul's vacation time, they all went down together—poor Jessie growing paler and paler every day. Mrs. Hibbert had heard nothing of Estella. The correspondence between her and her sister was too slight and formal to suffer them to enter into details; and when she arrived at Brighton with her daughter, and saw a tall, graceful, foreign-looking girl among the Malahide girls, teaching one Italian and another singing, showing the rules of perspective to a third, and explaining the meaning of architecture to a fourth, she neither asked her name nor dreamed of her condition; but treated her as the Hibbert world in England does treat governesses—with silence and contempt, passing her by as something too low to demand the rights of courtesy. Estella, frightened at Mrs. Hibbert's iron severity, prayed that her real name might not be told—a prayer Mrs. Malahide was only too glad to comply with. Once, indeed, Mrs. Hibbert condescended to say, "You seem to have rather a superior kind of governess there, Mrs. Malahide," in an acid tone, that seemed to end the matter and ask no confirmation. So, Mrs. Malahide made no reply, and the matter was dropped.

Estella sat among the children like a young Madonna—with such a prodigality of generous giving—both of love and mental wealth, both of worldly gifts and intellectual advantages—she was so fond, so devoted, so happy in the joys of others, so penetrated with love—that even Mrs. Hibbert watched her with a strange kind of interest, as if a new experience were laid out before her. Jessie clung to Estella as to a sister, happy only in her society, and seeming to feel for the first time in her life what was the reality of affection; and Paul treated her, now as a princess and now as a child, now with a tender reverence that was most beautiful and touching, and now with a certain manly petulance and tyranny. They both loved her with all their hearts, and were never happy away from her.

Jessie grew paler and paler every day; she was thin, and had a transparency in her flesh painfully eloquent; her slight hands showed the daylight almost purely through, and her eyes were large and hollow—the white of them pearl-coloured and clear. She complained little; suffering no pain, and dying away one scarcely knew why. Then

was a general look of fading, and a show of lassitude and weakness, as if the essence of her life were slowly evaporating; as if she were resolving back to the ethereal elements which had met together for a brief season in her. She was dying, she often said, from the desire to die; from the want of motive of life; she had nothing to live for.

Mrs. Hibbert nursed her daughter as any such woman would nurse a fading girl—with conscientiousness, but with hardness; doing her duty, but doing it without a shadow of tenderness. She had the best advice Brighton could afford, and she took care that the medicines were given at the exact hours prescribed, and without a fraction of difference in the mode prescribed. Fruit and good books were there in abundance; but all wanted the living spirit.

On Estella the weight of consolation fell, and no one could have fulfilled its duties better. It was the spring time now, and she would go out into the fields and lanes, and bring home large bunches of forget-me-nots, and primroses, and daisies, with sprays of the wild rose and of the honeysuckle; and she sang to the dying girl, and sometimes brought her sketching-book and sketched the costumes of Italy, the palaces of Genoa, and the glorious water-streets of Venice; and she would sit and talk to her of Italy, and tell her all that would most interest her, being most unlike the life of home. And she would tell her anecdotes of Italian history and wild stories of Italian romance; and then they would talk of graver things—of the poetry of the Old Church, of its power in the past, of its marvellous union of wickedness and virtue; and then they would speak of the angels and of God; and both felt that one of them would soon be face to face with the great mysteries of the future, and would soon know of what nature were the secrets of the world to come. And all of poetry, of warmth, of glorious vision, and high-souled thought—all of the golden atmosphere of religion, in which art and spiritual beauty, and spiritual purity, and poetry and love were twined as silver cords set round with pearls—all that lightened Jessie's death-bed, and seemed to give a voice to her own dumb thoughts, a form to her own unshaped feelings, Estella shed there.

It was impossible that even the Everett world could reject her for ever. It was impossible that even Mrs. Hibbert could continue indifferent to the beautiful young woman who gave peace to her dying child; and though the fact of Miss Este, as she was called, being her disowned niece Estella, never struck her, something that was not all confessed admiration, but which afterwards she believed to be natural instinct, drew her nearer and nearer to the girl, and made her at last love her with sincerity if not with warmth. And when Jessie grew paler and weaker hour by hour—when every one saw that she was dying, and that only a few

days more stood like dusky spirits between her and the quiet future—when Estella's prayers were for peace: no longer for the restoration which had become a mockery—when sleepless eyes and haggard looks spoke of the shadow of the death that was striding on—then Jessie, taking Estella's hand and laying it in her mother's, said, "Mamma, you have another daughter now to fill my place! Estella, your niece and my sweet sister and consolation, will comfort you when I am gone, and will take the place in your heart where I have lived."

It was too solemn a moment, then, for Mrs. Hibbert to fall back into her old fortress of pride and hardness. By the side of her dying child, she became womanly and Christian; although, even then, the struggle was a hard one, and the effort cost her dear. She bent over Estella, kneeling there and weeping, and saying slowly and with a still gravity not wholly ungentle, "I accept the trust now, Estella, and forgive your father for the sin he committed and for the shame that he wrought. Your place shall be, as my dear child has said, in my heart; and we will mutually forgive, and pray to be forgiven."

Jessie smiled. "That is all I have hoped and prayed for," she said faintly; "be a mother to her as you have been to me, and let the future make up for the short-coming of the past!" And she turned her face towards the last rays of the sunlight streaming in through the open window.

A bird sang on a tree just opposite; the waves murmured pleasantly among the shells and seaweed on the shore; the sun, sinking down in his golden sleep, flung one last stream of glory on the marble brow and long locks of the dying girl. It was a word of blessing for the past, and of baptism for the future. Jessie held her mother's hand in one of hers; the other clasped Paul's and Estella's held together. "Blessed by love," she murmured, "redeemed by love—O God, save those who trust in thee, and for thy sake pardon others—Thou, whose name and essence are love and mercy!"

THE GOBLINS OF THE MARSH.

A MASQUE.

SCENE.—*Some low, watery grounds to the East of London. Twilight: heavy fogs rising. Several Jack-o'-Lanterns, each animated by a Goblin, flukering about the reedy pools.*

FIRST GOBLIN,

Who is some way apart from the rest.

WHAT a sweet night to be gadding about!
The sun is low, and the light's nearly out;
The mists are thick, and slow, and leaden,
And through them the marsh-fires quiver and
 redde.

Over the pools where the mosses deaden.
—Ho, ho, ye fellows, dancing and shaking
In the crawling steam which the swamp is making

Come here! Here's a pool that's filthy and dun
And fetid enough for any one.
Halloo, halloo! Come hither, I say!
Old Nick himself has passed this way,
With Death beside on his horse of grey!

Enter several GOBLINS from different parts of the Marsh.

SECOND GOBLIN.

Good evening, brother! The fogs are rich
With the racy flavour of pond and ditch,
And heavy with substance they have gotten
From the muddy waters dead and rotten.—
That was a noble fog last night!
It struck the white moon sanguine bright,
Then muffled it up, like a corpse, from sight.

THIRD GOBLIN.

'Twas grand to see the vapours creeping,
Like ghosts, through London streets, and steeping
The houses all in a poisonous weeping!
Over the town I flew about,
To hear the people swear and shout
And cough and sneeze in echoing chorus;
And, by the mother-fen that bore us,
The same good sport this night's before us.
The lazy mist spread over all,
And stood in the highways like a wall,
Except when against the links it broke,
And boiled away in a golden smoke.
—I saw two boys to the 'spitals led,
With fractured limbs and wounds that bled:
A woman lay on the kerb-stones, dead,
And a wheel went over an old man's head.

FOURTH GOBLIN.

I slid from the outer cold and gloom
Into a sick man's curtained room,
And shook from my wings a gnawing damp:
Straightway he leapt and roared with cramp.

FIFTH GOBLIN.

I listened in the air aloft,
And heard how some one cough'd and cough'd:
I crawl'd through a cranny—stole nigher and
nigher—
And gripped him as he sat by the fire.
One might have thought he had felt grim Death,
To see him fight and catch for breath.

SIXTH GOBLIN.

There is a girl whose parents pine
Because she wastes in a quick decline.
The crimson fire that lights her cheek
Will have burnt her up in another week;
For every night like a toad I crouch
Beside her hot and feverish couch,
And stab her lungs with misty spears
Forged at evening from the mires.

SEVENTH GOBLIN.

At the hithermost outskirts of the town,
I have struck to-day a hundred down
With ague-fits, and palsied shakings,
And many sharp and dolorous achings.
In wretched huts by stagnant ditches,
They mutter and jerk like a tribe of witches:
Threes in a room, you may see them lie,
With faces blue as a frosty sky.
'Tis droll to watch them nodding their heads
At one another out of their beds!

EIGHTH GOBLIN.

I, on the vapour's stinging points,
Enter between and wring the joints,
Till, in their bare and windy attics,
The old folks curse their fires "rheumatics."
They hover about the sinking embers,
And swear the months are all Decembers;

Then rouse themselves with a moody grin,
And scorch their bloods with the fire of gin.

NINTH GOBLIN.

At the head of a great and chosen legion,
I scour about the neighbouring region.
The sodden walls of the houses crumble
To dust wherever we gnaw and tumble;
But the wretched wallows, adders, and ashes,
That drowse and shiver about the plashes,
Or loit like a set of idle drabs
Over the black and rocking slabs,
We feed with moisture rich and dark,
And clothe with an oozy green their bark.
You may hear their clamorous priests, the frogs,
Singing our praise from the dainty bogs.

FIRST GOBLIN.

A merry life have we led out here!
But the end, alas! is drawing near.
These fens, which so long we have based our joys
on,
Some meddlers would rob of their death-dealing
poison,
And crown the rich earth with its natural poison.
We have but short time longer to slay:—
To work, then, quickly, while yet you may!
Every one to his separate way!
[*They glide off in various directions.*]

HALF-A-DOZEN LEECHES.

A LEECH is a very odd creature, having idiosyncracies which have given him great fame in the world. He belongs to the silk-worm order of beings, in so far as he comes forth from a cocoon or little habitation of filaments. But how unlike a silk-worm in manners and customs, habits and tastes! He fastens upon his brother animals, and does not leave them until they become a little lighter than before; and one particular kind, the horse-leech, when he can get access to another particular kind, the medicinal-leech, makes little ceremony with him, but sucks him in whole. It is not on the battles of the leeches, however, that we would lecture, nor on their medico-chirurgical management; what we desire is, to pay a little attention to two or three oddities about leeches; oddities which are, perhaps, not generally known to leech-users, but which are none the less odd for that.

The first oddity relates to the mode of fishing. If what we read about the Brienne leech fishing is to be relied on, then do we, most certainly, not envy the leech fishers. The country about La Brienne is very dull and uninteresting; and the people look very miserable—as they well may do. Walking about in that district, you are pretty certain to meet, here and there, with a man, pale, and straight-haired, wearing a woollen cap on his head, and having his legs and arms bare. He walks along the borders of a marsh, among the spots left dry by the surrounding waters, but particularly wherever the vegetation seems to preserve the subjacent soil undisturbed. This man—woe-begone aspect, hollow eyes, livid lips—is a leech fisher; and from his singular gestures, you would take

him for a patient who had left his sick bed in a fit of delirium; for you observe him, every now and then, raising his legs and examining them one after the other. While he is moving about on his slimy pleasure ground, the leeches attach themselves to his legs and feet; he feels their presence by their bite, and he picks them off his legs one by one. The leeches are sometimes found by him, also, reveling in the verdant mud, or swimming about, or clustering about the roots of the bulrushes and sea-weeds, or sheltered beneath stones covered with green and gluey moss; and he keeps a sharp look-out for them in all these localities. The fisher has sometimes a kind of spear or harpoon, with which he craftily deposits savory morsels of decayed animal matter in places frequented by the leeches; and when they have been taken in and done for, by being decoyed to this bait, they very soon find themselves in a little vessel half-full of water, which the fisher carries with him, whence they are transferred to a bag carried over his shoulder, which bag frequently becomes enriched with a gross of leeches in three or four hours.

All this belongs to the spring system of leech fishing; but, in the summer, matters are much worse. In summer, the leeches choose to disport themselves in deep water, and thither the fisher must follow them. No comfortable waterproofs, or oil-skins, or diving-dresses; the man strips, and in he goes, to give the precious leeches an opportunity to fasten upon his body or legs, or allow him to snatch them in any way that offers; or he sometimes sits on a frail kind of raft, and looks out for the leeches which may happen to be floating near the surface, or which get entangled in the structure of his raft.

Poor fellows! It is a desperate trade. They are constantly, more or less, in the water; breathing fog, and mist, and mephitic odours from the marsh: whence they are often attacked with ague, catarrhs, and rheumatism. Some indulge in strong liquors to keep off the noxious influence. And yet, like many dirty trades in London, leech fishing is scidulously followed because it is lucrative. Dealers or traders come round occasionally, and buy up the produce of the fishery; taking their departure with many thousand leeches in their possession. The dealer buys the leeches just as they present themselves, big and little, green and black: and places them in a moistened sack, which he fastens behind his saddle; but he afterwards sorts them into various qualities for the market.

The second oddity is simply leech fattening. Leeches, like Smithfield cattle at Christmas, are fattened for the market, to give them strong and lusty propensities in respect to their subsequent sanguinary career. An Englishman who visited Smyrna three or four

years ago was surprised to find a large leech-fattening establishment, about a mile out of the town. The leeches are collected from marshes in the interior of Asia Minor, in the same manner as at Brienne, namely, every man his own ground bait: the fisher stripping, plunging into the water, kicking and splashing to attract the attention of the leeches, and finally emerging studded with these black jewels on his naked flesh. He takes them to the fattening establishment, and sells them by weight, at so much per *ok* (a Turkish weight of something less than three pounds). They are sorted into sizes. England being one of the countries which insists upon having fine large fat leeches. They have a good hearty initiatory meal by being plunged into a tub of ox-blood; and then they are doctored, like gastronomists elsewhere. They are next weighed, and are transferred to ponds, each pond appropriated to a particular size or weight. There is a rapid brook running past the establishment, and a deep reservoir in which to store water from this brook; these are for feeding nearly twenty ponds, each measuring about sixty feet by twenty-five. We may guess, therefore, that the establishment is altogether too large to be treated disrespectfully. The ponds require very careful management; for while each must be a miniature marsh, muddy and slimy, the bed must not be so soft as to permit the leeches to wriggle away altogether. Tall top-spreading canes are planted, to protect the water from the summer heat; and a peculiar water-grass is planted also. The ponds are crossed by plank bridges, to facilitate the supervision; for occasional drainings and cleanings and beating of the bed. The leeches fatten in periods varying from fifteen to thirty days, according to the seasons. When plumped up to the proper degree of sanguivorous beauty, they are fished up; and this is done in a much more rational way than by the original fishers. Flat boards with cloth nailed to the under side are splashed violently down upon the water; the leeches swim up to see what is the matter; they cling to the cloth; the boards are taken up; and the leeches are gently brushed off into a zinc colander or sieve. On being weighed, they are often found to be thrice as heavy as when put into the ponds.

The third oddity introduces us to leech-travelling. Assuredly the Smyrna leeches, whose Asiatic career has just been noticed, are among the most extraordinary travellers we have heard of. They have to be transported many hundreds or thousands of miles, to the countries where their blood-sucking services are required. Without moisture a leech would die; and he would as certainly die if kept in water which had become stagnant and impure. The Smyrniotes have very ingeniously resolved, therefore, to prepare a special kind of batter-pudding for the

delectation of the leeches. Fine clay is ground until as impalpable as flour or tooth-powder; and is then mixed into a thick batter with water, so carefully that no little pools or cells of water shall be left within the mass; indeed it is kneaded by the naked feet of Turks and Greeks for a long period, until perfectly homogeneous. The batter or dough is put into tubs, like large washing tubs; the leeches are tumbled in (about three thousand to each tub), and are carefully mixed or kneaded up, until the whole assemblage bears a strong resemblance to a huge currant-cake on its way to the baker's, the black heads and tails doing duty as currants. A top is then fastened upon the tub, with a hole in the centre covered with a perforated tin plate. And thus do the leeches travel about, immersed in their own batter-pudding. We do not say that all leeches come to England in such travelling costume; we speak only of the extra-fattened black personages as they leave Smyrna.

The fourth oddity is leech-rivalry. Leeches are not allowed to have matters all their own way. Their prescribed office is to fasten their little mouths upon human bodies, make little holes and perform a pumping pneumatic operation; but there are rivals in the field. Leeches are precocious creatures; they die, they are occasionally obstinate, they are expensive, they are often scarce, and one consequence of all this has been, that competition in trade now affects leeches in the same way as other industrial practitioners. Not only are there projects for inducing leeches to bite, but projects for inducing small pieces of mechanism to bite like leeches. Some one has discovered that leeches when drunk will bite until sober; and, therefore, when they show a disinclination to bite, he makes them drunk; he puts them into a little warm beer, and directly they begin to kick about, he takes them out, holds them in a cloth, applies them, and finds that they will bite immediately and vigorously. This is one of the very few cases we have met with, of a personage being more useful when drunk than when sober. The surgeons at the *Hôtel Dieu*, at Paris, are said to be a little more delicate in their practice: they intoxicate their sluggish leeches with a little warm wine and water, instead of beer.

This soft persuasion of a leech, however, does not belong to the competition of which we spoke. Such competition is exemplified in the leech-bite lancet and the mechanical leech, both of them savage and sanguinary rivals to the leech in his useful labours. The leech-bite lancet is intended for use in localities where leeches are scarce or high-priced, and in some few cases where it would be really preferable to a leech. The mechanical leech is a more pretentious and ambitious affair, since it competes with the leech and the cupper at the same time.

The fifth oddity is perhaps the oddest of all

—leech barometers. Whether we shall ever live to see the day when English weather can be safely predicted, the reader is at full liberty to decide for himself. Certainly there has been little progress made in this art hitherto. Leeches perform a portion of the duties of Zerkel and Murphy, in addition to their usual sanguinary services. Cowper, in the *Task*, asserts that leeches, "in point of the earliest intelligence, are worth all the barometers in the world"—a bold assertion which the shade of Cowper is bound to support before the British Association. A clergyman, residing in France some years ago, was wont to employ a leech as a barometer. He found every morning that the leech occupied a position bearing a certain relation to the state of the weather; and, by attentive observation, he was enabled to arrive at certain rules in respect to this relation—that when the weather was about to be serene and pleasant, the leech remained at the bottom of the vessel without the least movement; that when rain was about to fall the leech mounted to the surface of the water, and there remained until the return of fine weather; that on the approach of boisterous weather the leech moved in the water with unusual swiftness, and never ceased from this motion until the wind began to blow; that on the approach of thunder and rainy weather the leech remained out of the water for several days, appearing agitated and restless; that when a frost was about to commence, the leech remained quiet at the bottom of the vessel, and that during the time of snow or rain the leech fixed itself to the neck of the vessel; remaining at perfect rest. These rules are sufficiently distinct to enable any person to test their accuracy who may be disposed so to do. This theory has, however, received some awkward blows. M. Bernart, a French *savant*, enclosed three leeches in one vessel on a particular day. He found that so far from being barometrically sympathetic, one remained all day out of the water, steadily affixed to the vessel; another was swimming about in the water; while the third remained at the bottom of the vessel—a very disunited and inharmonious state of things. Bonnet, the celebrated Genevese naturalist, was of opinion that whether leeches are barometers or not, they are very sensitive thermometers; for as often as he applied his finger to the outside of a bottle on the spot where a leech was affixed within, the leech moved as if affected by the rise of temperature. But it is just possible that timidity (supposing a leech can be timid) had more to do with the matter than temperature.

This barometer question has not been altogether in the hands of men of past days. Mr. Attree, formerly house-surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital, communicated a paper to the *Lancet*, three or four years ago, in which he stoutly maintained the prophe-

virtue of the leech, and laid down the following as the rules to which his observations had led him relating thereto:—First. If the weather prove serene and beautiful, the leech lies motionless at the bottom of the glass rolled together in a spiral form. Second. If it rains either before or after noon, the leech is found to have crept up to the top of its lodging, and there it remains until the weather is settled. Third. If we are to have wind, the poor prisoner gallops through its limpid habitation with unceasing swiftness, and seldom rests until the wind begins to blow hard. Fourth. If a remarkable storm of thunder and rain is to succeed, the leech remains for some days before almost continually out of water, and manifests uncommon uneasiness by its violent throes and convulsive movements. Fifth. In frost, as in clear and summer weather, the leech lies constantly at the bottom; while during snow, as in rainy weather, it pitches its dwelling on the mouth of the vessel. These rules correspond tolerably well with those recorded by the clergyman in France, and are on that account all the more worthy of notice. Mr. Attree states, that his observations were made on a leech kept in a common two-ounce phial, three-fourths filled with water, and covered with linen rag. The water was changed once a week in summer, and once a fortnight in winter. Mr. Attree throws out a curious query—as the leech may be in some way affected by the electrical state of the atmosphere; as this electrical state is known to be closely connected with meteorological changes; and as it may also be in some way connected with the production of cholera, influenza, fever, and epidemics—is it not at least possible that the leech might, by its strange movements, give some intimation of the approach of that state of the atmosphere during which epidemic diseases are likely to occur? Should this be so, even in a very slight degree, the leech would at once rise to an important position in society—he would be not only a surgeon, but a physician skilled in diagnosis.

But of all the persons who have placed any faith in leech-barometry, and have shown the intensity of their faith by the patient management of experiments, commend us to Dr. Merryweather. His Tempest Prognosticator is the proof of his faith. Imagine a circular pyramidal apparatus, about a yard in diameter, and somewhat more than this in height, presenting a bright array of polished mahogany, and silver, and brass. This is the Tempest Prognosticator. The illustrious Jenner, it appears, was a believer in leech-barometry; he wrote a few rhyming lines on the Signs of Rain, among which were:

"The leech, disturbed, is newly risen
Quite to the summit of his prison."

Jenner, and Cowper, and other writers, suggested to Dr. Merryweather the making of

apparatus to register the movements of the leech; and thus originated The Prognosticator. If we admit that, before stormy and thundery weather, the leech mounts to the top of his bottle, the question comes how to mark and register his movements. There are twelve leeches in twelve bottles ranged in a circle; there are small metallic tubes in the necks of the bottles; there is a kind of little mouse-trap of whalebone in the tube; and there are a bell and a register connected with the trap. The leech, in wriggling himself through the tube, unwittingly rings the bell, and makes a register of his progress. Dr. Merryweather speaks in very high terms of the certainty with which any storm is preceded by an ascensive motion of the leeches to the tops of their respective bottles.

A BORDER OF THE BLACK SEA.

HAVING said something in a former number, of Varna, the principal commercial emporium of Bulgaria, and sympathised with the poor peasants, who come trudging with their waggons through the mud that obstructs the Land-Gate of the city, to be fleeced by the cunning and oppressed by the strong,* we shall go out into the country and look at the details of agriculture. Even in our civilised western countries there is nothing so difficult to teach as the use of a new plough, or a patent winnowing machine; not because there is anything mysterious in the thing itself, but because the will to learn is wanting in men who have inherited the routine of centuries. We must not be surprised, therefore, that although since Bulgaria has been more liberally administered, the production of grain has greatly increased, the system of cultivation has remained unchanged from the most ancient times. The surface of the ground is rather scratched than furrowed by the plough, to which, nevertheless, as many as eight pairs of buffaloes or oxen are sometimes yoked. If the field chosen for sowing has been a long time uncultivated, a still greater number of horned cattle is employed. To the plough a long shaft is attached, supported by sixteen wheels; the first pair of buffaloes is fastened near the plough; the other pairs are fastened between the wheels, each guided by a boy; the peasant stands upon the ploughshare, which is broader and sharper than that used in Europe.

The agriculturist is free to choose in the vast plains of his country the fields most fitting to receive the seed. These fields, with some few exceptions, belong to the government, which permits their use to whoever wishes to sow; of course, with the tacit understanding, that it is entitled to a tithe. In this way the condition of the peasantry would be very happy, if it were not for

* See page 378 of the current volume.

the vexations of the subaltern authorities and the extortions of the traders, who affect to represent the merchants of Constantinople. Although the greater part of the lands is devoted to the growth of wheat, several vineyards have been planted. The best wines are those of Widdin, Nicropolis, Sistova, and Varna. The Bulgarians make annually more than twenty thousand gallons of alcoholic liquor, besides importing brandy and rum from abroad. The mulberry tree is cultivated with success only in the district of Widdin, where the silk-worm spins to good purpose; for the annual exports thence are nearly thirty thousand oke (an oke is about two pounds thirteen ounces avoirdupois) of raw silk; chiefly into Austria.

A vast portion of the open country is either entirely neglected, and abandoned to the growth of thistles, or is allowed to remain in fallow for many years. As in Wallachia, the fertile plains are divided by great forests, which, if properly administered, might produce a great revenue. But, although the government is the owner of the whole, it allows the oak, the beech, the ash, and the elm to grow until they choke one another. There is no Commission of Woods and Forests. It is no one's interest to protect the trees from destruction; and it is really a marvel that the fires, which the charcoal-makers light at various points, do not oftener destroy in a single day what nature has taken an age to produce. The woodmen go into the forests and choose trees to cut down at random; and the peasants often fell for firewood mighty oaks fit for the construction of navies. They even make war on the finest trees by preference, because they have heard that some day this careless state of things may end, and they wish to destroy as far as possible everything that might tempt a government to show itself; for they always identify government with forced labour. Those who cut wood for sale are obliged to have a *firman*, which forbids them, however, under severe penalties, to carry any kind of wood to the Russian ports.

The forests of Bulgaria are not without dangers. Wolves and bears, and wild-boars are frequently met with. On the other hand, those who have arms procure roebucks, and hares, which they send to the towns for sale. Many kinds of winged game are also found either among the trees or on the borders of the lakelets that here and there occur. In the neighbourhood of the villages the traveller is apprised of the presence of habitations by the sight of immense numbers of poultry. The pasturage of the country is excellent for buffaloes, oxen, goats, sheep and horses. Mules, asses, and pigs are rare. The commonest kind of cattle is the buffalo, which is the most useful as a beast of burthen, gives most milk, and costs least to feed. It is estimated that there are two millions of buffaloes and one million of oxen

in Bulgaria. Many thousands are annually exported to Hungary.

The wool produced by the flocks of sheep is bought, even before the shearing time, by the agents of the government for the Imperial manufactory at Selimno. These agents, however, take up more than is wanted, in order to sell the remainder secretly to the merchants of Adrianople, with whom they have made a previous agreement. The remainder of the yield is bought by the cloth manufacturers of Turnova and Schumla. In the latter town carpets are made of inferior quality; but strong, with good colours and designs. In the former town, is made a good quantity of the coarse cloth, called *soukno*, used by the peasants, both of Bulgaria and Roumelia, for their garments. Three-quarters of the wool produced are of good quality and white; but the other quarter is very inferior and black. One-third only of the whole yield is of middling length. At Schumla there is a hide-tannery for home consumption. Untanned hides are exported always with the horns on, either to Constantinople or to Hungary via Routhuk and the Danube. We may add that, in general, the arts and trades are little developed in Bulgaria. At Schumla, however, some copper work is produced, and at Gabrova they make knives and other household utensils with iron in a very coarse and simple way.

In the various lakes of Bulgaria, and along the shores of the Danube, great quantities of fish, of various sizes and excellent quality, are caught. Every one is free both to fish and to catch leeches, which abound in the ponds and marshes. A great trade is carried on in these valuable articles; but, although any one may take and use them, they cannot be sold or exported but by one person, who has bought a monopoly. Throughout the Ottoman empire the trade in leeches is farmed in the same manner. Seventy or eighty quintals of leeches are exported every year.

A considerable portion of the internal commerce of this curious province is carried on at fairs that take place three times a year, in April, May, and July, at Bazarjik, Giouma, Schumla and Karassan. The most important is that of Giouma, a town situated in the neighbourhood of Razgrad, at some hours' distance from Routhuk. It is estimated that fifty thousand pounds' worth of merchandise were sold at this fair in May, eighteen hundred and forty-nine. The most common articles offered for sale are woollen cloths, cotton or linen cloths, dyes, grocery, glass blades, arms, worked steel, tissues of gold or silver, furs, horses and horn cattle. Great numbers of German merchants repair to this place by way of Routhuk.

However, as may easily be supposed, there exist great obstacles, in the internal administration of Bulgaria, to the proper development of commerce. No care, moreover, has

been taken to improve or to create roads. In summer, it is true, communications are tolerably easy; for the soil, which is in great part clayey, is sufficiently hard to allow of the passage of waggons, and the plains are open, or only divided by slight swells and easy valleys. But when winter comes on, travelling is difficult in all places; and, in some, perfectly impossible. All trade is stopped during five months, and the inhabitants of each village sink into a sort of marionette state of existence, without news of the rest of the world. When spring appears, and the vast expanses of mud by which they are surrounded dry in the sun that peers over the Balkans, they are revived, as it were, to activity; and learn, in the shape of confused rumours, what changes have taken place that may affect them; who claims them as subjects; who has fought or negotiated to keep or acquire the right of property over them.

Many proposals have been made, hitherto without effect, to open one or two good roads through the country. The one that seems to be most wanted, is between Routhuk and Varna, which would prodigiously shorten the communication between Transylvania, Hungary, Servia, and the whole of Central Europe, with the Black Sea. The Danube, which looks so well in maps, is a false friend. Its mouth is often stopped up, and during a great portion of the year its waters are frozen. In some mild winters navigation is possible; but it often happens that traders, lured on by the appearance of fine weather, have been caught with perishable cargoes in the ice, and have remained locked up for a long period, to their great discomfort and detriment. Many captains and merchants, therefore, cease all speculation as soon as the bad season begins; commerce languishes, and a great part of the year is lost. We have before us a table of the freezing of the Danube from the winter of 1836-37 to the winter of 1850-51. In 1849-50 the waters froze on the fourth of December, and remained bound until the twenty-third of March. In 1836-37 the river froze only for twenty days, from the seventh to the twenty-eighth of February. In 1842, 1845, and 1850 it did not freeze at all. It will be seen, therefore, that nothing is more uncertain than the character of the Danube during the winter months. It was once proposed to dig a canal from Tschernavoda to Kostenji, where geographers well acquainted with maps used to place an ancient bed of the Danube; but it was found that a range of hills of some height would have to be tunneled. The plan now most in favour, and which will probably be carried out in better times, is that of a railroad from Routhuk to Varna. All the provinces of that eastern part of the world seem destined, in this century, to see a return of the commercial activity and splendour which once distinguished them.

The social condition of the Bulgarian people has undergone a considerable change of late, in consequence of the removal of certain obstacles that existed to their progress. History will have a very interesting task, when it undertakes to describe the steps by which nations whose existence had almost been forgotten began to re-appear upon the scene. Since the *Tanzimat* education has begun to spread its blessings throughout all the provinces of the Turkish empire, in which were to be found races capable of receiving it. Some rich Bulgarians have recently established at Constantinople a college and a printing-office, from which issues a political and literary journal, the object of which is to introduce ideas of civilization into Bulgaria. The towns of Hellenic origin have received an impulse from other quarters, so that there is a general development which cannot but produce its fruit at no distant period.

The Bulgarians by their nature are not so well fitted to receive civilization, or, rather, to work it out themselves, as many neighbouring families; for example, the Wallachians and Servians. At least, this is the impression produced by their conduct of late years. They are good, humane, and economical; and, perhaps, the most industrious of all the Christian peoples of the east; but they appear to be inclined to submission, and to the fear of power by whomsoever possessed. However, some observers, who had opportunities of watching them during their partial insurrections in eighteen hundred and forty-one and in eighteen hundred and fifty, say that, under cover of their apparent simplicity, there still remains a good deal of the fierce and warlike spirit that distinguished their ancestors a thousand years ago. As a rule they are fond of pleasure and recreation. In Bulgaria Proper all the popular songs are sentimental or jovial. The members of the same family, it is true, who inhabit Macedonia, have adopted the heroic songs of the Servians.

The Turkish government is not without sagacity in adapting its forms of administration to the various nations under its rule. Bulgaria is now divided into two great pashalics; that of Widdin and that of Silistria. Each is administered by a Mushir or Pacha of three tails, who has under his orders two Mirmadars, or Pachas of two tails. Next in authority to these are the Mudirs, or Ayanis, or lieutenants, one to each district. The Mushir of Widdin lives in that city. We believe the office is still held by the famous Hussein Pacha, who commanded the regular troops of the Sultan on the day of the destruction of the Janissaries. He has many of the qualities of the old Turk; but, by long intercourse with Europeans, has acquired many of their ideas. The Pacha of Silistria has recently fixed his residence at Routhuk, because the Austrian steamer from Vienna stops at that city to unload its cargo for the interior of Bulgaria.

The districts administered by the Mudirs are subdivided into several cantons, under the orders of a Boulou-bashi, or chief of a picket of soldiers, who keep the peace and enforce the orders of the government. In each city where there is a Pacha or a Mudir there is a Kadi, or Judge, and a Mufti, or chief of the clergy, who administer justice independently one of the other. The *Tanzimat* also instituted a municipal council, the *Sourâ*, presided over by the Pacha, or Mudir, and consisting of the Kadi, the Mufti, the local treasurer, the *Cogia-bashi*, or Mayor, and two other primates of the place. It is before this council that all serious cases of dispute and all appeals are brought.

The people of Bulgaria cannot be said to be heavily taxed, and seldom offer any kind of resistance to regular demands. The imposts are direct and indirect. Each canton pays a tax, the total amount of which is fixed by the government; whilst the primates, in the case at least of the Christians, determine how much each family must contribute. The same system is pursued in most of the European provinces of the Ottoman empire. Each district is assessed in a lump, and the people divide the responsibility as they choose. In Bulgaria the quota of each family varies from twelve shillings to four pounds per annum. It is probable that the division is made fairly; for the primates are chosen by universal suffrage. The *Cogia-bashi* is also chosen amongst the *Raya*hs; and he, with the two primates, is responsible for the whole of the tribute. He acts, also, as a sort of justice of the peace, or rather arbitrator, among the Christians, whose disputes are never carried before the Turkish authorities, unless it has been found impossible to come to an understanding in this primary court.

We have already mentioned the insufficiency of the port of Varna. It will be interesting at this moment to say something of the other maritime cities of Bulgaria and Roumelia. Nearly all of them were originally Greek colonies, and some have nearly preserved their ancient names. Others bear modern names, either Turkish or Greek. A little while ago it would have been thought extremely important to determine accurately, by elaborate researches, the agreement of ancient and modern geography. But, although it is not good entirely to despise these studies, we may safely omit to notice the anxious and painful process by which Histriopolis has been identified with Kara Keriman, or Anadolkiol with Tomis, the place of exile in which Ovid expiated his mysterious fault.

Koustenji, the first town south of the Danube, is the chief place of the district of Dobritza. It contains about three thousand souls, of which five hundred are Greek *Raya*hs. It is built upon a creek visited by a few ships that take in cargoes of wheat and wool for Constantinople. In winter the sea is nearly always stormy in

that neighbourhood, and the shore, bristling with rocks, is the scene of frequent shipwrecks of vessels which venture to leave the Danubian ports in the bad season. When M. Vrêto visited the place in the month of August, the air was chill, and a violent north wind blew. During the long and severe winter the inhabitants suffer much from the cold; their huts being ill built, and wood being dear on account of the distance of the forests. The air is healthy, but water is rare, and of inferior quality. There are no kitchen gardens, and all the country round is arid. It is not until late in the spring that flocks of sheep appear on the pasturages, and the fields become green with the rising crops of wheat or barley.

Mangallia is now inhabited entirely by Moslems, in number not exceeding a thousand. The Aga, who resides there, has several villages under his jurisdiction, all inhabited by Turks, who trade exclusively in grain. The port is a great inlet, ill protected from the north winds, and shipwrecks are common, not only in winter, but even in summer, on account of the fogs which suddenly appear, and envelope the vessels, which are carried by violent currents upon the coast.

Kavarna is inhabited by five hundred Christian Ottoman subjects, and some Greeks and Ionians. Vessels may take refuge in its road from the north wind, and it is visited by a few regular traders. It is under the jurisdiction of the Ayani of Balziek, which lies a league and a half to the south. Its position is strong, and there was formerly there a fortress built by the Turks when they conquered Bulgaria, and taken after a sanguinary assault by King Ladislaus of Hungary. Before eighteen hundred and forty it was a miserable village, and inhabited by a few Turks; since the free exportation of grain it has made rapid progress on account of the safety of its road, which is better protected than that of Varna. In eighteen hundred and fifty this road presented a most animated appearance, for a whole fleet of merchantmen from Brails and Galatz were compelled to take refuge there from a violent tempest. It is principally visited by Greek ships, although only one-sixth of its population of three thousand is Christian. Every year in the month of June a small fair is held in a plain near Balziek, for the sale of horses, cattle, and sheep. In the neighbourhood are many vineyards, studded with fruit-trees, among which the principal are the quince and the cherry. Indeed the cherries of Balziek are quite famous, and so also is its honey. A few fish are caught in the offing. The air and the water are good; and, although the winter is very severe, it is probable that Balziek before long will have become a very important place, the rival of Varna, which lies six leagues to the south-west.

Passing over the last-mentioned city, which we have already described, we come to Mes-

sembria, which has preserved its ancient name. It lies east of Varna, near Cape Emona. It has frequently been mentioned in history, but is now a small place of three thousand inhabitants, two-thirds of whom are Christians. It trades in wine and firewood brought from the neighbouring forests, but its port is little frequented, being exposed.

Achelon, further to the south, is almost entirely inhabited by Christians, to the number of four thousand. The people, especially the women, speak Greek. There are two schools, one on the Lancasterian principle, and the other especially devoted to the Greek classics, to history, and geography. The entrance of the port is very difficult for large vessels, on account of the shallows and hidden rocks strewed in front of it. Many wrecks take place every year on account of the imprudence of foreign masters, who generally are quite ignorant of these parts. It is frequented, in general, only by small coasters. A great many turbot are caught there, and also small mackerel, which are preserved, salted in barrels, for the Constantinople market. Some excellent wine is also exported.

Next comes Sozopolis, which possesses the best road in all the Black Sea, being protected on every side except the north. During the winter vessels come in by hundreds for refuge, and the city assumes quite an animated appearance. The regular trade is in wine, firewood, and charcoal. It is mentioned by the historian, John Cantacuzena, as a great, well-peopled city, but now contains only about two thousand Greek rayahs.

The most celebrated port of Roumelia, in the Black Sea, is that of Bourgas, situated at the bottom of a deep gulf, overlooked on the north side by the termination of the Balkan range. Large vessels may cast anchor in the gulf. Since eighteen hundred and forty-eight it has been made a station for the Austrian steamers which come from Constantinople in ten hours. All the export trade of the north-east parts of Roumelia is carried on by way of Bourgas, which exports wheat, barley, maize, wood, tallow, butter, cheese, and other productions of the country; among which, one of the principal articles is rose-water. As for import trade, there is scarcely any. Two thousand of the inhabitants are Moslems, and the remaining thousand are Greeks, some rayahs and some free. The latter have a church, of which the priest keeps an elementary school. The Turks also have a school, a mosque, and a bath to which the Christians are allowed to go. The environs of the city are well cultivated, and covered with vineyards. Clay, for making pipe bowls, is excavated and sent to the manufacturers of Constantinople and Adrianople. The climate is not healthy on account of the marshes in the neighbourhood. The inhabitants who get fevers go for cure to some

hot baths at a place called Litzia, situated at a distance of two hours, in the midst of a vast plain. The bath-house formerly stood alone, and visitors were obliged to erect temporary huts, or to sleep in their covered waggons. At present, however, a little caravanserai has been established, together with a bakal or general grocery shop. The presence of carbonate of soda gives a peculiar quality to the waters.

We have thought that these slight details would be interesting at the present moment when public attention has been particularly drawn to the western coast of the Black Sea, and when the ports and cities which we have thus summarily described, are now receiving the visits of a British squadron.

SCHOOL-KEEPING.

Prizes are now being offered to the pupils at training schools in several English counties for the purpose of promoting a knowledge of the art of conveying sound instruction in common things, to the children of the working classes. In the movement that has thus been set on foot by Lord Ashburton, the whole English public claims to participate; the need of much more sense in school teaching, and even (with reverence be it said) in university systems, is so very obvious, that Lord Ashburton's suggestion has gone off like a gun in a rookery and has set every quill flying.

Doctor Quemaribus declares to all friends and parents in his private circle, that his school is exempt from the prevailing attack. Public opinion seizes upon schools, now, like an epidemic and, as is the way with epidemics, fastens with most severity on those that happen to be in a bad condition. Dr. Q. pronounces his own school to be intact, for does he not give object-lessons to his junior boys, does he not provide lectures on chemistry for all the boys, does he not teach the elders botany? 'I, for my own part, do not agree with Dr. Quemaribus in his opinion of the state of his own kingdom at Verbumpersonale College. I have the highest respect for that distinguished LL.D. I know, too, that he is a good, earnest man, and that the boys he turns out do him credit. They possess much knowledge though they are not well educated—for to know much and to be well educated are two perfectly distinct things—and they are gentlemen. They leave school with a respect for their teacher, and they grow up excellent people. When the hairs of Dr. Quemaribus shall have become white, and when his voice of power shall have become weak and thin, there shall collect together stalwart men, tradesmen and merchants, quick lawyers and slow divines, and shall dine in his honour, and acknowledge him their friend, present plate to him, and comfort him with words of generous and loving recognition. He will deserve all they may say of him or do for him. There is a legion of quack

educators in the land, but the principal of Verbumpersonale College is not one of them.

There are thousands of fine-hearted and full-headed Quemaribuses in all ranks of the scholastic profession. I believe in my heart, that as there is not a happier or nobler occupation in the world than that of developing the minds that are to work in the next generation, so, there are in this country very many good men now occupied in teaching children conscientiously and with exceeding care.

Yet, upon this subject of teaching I have long had crotchets of my own, of which Dr. Quemaribus and many other clever men used to declare to me that they were purely theoretical, that they were quite impossible of execution. Every practical man would tell me so. Every practical man did tell me so. "My dear fellow," said Quemaribus, "it is a very pretty amusement to plan model school systems, but you don't know the difficulties with which we have to contend. There is not time for all you would have done, and you set out with a wrong notion of the nature of a boy. Your method never could be worked." "Doctor," I said, "by the thunder of Jove, and by the whistle of the steam engine, I'll try." "Then," said the doctor, "if you mean that seriously, you are mad. Every man will say so when he sees you lay your bread and butter down to make a harlequin's leap out of one profession into another—out of a business you understand into one of which, permit me to say, you know nothing whatever. And how will you try? Where will you go?" "I will go into some town where there are a great many people, and say plainly: Thus I desire to teach. There may be a dozen who will answer, fanciful as you think me, Thus I desire my children to be taught."

I carried out that scheme and met with the result that I expected. After two years of school-keeping, during which I put my crotchets to a full and severe test, I left in a town, which I had entered as a stranger, some of the best friends I have ever made or ever shall make. I left there, also, children whom I never shall forget, by whom too I hope never to be forgotten. Moreover, I did not lose money by the venture; in a commercial sense, the experiment succeeded to my perfect satisfaction.

When it is possible to add a demonstration to a theory, it ought to be done, and it would certainly be unjust towards the little crotchets that I here wish to set forth if I did not (as in truth I can) make evident that they are something more to me than idle fantasies. At the same time, let nobody interpret anything here said as a puff composed during the Christmas holidays for the replenishing of anybody's forms; the writer's occupation as a schoolmaster is over, he has now no school and takes no pupils, nor can he name any school in this country that is carried on according to his plan. Furthermore let it be

said that if he did know of such a school, it is quite possible that he might entertain a low opinion of it, for a reason that will be made evident by the crotchet next and first to be detailed.

Crotchet the First. Concerning plans of teaching. Nobody has any right to impose his plan of teaching on his neighbour. There is no method that may call itself the method of education. There is only one set of right principles, but there may be ten thousand plans. Every teacher must work for himself as every man of the world works for himself. There is for all men in society only one set of right principles, yet you shall see a thousand men in one town all obeying them, although all in conduct absolutely differ from one another. They will present among themselves the widest contrasts, and yet every one may be prospering and making friends. Thompson talks little, avoids company, sticks to a few good friends, and does his work in a snug corner. Wilson speaks freely and cheerily, delights in associating with his fellows, and works with a throng of helping hands about him. Jackson is nervous, fidgety, and constitutionally irritable; he does his duty, though, and gains his end. Robson, on the contrary, is of an easy temper, lets a worry rest, and never touches it when he comes near; he does his duty, too, and gains his end. But let the shy Thompson undertake to make his way in the world by being, like Wilson, sociable and jolly; and he will make himself contemptible by clumsy efforts, and the end of them will be a dismal failure. In the school, as in the world, a man must be himself if he would have more than a spurious success: he must be modelled upon nobody. The schoolmaster should read books of education, and he may study hard to reason out for himself by their aid, if he can, what are the right principles to go upon. A principle that he approves, he must adopt; but another man's plan that he approves, he must assimilate to the nature of his own mind and of his own school before he can adopt it. Even his school he must so manage that it shall admit of great variety of plan within itself, and suffer him so to work in it as to appeal in the most effective way to the mind of each one of the scholars.

The practical suggestion that arises from this crotchet, is, that each teacher should take pains not to make an abstraction of himself; but to throw the whole of his individuality into his work; to think out for himself a system that shall be himself; that shall be animated by his heart and brain naturally and in every part; that shall beat as it were with his own pulse, breathe his own breath, and, in short, be alive.

Crotchet the Second. Upon the qualifications of the teacher. He may be mild or sharp, phlegmatic or passionate, gentle or severe, he may thrash or not thrash—but I would rather he did not thrash. As men

differ and must differ, so must teachers, so must schools. But no man can be a good teacher who is a cut and dried man without any particular character: his individuality must be strongly marked. He should be, of course, a man of unimpeachable integrity, detesting what is base or mean, and beyond everything hating a lie. He should have pleasure in his work, be fond of children, and not think of looking down upon them, but put faith—and that is a main point which many teachers will refuse to uphold—put faith in the good spirit of childhood. He must honour a child or he cannot educate it, though he may cram many facts into its head. It is essential also to the constitution of a good teacher that, whatever his character may be, he shall not be slow. Children are not so constituted as to be able to endure slowness patiently. He must also not be destitute of imagination, for he will have quick imaginations to develop and to satisfy.

Furthermore it is essential that he should deeply feel the importance of his office, and utterly disdain to cringe to any parent, or to haggle for the price of services that no money can fairly measure. In all that I here say, I speak with direct reference to schools for the children of those people who are well to do in the world, and can afford to support the kind of teacher they desire. Schools of that kind ought to be in the hands of men trained long and carefully in many studies. Assistant teachers should be men qualified to aid, by undertaking, each a single branch of study in which they have obtained perfection; but the head of a school should carry its brains and be, as nearly as he may be, versed in all its business. It is not for him to teach a speciality but to command respect by the breadth of his attainments, to link all parts of his plan together, and unite them in the boys' minds into one great whole. He should add to his classical knowledge an acquaintance with, at the very least, two modern languages; he should know how to account for, and to make comprehensible to boys, the reasonings of mathematics; he should have studied and be able to teach, the history of the world as a whole; he should be well read in books of travel, and have a full elementary knowledge of the entire circle of the sciences. He should be well read in the literature of several countries and of his own day; he should study the political and social movements that are going on about him, and employ even the news of the day in his teaching, by applying it to school knowledge and school knowledge to it. He should be able to bring every study into visible subservience to the best and commonest aims of life, showing the children at once how to think and how to make all acquired knowledge available and helpful in their daily work. All this may be too much for one man; but it is not too much for one man and a library. The proper breadth of cultivation given, depth must be

maintained by constant and habitual study. The most learned teacher ought incessantly to read and think, so that he may be on each topic as full-minded as he should be when he proposes to give lessons to a child. The good teacher must be devoted to his work; if he want pleasure and excitement he must find them in the schoolroom and the study. For it is only when his teaching gives great pleasure to himself, that it can give any pleasure whatever to his pupils. The parent must not grudge to a worthy teacher the most liberal reward that lies within his means. It is not to be supposed that any large body of men can be induced to devote themselves heart and soul to an ill-paid profession, which demands peculiar talents and expensive training, with a toil both in preparation and in action that can never be remitted.

Crotchet the Third. Of the child taught. There is no fault of character in boy or girl that cannot be destroyed or rendered harmless, if right treatment be applied to it in time; that is to say, within the first twelve years. We inherit tempers and tendencies which sometimes, when they are neglected, bring us to harm. The bent of character is settled before birth. Anything cannot be made of any boy or girl, but something can be made of every child, which shall be satisfactory, and good, and useful. The tendency that would, under a course of neglect or bad management, produce out of a cross infant a self-willed and dogged man, may be so managed as to develop into firmness tempered with right judgment. Mismanagement at home hinders good management at school, and, for a generation or two, that difficulty will hurt the operation of the best school systems. There belong, however, to the spirit of childhood and youth, qualities through which a true-hearted appeal is sure of a true-hearted reception. Children are good, and they are so created by Divine Wisdom, as to be wonderfully teachable. They are, however, also so created as to require free action and movement, to be incapable of sustaining long-continued mental exertion, to be restless. It is not in the constitution of a child to sit day after day for three or five consecutive hours upon a form. If the schoolmaster subject children to unnatural conditions, and Nature assert herself in any boy or girl more visibly than discipline admires, the teacher, not the child, is then in fault, and it is he or she—if any one—who should stand in the corner, do an imposition, or be whipped. It is only possible to teach a child well, while accommodating one's ways humbly to the ways of Nature.

Crotchet the Fourth. On the constitution of a school. Since there is no such thing as a plan universal for all teachers; since each school should maintain its own individuality; since a school of which the plan is an abstraction is a dead school; I can only express my notions on this subject by explaining what

sort of a crotchet my own notion of school-keeping was, and how it answered. Let me be at the same time careful to reiterate, that I do not propose it as a nostrum, but that, on the contrary, I should hold cheaply the wit of any one who copied it exactly in practice. I only want my principles adopted—nothing more. One notion of mine was, that if children could be interested really in their studies—as they can be—so long as they were treated frankly and led by their affections, the work of education could be carried on entirely without punishment. I had been, as a boy, to many schools, and know how dread begot deception, and we were all made, more or less, liars by the cane. Even our magnanimity consisted frequently in lying for each other, and obtaining for ourselves the floggings that impended over friends. I knew how deceit rotted the whole school intercourse to which I had myself been subject; how teachers, made distrustful, showered about accusations of falsehood; how we cribbed our lessons, and were led to become sly and mean. I do not mean to lay it down as a principle that schools should be conducted without punishment; I can conceive a dozen kinds of men who would know how to do good, with a few floggings judiciously administered. But I was not one of the dozen—I should certainly have done harm. Corporal punishments being abolished, there remained few others. For, I uphold it as a principle that punishments which consist in the transformation of the schoolroom to a prison, or in treating studies and schoolbooks as if they were racks and thumbscrews—instruments of torture to be applied against misdoers, in the shape of something to write or something to learn—to learn, forsooth!—defeat the purposes of education, heap up and aggravate the disgust which it should be the business of a good teacher carefully to remove as it arises.

I set out, therefore, with the belief that I could dispense wholly with punishment, if I could establish perfect openness of speech and conduct in the school. Accordingly, a little ceremony of signing a book was established on the entry of each pupil, whereby the signer formally promised in all dealings with his teacher or his companions "to act openly and speak the truth." All motive to deception being as much as possible withdrawn, the strongest motive penalty could give, was put in the other scale; for, it was established as a fundamental law that a first falsehood would be forgiven, but that after a second the offender would be required to leave the school. This law was taken, as it was made, in sober earnest. There was only one transgressor, a youth of fifteen, blunted in feeling by a long course of mismanagement. He did not remain with us three months. Systems, and very good systems too, according with the individuality of other teachers, would provide for cases of that kind; mine did not. It was so far faulty. It would suit forty-nine children out of fifty,

but the fiftieth would need another kind of discipline. A little pains being taken to keep up the feeling, perfect openness was secured, and no tale-telling was possible, for every one told frankly his own offence.

And that too was the case, although it was found in practice not quite possible to go on wholly without pains and penalties. At first, when there were half-a-dozen pupils, all went well; but when the number had increased, though all continued to go well, and the best spirit was shown by the children, it was not possible for them, gathered in groups, to exercise so much self-control as they might themselves wish, and as was necessary for a reasonable discipline. The joyousness and restlessness of youth, not being chilled in any way, would now and then break out at inconvenient times, and every idler was a cause of interruption to his neighbours. Penalties were therefore established. They were of the lightest kind, and represented nothing but the gain or loss of credit. They would have been ridiculous, except in as far as they were applied to children anxious to prove their resolution to do right.

Rewards were established with the penalties, and it is necessary to explain their nature first. I think it may be laid down as a principle, that the practice of urging schoolboys, or even young men, into fierce competition for a book, a medal, or a sum of money, hurts more than it helps, the work of earnest education. The true teacher ought not to give prominence to an unworthy motive for exertion; only a false teacher does that to escape, in an artificial way, some of the consequences which result from the false principles on which he goes to work. It was my crotchet to give nobody a book for being more quick-witted than his neighbour, but, as much as possible, to set each working for his own sake, and to fix a common standard: not of intellect, but of application and attention, which each was to endeavour singly to attain. It was possible that at the end of a half-year, every pupil might receive a first prize. It was certain that, as prize or present, every one would receive a book, and that although there were first, second, and third prizes, the difference between them was not to consist in money value.

This was our system of penalties, by which alone the little state of children was held in sufficient check:—Whoever during work time was a cause of interruption, had an interruption marked against him. If he interrupted three times, it was said that he lost half-a-day; if six times, he lost the day, and, for the day, had nothing more to lose. If he chose—as he never did choose—it was to be supposed that, having got so far, he might make as much noise as he pleased thereafter. Gay spirits now and then indulged themselves in the luxury of two offences against order, stopping at the third. Every offence against discipline went by the

name of interruption; and we called a day, a ticket. At the end of the half-year, each pupil's lost days were counted, and, according to their number, was the number of his prize. Within the cover of his book was pasted a small printed form, which, being filled up, carried abroad the exact intelligence that its owner had been present and attentive at school a certain number of days, absent or inattentive another certain number of days, and had received that book as a first, second, or third prize. The success of this plan was greater than a man putting no faith in children might suppose. Stout boys who could pull at an oar with a strong arm, were not too big to cry, sometimes, over a lost half-day. The ages of the pupils ranged between eight and fifteen. Now and then, it happened that some great event outside, such as the freezing of a pond, produced an irrepressible excitement. Common restraints would not check talking and inattention. The punishment then introduced is horrible to tell:—There was no teaching. All lessons were put aside. Instead of extra lessons for a punishment, no lessons appeared to me the best mark of supreme displeasure. Lessons were not to be regarded as their pain, but as their privilege; when they became too unmanageable the privilege was for a time withdrawn. Whatever you may choose to call a punishment, becomes one to an honest and well-meaning child. Stoppage of lessons checked all turbulence at once, and the school looked like a dismal wax-work exhibition until the prohibition was withdrawn.

Children are very teachable, and it is just as easy to excite in them, and to lead them by, a sense of honour and self-respect, as to spur them on, by promoting among them rivalries and jealousies, and to try to drive them out of mischief with a cane.

Having explained our criminal code, let me describe next our ordinary constitution, which was from beginning to end one shock to the feelings of *Quemaribus* when I detailed it to him. Children are not fond of gloom or ugliness, and it is not wonderful if they have little admiration for the customary school-room and its furniture. My crotchet on that subject, was, that the best room in the teacher's house should be the schoolroom, and that he should do all he in reason could to give it a cheerful and even elegant appearance. The school of which I speak, was established by the seashore, and there was a very fine view from our schoolroom window. It must be confessed that there was plenty to look at, and sometimes certainly a ship or a donkey would appear at inconvenient seasons; but, as we did not shut the world out from our teaching, there was no good reason why it should be shut out from our eyes. There was a back room used for supplementary purposes, but the front room was the main work place. I was the first tenant of the house, and papered it. For that schoolroom,

in defiance of all prejudice, and in the mad pursuance of my crotchet, I chose the most elegant light paper I could find—a glazed paper with a pure white ground, under a pattern that interfered little with the whiteness and delicacy of the whole effect. After two years of school-work in that room, it being always full, the paper was left almost without a soil. There had been a few ink-spots that could readily be scratched out with a knife, and one mishap with an inkstand, of which the traces were sufficiently obliterated with the help of a basin of cold water.

Upon the mantelpiece were vases, which the children themselves kept supplied with flowers. The room was carpeted, and it must be granted that the carpet soon wore out. There were neat little cane chairs instead of forms, cheerful looking tables instead of school desks. The aspect of the room was as cheerful as I could contrive to make it, and was a great shock to the prejudices of *Dr. Quemaribus*. It did contain, however, a black board, a pair of little globes, and a great map of the world;—to which our references were so incessant, and I believe often so pleasant, that I think we all were glad to be familiar with its features.

Dr. Q. called on us one Monday morning before his own Christmas holidays were over—ours being short—and he made a grimace when he found us very snugly seated about the room, one stirring the fire, and all talking about the news of the day. I was insane enough to devote every Monday morning to that sort of study, and the Doctor candidly confessed before he left, that it was not altogether folly. Boys accustomed to discussions upon history, looked at contemporary events from points of view that appeared quaint to him and not entirely useless. They bewildered him by their minute acquaintance with the recent discoveries at the North Pole, which they had acquired while their hearts were full of sympathy for Sir John Franklin. There was a new scientific discovery of which they were endeavouring to understand as much as possible, and they were criticising social movements in a startling way. The Doctor observed too, how the tempers and the humours of the children were displayed in this free talk, and how easy it became, without effort or ostentation, to repress in any one an evil tendency—the tendency, perhaps, to pass summary and contemptuous opinions—and to educate the intellects of all. A great deal may be done when all seem to be doing nothing. When news was scarce, and time was plentiful, we filled that morning with a lesson upon what we entitled “common knowledge.” That topic recurred two or three times a week, and was concerned with reasonings and explanations on the commonest of everyday words and things.

We divided the day into two very distinct parts. Half was spent upon book-study, as of languages, arithmetic and mathematics; the

other half upon history and science. I began to struggle—through the history of man—fully enough to occupy over the task five or six hours a week, and get to the end in about three years. In the same time, we were to get through the story of the world about us, and complete the circle of the sciences. Geography we learnt insensibly with history and science, filling up our knowledge of it with the reading of good books of travel. In these studies, the interest taken by the children was complete, but partly because I felt that there was insecurity in oral teaching by itself, partly because I wished to see how we were getting on, a practice was established of mutual examination in all things taught verbally to the whole school together. All were parted into two sides, matched pretty evenly, whose work it was to puzzle one another. The sides were often shifted, for the eagerness of competition became sometimes greater than was wholesome: though it was a pure game of the wits, in which there was no tangible reward held out to the victor. Very proud I felt at the first trial when I heard questions asked and answered upon facts in history or natural history, or explanations of familiar things taught verbally, in some cases, twelve months ago. It was felt to be of no use to ask anything told within a month or two, because that probably would not have been forgotten. I got a book and entered every question that was asked, wording it in my own way, but altering or prompting nothing; and the book now lies before me, an emphatic proof of the degree and kind of interest that children, taught without compulsion and allowed to remark freely upon all that they are doing, can take in the acquisition of hard knowledge. They began curiously with thoughts rather than things, and with thoughts, too, that had not been discussed among us for a twelvemonth. "Why does China stand still in her civilisation?" was asked first; that being answered, the other side returned fire with the same kind of shot, "Why did our civilisation begin on the shores of the Mediterranean?" That was remembered, and there was a return question ready, "Upon what does the advance of civilisation depend chiefly?" That, too, was known, and there was a shot more in the locker, "Why is England so particularly prosperous—why not some other island?" Then, there was a change of theme; a demand for the habits of the sexton-beetle was returned again in kind by a demand for ditto of the ant-lion, and upon the white ants there was a retort made with the gad-fly and the Bosphorus. Then, one side grew nautical, and wanted a description of all the parts of

an ancient ship of war. They were remembered—for the topic was but a few months old—and the retort was "Describe the spy-boats of the ancient Britons." That day's engagement ended with the question, "Why is it close and warm in cloudy weather?" to which the return inquiry was, "Why is it colder as you rise into the air, though you get nearer to the sun?" Every question asked that day was fairly answered. On the next day of battle I find one side asking to be shown the course of the chief ocean currents, and the other demanding to be told what causes ebb and flow of tide, spring and neap tides, and to be shown the course of the tide wave. I find questions in the same day on the wars of Hannibal, the twinkling of the stars, the theory of coral reefs, the construction of the barometer and thermometer, the tide in the Mediterranean, and how one branch of a fruit tree can be made to bear more than the rest. Farther on, I find such questions asked as the difference between ale and porter, between treacle and molasses, how a rope is made, how spines are formed on shells, when linen was first used in Europe, and what is the use of eye-brows and eye-lashes.

After this system of mutual examination was established, a new phase of our school life displayed itself. The oral teaching which had evidently not been thrown away was cultivated with new care; a great system of note-taking arose; all kinds of spontaneous efforts were made to retain things in the memory; and the result was, that, as I read before I taught, and could not remain always so full of information on a topic as I was while teaching it, the children over and over again remembered more than I did. I soon needed all my wits not to be nonplussed myself, when they were labouring to nonplus one another.

Now if work of this kind can be done merrily, stopping at the end of every hour for five minutes of play, and throughout without any employment of a harsh restraint; if over work of this kind faults of character or temper can be easily and perfectly corrected—as with us in two or three instances they were—a spirit of inquiry can be begotten. That done, a boy can be made to feel the use and enjoy the exercise of education, and in the end will turn out eager to go on acquiring knowledge for himself. Surely if this be so, there must be something rotten in existing school systems, planned upon the models set up in the middle ages! Truly, I think there is great room for a Luther among schoolmasters; and I do marvel greatly at the pertinacity with which society adheres, in these days, to scholastic usages whereof familiarity breeds in it no contempt.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. VIII.

McELRATH & BARKER, PUBLISHERS.

OFFICE NO. 11 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

WHOLE NO. 201.

SCIENCE AND SOPHY.

THERE is a popular French book by Aimé Martin which, during the last forty-four years, has gone through thirteen editions, the last recently, and which on each occasion of reprinting has been carefully made level with the knowledge of the day. It is an introduction to natural history and science, entitled *Letters to Sophie*, and the changes that have been made in it during the forty-four years of its existence would furnish an odd subject of speculation. For that we are not now in the vein. There is no speculation in our eyes at present. And yet, where is Sophie, we should like to know. In eighteen hundred and nine she was a young lady rapturous over nature, according to Bernardin de St. Pierre, in whom M. Martin proposed to infuse equal raptures over Nature according to Newton, Buffon, and Lavoisier. He would put, for her benefit and the world's, elementary and other truths concerning Nature in a striking and engaging way. For the strikingness he chose his facts extremely well, and for the engagingness he kneaded them all up with verses of gallantry which still remain. Now there is a plunge into some polite address to Nature, after the manner of Delille; now it is love, now it is gravitation that inspires the muse. The verses copiously interspersed to make the volume lighter sing, as they say:

"Of earth below, of starry heaven above,
Of all wise men, of Sophy and of love."

That is a decidedly French way of making science popular, and it is amusing to observe how in prose the temper of the nation also shows itself, and even facts in botany can be made to wear a shape of gallantry that matter-of-fact English Sophies would be astonished at. If Sophie still exist, she must, when the last edition of these letters was addressed to her, have reached the sedate age of sixty; and, as she must also by this time have been made a scientific girl, it may therefore be doubted whether for her still in the verses live their wonted fires. Whether she ever became Mrs. Martin, or whether she may be after all only one of those put-a-case ladies who abound in literature, we in our ignorance are unable to say.

VOL. VIII.—No. 201

The letters are filled with instructive and amusing facts, which glitter in the too luxuriant leafage like the gem fruits in a certain underground garden which a certain tailor's son once visited. Having got among them lately by some chance we filled our pockets from the store.

That we may not at once quite drop the connection between Science and Sophy we will begin with the subject of Sensibility—the Sensibility of Nature. M. Durand lectured on Mineralogy in Paris, about fifty years ago, and he thought he proved that there was sensibility in stones. His great point was the love of the stone for the sun. It was quite a rose and nightingale scandal. Take a solution of salt, put one half of it in the sun; keep the rest in darkness. Superb crystals will form under the kiss of the sun, while in the shade the salt and water still remain salt and water. Light, said M. Durand, goes therefore into the composition of a crystal. Diamonds are almost wholly composed of sunlight; they are only found in places where the sun gives heat and light enough to make them. Now, said the French philosopher, what do you call that reception of light to the bosom of a stone—what can you call that but love? He went farther, and asserting that all the highest mountains are placed under the equator, called them lumps of sunlight. They are imitations of the salt experiment on a large scale. Their granite peaks are crystallised light; but incomplete crystals. Give them more light and they will be complete—they will become crystals of the sublimest order, they will be diamonds—real Koh-i-noors, or mountains of light. If the sun were but a little brighter and a little hotter Chimborazo would be all one diamond, the Himalayas would be diamond steeps, and all towns in the East over the sunny side of their walls would have diamond turrets like Amberabad. Every sun-baked brick of Egypt would in that case become a jewel worth some quarts of Koh-i-noors.

All this is the result of the sensibilities of stones. The whole earth, many old sages believed—Kepler among them—was alive. M. Patrin taught of the earth how metals, plants, and minerals were formed by the gas in its body. It was not, to be sure, sensible like a man, but like a world. It

could not talk words, but it could talk things.

This is not so very absurd. If the things in nature be not sensible, they certainly are not stupid. Look at a tree or a shrub. Bonnet used to say that at the end of all his study he could not see the difference between a cat and a rosebush. Let us see what the wits are that a rosebush has. Look at its leaves, with their smooth glittering surface turned to the sky; but their under-surfaces, all soft and full of pores, open to catch the moisture rising from the soil—half-open when they need only a little, closed when they want none. The rain that falls upon the waxy roof made by the upper surface of the foliage runs off, and is dropped into the ground just over the sucking ends of all the rootlets. Turn some of those rose-leaves upside down. Lay a cat on her back, and she will not consent to remain in that unnatural position. The rose-leaf, too, objects to be inverted. A man may bend a branch so that its leaves all hang with the wrong side upwards; but let him watch it. He will observe how all the little leaves slowly and very carefully begin to turn upon their stems. At the end of a few hours every leaf will have brought round its polished surface to the light, and be holding its open mouths again over the ground for drink.

Is the plant stupid? It knows what it wants and likes, and if that be within reach will get it. Put the rose-tree into soil with dry bad earth on its right hand and rich soil upon its left. You will not find it suffering its roots to be long in the dark about the trick that has been played them. They start out of course as usual, and as the mail-coaches used to do, in all directions; but those that begin their journey through poof dust receive in a mysterious way some information of the better land that is to be found by travel in a contrary direction. Accordingly they all turn back to follow their companions who have gone into the richer pasturage. Propose to put those roots into jail, by digging a trench round the tree, or sinking a stone wall into the earth around it. The rootlets dive into the ground until they have reached the bottom of the obstacle, then pass it, and run up again until they find the level that best pleases them.

Who will now undertake to say that a plant is not sensible? Let Sophia go into the fields, and she will tread upon a multitude of flowers that know better than she does herself which way the wind blows, what o'clock it is, and what is to be thought about the weather. The *calendula arvensis* opens in fine weather, and shuts up when rain is coming. The *conchus sibiricus* shuts up at the end of each day's business, but only remains tranquilly asleep when she has no doubts at all about the morrow, when she knows it will be fine. Let a traveller seek shelter from the sun under

an acacia with thorns white as ivory, called by Linnaeus the *mimosa churiia*. The dark shade on the sand perhaps becomes suddenly dotted with light; he looks up and observes that his parasol is shutting itself up; that every leaf is putting itself to bed. If he will look closely he may observe, too, that the leaves sleep by the dozen in a bed, nestling together in small heaps. The traveller has nothing to complain about; he does not need the shade; there is a cloud over the sun. The tree thinks—one is almost obliged to say, the tree thinks—that perhaps it will come on to rain. There is no reason why its whole roots should not be watered in the arid soil, and there is no reason why its leaves, delicately set on slender stems, should be beaten from their holdings. The leaves, therefore, are shut up and drawn together in small bundles, that they may find in union the strength which in isolation they do not possess: while at the same time room is left for the rain to pass between them to water the roots.

There is not an hour of the day that is not the beloved hour of some blossom, which to it alone opens her heart. Linnaeus conceived the pleasant notion of a flower clock. Instead of a rude metal bell to thump the hour, there is a little flower bell ready to break out at three o'clock; a flower star that will shine forth at four; and a cup, perhaps, will appear at five o'clock, to remind old-fashioned folk that it is tea-time. Claude Lorraine, although he did not make a clock of four-and-twenty flowers in his garden, was a landscape painter most familiar with nature; and when he was abroad he could at any time know what o'clock it was by asking the time of the flowers of the field. It would have been of no use for him to ask a cat. The peasants of Auvergne and Languedoc all have at their doors beautiful barometers, in which there is no glass, quicksilver or joiner's work. They were furnished by the flowers.

Let me put a spider into any lady's hand. She is aghast. She shrieks. The nasty ugly thing! Madam, the spider is perhaps shocked at your Brussels laces; and, although you may be the most exquisite miniature painter living, the spider has a right to laugh at your coarse daubs as she runs over them. Just show her your crochet work when you shriek at her. "Have you spent half your days," the spider, if she be spiteful, may remark, "have you spent half your days upon the clumsy anti-macassars and these ottoman covers? My dear lady, is that your web? If I were big enough, I might with reason drop you and cry out at you. Let me spend a day with you and bring my work. I have four little bags of thread, such little bags! In every bag there are more than a thousand holes, such tiny, tiny holes! Out of each hole thread runs, and all the threads—more than four thousand threads—I spin together as they run, and when they are all spun, they make but one thread of the web I weave. I

have a member of my family who is herself no bigger than a grain of sand. Imagine what a slender web she makes, and of that too, each thread is made of four or five thousand threads that have passed out of her four bags through four or five thousand little holes. Would you drop her too, crying out about your delicacy? A pretty thing indeed for you to plume yourselves on delicacy and scream at us." Having made such a speech, we may suppose that the indignant creature fastens a rope round one of the rough points in the lady's hand and lets herself down lightly to the floor. Coming down stairs is noisy, clumsy work, compared with such a way of locomotion.

The creeping things we scorn, are miracles of beauty. They are more delicate than any ornolu clock or any lady's watch made, for pleasure's sake, no bigger than a shilling. Lyonnet counted four thousand and forty-one muscles in a single caterpillar, and these are a small part only of its works. Hooke found fourteen thousand mirrors in the eye of a bluebottle, and there are thirteen thousand three hundred separate bits, that go to provide for nothing but the act of breathing, in a carp.

Then, there are wonders of locomotion in the world greater than any steam engine can furnish. When the hart seeks the water-brooks, how many things are set in action! Eyes to see where the water is, muscles to move the feet, nerves to stir the muscles, and a will—no man knows how—to stir the nerves. There are swift creatures who depend for self protection on their legs, as hares and horses. Others less quick of movement commonly have weapons, as the bull or the rhinoceros. Birds living in marshes have long legs, as Frenchmen living in marshes, in the department of the Landes, make for themselves long legs by using stilts. Marsh birds have stilts born with them. The legs of animals are proportioned always to their bulk and to their habits. The huge body of the elephant stands upon four thick pillars, the stag has supports of a lighter and nimbler quality. Animals that get some of their living in the water, as beavers, otters, swans, ducks, and geese, are born with paddles on their feet. The mole, again, is born with spades on his fore legs; and the camel is born with his feet carefully padded, with his head lifted high above the sand waves, and his eyes carefully protected from glare and dust. One might think through a volume, to good purpose, about legs. Every creature has the legs it wants. A traveller in Africa relates how his baggage mule stumbled and fell, and could retain no footing over ground covered with fresh traces of the hippopotamus. The hippopotamus was born with clouts, and had the right feet for his own country; the mule was on a soil for which it had not been created.

Let us watch the movement of a little thing. How does a butterfly escape a bird?

By tacking. It flies, when pursued, with a sharp zig-zag motion. Let us compare strength with strength. The commonest of beetles is in proportion six times stronger than the horse. Linneus said of the elephant that if it were as strong for its size as a stag-beetle, it would be able to tear up the stoutest trees and knock down mountains.

The movements of birds upon the wing furnish a familiar world of wonders: some fly like arrows, some describe circles in the sky, and others take a waving undulating course. There are birds everywhere, and they are capable of almost anything; what one bird cannot do another can. There are birds of the earth, birds of the water, and birds of the air. There are birds that scream at sea among the tempests, birds that sing at home of a calm evening in the tree shading the cottage-door. There are birds that nest upon the soil in open plains, and there are birds that live in caverns: birds of the wood, birds of the mountain, birds that love towns and houses, birds living alone in deserts.

We have heard of the singing of swans. It is not quite a fable. During the winter nights, flocks of swans traverse the frozen plains of Iceland, filling the air with harmonies like murmurs of the lyre. There is perfect time kept at the concert which they give. The ablest bird opens the chaunt, a second follows, then a third, and finally the whole choir fills the sky with melody. The air is full of modulated utterances and responses, which the Icelanders in his warm cabin is glad to hear; for he knows then that the spring weather is at hand.

There are more harmonies in nature than mere sounds afford. The world about us is all harmony, of which we can perceive only a part. The Cephissus that watered the gardens of the Academy, has disappeared with the woods of Mount Hymettus. The old Scamander has disappeared with the cedars of Mount Ida, under which it had its source. The climate of Italy was milder than it is, less relentless in its heat, before the destruction of the forests of the Tyrol. He who cuts down a tree, destroys a colony of insects, a home or haunt of many birds, a source of food to quadrupeds perhaps, or even to man. The plantain tree, that shades a fountain or hangs over the marshy borders of a stream, is a beautiful object. Between the river and the tree there is a harmony. The Persians were scourged with pestilential maladies from their marsh-bordered rivers, until they called the plantain trees to their aid. "There has been no epidemic at Ispahan," says Chardin, "since the Persians adorned with such trees their river sides and gardens."

We may consider, too, the harmony of colours. Raffaele was not more choice about his painting than we find the sun to be. As winter departs, the modest violet first blossoms beneath a veil of leaves. The modesty means need of shelter. Protecting leaves

radiate back upon the fragrant little flower all the heat that departs from it. As the snows disappear, blossoms of other flowers open which display themselves more boldly, but they are blanched or nearly so. In the passage from the last snows of winter to the first blossoms of spring, the harmony of colour is preserved—hillsides and orchards are laden with a delicate white, varied rarely by the pink upon the almond-trees. Petals of apple-blossom floating on the wind mimic the flakes of snow that were so lately seen. As the warm season advances, colours deepen until we come to the dark crimson of autumn flowers and the brownness of the autumn leaves. This change is meant not only to be beautiful—it has its use. Why are the first spring flowers all white, or nearly white? Because, when the winds are still cold and when the sun is only moderately kind, a flower would be chilled to death if its heat radiated from it rapidly. But radiation takes place most freely from dark colours—from black, from the strongly defined greens, and blues, and reds. In the hot weather, flowers and leaves so coloured, cool themselves more readily of nights, and form upon their surfaces the healing dew. In early spring, there is little need of dew or of facilities for cooling. The delicate spring flowers are, therefore, of a colour that is least ready to encourage radiation. For the same reason—because white substances give out least freely the heat that they contain or cover—arctic animals are white as their native snows. For the same reason, too, the snow itself is white. When cold becomes severe, snow falls and hangs like a fur mantle about the soil. If snow were black, or red, or blue, it would still let some of the heat escape which is retained under its whiteness. The colours, even of men, darken in hot climates; in the hottest they are made quite black. Black substances give out their heat most freely.

In regions subject to a cold almost incessant, a short summer produces flowers of extremely vivid colouring. The summer although short is fierce, and the plants radiate fast that they may escape destruction. The dark verdure of the northern pines would cause them to lose heat with great rapidity. For compensation they are made to grow in pyramids that catch a cone of snow so cleverly as to great-coat them during the hard weather. Birch trees that grow in the same forests rise among the pines like silver columns, and they are not shaped to catch the snow, because they do not want it. They have their own light clothing of a brilliant whiteness.

Truly, we need not examine far into the wealth that is poured out in nature before we discover that

"Such bounty is no gift of chance."

Will not a study of such works as these teach boys to reason quite as well as Euclid?

Have we touched, here, upon a kind of study that should be excluded from the discipline of schools? Has it no power to awaken intellect, to educate the head, the heart, and the soul?

THE BLANKSHIRE HOUNDS.

I HAD passed the College, and taken out my degree; I was M.R.C.S. and M.D. of Edin: My mother was delighted—my uncle was disgusted. My mother's ambition was satisfied, and she felt herself amply repaid for her long years of shabby stuff gowns and sugarless tea when my diplomas, framed and glazed, were hung up in her parlour; while my uncle, frowning indignantly, asked, "Who would be fool enough to give a guinea to a whippersnapper fellow, as pale as a ghost, as thin as a whipping-post, and without even whiskers?" He was quite right. I invested the legacy of my aunt Podsleigh in genteel apartments and a brass plate in the principal street of Jenneyton. I wore a white cravat, and walked about with a book seriously bound in my hand. A carriage I could not afford. It was before the days of broughams; but no one came with a fee, and the poor patients—chiefly old women who had been the round of all the medical staff in Jenneyton—treated me with almost a patronising air.

Fortunately my uncle—who had quarrelled with my mother, his sister, because she would make me a physician—was solicitor and agent to the Dowager Countess of Bullrush; and, about the time that my legacy was reduced to a very minute balance which I feared to draw out of the Old Jenneyton Bank, the young Earl, who had been brought up on the coddling principle—two nurses and a governess until he was thirteen; then a private tutor, and two grooms, one to ride behind and the other beside him; three glasses of wine at dinner, and a select library, chosen by the bishop of the diocese, the popular Bishop Flam, celebrated for his melodious voice and accommodating opinions—I say the young Earl suddenly broke out of bounds, first accepted an invitation from the Bishop's wife's nephew, the Honourable Frank Fastman, without consulting the Countess; staid away a fortnight; returned driving a tandem and smoking a cigar; and then, after purchasing a stud of hunters from Mr. Thong, the celebrated dealer, on credit, accepted the mastership of the Blankshire Hounds, which had been offered by a gentleman he met at Mr. Fastman's table, on the strength of Lord Bullrush having an estate in that county, which neither he nor his father had ever seen.

The Dowager had hoped to lead her son through life in the same pleasant and easy way that she had led him through the castle gardens when he was in frock and trousers, rewarding him from time to time with a peach or a bunch of grapes. But when he took to horse-flesh she preached, raved,

fell into hysterics, and finally sent for my uncle.

My uncle was not taken by surprise; but set out at once, and took me with him. We rode his two Norfolk cobs, presents from Lord Holkham. The family physician, Dr. Fleme, had been sent for: also Sir Albert Debonair, from London; but Dr. Fleme was attending the Duchess, and Sir Albert was at Brighton, waiting for a bow from royalty; so, I felt the Countess's pulse; and, with much trepidation, made up, on my uncle's suggestion, a prescription consisting chiefly of sugar, hot water, and old Cognac. Then I retired.

My uncle listened to the Dowager's mingled fears for her son's soul and body; for the Countess fancied a fox hunt was next door to an hospital; not dreaming that the Earl and his tutor had been pretty regular attendants on the Jennyton harriers for the previous three seasons. He then gently insinuated that, as the young lord unfortunately took after his father instead of his mother, and was consequently obstinate, and would be of age in a year, and might then object to certain liberties that her ladyship had taken with the estates, perhaps it would be better to let him have his own way. He mentioned the case of young Lord Modbury, who married the dairy-maid to spite his father, because he would not let him go to Paris; and the Honourable Mr. Eton who went to London and lost forty thousand pounds at the oyster club, because Lady Eton objected to his four-in-hand: with many other anecdotes of a like nature. Finally, he advised that the Black Oak Grange, the best house on the Blankshire estate, should be fitted up and filled with a carefully selected staff of servants, and a stud of first-rate hunters, and that her ladyship should withdraw all objections, on condition that his lordship took with him a resident medical attendant. To this conclusion, not without much sighing and sobbing, and pious ejaculations, her ladyship came at length; and this was the way in which I, Adam Musfeigh, who always had the strongest objection to anything beyond nine miles an hour, came to be the medical and daily companion of a fox-hunting Earl! Ah, me! The thought of what I have had to do, in my time, even now makes me tremble all over with goose's flesh as I sit in my morocco arm-chair, and enjoy the fruits of early hardships upon pigskin.

The Dowager took a fancy to me from the moment she saw me trotting up the avenue—for, as she flatteringly observed, "He rides so badly, he is not likely to lead dear Reginald into mischief."

It was October when this occurred. Down we went into Blankshire, and took possession of Black Oak Grange, a curious old-fashioned house, which was already scrubbed, warmed, and ventilated, with a corps of the ugliest maidens I ever beheld together. In this house I passed four seasons, and met with

many adventures; of which one will be enough for the present.

The Blankshire hounds hunted over one of those old-fashioned squiresarchical districts, where good fat land, rude cultivation, old families of moderately independent means, and the absence of mines and manufactories, as well as of roads leading to any important town, combined to nourish in great perfection all those John Bull prejudices which railroads and high-farming have done much to extinguish. Pigtales, top-boots and buckskins, four-horse coaches, postillions and outriders, county assemblies, minuets and cotillions, had their last stronghold in Blankshire. The county families seldom travelled to London; even the county members had perpetual leave of absence. The peers who had estates in the county rarely visited them, and if they came for shooting, came as strangers. Manufacturers were looked on and talked of, much as Southern planters talk of niggers. No professional man, except one favourite M.D., had ever been admitted to the Blankshire assemblies, held in the rooms of the chief inn—the Bullrush Arms—in a decayed cathedral town, where the squires had town houses, and spent a portion of the year (including hard frosts) in a series of dinners and whist-parties with the rosy, port-loving prebends of the old school.

The Blankshire Hounds had been a subscription pack from time immemorial, and had grown imperceptibly from badger and hare-hounds, to fox-hounds. There was a club, and a club uniform, which it is not necessary to describe, although it might fill a few pages for some fashionable sporting writers—at any rate, the whole club and county believed this costume to be perfection, and the utmost possible contempt was felt and shown for any stranger who varied a hair's breadth or a shade from the cut of the clothes or the colour of the tops, of the Blankshire Club. It was the rule of the Blankshire Club that no one appearing in the field should be spoken to unless he was introduced. "Foreigners," that is, persons not belonging to the county, were especial objects of dislike; and, at various times, the sons of rich merchants and manufacturers, who had been tempted to bring their studs over hundreds of miles of bad roads, by reports of the famous sport among the oxen-feeding pastures of Blankshire, were signally routed, in spite of their first-rate hunters and Meltonian costume, by the combined contempt and studied insults of the old squires and sporting parsons. Gates shut in their faces, loud laughter at mishaps, frequent misdirections, and unmistakable signs that they were not wanted, generally caused a speedy retreat. In fact, as Squire Thicked observed in a loud whisper to Parson Bowan, "They didn't want any interlopers, showing off their airs and their horses." And it is a curious fact, that these gentlemen of the old

school, who could not be too civil to the friends of their own set, were as proud of their systematic rudeness as if it had been both wise and witty.

But, the falling of war rents, and the change of times which brought the corn and cattle of other districts, better provided with roads, to compete with Blankshire; not to mention the inroads which a few generations of four-bottle men had made on ancestral estates, gradually diminished the income of the Blankshire Foxhound Club. As it was impossible to admit as subscribers any of the new men—sons of millers, agents, and lawyers who had grown up in a new generation—the suggestion of the Honourable Mr. Fastman, when on his visit to his uncle the Canon of the Blankshire Cathedral, of inviting young Lord Bullrush to take the mastership of the hounds (then vacant by the death of Squire Blorrington, of apoplexy, the day after the Annual Hunt dinner at the close of the season) was entertained, grumbled at, and finally agreed on: with the understanding that my lord was to pay half the expenses, and they were to manage.

Behold us then installed in the Grange, with everything new about us, except the black and white timber-faced house; everybody calling on my lord, and my lord calling on every body. Oh, those were queer times! Chiefly, the country people were puzzled how to treat me; but, as I kept in the background, and secured the goodwill of the steward, and the stud groom, by a little timely attention to their wives, and agreeable prescriptions for themselves, when they made too free with Bullrush claret, which mixed with Blankshire ale rather badly, I had good rooms, good attendance, and the best of the quiet horses to ride. I was supposed to hold a sort of secret-service-post direct from the countess, and the squires were tolerably civil.

It was astonishing how Lord Bullrush, who had been brought up in a nursery almost all his life, bloomed and flowered into importance. In a month, when the Dowager came down to visit him, she found that her influence had faded to a shadow; he came up to her, with his hands in his pockets, smoking a cigar. But to return to the Blankshire squires.

Lord Bullrush would shake hands, and would make friends with all who came out with the hounds; he broke through all the county etiquette; he greeted a hard riding young farmer quite as cordially as Squire Beechgrove or Squire Oldoak; he even asked Sheepskin the young lawyer to dinner, the day he beat all the field and jumped the Gorse Park palings.

One day—it was in December, after three weeks' hard frost—we met at the Three Ponds. When we came up, there was a strange, knowing groom leading two horses about, of a stamp we did not see every day—great well-

bred weight carriers, quite fresh on their legs; one of them, a black, with a side saddle. Whose could they be? It was not Miss Blorrington: we knew Miss Blorrington's old grey cob; it was not Mrs. Beechgrove: she was there, staring with all her eyes. Some one had asked the groom, and he had answered in a sort of Yorkshire accent, "My maister's."

"And who is your master, my man?" said my lord.

"There he is, a coming," said the man, "and perhaps you'll ask him yoursen."

"Fellow," cried Squire Grabbie, "do you know who you are speaking to? That is the Master of the Hounds, Lord Bullrush."

"I don't care who the hang he be; my orders is to answer no questions and tell no lies."

Up drove a Stanhope, drawn by a fast trotting bay; out of it got, first, a tall, broad-shouldered young man, dressed in a costume that set the whole hunt, except Lord Bullrush, in a ferment. None of them had ever seen anything like it before; but my lord always liked something new, and does now. A scarlet single-breasted coat and cap—all the Blankshires wore hats; leathers—all the Blankshires wore brown cords; hunting jack-boots—and all the Blankshires wore mahogany tops. Worse than all, the stranger wore moustaches. With a grave bow to the master and more ceremony to his companion, he handed out a pretty cherry-cheeked girl, in a black Spanish hat, with plump rosy lips, and nice teeth; a short saucy nose; and a remarkably neat flexible figure.

In an instant they were both mounted; and it did not look likely from their style and seat, that they were French—as Grabbie had suggested, with a contemptuous point at the black boots and moustaches.

On that morning there was not much time for inquiries. The hounds found a fox five minutes after being thrown into cover, ran him a run of ten minutes back to cover, there changed him for another who put his head straight and gave us (that is to say, those who like riding over hedge, ditch, brook, rail, and gate—I don't) one of the quick things of the season. Here, perhaps, it may be expected that I shall relate how the two strangers took the lead, kept it, and pounded the whole field at some tremendous fence. But, they did not do anything of the kind; it is true they did not follow my example, and keep with Farmer Greenleigh and Lord Bullrush's second horse man to the high road and the bridle roads; no, they kept tolerably straight, rode a fair second place out of the crowd, and made no display except once, when the old jealous brute, Grabbie, let the wicket gate of a covert fly back as the lady was cantering up to it. She never slackened her pace; but with one touch and one word flew it, and the next moment dashed the mud of a heavy plough in field into

the face of Grabble's wheezy mare, with a smile.

The kill was a pretty thing, on a steep grass hill-side, in view—the strangers fairly up. After the whoo-whoop, they turned their horses' heads and rode off, without giving any one a chance of saying a word.

Their departure was the signal for a thousand questions. Who were they? What were they? Where did they come from? Their persons, their horses, their accoutrements, were severely criticised. Their appearance in the field was treated as impudence; the man was a strolling player, if not a Frenchman. Parson Doddle suggested that he might be an emissary of the Pope; Lawyer Toddle suspected he was a Russian spy rather than otherwise. At length an appeal was made to Lord Bullrush, whom they despised for his youth, his half shyness and his ignorance of fox hunting, and whom they admired for his title and his estate. My lord gave it against them. He thought "the stranger a neat style of man who rode well, and the girl was monstrous pretty." This changed the current of criticism. Then came the news from Toddle's articled clerk, Bob Charply, that the strangers had taken the farm-house which formerly belonged to Farmer Cherry, and had six horses there; but only brought two men servants—one of whom was a yokel—and had hired a maid and two under-strappers in the village. They were man and wife, named Burden, or Barden, or Barnard, or something beginning with a B.

The next hunting day—we went out three times a week—the mysterious B's were on the field. This time mounted on two greys, better bred, better broke, and handsomer than anything in Lord Bullrush's stud. Again they rode forward, again disappointed Grabble, and Doddle, and Toddle, by not getting into grief. Ours is a fair country, with stiff hunting fences and some water, but it seemed child's play to the lady; and, as for the husband, he rode like one who had been crossing such a country all his life—quite quiet, and as firm as a rock. The vexatious thing was, that when all the club had decided that he was not to be noticed, or answered, or encouraged, he never gave them a chance of being impertinent, never spoke, never seemed to see any one: rode away the moment it was decided that the hounds were to go home. Some of the younger members of the hunt, thawed by the bright eyes and dashing style of the lady B., attempted a few civilities; but with no sort of success, although she succeeded in getting several into terrible croppers, by leading them over tremendous fences at the end of a hard run. Her favourite bay, thorough-bred, with her feather weight, was what she called him, Perfection.

The steady silence of the strangers had its effect. To my great amusement, after a certain time it began to be rumoured that they were

a young couple of high rank living incognito. One day the news came that the gentleman was a French prince of the blood; then he was the grandson of a noble duke; then he was the nephew of an English north-country earl. At length it was settled that they were most distinguished personages, who chose to bear the simple name of Barnard. Toddle's wife went in her new carriage with her best harness to make a call, when she knew they were out hunting, but found no one to answer her questions except stupid Molly Coddlin from our Blankshire charity school, where the smallest quantity of instruction was doled out among large lots of girls in hideous uniforms. Molly knew nothing except that her missis and master were real quality, and that Rentben, the saucy groom at home, had strict orders to let no one in. Mrs. Doddles tried, and called when Mrs. Barnard was at home. Mrs. Doddles had loudly proclaimed, after seeing the mysterious lady at the cathedral in a Parisian bonnet, that she must be an actress. Mrs. Doddles's cards were received, but "Master and missis were out, they told me to say," was the satisfactory answer. Squire Grabble, full of some private information, so far changed, that he rode up to the unknown horseman, and "hoped he'd join a few friends to dinner that evening;" to which the stranger answered loudly, before three or four of Grabble's set, "I have not the honour of knowing you, sir; and you don't know me. I may be a bagman, or a play-actor, or even a newspaper writer, as you observed to my servant the other day; therefore, I beg to decline your invitation."

Grabble grew so blue that I began to feel for a lancet. He spluttered out, "Do you mean to insult me?"

"Just as you please," said the stranger, laughing, and looking down on the little fuming man. So there the conversation ended.

At length I was sent on an embassy from Lord Bullrush, and got for answer, very civilly, that Mr. B. had come down for amusement and good sport, did not intend to go into society, much obliged, and all that.

For the rest of the winter these mysterious B's supplied our city with the staple of gossip. Offers to buy their horses were declined with "not at present." In the end, the conclusion came to was, that Mr. B. was some great personage in disguise. The majority inclined towards a Russian agent; though Doddles stuck up for the Pope and the Jesuit's College. All agreed that such horses were never seen in the county.

While the mystery was at its height; when Lord Bullrush, perfectly frantic at being balked, had determined to storm the house and throw himself at the feet of a young damsel, apparently a sister of the lady in the Spanish hat; the farm-house was found shut up. Farmer Cherry's executors adver-

tised a sale by auction of the furniture and stacks. Mr. Barnard's horses were placed in the stables of the principal hotel under the charge of the Yorkshire groom, and an advertisement in the local papers announced them for sale, "the property of a gentleman declining hunting." They were sold, with the exception of two reserved, at high figures, fetching the largest prices ever known in the county; but they did not give unmitigated satisfaction to all the purchasers. Perhaps it was the weight or the hand; but the sorrel and the grey never went so well with any one as with the lady in the Spanish hat. The groom was proof against gin, brandy, crowns and half-guineas. His master could ride a bit, he could, so could his missis; and that was all they could get out of him—probably it was all he knew.

After two more seasons, Lord Bullrush gave up the Blankshire hounds, and not only disgusted the whole neighbourhood, but I verily believe killed the Countess Dowager by marrying a pretty girl—a country surgeon's daughter—the very picture, as he declared, of the lady in the Spanish hat. After that, we travelled on the continent for three years. I published my book on Peculiarities of Digestion, and my Analysis of the Cries of Infants: on the strength of which, with Lord and Lady B.'s patronage, I set up in practice; until, at a fortunate moment, his lordship, who had settled down into a steady voting politician, was able to put me in the snug appointment I now hold. I live genteelly in Calverdish Square, and have a great reputation for the diseases of infants.

I continue a great favourite with both my lord and my lady, and am often asked, in the dull season when Parliament sits late, to take a vacant place at their table. It was after one of these dinners, on a hot July evening, that his lordship proposed a stroll and a cigar. We walked up and down divers quiet streets, until we came into a modern neighbourhood, where a magnificent chemist's shop occupied the corner. "Let us go in," said my lord, "I should like a glass of soda water."

Now, though my conscience went against patronising a surgeon who demeaned himself to sell soda water, I could not say no.

We walked in and had the soda water; but the sight of all the pretty things in glass and china set Lord B. (always a gossip) chatting and asking questions; at length the shopman was obliged to appeal to his master about some question of eau de Cologne. The master came forward: a tall man, dressed in the professional black and white.

As I was looking over the labels, a name repeatedly caught my eye, and reminded me of something, when I heard Lord B. exclaim, "Pray, sir, where have I seen you before? Your face is familiar to me." I looked up, and the truth flashed upon me as the druggist answered quietly, "In Blankshire, when your Lordship had the

hounds, and I went there to spend my honeymoon, and sell my father's horses, while waiting until I could buy a business to my mind. My father was a Yorkshire farmer, and made me—his third son—a surgeon. He had horses: of course we rode them. I went to Paris to finish my education, and there picked up my moustache and boots. When I married Farmer Cherry's heir-at-law, a neighbour of my father offered to lend us the house and told us the story of the Hunt. We were young, much in love, did not want impertinence, and did like fox-hunting. I heard of a surgeon's and druggist's business likely to suit me, and I left your county. We have three children. I am doing a good business—indeed it cost me some thousands of pounds—and we often laugh about the Blankshire Hunt. I hope to have your lordship's custom." Here he handed an ornamental card: Robert Barnard, Surgeon Accoucheur. Prescriptions carefully made up. Eau de Cologne, Seltzer, and all other German Waters.

Lord Bullrush laughed with delight; gave a large order for Seltzer water and perfumery; and hastened home to tell his wife. Barnard's has since become a favourite house of call. My lord delights to tell the story of the Russian Prince and Princess. And the other day, when young Lord Pie Poudre, grandson of Soffington of Lombard Street, was expatiating after dinner on "blood," and its inscrutable advantages, "Bosh," answered Bullrush, in his rough way. "Blood in horses, blood in greyhounds, blood in gamecocks, I understand; but, as for men, we must take him round to see our sporting druggist, eh, Doctor?"

THE STYRIAN MECCA.

PERCHED upon the summit of some pleasant hill, with cloistered paths under greenwoods about it, the rambler in Germany finds often some deserted hut, used now perhaps as a place of occasional prayer and meditation, wherein he is told that there once dwelt a holy man. Often there is a little chapel near the spot, and sometimes it retains much of its old character for sanctity. In some of these places bygone monks have established shrines to which pilgrims continue to repair, and of these in all Germany the most famous is Mary-Cell (Maria-Zell) in Styria. It is a place of resort much resembling in character the Maria-Einsiedeln in Switzerland, or the Maria-Czenstochau of Poland, not less distinguished in its way or less frequented than the Italian San Loretto or the Spanish shrine of Sant Iago di Compostella.

The church of Mary-Cell is built on a charming hill which rises from the centre of a wide natural basin. Green slopes environ it, swelling behind each other. At a little distance forests take the place of grass, and in the far back-ground there are picturesque

rocks. Streams that descend from the surrounding hills and mountains sparkle through the wide plain of the valley to join, close under Mary-Cell, the river Salza.

The traveller finds his way into this happy valley from the outer world through woods and between rocks, at last by a small foot-path to which several highways have converged, a narrow path trodden by many millions of feet. He is never out of sight of pilgrims, or out of hearing of their songs. They come from Vienna, and from all parts of Austria; from the Tyrol, from Bohemia, Hungary, Styria, Illyria, Croatia; they come singly or in sets, in processions, occasional and informal or annual and solemn. The flow of people from surrounding countries causes an average arrival of two hundred and sixty pilgrims to the shrine of Mary-Cell every day throughout the year; a like number of devotees is at the same time outward bound. They do not set in with an even tide, although the guardians of the shrine endeavour as much as possible to prevent themselves from being overwhelmed by too complete a flood. Generally during the fine weather, but especially at Whitsuntide and in the month of August, the influx is greatest. On remarkable and rare occasions the throng is enormous. Such an occasion will arise in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-six, which will be the seventh jubilee year. In the course of the last jubilee year there were assembled together at Mary-Cell in a single day three hundred and seventy-three thousand pilgrims, and the attraction of the shrine has in the succeeding century not in the least abated. The numbers of pilgrims fell during the disturbed year eighteen hundred and forty-eight, but they have already resumed their former strength. In their strength lies, of course, the strength and prosperity of the whole population fixed upon the spot. The priests preserve a register of all communicants. Annual announcements of the numbers registered have for the Mary-Cellians the interest of budgets. Publication of them is made first in the church; the knowledge of them is then circulated and perpetuated in a great many forms, and they may even be seen scored up behind the doors of inn-keepers.

Once upon a time, eight hundred years ago, there was a Benedictine Abbey, newly dedicated to Saint Lambrecht, on the borders of Carinthia in Styria, and the Duke of Carinthia had presented to the monks certain extensive tracts of land, including woods and meadows round about the borders of the Salza. This district was inhabited by scattered hinds and hewers of wood who led but a very heathen life. The Benedictines sent a missionary to them, and that missionary was the founder of the shrine. He is the first of the three heroes of the history of Mary-Cell; and in hermit's robes, with gray hair and

beard, he has been taken home as a picture by many millions of pilgrims.

He was a good old man, who went among the woodcutters and herdsmen with a little image of the Virgin carved in limetree wood. Upon the hill, to which the pilgrims now repair, he found a hollow tree, and, as the spot was suitable, he set up his emblem in the tree, and built himself a wooden cell hard by. The man was so good, and the site of his hermitage was so good, that they attracted not only the peasants of the district, but travellers also. The fame of the beautiful place increased, and in the twelfth century special journeys thither were not unfrequently made from distant places.

At last a certain Margrave, Henry the First, who was sick, dreamed that he must owe his health to Mary of Cell, and on his recovery display his gratitude by a pilgrimage made in his own person to her shrine. He recovered, and at the beginning of the thirteenth century made the pilgrimage. He first took thought for the better preservation of the hermit's image, and built for its reception a stone chapel. He is the second hero of the history of Mary-Cell.

Then the fame of the shrine grew quietly until, after a great many years, Louis the First, King of Hungary, vowed a pilgrimage to it before engaging in a battle with the Turks or Bosnians. He, in the middle of the fourteenth century, fulfilled his vow, and, not to be less liberal than the Margrave, built a handsome church over the stone chapel, just as the chapel had been built over the hermit's tree. He is the third of the three heroes.

From that date Mary-Cell began to predominate over other shrines of the same kind. The priests laboured in its behalf. The abbot of Lambrecht obtained from the temporal princes special privileges for dwellers on the spot. The archbishop of Salzburg, to whose see the place belonged, endowed Cell-pilgrimages with spiritual gain. Dukes and kings began fervently to dream of Cell, and to vow pilgrimages thither. Popes then took the place (of course) under their protection. Even in the time of Clement the Sixth, a bull of indulgence for a hundred days was granted to those who performed penance at Mary-Cell. During the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries almost every prince of the reigning house of Austria went thither. Few incidents in Austrian history failed to be registered by offerings paid to the shrine. Ferdinand the Second went thither on the day when the "Rebels of Prague" were executed. Emperor Leopold the First made the pilgrimage as often as nine times. An Austrian archduke had his heart built into the walls of the inner chapel of grace. After Austrian victories gold statues and crosses were despatched to Mary-Cell. Maria Theresa, and

her marriage with Francis the First, sent a double heart of gold studded with diamonds, in order that, as the inscription said, "the hearts of the wedded might be one in God." Joseph the Second, when archduke, sent the same gift when he married. Pounds of gold and silver, worked into dedicatory offerings, travelled the narrow way among the rocks and through the woods into the lovely valley over which Mary-Cell, throned on a hill, sits dominant. The wealth has been partly dissipated by the ravages of the French, and partly by the loss accruing from a fire which, in eighteen hundred and twenty-seven, destroyed King Louis the Great's church almost completely. To rebuild it, gold and jewels had to be sold, but there still remains, as we shall see presently, a rich and curious treasury. Of its contents account is kept, not only by the priests, but also by the government of Austria—not that there is any wide demarcation between the two bodies.

As one approaches the spot, road chapels and crosses recur at shorter intervals, and a turn of the road presently reveals a rock made to resemble Golgotha. The green watered valley shortly afterwards is entered, and the towers of the shrine are seen crowning the central hill. The singing of the pilgrims becomes more enthusiastic, and the flags of the processions flutter in the open sun. Processions which consist simply of fellow-townsmen or fellow-travellers marching in company are widely distinguished from the solemn processions, two of which set out in great state every year from Vienna, two from Grätz, others from other places in Austria Proper, Styria, Bohemia, Hungary, &c. There are seventy of these formal pageants which arrive regularly every year at Mary-Cell, but of that number twenty-four all come in the one month of August, and seventeen at Whitsuntide.

The bodily wants and the vanities incident to so large a fluctuating population, have of necessity called into existence a state of life in the immediate vicinity of the shrine that has not a very spiritual aspect. The market place of the hermit town consists, as may be supposed, almost entirely of public-houses or shops for the supply of the wants of pilgrims, and the church itself is encircled by a Vanity Fair as remarkable as MR. THACKERAY'S admirable book.

Within the great church, which contains the inner chapel, or the Caaba of this Styrian Mecca—within the great church are hundreds of people differing in costume, manners, language, and occupation. There seem to be thousands under the great roof, which is resounding with their songs; not with one song, for every woman or man, or every group of associated men or women, sings independent hymns to independent music.

Some pilgrims are lying flat upon the ground; some cling about the altar rails and peer through the twilight at an image dimly

seen; some walk as they sing; some kneel; some newly arrived are engaged on cheerful hymns of greeting to the Virgin; others about to leave are mournfully singing farewells. On the walls are votive tablets and inscriptions "courteously begging" the prayers of pilgrims for some persons dangerously ill. There are men and women walking about on their knees, all the while singing. There is a fat man struggling with his weight, and laboring to walk on his knees round the wide church walls day after day forty times a day, singing, while he does so, penitential psalms.

One may know the Slavonian groups from the German by their accents, which are so much softer, the people too are more imprecisable, and though they may not have more in their hearts, they show more reverence and devotion in their faces. There is a group of Water-Croats led by an old white-haired man with spectacles upon his nose, who gives the hymns out from a thumbed and soiled book of his own manufacture, written with his own hand. He cannot read well, or he cannot see well; evening is closing, and a man as old as himself stands gravely by holding a torch near the paper. Sometimes the whole hymn that the old Croat leads breaks down, when he has lost the thread of it. His neighbour puts the torch quite near the paper, and all gravely wait till they are able to go on again. One hymn being done, the old man is asked to lead another. Nobody attempts to supersede him in his office.

There are confessionals too. Sixty or seventy priests are engaged daily in attending to the pilgrims, and over each confessional is an inscription stating what language the priest there presiding speaks and understands.

The treasury of Mary-Cell, to be viewed under the guidance of the sacristan, is not only a treasure house, but a museum of antiquities. Many of its contents date from the time of Louis the First of Hungary, and Matthias Corvinus. The best part of the wealth has been contributed by the Hungarians, and to this day, next to the members of the Imperial Court in Vienna, the most liberal contributors of offerings to Mary-Cell are Magyar magnates. Among the curiosities of the treasury is a mermaid worked in gold and silver, which the wife of Matthias Corvinus used to wear suspended from her neck. The figure of a mermaid has been by popular superstition for centuries connected here with the health of women. There are offerings in the store that have been sent from France, Naples, and Spain, and from Don Miguel of Portugal. There is the bridal attire of the Duchess d'Angoulême; and in a golden acorn is contained the ball shot at the good Emperor Ferdinand. There are many anonymous gifts. Workmen have vowed to the shrine their master-pieces. There is an egg which a Viennese smith plated with shoeing iron

without once cracking the shell; there are the pens of some authors. Centre of attraction, there are the clothes of the third hero of the shrine, Louis the First of Hungary, himself; and there is the bridal dress worn by his wife five hundred years ago.

The quaintest thing in Mary-Cell is the Vanity Fair round about the church. Rings of shops are established for the sale of wax-lights, rosaries, prayer-books, and a great number of little things that are sold very cheaply, and are bought by the pilgrims either as offerings to use upon the spot, or as pious tokens to take home. The shopkeepers call wares of this description "prayer-goods," and themselves "dealers in prayer-goods," or "dealers in spiritual wares." One shop is an "establishment for Christian goods of every description." Occasionally the shops have signs, and such signs are all taken with startling coolness, sometimes from scripture. One is called "The All-seeing Eye. Establishment for Prayer and Spiritual Goods, by J. Hotzel." On the sign-board there is painted an eye within a triangle. Notices are to be seen in windows, labelling "Relics at reduced prices." One inscription over a door states that there are "Spiritual and pilgrims' goods sold here, and all kinds of fancy ware." Gigantic rosaries hang over the doors of rosary vendors, who supply those articles in every material, in glass or alabaster, in all kinds of wood or stone or metal.

The books at the bookbinders' shops are chiefly variations upon Litanies to the Queen of Heaven, in the Magyar, German, Croatian and Czechic languages. The silliest are among those written in German; priests who write in the other languages belong commonly to the more learned class. Many of the German books are produced by a literary class analogous to that by which bon-bon mottoes are produced. One of the books is called, for example, "The Heavenly Key to the little Garden of Paradise of Mary-Cell."

The most interesting branch of trade that has been fostered near the shrine, is that in wax articles. There is a factory upon the spot, of which the works are divided into two sections: one old-fashioned, in which arms, legs, and bodies are manufactured in the traditional way; the other new-fashioned, in which tapers, little baskets, flowers, and many pretty things are made. The old-fashioned wares are offerings, and consist of hollow models of stout legs, arms, eyes and other portions of the body, cast in the old wooden moulds, and made as thin as possible in order that they may be sold cheaply. These maintain the form that they have had for centuries and belong to the traditions of the shrine. According to the diseases of which they have been cured, are the wax offerings presented by pilgrims in the church, an eye for an eye, and so forth. A man

recovered of a broken leg presents a wax leg, and when the collection of such church offerings becomes very great they are melted down by the priests for hallowed tapers. In thankfulness for the preservation of persons saved from peril of death entire figures of men, women, and children are also bestowed upon the shrine. There are also waxen hogs, having an emblematic signification, frequently offered, more especially by the Hungarians and Slavonians. Mermaids of wax are given by women on recovery from sickness; and when a house or cottage has been saved from peril, a little wax house is the proper offering.

The modern wax department is pretty well level with the last improvements of the day; even in glass-blowing, wood-carving, and other branches of the pilgrim trade at Mary-Cell innovations and improvements on the ancient practices have for the last twenty years been suffered or encouraged. In this respect the contrast is great with the custom of the Greek church, which continues to produce amulets and pictures after the manner in use centuries ago.

We close this account of Mary-Cell with an innkeeper's view of it, as laid before M. Kohl. That gentleman, in his last book of travels—not yet introduced to English readers—has given a detailed notice of Mary-Cell and its Pilgrimages; and it is upon his store that we have been drawing. M. Kohl observed to the innkeeper, that there was a great majority of women among the frequenters of the shrine. "Yes," said mine host, "mercy upon us, such a heap of singing women as there is parading about. It's wretched, sir. They don't eat anything, and they bring to the innkeepers of Mary-Cell nothing but trouble and grief. They are all very well for the prayer-dealers. They buy mountains of wax-lights, offerings, and amulets. But the men eat and drink. The right men for me are your Austrinna. I like your people from Vienna. But the Croats, and most of the Czechs, too—mercy upon us—there's a wretched lot! They sleep on straw, and pay a penny cash for the accommodation. And they pay no more for their dinner. They come straight into our kitchens, buy their soup and bit of vegetable, and must pay for it on the dresser. Then they take it out into the streets and fields, and sit about munching by hundreds. Sometimes there are four or five hundred such folks crowding and worrying at once about the house. It's hard times, sir, that they make for us poor innkeepers!"

It is a fine sight to watch a Croat procession of patriarchal men in grey beards and white woollen cloaks, with their women also dressed in white, gravely departing homewards to their distant villages, after they have fulfilled what they consider a religious duty. The simplicity and uniformity of their costume causes these people to form much

finer groups in their processions than are produced by the congregation of their parti-coloured neighbours.

THE LADY HERTHA.

THE ancient Germans thought all blessings came
From a fair goddess—Hertha was her name;
She bade the spring awake the sleeping earth;
She nursed the tender flow'rets at their birth;
She scattered verdure over hill and plain;
She cover'd the broad field with golden grain;
She call'd sweet waters from the barren rock;
She guarded from the wolf the timid flock;
The trees she loaded with their luscious store;
And, when the time of flowers and fruits was o'er,
Upon the earth her veil of snow she threw,
And watch'd its slumbers with her eyes of blue;
She the first distaff to the housewife brought,
And how to use the plough the peasant taught.

When nature wore a garb of dainty green,
And cluster'd wealth upon the vine was seen;
When the hot sun glow'd in a cloudless sky,
Men did not think the Lady Hertha nigh;
They thought, while all were basking in her love,
She smiled upon them from her home above.
But when the winter came, and nights were drear,
They thought the Lady Hertha hover'd near.
And then their love was not unmixed with fear.

Throw open, throw open the windows wide,
For now is the season of glad Yule-tide.
The Lady will pass through the frosty air,
In snow-white garb, and with flowing hair.

Hear you her voice as she floats along,—
Through the wintry blast sounds her liquid
song;
Twelve days will she wander—that Lady fair—
In snow-white garb, and with flowing hair.

A heavy mischief will fall, no doubt,
On him who shuts the Wand'rer out.
So open the windows wide. Take care
To welcome the Lady with flowing hair.

Good housewives, mind that your floors are
clean;
Let no unseemly speck be seen.
Ye sluttish drones, beware, beware—
There is wrath in the Lady with flowing hair.

Years passed away. The land had lost its youth,
And holy men had come to teach the truth:
Some said that Hertha was a phantom vain—
The mere creation of a heated brain;
While others taught she was a sprite of ill,
Who roam'd about the soul of man to kill.
Her sacred car, which once the priest alone,
Trembling with awe, might lay his hand upon,
And which, with curtains closely hung around,
Seemed to enclose some mystery profound,
Was now thrown open to the vulgar gaze,
And serv'd, perhaps, the winter's fire to raise.
The ruthless axe hew'd down her holy wood:
A church was built where once her altar stood.

Though now the people seek not to adore
Her, whom they worshipp'd in the days of yore,
Still, it is thought, the Lady lingers near
The sons of those to whom she was so dear.
Her Yule-tide visits are not yet forgot,
But Christmas draws her to the ancient spot.

Throw open, throw open the windows wide,
For now on the blast doth the Lady ride;

Her garb is a shroud, and her eyeballs gleam
Still, welcome the lady with flowing hair.

Ye maids and ye mistresses, basily spin,
Although from your fingers ye wear the flax
If on Three-kings' day still the flax is spun,
You will anger the lady with flowing hair.

The wheel is broke of my Lady's car,
To fetch strong wood she will come from afar.
This good Yule-log will the wheel repair,
Let it stand by the door of the Lady fair.

Now through the air the witches shout,
And the Were-wolf is roaming about—
His teeth are sharp and his claws can tear,
But he dreads the lady with flowing hair.

'Tis Christmas-eve, the shepherd walks
Across the heath is eagerly talking
Unto himself about the weather,
And patting this and that together.
He loves to pass in neighbours' eyes
For one who is most weather-wise.
The Lady Hertha—well he knows—
As mistress of rains, fogs, and snows,
On the twelve mystic nights arranges
For the whole year the weather's changes.
Thus, if 'tis fine on day the first,
The year's first month won't be the worst.
While wet twelve nights, he well remembers
Are certain signs of damp Decembers.
Now, though to make up the amount
Of Twelve, the Eve we do not count,
Still one who would be extra-knowing
Will mark which way the wind is blowing
And shrewdly guess, by that same wind,
Which way the Lady is inclined.

The breeze blows from the east, no doubt—
Our shepherd flings his cloak about
His shivering limbs; the night is chilly—
He thinks it would be wondrous silly
Longer about the heath to roam,
And so he makes his best way home.

"I've seen a many ugly beasts, but never
before
A cur so ill-conditioned as that strange one
door;
There's evil in his shaggy hair, there's evil
growl;
There's evil in his shining eyes—I hope he
not howl.
A howling dog is bad enough at any time I know
If such a dog as that should howl, what would
not foreshow?"

He passes by the ugly cur,
Rejoicing that it does not stir;
But still a prey to anxious doubt,
Although his heart is pretty stout.
He enters, but he does not find
Aught that will cheer his troubled mind.
His wife has—Heaven knows whither—
And he—poor man!—is quite alone.

Faintly burns the lamp!
Dark and deep is every nook,
Ghostly eyes appear to look
From their hiding-place.
Every shadow forms a face;
Chilly is the air and damp,
Faintly burns the lamp!

Faintly burns the lamp!
Strangely do the embers glow;
And the ruddy light they throw

Seems to trace in words of fire,
On the hearth some omen dire,
Which the very heart will cramp;
Faintly burns the lamp!

Faintly burns the lamp!
All is still as death around,
And the eye in mist is drown'd;
Every sense seems magic-bound.
Stay! that heavy distant sound;
Was it the wild huntsman's tramp?
Faintly burns the lamp!

With trembling hand the shepherd takes
The flick'ring lamp, and towards the cradle,
In which his infant child is laid,
With tottering step his way he makes,
Bumping against each stool and chair,
And wondering who has put them there,
Seeing in kettle, pot, and ladle,
Faces that make the heart afraid:—
At last the lamp the cradle shows
Without the child—then out it goes.
The embers which the strange light throw
Grow faint—faint—faint—then go out too.

All is dark as pitch,
Dismal, desolate and drear,
Sorrow would compel a tear,
But the eyes are dry with fear.
Some ill thing is hov'ring near,
Werewolf—go blin—witch—
All is dark as pitch.

A minute passes, which appears
As long as half-a-dozen years.
But while the shepherd's eyeballs stare
On the black space in dull despair,
The door flies open, and his wife
Stands on the threshold, looking wild
And bearing in her arms the child.
With her the silver moonbeams come,
And cheer once more the shepherd's home,
Waking his deadened soul once more to life.

"My gudeman, oh, my own gudeman! the danger
now is past,
I thought I should have died with fear, but all is
right at last;
The child is safe—just see its smile; my very heart
it warms,—
I feel so strong, no power of ill could snatch it
from my arms.

"I fear you will be anger'd sore to think the child
was left:
Alas! I had set out upon a little harmless theft;
A stolen cabbage, as you know—such stealing is
no crime—
Will always make the cattle thrive, if given at
Christmas time.

"While I was in my neighbour's field, resolved
my luck to try,
I heard a hurried rustling sound—a monstrous
wolf passed by;
And, as he pass'd, a track of fire he seemed to
leave behind;
I would have scream'd, but ah! methought my
voice I could not find.

"Then, suddenly, just o'er my head, the sky, it
seem'd, grew bright,
And close before my eyes there rush'd a form at-
tired in white;
In speed 'twas like the lightning's flash, but yet,
methought, it threw
A kindly glance upon me from an eye of gentle
blue.

"And while I stood with wonder fix'd, half hope-
ful, half afraid,
The wolf came back, and at my feet a burthen gen-
tly laid.
It was my child; the moon was bright; the hide-
ous beast was gone,
But something seemed to tell me that I was not
quite alone."

The shepherd mused upon the danger past,
Till in a tone of joy he cried at last:
"Throw open, throw open, the windows wide,
For now is the hour of my Lady's ride;
The Werc-wolf was forced the child to spare,
He dreaded the lady with flowing hair."

BULLS AND BEARS.

THE animals of which we propose to treat,
are to be seen leading a civilised and peace-
ful life, in and about the purlieus of Change
Alley, London; their place of most especial
resort being Capel Court.

Although the subjects of this paper may
not be found described in any current his-
tory of quadrupeds, the reader will not fail to
have observed frequent allusions to them of
late, in the various City articles of the daily
journals. He will there have read, especially
since the affair of the occupation of the
Principalities, how Prince Strongenough has
been carrying everything before him; and
how, in consequence, the Bulls have been
forcing the market. This simply means that
a certain class of stock-jobbers called Bulls,
have been doing their best to force up the
value of the Funds—for their mere amuse-
ment, of course. In like manner, when we
read that Prince Stalkemoff, finding himself
outflanked, has made a retrograde movement,
and that the "Bears" are consequently in a
highly excited state, it need not be feared
that the animals so called in the Regent's
Park Gardens are becoming dangerous; all
that is intended to convey being, that another
class of stock-jobbers known as Bears, are
striving to depress the funded barometer, and
thus usher in a heavy "fall."

It may be said, without the least fear of
contradiction, that the British Stock Ex-
change is one of the mightiest engines at
work in the political world, if indeed it be
not the most omnipotent. Monarchs, diplo-
matists, statesmen, and generals, all depend
upon its breath for their existence. Diplo-
macy and military strategy are children's
toys, the merest air-bubbles in the hands of
negotiators of foreign loans. Place all the
live emperors in the world, with all their
crafty, old, gray-headed prime ministers in one
scale, and in the other, Rothschild or Baring,
and the former would kick the beam.

The despot of some overgrown but pauper
country wants to march an army against a
neighbouring state, to commit some act of
spoliation; or he may only wish to construct
a railway, or to strengthen his fleet. In either
case he is obliged, as a preliminary proceed-

ing, to write a civil note to one who is mightier than he;—a money leviathan, to request that he will be good enough to arrange the loan of a few millions of pounds sterling. The great capitalist does not send him a cheque for the amount by the return post, for the very good reason that he does not usually keep such large sums lying idle at his bankers', neither may he be possessed of a tithe of the amount required. But he returns the oft-repeated answer in money lending cases, "he has not the cash himself, but he thinks he knows some friends who have," and forthwith, having arranged the terms for interest and security, commences the inquiry amongst his friends, by what is termed opening a new loan. Such being the importance of this great interest, it may well claim from us some notice of its origin, its constitution, and its present working.

The property with which dealers and brokers on 'Change have to connect themselves consists of money loans to governments and shares in public companies. Our present paper will be confined entirely to the former of these, which may be very properly and conveniently classed under two distinct heads, that is to say, loans to our own government, known as the British Funds, and loans to foreign kingdoms and states, called Foreign Stocks. The custom of borrowing money appears to have been a right kingly practice from time immemorial in all countries. In England, ages ago, the sovereign thought it not incompatible with his regal dignity to levy "black mail" upon such of his subjects as he fancied had enough and to spare, and when this device failed to meet the exigencies of the case, he hesitated not at pawning the crown jewels or any other valuables upon which he could obtain a consideration. There were, it is true, no regular pawnbroking establishments in those days from the door of which dangled the three ominous balls of gilt; but there were ever those ready with their cash, who, too powerful to be robbed, consented to make advances against royal trinkets.

King John had a peculiar way of raising loans, not at all approved of by Isaac of York and his Jewish brethren. Edward the First seized upon the plate belonging to churches and monasteries under pretence of aiding him in a crusade to the Holy Land; large sums of money were collected for the same purpose; but it happened that when the royal treasure-chest became replenished, the king was taken suddenly unwell and declared that he did not feel equal to the voyage. His Majesty, nevertheless, did not think fit to return any of the moneys received for the special mission. Both Edward the Third and Henry the Fifth were frequently compelled, during their French wars, to the most unworthy shifts, and did not hesitate to borrow money, well knowing that it would never be returned. Edward the Fourth was said

to be the handsomest tax-gatherer in his kingdom, and so royally did he beg, that all the women of the day hastened to pay in their own or their husbands' contributions to the exchequer, for the pleasure of enriching such a goodly mendicant. It is related of this well-favoured monarch that, once as he sat in his apartments at Whitehall presiding over the receipt of taxes, he kissed a young widow who brought to his treasury more than was her due, whereupon the cunning lady immediately doubled the amount, and so bribed the King for a second kiss.

Henry the Seventh levied his rates upon the people upon a rather novel principle, by forcing the frugal to pay as much as the ostentatious; for, according to his financial logic, their frugality enabled them to do so. Elizabeth, having sold patents and granted monopolies until no more were required, resorted to the device of exacting new years' gifts from all of any note in the state, and these came to a goodly sum. She was also in the frequent habit of borrowing largely from the various corporations; of course without the trouble of reckoning interest upon such trifles; and, when she found she had more in her treasury than the immediate occasion required, her Majesty condescended to re-lend a portion of it to the same companies at an interest of seven or eight per cent. It may be truly said that the exchequer of our earliest monarchs was in the pockets of the people; that of Henry the Eighth in the monasteries and churches; that of Elizabeth in the corporations; and of the following sovereigns wherever they could find it.

It will thus be perceived that although our enormous National Debt dates no further back than the reign of William the Third, it does not at all follow, as some have supposed, that the art of getting the state into debt was the invention of that sovereign. Macaulay observes, with great justice, that "from a period of immemorial antiquity it had been the practice of every English Government to contract debts. What the revolution introduced was the practice of honourably paying them." Skilled in the commercial craft of his own country, William, whilst he imitated his predecessors in raising loans, did so upon something like sound principles, and under the names of Long and Short Annuities, Tontines and Lotteries, filled his coffers without defrauding his people. The latter have been very properly abolished, but the former still constitute a portion of the British Funds.

Although so intimately connected with the history of the Stock Exchange, and the career of Bulls and Bears, it would occupy too much of our space to enter upon any detailed account of the growth of the National Debt of this country. Most of our readers will not require to be told how this debt, which William the Third left at sixteen millions

sterling, had, at the accession of William the Fourth, reached the enormous amount of upwards of eight hundred millions, the yearly charge on which for interest was double the amount of the original debt of the country. The fatal necessities of war had caused this aggravation of our expenditure. Of the seven hundred and seventy millions of Stock created by loans between the years seventeen hundred and ninety-four and eighteen hundred and seventeen, nearly the whole had been the consequences of the hostile attitude of France. In one single year—that of eighteen hundred and fourteen, in which our greatest efforts against Napoleon had been made—not less than ninety-three millions were thus added to the funded debt of the country; in the two following years an equally gigantic amount was added.

During the early years of national loans six per cent. was the legal rate of interest; although in fact much more was frequently given. We read that in sixteen hundred and ninety-two the Government offered eight and ten per cent. for the loan of a million, yet could obtain but three-fourths of the required amount. During the reign of Anne and George the First high rates of interest were given for the moneys required: and although such rates have long since ceased, a practice amounting in effect to the same thing was very common during the late wars. It was a customary proceeding for the Government which needed a loan of ten millions to issue stock to the lenders for twelve or thirteen millions, as an inducement for them to provide the money; hence, although only four per cent. was the nominal interest allowed, it in fact amounted to four-and-a-half and sometimes to five per cent. on the sum actually raised. It is worthy of remembrance that, in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-six, eighteen millions sterling were subscribed in London by way of loan in sixteen hours, with the view of enabling the Government to prosecute the war with Republican France. The interest on Exchequer Bills has always been calculated at so much per diem; this rate has of course varied with other stock from threepence to three-halfpence. In eighteen hundred and forty-seven, when the Bank raised its rate of interest from three to eight per cent., Exchequer Bills stood at threepence per cent. per day.

The payment of the Dividends, or interest on the Stock constituting the Funded Debt of this country, has been entrusted to the Bank of England since the year seventeen hundred and seventeen. The Bank transacts the Government business for a fixed annual sum.

Austria had the honour of negotiating the first foreign loan in this country. So long since as the year seventeen hundred and six half a million sterling was raised amongst the men of "the Alley"—short for Change Alley—where at that time the business now

transacted in Capel Court was carried on. This was done at eight per cent., and secured on the Silesian revenues. The example once set, and the influence of British gold felt throughout the continent, other nations were not tardy in availing themselves of our surplus capital. The wealth that accumulated from trade and manufactures already gigantic as compared with other countries, the dazzling riches that poured in from our Indian possessions, offered a tempting prize to people who had no such resources within themselves. It was, however, chiefly during the present century that the great drain upon our ways and means to foreign countries took place. The first French loan was negotiated in eighteen hundred and fifteen to aid the restored Burbons. Up to eighteen hundred and twenty-five it appears that Denmark eased our capitalists of about three millions and a half; Portugal took a million and a half; Greece a similar sum; and Russia three millions and a half. These amounts are, however, mere trifles to the sums abstracted from our too credulous countrymen by the states of the New World.

We will say nothing about Pennsylvanian bonds and Pennsylvanian repudiation: but will confine our remarks to transactions in the more southern states of America. The young governments of that vast country, although scarcely out of their leading strings, yet evinced a capacity for loans that would have reflected credit on any luxurious Nabob of the East, or magnificent despot of the old world. As the rivers, the mountains, the animals, and the foliage of those countries of America are gigantic, so nature appears to have endowed their constitution with an equally enormous swallow for British capital. Within a marvellously short time young Brazil took unto itself five millions and a half sterling in the shape of English loans. Mexico, although scarcely on its legs, contrived the disposition of six millions and a half; whilst the states of Chili, Peru, Colombia, and Buenos Ayres were modest enough to be content with the trille of four millions and a half amongst them; so that, in that one south-western direction, Capel Court has contrived to scatter upwards of sixteen millions of the nation's property. How much of this enormous sum will yield any permanent interest, is a problem we should not like to hazard a conjecture upon: as to the principal, the sixteen millions and odd—that will, no doubt, be repaid about the same time that the Great Sea Serpent is caught, or when the Flying Dutchman succeeds in getting his letter-bag brought home.

The accidental discovery of rich deposits of guano on the Lobos Islands, enabled the Peruvian government, after a long lapse, to resume the payments of interest to their British creditors: these islands are estimated to continue productive for about nine years longer, at the end of which time, unless fresh

discoveries be made, our Peruvian bondholders will be in their former miserable position.

When the uninitiated in the mysteries of Coupons read in the columns of the morning journals a notice headed significantly, "Conversion of Spanish, Portuguese, Mexican, and Chilian Old Fours," they need not turn to the next column in the belief that it relates in the most remote degree to any missionary triumphs over the inhabitants of those countries; well might it be if spiritual conversions were as readily effected as those of secular Stock. The notice alluded to is simply a notification that the governments indicated having failed for many years to pay any of the interest due on their English loans at four per cent. per annum, intend to convert the shares of the said loans into Three per Cents. This change, harsh and arbitrary as it is thought by many not in the secret, will not in reality affect the holders of foreign stock to the smallest extent, as those persons will receive quite as much interest after the "conversion," as they were in the habit of doing previously.

The Stock Exchange, as it now exists, is of modern growth. Like "Lloyd's" and similar institutions, it has grown with the age, and by slow degrees accommodated itself to the altered circumstances of the times. Dealers in funded property, and negotiators of stock, first appeared in London in the year sixteen hundred and ninety-two; at that period the transactions in this description of business became so extensive, that men found it well worth their while to devote their whole time and energies to it. For a period of about eight years their dealings were carried on within the busy walls of the Old Royal Exchange; but at a very early date in the eighteenth century, share-brokers assembled for sales and purchases in the coffee-houses of 'Change Alley, in Cornhill. This continued the case for fully a hundred years, and the brokers and jobbers in stocks were then known as the men of the "Alley."

In eighteen hundred and one the first stone of the present Stock Exchange Building was laid in Capel Court, and since that period its members have been in the habit of meeting daily under its roof for business purposes, just as merchants assemble in the Royal Exchange every afternoon. Nevertheless Change Alley continues the favourite locality for persons following the profession of stock and share-broker, whose quiet offices may be easily recognised by the slips of paper containing daily and often hourly fluctuations in the prices of the Fonds, which are exposed to public view in their windows or at their doors. For many years the dealings in foreign stocks were carried on in the rotunda of the Bank of England; but as those transactions grew in importance, it

became impossible to continue the practice, and all stock and share business is now transacted under one roof.

The members of the London Stock Exchange have ranged at various periods from five hundred to a thousand, paying annual subscriptions of ten guineas each; at the present moment there are scarcely so many as the latter number. No person can become a member who is engaged in any trade, or who is a clerk to any merchant or company. Every one admitted must be recommended by three well-known members, who also become his sureties for two hundred pounds each for two years. The society is governed by a committee of twenty, having a president and vice-president; their rules are very numerous and stringent, calculated as far as any regulations are capable of doing so, for preserving unimpaired the respectability of the body.

In spite of every precaution, however, improper characters sometimes gain admission, and damage the reputation of the institution by acts of fraud; which unfortunately are very easily committed. Besides these intentional cases, there are others, which though equally damaging, are yet regarded by the gentlemen of 'Change, "more in sorrow than in anger." Men of previous high character have, through some unforeseen losses, been induced to enter rashly into speculation, in the hope of extricating themselves from their difficulties, by an anticipated rise in some particular stock: disappointment has blighted their expectations, and has led to their becoming defaulters. Others again are ruined through the insolvency of those for whom they act.

The much-dreaded result of a "default"—or inability to pay claims—when accompanied by fraudulent dealings is the exhibition of the defaulter's name upon the "Black Board." To be once gibbeted in this way, is civil death to the sufferer, as regards the Stock Exchange; no interest, no wealth, can again place his name on the society's books. Care has to be taken in this act that the committee, who order the fatal notice, be not made liable to an action for libel. For this purpose the sentence runs as follows:—"Any person transacting business with John Smith, is requested to communicate with Thomas Brown." John Smith will be the party whose expulsion is determined on, and the notice answers the purpose; for no defaulter has ever been known to make his appearance after having had his name on the Black Board. This effective and peaceful mode of killing members has been in existence since seventeen hundred and eighty-seven. Members who become defaulters, or, in ordinary language, insolvent, are readmitted after a careful inspection of their books, provided they are able to pay thirty per cent. of their liabilities. They are re-admitted under three grades of what in bankruptcy would be called certificates; the class depends

on the character of the defaulter's dealings, and the extent of his assets.

Of the respectability of the Stock Exchange, not less than of its vast influence, there can be no question; although the many cases of fraud and improper transactions which have occurred among some of its members, have earned for it a reputation by no means enviable, and certainly not deserved.

The members of the Stock Exchange consist of, as has been previously stated, brokers, and dealers or jobbers. The former receive and execute orders from moneyed people, to purchase or sell stock or shares, for which they charge a commission of two shillings and sixpence in the hundred pounds. It happens not unfrequently that their orders may come from mere speculators, men of straw, or men who go beyond their means during some great excitement; and, should such operations result unfavourably, the broker, by the Exchange rules, must make good the deficiency. The dealers are men of varied means, and occasionally of no means whatever, who are nevertheless always willing to undertake a sale or purchase of stock at a certain price, and no matter to what amount. They buy on the calculation of selling to a gain, and in the same manner will sell what they do not possess, in the expectation of being able to purchase sufficient stock for their customer at a price that shall leave them a profit.

What are called Time Bargains, or purchases for "the account," constitute the largest portion of the business on Change; and, although such transactions are, strictly speaking, illegal, and not recognised by the legislature, the members could not exist without them. These dealings have not been of very long standing. They had their origin in the following way:—Twice in every year—but latterly four times—the Bank Stock Books were closed against transfers for a period of some weeks, in order that the warrants for the dividends due on them might be made out. During these periods it was customary for individuals to effect sales of stock for "the opening," as it was termed; this was perfectly legitimate business, and was recognised by the Committee as such. But that which arose out of a necessity subsequently assumed a different shape, and time bargains, in place of being carried on only during the periodical closing of the books, have grown into daily and hourly transactions of enormous magnitude.

To meet this new state of things, stated settling days are arranged, on which all engaged in bargains against "time," or "for the account," must close their pending dealings, and square their purchases against sales. By means of this credit system, a vast amount of stock business may be done without the dealer possessing a large capital; all that he may require will be sufficient to meet the difference between his purchases and his sales on settling day. During such an exciting period

as we have recently witnessed and are still experiencing from the uncertainty of peace, large sums have been made in this way. But if one party makes a gain, somebody must as surely be a loser for the like amount. To illustrate this, we will suppose that A agrees to sell B five thousand pounds of stock "for the account" at 95; the funds in question may at the time be 95½, but A is working what is termed a "bear account," that is, he is operating on the chances of the funds declining in value. If he be right in his calculations, and the funds indicated fall to 94 by settling day, it is clear that A realises fifty pounds; but should they on the other hand rise to 95½, he will as surely have to hand over the difference of twenty-five pounds. In either case, the value involved is not five thousand pounds, but simply the "difference" fifty or twenty-five pounds, as the case may be; and inasmuch as these differences will be paid by bankers' cheques, there is actually no coin required in the transaction; hence the great readiness with which these dealings are entered upon. Nevertheless there can be no question but that time bargains must be viewed in the light of gambling, in common with any other lottery.

The technicalities of the Stock Exchange have been current for upwards of a century. Some of them are sufficiently puzzling to the world outside the Alley. In addition to the term explained above, there are the Bulls, who are those jobbers who, reversing the operations of the Bears, seek to turn a few thousands by means of a rise in the value of stocks. To effect this, the most legitimate means are not always resorted to. Rumours violently exaggerated, predictions the most opposed to truth, are but too frequently the machinery employed for working either a Bull or a Bear account. It is impossible for those who have not witnessed the arrival and spread of disastrous intelligence in the purlieus of Capel Court, during a period of public excitement, to form an adequate idea of the commotion caused by the news. Hundreds of thousands of pounds often change hands upon the good or ill news of a single mail. This may be partly realised by those of our readers who have observed the fluctuations in the value of the British Funds since the recent complication of the Russo-Turkish question. The heaviest and most sudden variations in the Stocks were during the long and costly wars consequent upon the first French Revolution.

Previous to the middle of the last century, the funds stood at the highest point at which they were ever known; viz., 107, or seven per cent. above par. Between that period and the breaking out of the French Revolution in seventeen hundred and eighty-nine they ranged from par to 47½—that being the zero of prices, which Consols touched in the month of January, seventeen hundred and ninety-eight. A curiosity was lately exhibited on the Stock Exchange in the shape

of a Stock receipt for thirteen hundred pounds Consols at the price of 47½ per cent. That being within a fraction of the lowest point to which Consols had ever fallen.

The history of the British funds shows that their falls have always been more sudden and of greater extent than their recoveries. Hence it is seen that the greatest improvement in the funds was on the concluding of the Peace of Amiens, when they rose ten per cent.: whereas, when hostilities recommenced in eighteen hundred and three, they fell seventeen per cent. in one month. The effects produced on 'Change by different events are not without interest. The first outbreak of the French Revolution depressed the funds two and a half per cent. The war with Russia, in eighteen hundred and seven, sent them down two per cent. The landing of Napoleon from Elba caused a decline of eight per cent., and the refusal of William the Fourth to dine with the Lord Mayor, in eighteen hundred and thirty, sent them down seven per cent. Whilst on the other hand the Battle of Waterloo raised them but six per cent.

The terms Contango, Backwardation, and Continuation, are applied to arrangements connected with Time Bargains. The Contango is the rate of interest (generally about three-sixteenths per cent.) incurred by a buyer to postpone payment until the next settling day, when he has not the means or the inclination to pay for it at once. For instance: taking the price of the day at which the bargain was made at 94½ for the December account, the buyer has three-sixteenths per cent. added to this quotation for the accommodation of deferring actual payment for the stock until the settling day in January. Backwardation reverses the transaction. In that case, the buyer receives a per-centage on the condition of not compelling the seller to deliver the stock at the next day of reckoning, but to retain possession to the succeeding account, or for any other future day agreed upon. The Continuation consists of an additional percentage paid by either party for keeping open the transaction, should he not be in a condition to close it at the time specified when the bargain was struck. These, and all other incidents of Time Bargains, are rank gambling.

There have been Bulls and Bears other than those of the Alley, if we are to believe all that is handed down to us in the shape of gossip of the day. Members of the Government high in office, Peers of the realm, are said to have jobbed in connection with 'Change men upon the strength of official information: and it is even said that Ministers of State have sold important news, known only to themselves, for large sums of money to jobbers who did not fail to turn it to profitable account: and in those days, when steam and electricity were agencies of communication as yet undreamt of, the value of early intelligence must have been unlimited.

The great Marlborough was not proof

against the tempting bait held out to him by the Rothschild of his day, one Medina, who paid the commander six thousand a-year during his campaigns for the privilege of accompanying him, and forwarding to his friends in the Alley the important events of the war by the government courier. By this means the celebrated battles of Oudenarde, Blenheim and Ramillies, were turned to a golden account by the skilful stockbroker.

It is a matter of notoriety that the first forgery of Exchequer Bills, and which occurred in the year following their introduction, was committed by Members of Parliament, some of whom were ordered to pay a fine of two hundred thousand pounds for the offence; although it is very doubtful if the penalty was enforced.

To look into the history and proceedings of our Stock Exchange without a glance at the career of its greatest member, Baron Rothschild, and of his co-labourer Mr. Baring, would be indeed a grave omission. The Chapel Court Baron may be said to have brought the science of financing to its present perfection. The elder and original Rothschild, the father of the great man, was a merchant of Frankfort; where, with his four sons, he drove a thriving business. Towards the latter part of the last century, Nathan Meyer, the eldest of the brethren, came over to this country with the view of enlarging their connexion. For some years he carried on a prosperous business in Manchester; until, at the commencement of this century, having quadrupled his capital, he made London his head-quarters, and at the same time began to give more attention to financing than to trade. He was not long in becoming a man of repute on 'Change; and, aided by the very best advices from his brothers who were then corresponding with him from Paris, Vienna, and Frankfort, he succeeded in laying the foundation of that fortune and fame which were afterwards to become a part of European history.

It is not a little remarkable that the first English loan for which Rothschild contracted, went at a discount. This was in eighteen hundred and nineteen, and the amount being twelve millions, appeared likely to prove a serious stumbling-block in the path of this rising man. But his genius saved him. By consummate address and management, he contrived to back out of this his first essay, free from all loss. Henceforth, his career was one of unexampled prosperity; and although it is not our intention to do more than glance at the footsteps of this monarch of 'Change, an anecdote illustrative of his strategy may not be out of place.

The movements of such a man as Rothschild was were watched by the jobbers of the day, who, conscious of his superior information and judgment, were ready to take their cue from his proceedings. But the wary financier was usually an overmatch for the crowd. When he received some intelligence, which

he believed would cause the funds to rise, he ordered the broker who usually transacted his business to sell out half a million of stock. This of course became known at once, and the fact alone caused a depression of one or two per cent. Availing himself of this fall, Rothschild gave orders to other brokers not in his employ to purchase to the extent of several millions at the reduced price, and in a day or two Capel Court was puzzled at learning good news when they were expecting bad.

Both Rothschild and Baring availed themselves of the use of pigeon-expresses for conveying important intelligence for a distance, and these continued to be used up to a very recent period. They exceed in rapidity all other means except the electric telegraph, which has now superseded every other method. But inasmuch as this means is open to all, and since the daily journals forestall all private intelligence, there is no longer the same opportunity which formerly existed for working the market in anticipation. It is true some men of no character contrive to work even electric telegraphs to their own purposes by forwarding through them false or exaggerated statements, yet these are scarcely so numerous as might be expected, and are soon detected.

Amongst the devices resorted to by the unscrupulous men who occasionally find admission into the Stock Exchange, is one almost impossible to prevent, and equally difficult to punish. Two persons acting in concert agree the one to buy, and the other to sell "for the account" to as large an extent as may be possible. This will be done when some fluctuation is expected; and it follows that when the settling day arrives, one of the party will be a gainer in the same ratio to the losses of the other. It is thus possible that whilst one becomes a heavy defaulter, having no means, the other will have realised a handsome fortune, and this, unless the fortunate schemer outwits his fellow, will be afterwards divided between them. These transactions, however to be regretted, will happen, despite the one hundred and fifty-nine stringent rules of the Stock Exchange Committee.

CHIPS.

HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE AGAIN.

I AM a Queen's messenger, or rather, I was; for, of course, I am a ghost, or I should not dare to write this article. Well then I was a Queen's messenger, and it was while hurrying home from Dahomey with the account of an Ambassadorial squabble that I met with a little adventure in the neighbouring state of Tombuctoo, which retarded my journey. It also caused me for some time to be in bad odour with the clerks of

the Foreign Office; and, as all my happiness while in this world of course depended on the opinion of those gentlemen, I am anxious, though a shade, to clear my defunct reputation in their eyes.

About the time to which I refer, many people were meeting with similar mishaps, for it was subsequent to the appointment of Lord Fiddlededee as British representative at that Court, and the Government of Tombuctoo were happy in the conviction that they might take any liberty they liked with such an agreeable elderly gentleman. This however was not my fault, it was merely my misfortune.

My mishap occurred in a railway, and in consequence of the suspicious appearance of a commercial traveller, who sat on the opposite seat. He had a book of patterns with him—a neat book—an English book, with a morocco cover, and a little patent lock. It might have been a despatch box, or it might have been used, indeed, for carrying forbidden pamphlets and revolutionary manifestoes; though, I confess, this idea did not occur to me at the time.

Being anxious to do as much business as possible, no matter what was the subject started by his travelling companions, he contrived to turn it, soon or late, to printed cottons, and to open his book of patterns. He was a pushing, bustling, money-making Briton, with spare whiskers, and a smug, clean face.

Between Dahomey and Tombuctoo he had opened his book of patterns, twenty times, to different persons who he supposed might be likely to trade with him; and a close acquaintance had sprung up between us. Indeed, I was never tired of admiring the smart little man and his patterns. His determined earnestness in trying to take fortune by the forelock, and to bear her away from all competitors, had a kind of fascination.

We were drawing near to the famous capital of Tombuctoo, and travelling quite alone in a large carriage. Every now and then, the guard came to look at us to see if we were safe; once or twice he called us by our names and referred to an ominous looking paper which he carried in his hand. Various guards came in to look at us indeed, and on the appearance of every new one, something almost like the ceremony of an introduction seemed to pass between us.

My acquaintance, whose name was Gossop, grew alarmed; and even to me there seemed something suspicious in the close attention paid to us. At length, on our arrival at Tombuctoo, the book of patterns disappeared for ever. Perhaps the authorities at Tombuctoo were ashamed to give it up, after having arrested two peaceable individuals on the strength of its contents. Perhaps they thought it might furnish a clue to some new species of cypher. At all events we passed just sixteen hours in a most dreary gaol, till the matter was cleared up in some incompre-

hensible manner; and then we were let out without the smallest explanation.

We had the honour of an interview with Lord Fiddledee's porter, upon the subject, on the following day. My lord was taking a music lesson, and could not be seen. After some delay we were shown into a room in which were a considerable staff of well dressed young gentlemen warming themselves in every variety of position; and to these young gentlemen we were introduced by a grave functionary, who could not speak English. The young gentlemen seemed to think we had met with a pleasant adventure, and rallied us agreeably about it.

"But," said Mr. Gossop, dolefully addressing one whose attention appeared to be chiefly absorbed in caressing a strange wild crop of hair, "I have lost my patterns, and without my patterns, I am nobody—nothing—the object of my journey is lost."

"Oh, you can easily get others," said the young gentleman. "It is not worth while making a row about that. But do tell us something about the place where they shut you up." The lively young diplomatist assumed an air of awakened interest and delight at the prospect which had thus unexpectedly turned up, of supplying him with amusing information upon a subject with which he was unacquainted.

Mr. Gossop was abashed at this treatment; he grew also irate, and his story became confused. Wrathful, touzled, hungry, red-eyed, fresh from prison, that true-bred Briton was quite a different person from the brisk, clear-headed, well-trimmed little man, who vaunted his wares with such a keen eye to the main chance, only forty-eight hours before.

I tried to explain for him. Being myself of a rather resigned and phlegmatic temperament, and being, moreover, accustomed, from frequent journeys through Mahommedan countries, to take things coolly, I was not so much affected by the indifferent board and lodging which had been supplied to us on the previous night by the Government of Tombuctoo. I think the account I gave of what had happened was plain and intelligible.

"You know you can have nothing to say in the business," observed the lively young gentleman with the wild hair. "It is Mr. Toffy who makes the complaint."

"Gossop," said my companion.

"Well, Gollop, then," said the lively young gentleman. "Upon my word, Mr. Gotlop, I think you had better forget all about it, and leave Tombuctoo as soon as you can, for fear they should lay hold of you again. You see you were clearly in the wrong—"

"But you forget," I said, "that I was stopped also; and, as a Government servant carrying despatches, the consequences of such an arrest might have been serious."

"Oh! If," said the young representative of Britain, gaily; "If my aunt had whiskers she would be my uncle."

"Stuff!" broke in another young gentleman, who had been trying to fix a remarkably obstinate eye-glass into his left eye. "Stuff, Captain Bolt! Mr. Tiffin, the sub-vice-consul at Dahomey, was stopped the other day. I am afraid Hufsey at the Foreign Office will be very angry with you about this."

I had never heard of Hufsey, and asked meekly who he was.

"Don't you know Hufsey, the chief clerk of the Dahomey and Tombuctoo departments? You had better go to him directly when you get to London, and explain the affair privately."

"Explain what?" said I, rather disconcerted.

"Why, about your getting into this mess with the police, and giving all this trouble."

"Oh indeed!" said I.

This was all that came of our complaint. What befell my companion subsequently I don't know; for it was plain that I had better not keep company with such a dangerous character, at Tombuctoo, during the glorious mission of Lord Fiddledee.

YOUR VERY GOOD HEALTH.

CERTAIN "Results of Sanitary Improvement" have lately been published in a little tract by that indefatigable and useful sanitary reformer, Dr. Southwood Smith. We repeat here some of the most striking, taking them as we find them and leaving every man to deduce from them his own conclusions.

First, as to the preventibleness of what is called zymotic disease; of cholera, for instance. Baltimore in the United States is a town with nearly a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. It is generally well built, but has low and unwholesome districts near the river. In the spring of eighteen hundred and forty-nine, cholera was in America, and seemed to be upon the way to Baltimore. The citizens of that town spent, freely, both money and labour to prepare themselves against the threatened attack; they purified the town thoroughly, and in the summer all agreed that it never before had been so clean. About the middle of June cholera was in the surrounding towns, and there was in Baltimore prevalent diarrhoea, with a strange vague sense of oppression over the whole region of the abdomen. "At that time," says the medical officer of the city, "I felt assured that the poison which produced cholera pervaded the city; that it was brooding over us; that we were already under its influence; and I anticipated momentarily an outbreak of the epidemic. In about two weeks, however, from the commencement of this diarrhoea, and the prevalence of the uneasy sensation which accompanied it, these symptoms began to subside, and in a short time they wholly disappeared. Simultaneously with their disappearance, cholera broke out at Richmond,

and other towns south of Baltimore. I then felt assured that the fuel necessary to co-operate with this poison did not exist in our city; that the cloud had passed over us and left us unharmed."

There was better evidence of the danger that had been escaped. In the almshouse two miles out of Baltimore, the poison cloud *did* find the co-operation that was absent in the town. That almshouse is built on a pleasant healthy site, and is surrounded by a large farm. It contains six or seven hundred inmates. On the north side, not far from the house, is a ravine into which outlet had been made for all the filth of the establishment. Every precaution against cholera was taken in the almshouse, but the filth was left in the ravine. When the cholera-cloud—if we may so call it—hung over Baltimore, there was a slight breeze blowing steadily from the north. The wind blew over the ravine against the north face of the almshouse. Among the persons lodged on that side of the house, cholera broke out. Paupers who slept in rooms opening to the north were attacked, others generally escaped. There were eight medical students attached to the establishment. Four who slept on the north side of the building were attacked; the other four, whose rooms were differently placed, escaped. The manager slept in a room looking north, and he was seized; his family slept in rooms looking south, and they all escaped. At last the bed of the ravine was cleansed with a stream of water, and then covered with a thick coat of lime and earth. The men employed in the work had cholera. After the drainage was complete, the number of seizures in one day fell from eleven to three. In a fortnight, the epidemic in the almshouse had entirely ceased.

In the next place we may come nearer home, and speak of the dreadful visitation which last year destroyed more than fifteen hundred of the inhabitants of Newcastle. The barracks are about three quarters of a mile from the centre of that town. In a village two hundred yards from the barracks, cholera killed one or two persons in almost every cottage. In the garrison, great activity was shown by the medical and commanding officers. Sewers and drains were cleansed, every kind of filth was removed, and every spot upon which filth had lain was purified. The freest possible ventilation was established in the building, day and night; all overcrowding was avoided; diet was regulated; and the men were forbidden to go, after evening roll-call, into the town, where they would visit low haunts and infected places. Home amusements were promoted, and there was a daily medical inspection of all the five hundred and nineteen inmates. Among that number of people there occurred in the barracks four hundred and fifteen cases of premonitory diarrhoea; but not one was suffered to develop

into cholera. The garrison came sound out of the trial.

Other facts stated by Dr. Southwood Smith in the small twopenny pamphlet to which we refer, concern the working of the Common Lodging-Houses Act, by which cleanliness is enforced and overcrowding is prevented, in the lodging-houses used by vagrants and the very poor. Such places, in their old condition, were always hotbeds of fever. One such house in the metropolis, would be known to send to the London Fever Hospital twenty cases in the course of a few weeks. Now, in one thousand three hundred and eight such houses, registered in the Metropolitan Police district, during the quarter ending last October, not one case of fever occurred.

In Wolverhampton there are two hundred lodging-houses, through which it is reported that, in the last year, half a million of lodgers passed. The Superintendent of Police testifies that "there has not been in them a single case of fever since the Lodging-House Act has been in force, in July, eighteen hundred and fifty-two." From Wigan, Morpeth, and Carlisle, statements have been received of a similar description.

Lastly, let us take some facts which concern private homes. Near the Waterloo Road, London, there is a very decent square of thirty-seven houses: built twenty years ago, and provided with untrapped closets, cesspools, and brick drains. In the course of a year, out of the four hundred and thirty inhabitants of that square, one in five was sick, and the yearly deaths were at the rate of fifty-five in a thousand. At the beginning of eighteen hundred and fifty-two, the drainage of the whole square was reformed. When the property was re-examined two or three months ago, it was found that the rate of mortality had fallen from fifty-five to thirteen in the thousand.

Buildings have been erected in various parts of London by a Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes. They were not built as a commercial speculation, but they return a per centage to the promoters. Ground in London being expensive, they are five-storied and let out in flats; the stairs are practically streets; and each room or set of rooms is not less private than an independent house. The rents are level with the rents in dirty streets which surround Drury Lane. In these buildings the utmost attention has been paid to drainage, water supply, lighting, and ventilation. Out of a whole population of more than thirteen hundred in such buildings, which are commonly erected in poor sickly districts, the annual mortality has been at the rate of seven in a thousand. In an ill drained part of Kensington having nearly the same population, the mortality was at the rate of forty in a thousand; and in the square recently spoken of it had been even more than that. Of the thirteen hundred people

in the well-drained, lighted, watered, and ventilated buildings, nearly five hundred were children under ten. Of these five hundred only five died in a year. If their chance of life and death had been the same as is encountered by such children in the whole of London, there would have died of the five hundred in a year not five—but nearly five times five—as many as twenty-three. For, on an average, taking the rich and poor together, well drained and ill drained, we Londoners lose forty-six in every thousand of our little children. In the ill-drained bit of Kensington just cited, there have died every year out of a thousand children, not less than one hundred and nine. If we were all in London lodged as wholesomely as those artisans who are tenants of the Metropolitan Association, it may be said—if we draw from a limited experiment a wide conclusion—that we should have twenty-three thousand a year. If we were all lodged as unwholesomely as the inhabitants of the Potteries in Kensington, with the same reservation it may be said that the yearly loss of life in London would be greater than it is by forty thousand.

The twenty-three thousand Londoners, fewer or more, who in this year, eighteen hundred and fifty-four, are otherwise to die through the want of a complete sanitary system, had better bestir themselves and look after reforms. The difficulty is to know, taking the number as we find it, which of us are to be enlisted in the army of dead men claimed yearly by King Dirt. A large part of the army, certainly, will be made up of those who are already cast out from society. Another large part will be made up of the children. The rest will consist of adult people, more or less influential, who can make their voices heard, if they choose to speak.

STANDING ON CEREMONY.

THERE are heroes who never get the laurel, and martyrs who never win the crown; but is their worth the less, are their virtues poorer, than if they had had trumpets blown before them for a thousand years, and statues erected to their memory in tons of iron and quarryfuls of stone? No; and therefore we think we do a great and charitable action in producing for the reader's delectation a short notice of one of the most shamefully neglected of the great men of old. Perhaps his very name is unknown. Yet he was "that knowing knight and well accomplished courtier," Sir John Finett, who was Master of the Ceremonies to King James and Charles the First, and who told more lies for the good of his country, and endured more plagues, and settled more disputes, and gave more invitations to masques and supper parties, than any man of his time.

This illustrious personage left behind him,

for the improvement of the remotest generations, a treatise which the preface says "goes indented with many signal passages of the Reception and Treatments, of the Conduct and Audiences, the Pretences and Precedencies, with divers Contests and Punctilios of State between forren Ambassadors." The date of the publication is sixteen hundred and fifty-six; but the journal of his great employments begins with sixteen hundred and twelve. It contains the real unadulterated experiences of a gentleman usher for seven-and-thirty years. He is associated in his office with Sir Lewis Lewkner, and no sooner does he receive his appointment than his troubles begin. The Count Palatine of the Rhine landed at Gravesend on Friday night, the sixteenth of October, sixteen hundred and twelve, and achieved his journey to London on the Sunday following, for the purpose of marrying the Lady Elizabeth, King James's only daughter. "His train," says Sir John, "consisted of a number not so great as gallant, most of them being much better fashioned and better clothed than Germany usually sends them forth. There were of them eight counts (besides Count Henry of Nassau), about six-and-thirty gentlemen, and of the rest about an hundred and fifty." Essex House near Temple Bar was assigned as his usual abode; but he had private apartments at Whitehall and also at St. James's. On the thirteenth of February following, the Master of the Ceremonies was sent by the Lord Chamberlain (the Earl of Suffolk) from his Majesty to the archduke's ambassador, Monsieur de Boiscot, with this formal invitation, to the marriage of the princess: "That his Majesty who desireth to perform all things with conveniency, having invited the French Ambassador and the Venetian to assist at the first daye's solemnity, requested him to honour the second or third daye's either dinner or supper, or both, with his presence. After some time of pause, his first question was (with a troubled countenance) whether the Spanish Ambassador were invited? I answered (answerable to my instructions in case of such demand), 'that hee was sicke, and could not be there.' 'He was yesterday,' quoth he, 'so well that the offer might have very well been made him, and perhaps accepted.' To this I replied, 'That his Majesty having observed that the French and Venetian Ambassadors holding between them one course of correspondence, and the Spanish and Archduke's another, their invitations had been usually joyn't.

"This he denied, saying, 'The French had been sundry times invited to masques, &c., and not the Venetian; the Venetian, and not the French; the Spaniard, the like; but hee, the archduke's ambassador, never; that for his own particular person (as hee was Boiscot) he should think himself honoured to be called by his Majesty on any terms, were it to serve up a dish to the Princess's

table; but, as he was the representant of so great a Prince as the archduke, one who would never allow it," he said, "so much as a question or thought of competition between him, a monarchall sovereigne, and a meane republique, governed by a sort of burghers, who had but an handfull of territory in comparison with his master, and (as would be averred, he said, by ancient proofes, had ever yielded precedence to the archduke's predecessors when they were but Dukes of Burgundie), hee could not be present at that solemnity."

The soul of the Master of the Ceremonies is sore vexed at this punctilio of the archduke's ambassador; he flies for assistance to various quarters. The Lord High Chamberlain looks at his silver stick, but can extract no information from that bedizened piece of wood. At last the sagacious James is applied to, and he exercises his usual ingenuity in solving the knotty point. He even writes a letter to the recalcitrant envoy, laying it down, that being invited for the third day is no derogation from his lofty rank, "in regard that the solemnity of the marriage being but one continued act, though performed divers daies, admitted neither *prius* nor *posterius* in itselfe; but it is to be understood that each day had the like dignity. Nay, if one would argumentize thereupon, it might be alledged that the last day should be taken for the greatest day, as it is understood in many other cases, and particularly upon the festivalls of Christmas, wherein the twelfth day, or the festivall of the Three Kings, which is the last, is taken for the greatest day."

We are sorry to say this royal eloquence does not seem to have been successful. The archduke's ambassador is sulky and stays away; but where are a gentleman usher's anxieties to end? The wife of the French ambassador is left to the "naviging" of the Lord Chamberlain at the marriage feast. He orders her to be placed at the table next beneath the countesses and above the baronesses: "but the Viscountesse of Effingham, standing to her woman's right, and possesst already of her proper place (as shee called it) would not move lower, so held the hand of the ambassadrice, till, after dinner, the ambassador, her husband, informed of the difference and opposition, tooke it for an indignity, and calling for his wife's coach wished that by her departure it might be seen he was sensible." But this attempt to prove himself a profoundly sensible personage was prevented by some arrangement among the ladies themselves, and she sate at supper between a countess and a viscountess. Whereupon the infuriated Viscountess of Effingham, "with rather too much than too little stomach, forebore both her supper and the company."

The punctilio of the archduke's ambassador may perhaps be accounted for, when we remember that his master was the Arch-

duke Ferdinand of Austria; who, on his elevation to the Empire, waged such deadly war with the Elector Palatine, who had then been promoted to the crown of Bohemia. The quarrel was rankling even at this time, and M. de Boiscot's hostility at the marriage solemnity was a sort of prelude to the Thirty Years' War.

The great Gustavus Adolphus sends an ambassador to the English Court, and the choice he made of a gentleman to fill that office, seems to have been a departure from the usual wisdom of the Lion of the North. At his first audience, the envoy commenced an oration—to the astonishment of James and all his nobles as well as of some other envoys who were present—which went on and on, on every variety of subject, and in every tense and mood of the Latin tongue, with no apparent hope of conclusion. When at last the orator committed a slight pause, the British Solomon broke in at the opening so fortunately left, and answered, "shortly and pithily, in the same language." But the Swede was not to be daunted. "The ambassador turned to the prince, and beginning to him another formall speech, the King left him; so did the ambassadors; and after a while the prince, and returned to his lodgings," and the horrified Master of the Ceremonies had the task of conducting the Swedish orator to his rooms in Crouched Friars with the remainder of his speech still sticking in his throat.

The Emperor of Russia sends over various ambassadors in the course of those years. The first gives evidence of the barbarous magnificence affected by that oriental potentate, and reminds us of the procession sent by Aladdin with presents to his royal father-in-law. That the Muscovites were held in great contempt at that period, is plain, from the merely civic manner of their reception at landing. It is curious that the contempt then entertained for the Muscovite Embassy, gave rise to the depreciatory word "muff;" still in use in promiscuous society, but then employed by the politest of gentleman ushers, merely to designate a Russian.

"An ambassador sent from the Emperor of Muscovy was received at Tower Wharf by the Lord Compton, having been first met at Gravesend by Sir Richard Smith and others, sent in the name of the City, and brought up in their barges. The king's coach, and five or six others, tooke them in at Tower Wharfe, but with such disorder of gentlemen come from Court (more than were appointed) that too soone pressed into them, as without my care and boldness to displace, some must of the better sort of Muffs have walked on foot to their lodgings. They were encountered on Tower Hill by the Aldermen of the City, in their scarlet gownes, and other citizens in their velvet coates and chaines of gold, all on horseback, and thence conducted to their house in Bishopsgate Street, where they were

lodged and defrayed at the charge of the Muscovy Company." This seems rather to have been a commercial minister than a royal ambassador. In a few days he is, however, conducted to Court. "All the servants of less esteem marched all the way on foot before him (the rest in coaches provided by the merchants), each of those on foot carrying before them, with ostentation, to open view, some parcel of the various present sent to his Majesty by the Emperour. This consisted of sable furs, black foxes, ermynes, hawkes, with their hoods and mantles covering their backs and wings, all embroydered with gold and pearly, two living sables, a Persian dagger and knife set with stones and pearly, two rich cloath of gold, Persian horsecloathes, a Persian kettledrum to lure hawkes with, &c., &c. Besides many other sables and black fox furs sent to the King from three of the principal nobles of the Emperour's Court, and besides, some presented to his Majesty from the ambassador and the Chancellor."

The generosity of the Czar meets with a very poor return. James apparently will give nothing, and the Muscovy Company comes to the rescue, and engages the services of the worthy Sir John Finnett to put on his robes of ceremony, and present the barbarians with a few silver gilt dishes, pretending they come from the King and the Prince. "With these bestowed in two hampers carried by two porters, I went (that they might not be suspected if met by any of his followers to come from anywhere than the Court and from the King) first down to Queenhite, and then up to the ambassador's at St. Thomas Apostle. Brought to his house I caused my man (after I had finished my feigned compliment in name of Majesty and of his Highness) to range the plate orderly, each portion by itself, on a table; that done, the ambassador, with a formall oration of thanks, took one of the King's bowles, and one of the Prince's, and drank their healths in each, inviting me the next day to dinner." The ambassador also presents Sir John with sables and ermines to the value of thirty pounds. A set of jolly hard drinking gentlemen were the Russian ambassadors of those times. On their first presentation they dismayed the Lord Chamberlain and the other dignitaries, by dropping suddenly on their knees and knocking their foreheads three times on the ground at James's feet. On rising again, they were requested to address the Council on the object of their mission—but they said that on such festive occasions as seeing the eyes of a king, they always dismissed business

and treated themselves to a night's drinking. It was not of course for James, the tipsiest monarch of his time, to make any objection to this agreeable custom; so the Muscovites did justice to innumerable toasts. "Dinner being ended, and the table uncovered, the health to his Emperour was begun and pledged round, then our King's; then the Emperour's father (the Patriarch), then the Prince's; his own and others, *usque ad ebrietatum*."

When he was going away, the shifty usher was again employed to deceive the Muffe. He took him fifty pounds for his expenses home, in the name of the Lords of the Council: though the money was really advanced by the Muscovy merchants; but the Muffe is greatly discontented with the smallness of the sum, and applies for more—a mean fellow he turns out to be, indeed, in spite of his liberality in furs. He petitions further, that "whereas in Lent he had forborne to take the first fasting week his allowance of fish, he might (as he had formerly," he said, "requested) have an allowance in money (equivalent) for it. Also that their Lordships would be pleased before his departure to order some course about a woman that had deceived him upon account of worke done for him of eighteen pounds."

This shabbiness is congenially responded to, by a message from the Muscovy Company, in the name of the Lords, that his allowance for sea stores was greater than usual; but in respect of the saving in fish they send him ten pounds more. With regard to the woman, he must leave a letter of attorney, and have her prosecuted according to law. It is satisfactory to know that this answer did not lead to his indignant departure, or to the assertion of any claims of protectorate or authority. This was a representative of the first sovereign of the present reigning house, and did honour to the Romanoffs.

There are other receptions of "forres" ambassadors in every page; with quarrels among them all, as to precedence at banquets, and amount of presents. The Venetian goes off in a huff because his parting donation consists of only two thousand ounces of silver plate, whereas the Spaniard had four thousand. James has to explain that a diminution must take place in his gifts to all.

On laying down this record of falsehood, meanness, bitterness and ill temper, we only marvel that diplomacy has survived the present time, or that any Master of Ceremonies has ever remained for half an out of the congenial walls of Bedlam.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—CHAMBERS.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. VIII.

McELRATH & BARKER, PUBLISHERS.

Office No. 11 SPRUCE STREET, New York.

WHOLE No. 902.

BOTTLED INFORMATION.

THERE is a mode of bottling up information until wanted, which occasionally perplexes those who are not behind the scenes, and who do not see why and wherefore the thing is done. It was about half a century ago that this "bottle department" was established; we are not without examples of its previous use, but it then became a definite system. A captain of a ship tells of his whereabout; he writes on a piece of paper or parchment; he encloses this in an empty bottle; he seals this bottle, and casts it into the sea; he leaves it to the mercy of the winds and waves; and he believes that, at some time and in some place, it will be picked up, and the contents opened and read.

This is not a mere freak or joke. It has in it a serious and intelligible purpose. Navigators are greatly interested in determining the strength and direction of the currents of the ocean, and the winds which blow over it. Now a bottle containing only a slip of paper will float and travel hither and thither with a very slight impulse; and if it do not encounter a rude dashing against a piece of rock, it may remain intact, we know not how long, either floating about, or lying peacefully stranded on a solitary and unvisited beach. True, if such a bottle were cast forth on the first of January, near St. Helena, and were picked up on the thirty-first of December, near the Isle of Wight, the facts would not prove that the bottle had taken the direct or nearest course from the one island to the other, neither that it had been continuously travelling during a space of three hundred and sixty-four days. But, if many bottles, at many different times, were cast into the sea near St. Helena, a comparison of the resultant times and distances might, perhaps, give an average, which the navigator would store up among his valuable data. Again, if a ship be in distress, and the crew or passengers doubtful whether they will ever again see home, a few loving words may thus be entrusted to the merciful waves. At any rate, a bottle thus filled with what cannot make any one drunk, unless it be with joy, is an innocent bottle, and may do more good than harm.

Thus thought Captain Becher, the editor of
VOL. VIII.—No. 902

the Nautical Magazine, who, about ten years ago, determined to collect, so far as he could, all the records of bottles picked up, with a view to laying the groundwork for useful inferences hereafter. He drew and caused to be engraved, a very curious chart of all the bottle-voyages, concerning which any information could be obtained. It comprises a hundred and nineteen voyages or tracks, each marked by a straight line from the point where the bottle was dropped into the sea, to the point where it was picked up. Of the bottles' intermediate peregrinations, nothing is known. It may have travelled by a circuitous route; but, as the chart-compilers were in the dark as to that matter, they had no course left but simply to draw a line from the point of departure to the point of arrival, to mark the general direction: leaving it to after researches to make clear, if they could, the actual route which the bottle had followed.

The chart comprises only the Atlantic, and only that part of the Atlantic which lies between the latitude of the Orkneys, and the latitude of Guinea. Either bottle-papers had not been started elsewhere, or they had not been picked up, or information of their having been picked up had not been forwarded to London. The Atlantic, especially the portion between Great Britain and the United States, is plentifully scratched over with these lines of route. A large number of bottles thrown into the sea near the coast of Africa were picked up on the shores of the various West Indian Islands; while those thrown into the sea near the coasts of the United States, found their way to Europe. This corresponds, to a certain degree, with the known direction of the currents in the Atlantic. One bottle seems to anticipate the Austral-Panama route; for, it commenced its voyage on the Atlantic side of the Panama Isthmus, and landed on the Irish Coast. Another bold bottle cut across the Atlantic, from the Canary Islands to Nova Scotia. Three or four, started by Arctic navigators or whale-fishers from the entrance to Davis's Strait, voyaged to the north-west coast of Ireland. One bottle played rare pranks; it started from the South Atlantic, jumped across Western Africa, then across the Straits of Gibraltar, then through Spain, across the Bay of Biscay,

through a jutting-out portion of France near Brest, and landed at Jersey. The truth is, that a straight line drawn from the place of immersion to the place of finding, marks out this route; and such a line is the only one which could be employed on the chart. It is evident that the bottle travelled first towards the north-west, and then towards the north-east, to get round the African and European coasts; very likely, it approached near the American coast in the course of its trip.

The chart affords no information respecting the lapse of time during which the bottles were on their respective voyages; but an accompanying table gives all that can be ascertained thereupon. In this table are inserted eight items of information concerning each bottle and its contents—the number which it bears on the chart; the name of the sender; the date when it was launched into the sea; the latitude of the place; the longitude; the place where it was found; the date when it was found; and the interval in days. One of these travellers had been out at sea nearly sixteen years; this roving bottle was immersed in eighteen hundred and twenty-six, about midway across the Atlantic, and was picked up in eighteen hundred and forty-two on the French coast near Brest; it may, for aught we know, have been lying there unnoticed fifteen years out of the sixteen, for there are obviously no means of determining the time of its arrival on a coast, unless some watcher happens to be there at the moment. Another bottle had been absent fourteen years; three others, ten years each; the majority were under a year; the shortest interval between the throwing out and the picking up of a bottle, was five days. In this last-named instance, the Race-horse threw out a bottle on the seventeenth of April, in the Caribbean Sea; and by the twenty-second of the same month, the bottle had made a nice little voyage of about three degrees of longitude in a westerly direction.

The bottle-papers often contain such notes as the following:—"I write this letter in order that I may find out the current; let me know if ever you receive it. It is a fine day for the time of the year, but we have a foul wind;" together with such entries, as to names and positions and dates, as will serve to indicate the starting point of the bottle's voyage. Captain Marshall, who launched a bottle off the coast of Spain, determined to leave no chance untried to get it safely forwarded by the finder; so he wrote in English, "Whoever picks up this paper, is requested to publish it in the first newspaper, British or foreign, in order to show the course of the currents;" in French, "*Ayez la bonté de publier ceci dans les journaux Français ou Anglais*;" and in Spanish, "*Tenga V. M. la bondad de publicar este papel en las Gacetas Españolas, Inglesas, o Americanas*." The English request sufficed; for the bottle was picked up near Dover about nine weeks after-

wards. One of the most remarkable bottle-voyages occurred in eighteen hundred and forty-two; a ship left Thurso for Canada; and when about fifteen hundred miles out, a bottle was launched. This bottle was picked up on the Scottish coast, within two miles of the very port whence the vessel had started about five months before.

The bottle-writers occasionally mingle good-humour with good intentions, in their documents. Thus, a bottle was picked up, containing a paper denoting that it had been cast into the sea from the brig Flora, on July the twenty-ninth, eighteen hundred and forty. It ran thus:

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we may.

And this is to inform the mighty world, that, the said brig is this day in latitude 43° 55' north, and longitude 18° 4' west, all well. Therefore you, the lucky finder of this enclosure, in whatever part of the globe it may be, are requested to send it under cover, addressed to the Editor of the Nautical Magazine, for the benefit of navigation, in some small degree towards ascertaining the currents of the ocean. We left Poole on the nineteenth instant, bound to Carboneur, in Newfoundland, and, until these past two days, have had very rough weather. The passengers have just had their morning lunch, with a glass of brown stout, and intend drinking success to the above magazine, and hope they may soon succeed in sending forth to seamen a full and succinct theory of the cause of winds, formed on accurate information from experienced navigators. Long live our beloved Queen, and always in the hearts of her devoted subjects!" The bottle was picked up on the coast of Cuba, about twenty months afterwards.

The bottle-chart in the Nautical Magazine attracted much attention among sea-faring men. Sir John Ross pointed out how much caution is required before inferences can safely be drawn concerning ocean currents from the apparent voyages of these itinerant bottles. He insisted on the fact that a light floating bottle is very decidedly affected by the wind, let the current be flowing in what direction it may. To try this, he shaped a flat piece of wood exactly the length and diameter of a bottle; this being loaded with lead, so that the neck part only was visible when immersed, was thrown overboard from the *Actæon*; a sealed bottle was thrown overboard at the same time; a gale of westerly wind was blowing; and it was observed that the bottle was drifted along by this wind, while the immersed wood of the same dimensions remained comparatively stationary. On another occasion he filled a bottle with pitch, to such an extent as to enable it to swim upright with only the neck above water; when this and an empty bottle were thrown into the sea, the latter separated to leeward of

the former at the rate of a quarter of a mile per hour. When Sir John went on his Arctic voyage in eighteen hundred and eighteen, he threw overboard twenty-five copper cylinders in Davis's Straits; they were of just such weight as to show an inch or two above water at one end; but it was not known that any of these had reached the British coasts in the succeeding fifteen years—a fact which seemed to him to invalidate certain reasonings respecting currents in the northern part of the Atlantic.

Commander Fishbourne, well known in our coast surveys, combated some of the views of Sir John Ross, and insisted on the great maritime value of the bottle-paper system, under due caution against hasty generalisation. He at the same time suggested that it might be a good plan to employ white bottles, the glass being rendered opaquely white by oxide of arsenic. He thinks that the bottle might be rendered visible enough to be seen from the deck of a ship, and that, when picked up, the contents might be opened and registered, additional information introduced, and the bottle re-launched. This might be a very valuable adjunct to the system.

Two canisters thrown into the sea by Sir James Clark Ross, while on board the *Erebus*, in his voyage to the Antarctic seas in eighteen hundred and forty-three, were picked up, some months afterwards, one on the coast of Ireland, and the other out at sea off Leghorn. A third made more than half a circumnavigation of the globe in a high southern latitude, before it found its resting-place on the shores of Australia. Judging from the narratives of our sea-captains, the Pacific would be a capital theatre for the bottle experiment. It presents such a vast expanse of water, and the interspersed islands are mostly so small, that a bottle-voyage of five or six thousand miles might easily be made.

The bottle-papers have given us more information concerning the progress of the many recent Arctic expeditions than would be supposed by persons who have only glanced cursorily at the matter. Captain Bird threw overboard a cask containing papers, when on board the *Investigator* in eighteen hundred and forty-eight. It was picked up by the *Prince of Wales*, Hull whaler, and afforded to the Admiralty evidence of the position of the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* on a particular day. From the same ship, but when under the command of Captain McClure (who has since made himself famous by the discovery of the north-west passage), a bottle was thrown out while she was voyaging down the Atlantic towards the Behring's Strait route, in February eighteen hundred and fifty. The bottle floated three thousand six hundred miles, in two hundred and six days, and was picked up on the coast of Honduras. By a very singular coincidence, Captain Collinson, who commanded the *Enterprise*, the companion ship to the *Investigator*, threw out a bottle which found

a resting-place near the other bottle, but under very different circumstances. McClure launched his bottle near Cape Verde Islands. Collinson launched his, six hundred miles farther south, and nine days afterwards; yet both bottles found their way to the Honduras coast, as if a fellow feeling actuated them as well as the captains.

So successful, or at least interesting, has this bottle system become, that Commander Becher was enabled to give a new and much enlarged bottle-chart in November eighteen hundred and fifty-two. This chart contains a register of sixty-two bottles, in addition to those given in the former chart. In the one chart as in the other, the voyages taken by the bottles frequently give actual information of the nature of a particular current in a particular sea, or indicate where a certain vessel was at a certain time. If even a small amount only of information can be conveyed on either of these two points, it would amply repay the trouble of launching a whole fleet of bottles. Some of the papers in the bottles contain short but affecting narratives; the ship is stranded or water-logged; the crew can hardly reckon on another hour of life with any probability; and their captain pens a few words, in the hope that friends at home may perchance learn thereby the probable fate of the hapless ship. Many instances have occurred within the last few years, in which a bottle has been the only messenger of correct information; a vessel has been so long unheard of, that a disastrous fate seems to have been certain; but this fate is not known until a floating bottle brings news of the crew, down to nearly the last hour of their existence. Sometimes, the papers contain a few doggerel lines, or a bit of sentiment, or a touch of poetry—not much to be commended, for its own merits; but, even here, if the date and position be given, the bottle which contains the poetry is by no means an unprofitable bottle.

One of the most extraordinary bottle voyages, or cask voyages, yet recorded, occupied public attention a year or two ago. The story runs thus:

Captain D'Auberville, in the bark *Chief-tain*, of Boston, put into Gibraltar on the twenty-seventh of August, eighteen hundred and fifty-one. He went, with two of his passengers, across the Straits to Mount Abylus, on the African coast; as they were on the point of returning, one of the crew picked up what appeared to be a piece of rock, but which the captain thought to be a kind of pumice-stone. On examination, it was found to be a cedar keg completely incrustated with barnacles and other marine shells. The keg was opened, and within was found a cocoa-nut, enveloped in a kind of gum or resinous substance. Within the cocoa-nut shell was a piece of parchment covered with very old writing, which none of those present could read. An American merchant in Gibraltar

then read it, and found that it was a brief account, drawn up by Christopher Columbus, in fourteen hundred and ninety-three, of his American discoveries up to that time. It was addressed to Ferdinand and Isabella. It stated that, according to the writer's judgment, the ships could not survive another day; that they were between the western isles and Spain; that two similar narratives were written and thrown into the sea, in case the caraval should go to the bottom: in the hope that some mariner might pick up one or other of them. There is nothing outrageously improbable in this story; for it is within the bounds of a reasonable possibility that Columbus may have written such a parchment, may have inserted it in a cedar keg, which may have become so incrustated with marine shells as to be shielded from destruction, which may have floated upon a little-used coast, and which may have been wedged in between two rocks so tightly, as to have remained untouched and unmoved, and probably unseen, for three hundred and fifty-eight years. All this may be so, and yet it would not be prudent to give full credence to the story without some corroboration. There has been something like corroboration, however, of a curious kind. Captain D'Auberville's narrative was given in the *Louisville Varieties*, whence it was copied into the *Times*. Shortly after its appearance in the great leading journal, Mr. Morier Evans writes to the editor of the *Times*, stating that he has in his possession an old volume of voyages, containing an account of Columbus's voyage in February of the year above named, in a very dreadful sea near the Azores. There occurs in the narrative this passage: "The admiral finding himself near death, to the end that some knowledge might come to their Catholic Majesties of what he had done in their service, he wrote as much as he could of what he had discovered on a skin of parchment; and having wrapped it up in a piece of cerecloth, he put it into a wooden cask and cast it into the sea, all the men imagining it had been some piece of devotion." Mr. Evans thinks that this passage is some support to Captain D'Auberville's story. The subject is curious enough to deserve further scrutiny; and especially would it be right and proper that the barnacle-covered keg and its precious bit of parchment should be preserved in some public establishment—even some museum in Spain, which the rest of the world knows nothing about.

Reverting to the bottle-voyages, we will suggest that it might be a good plan for emigrants to make use of this peculiar kind of ocean-postage. It could do no harm to any living being, and it might render service or afford satisfaction to many. Eighty-eight thousand persons went from the United Kingdom to Australia in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-two. We think it not a very improbable supposition that there

were at least eighty-eight thousand bottles in the many hundred ships which conveyed these persons: bottles which had had something to do with wine, or brandy, or pale ale, or stout, or pickles. What became of these bottles? Were they broken or sold to be used again? If broken, might they not, instead, have been taken, one by each of the emigrants; might not these emigrants have employed some among their weary vacant hours on ship-board in concocting little budgets of information—those who could write acting as secretaries for those who could not; might not these little packages have been sealed into the bottles, and launched at regular intervals throughout the duration of the voyage; might not some of these bottles—say one in ten, or even one in a hundred—have ultimately reached the hands of those who would have willingly transmitted the information through some consul or agent to England; and might not the history of each bottle-voyage have given some pleasure to private individuals, and some useful information to navigators, who want to know all that can be known about currents, and tides, and winds?

There has lately arisen a bottle-question of some interest. A bottle has been picked up on the northern coast of Siberia. The Russian government having given orders that a good look-out should be kept for any stray information coming from Sir John Franklin, this bottle was sent to the authorities. It contained nothing, nor could any one at first say for what purpose it had been employed. Some time afterwards, however, it was discovered that the bottle was one of those which the Norwegian fishermen employ instead of corks, to float their nets. As the Norwegian fishermen do not go to the Siberian coast, how did the bottle come there? If it floated round the coast, past the North Cape and the White Sea and Nova Zembla, it would surely indicate a current flowing in that direction; and this current might possibly have something to do with the north-eastern route to the Arctic regions, advocated by Mr. Peterman. All these may be only possibilities, not probabilities; yet ought we to be thankful to a common green bottle, even for being instrumental in suggesting such thoughts.

CHIPS.

READY WIT.

As an instance of a correspondent who thoroughly understands a joke, and possesses a quick wit and a happy comprehension, we cannot resist the temptation that is upon us to print the following genuine letter:

"Sir,—I happened this afternoon to take up the last number of your *Household Words*,

whilst waiting to see my doctor, at whose house I had called. It has often struck me, when reading your writings, that the tendency of your mind is to hold up to derision those of the higher classes. I refer you for the present to the Ignoble Nobleman as written by you and published this month. Now we find recorded in Scripture the world described as hateful and hating one another, and I would call your attention to the third chapter of Paul's Epistle to Titus; read the first six verses, and see what believers in — the son of the living — are called upon to do, and then judge yourself, that ye be not judged. I would invoke you unto a kinder spirit, and be ye a doer of the word and not a hearer only.

"I am, Sir,
"Your very obedient,
"A COMMONER."

FROZEN AND THAWED.

GOOD Doctor Wildenhahn, a man of lowly birth, whose stories are much liked in Germany by lowly readers—and by high-born readers, too—has written certain village tales of the Hartz Mountains. Of one of them the heroine is a poor little lace-worker, Dorel. I should like to tell again in fewer words, what I have read of Dorel.

She worked lace into elegant patterns, and so did many of the girls, her neighbours, on a quaint-looking parti-coloured pillow: shifting her bobbins busily with nimble fingers, and bending over them a pair of the kindest black eyes. She was ill-paid for her labour. Indeed, many of the maids in her village—who took less heed of their earnings—fainted sometimes through hunger as they sat at work. Dorel was the chief help of her widowed mother and of five younger brothers and sisters. She was only eighteen; and, though she went barefooted, she looked like a little princess in her peasant dress, which was made up of three garments—a blue chemise, a red frock, and a neckerchief white as a blossom.

Gottlieb, her betrothed lover, was a rough peasant of the village; a joiner by trade, who inherited from his deceased father a house and little field, and was proud of being a freeholder. The village in which they lived is a very poor one, high up among the Hartz Mountains.

Gottlieb's nightly visits had become half-weekly, or weekly, and his conduct when he came had grown to be uncivil. Dorel's mother had been courted differently; and she was resolved to understand the suitor's conduct. Dorel pleaded for him that he had always been good to her, and that she would rather bear with him patiently until the evil humour passed away. Her mother thought a regret before marriage better than a repentance after, and resolved to speak to Gottlieb;

only she promised that she would speak privately, and not in Dorel's presence.

One evening, the little pewter lamp was put upon the table, whence it shed a dim and yellow light on Dorel's lace pillow. The mother kindled a fire in the oven, and two of the elder children peeled potatoes with the handles of their pewter spoons. The little ones sat on a bench by the stove, playing a game together with some pebbles. The door opened, and in came a stout young lad of four-and-twenty, who sat down in an unoccupied warm corner, after he had said good evening in an ill-tempered way.

"Good evening, Gottlieb! Welcome," said the mother. Poor little Dorel looked very red, and made the bobbins fly extremely fast. Gottlieb was in a boorish sullen mood; the old woman was suppressing indignation, coughing and looking at Dorel; who, with an anxious loving heart, was labouring away over the lace pillow. There was a miserable silence.

The potatoes were peeled, the fire leaped in the oven. The mother pushed the great pot into it, coughed again, and discharged herself of an extremely noticeable sigh. Gottlieb sat like a log. After another quarter of an hour, the good woman's patience was exhausted: "Now, Gottlieb," she said, in a half-angry tone, "I vow you sit there as if you had no tongue."

"Ay, ay," said the youth. "As you may take it."

"Indeed," said the mother sharply, "I don't know how I am to take it! It would be well if you would open your mouth, and let us know what taking you are in."

"Hush, mother, dear!" whispered Dorel beseechingly. "Gottlieb is surely tired after his work. Let him but rest a bit. The soup is ready by this time, and I will get the table ready for the soup."

So Dorel stood up; and, having put her bobbins carefully in order, threw a white cloth over the cushion, and placed it on a corner of the bench near the window. Then she spread a napkin upon the table and laid pewter spoons for eight. Then she took from the cupboard a great loaf of black bread, and cut it into tidy little pieces over the large earthen bowl; and, when the bowl was filled, strewed salt and pepper over it. "Now, mother, you can pour out." The mother lifted the great pot out of the oven, mashed the cooked potatoes to a broth in it, and then poured the yellow soup over the bread. The bits of bread at first danced about like little fishes, but, beginning soon to swell, they filled the bowl with a mass so dense that Dorel had some trouble to stir and mix it with her spoon. The five other children then took their places; the elder ones near their mother, and the younger ones near Dorel; but Gottlieb did not stir.

"Now, Gottlieb," said the old woman, "will you not join us?"

He refused churlishly: said he had supped.

"But you will take a spoon with us," said Dorel, gently.

"If I won't," said the rude lover, "I won't, and that's enough."

With a sad look, Dorel folded her hands and said the usual grace. The seven spoons then fished together, amicably, in the bowl. Five of them came and went fast, and always travelled mouthward full to the brim, for the children had good appetites. Mother ate; but did not seem to like her supper; poor Dorel chased with her spoon individual bits of crust until she caught them, and, when she caught them, set them down again. Whenever her spoon left the bowl it went almost empty on its expedition to her lips. Her share, however, was not left, nor Gottlieb's either. Five busy spoons emptied the bowl and scraped its sides, and then were themselves scraped clean by five little red tongues. Gottlieb all the while provided table music, drumming against the oven-sides or whistling to himself.

"Children, have you had enough?"

"Yes, mother," they answered, half aloud, as if they were not quite certain of the fact they were attesting. Dorel said grace again, and was clearing the table, when the mother said, "I will do that. Go you and put the children to bed." Dorel knew what was meant, and went upstairs with the children, trembling; one holding by her hand, another lying on her arm. Poor little Dorel!

The mother had an explanation—that is to say, as much of explanation as could be had with a stolid man, who did not well know his own humour. She accused him of being taken up with tailor Wenzel's daughter, and of being contemptuous and calling Dorel a beggar. Then the honest woman thought he was no right man to be her daughter's husband, when he had the spirit to say that he would not have married her except for pity.

Dorel was hearing the children say their nightly prayers and proverbs, which she had always done gently and helpfully; but now she was letting them blunder as they would. The other children cried out upon little Fritz: "Dorel, Fritz says the wrong prayer;" then she became attentive until she heard the house door violently shut, so that the walls trembled, and upon that she ran down stairs. "O, mother, what have you done? Is Gottlieb gone?"

"Yes, Dorel, and I think he will not come back again." Then Dorel cried bitterly.

"He is not worth a drop of cold water, child," said the good woman. "It is an escape for you. He would have made your home a misery if you had married him."

"Ah, mother, you judge too soon. He is not bad, and I love him so fondly." The mother gently told her daughter of the cruel things Gottlieb had said; but Dorel had excuses ready for all. Gottlieb had been her

love and hope: he was her love still. "If it is my sin," she said, "I cannot help it; but I never felt my love for him as much as now—I cannot tell you why. And yet I think it is because I am so sorry for him."

"If you take it so," said the mother, "I agree with you. For surely, unless Heaven be merciful, he will go doggedly to his own evil end."

"Just so, mother," Dorel answered quickly. "And the mercy of Heaven upon one creature is sent always, you know, through another. We must have mercy upon Gottlieb."

"What can you do? You never can run after him? What do you mean, Dorel?"

"I do not know, but it may be that I shall. One thing I know I can do for him, and I will do that to-night."

"And what is that, child?"

"I will pray for him," said the simple girl, and fell again a-crying.

The door opened suddenly, and some one entered. "If that should be he!" cried Dorel in sudden terror. "No," said the old woman, "only his good or evil genius could bring him back; the good would not work on him so soon, and I don't think him bad enough to come back and do evil." Indeed, it was only the good-natured, lame Minel who halted in, and who was set down hospitably by the stove, and had the table drawn so that she might rest her lame foot on the ledge of it. She was a little, pale-faced lace-worker of Dorel's age; a near neighbour; and she took out her lace-pillow which she had brought with her, and Dorel fetched hers, and the two girls went on by the pale lamplight with their endless labours. Minel often came in that way and was always welcome.

"I thought Gottlieb was here," she said, but she knew better.

"Gottlieb," answered the mother, sharply, "has left here for ever; and if you like him, Minel, he is yours."

"Too late in the field," said Minel, laughing.

"But if Dorel is content?" the mother asked.

"Still, too late," answered the girl.

"That is not kindly said," Dorel objected, with her downcast eyes upon her work; "what may you mean?" Minel meant kindness; and, with hesitation, told how she had just seen Gottlieb going into tailor Wenzel's house; how, on the last Sunday, she had seen him at a dance with tailor Wenzel's daughter, fetching beer for her because she could not take a dram. Poor little Dorel's tears streamed over her glowing cheeks. "Let the bad man go," said her mother, "you cannot wash his sins out with crying. It would be better that he cried himself."

"I am very sorry for him, mother," she sobbed: "besides, he was so good always, he cannot have become bad all at once."

Minel endeavoured, however, to show

her friend why she, for her part, had not thought Gottlieb so good always. He was too proud of his house and bit of field; he worked at his joinery as if he could live without it; and people did say, that he must soon needs try to live without it, for his little business was being lost. Dorel was too coy and innocent she feared. Gottlieb could get on faster with the tailor's daughter, who must call herself Lisette; because, forsooth, Lisel (Lizzy) was not fine enough!

The old woman next endeavoured to show her daughter how she had secretly grieved at, and dreaded Gottlieb's boorishness and sullenness of temper. At last, Minel put up her work. Dorel did not, as usual, seek to delay her going. When she was gone, the old woman took the hand of her daughter tenderly and Dorel fell upon her neck and said, "Do not be angry, mother, but I am not able to think hardly of Gottlieb."

That foolish young man after he had broken with his sweetheart went to the public-house. There, he sat down at the table with a highly distinguished looking person: very lean, with sharp nose and elbows, and a yellow skin, but a most dignified air—the tailor Wenzel. He was a tailor who had seen the world; who in his day, as he told the village people, had clothed princes. Wenzel soon found by the young fellow's conduct what had happened; and, although Gottlieb was as rude to him as he had been to Dorel's mother, he bore with the ill humour and did his best, like a good father, to divert the youth into the snares of Lisel. He fished with the clumsiest of bait; but fine angling would have been lost upon Gottlieb, as indeed any kind of angling might have been; for he had then only one notion in his head. Having wronged Dorel, he meant she should repent it—for he still clung to her in a churlish way—and his one thought that he enjoyed over his brandy was "I'll make her come after me yet." The tailor's hints were, however, so far in accordance with the youth's mood that he adopted the advice to go, when he had taken a full dose of the boldness purchasable at a tavern, to the tailor's house.

There, he broke in abruptly upon Mother Wenzel and her daughter; the old woman in an armchair by the stove with a pet cat upon her lap; Lisel upon a stool, reading. When the damsel saw Gottlieb she uttered a small shriek and dragged a dirty cloth from underneath the oven which she threw over her shoulders, dragged about with all her fingers in her hair, and said, "Good gracious! this is too great an honour! Please to be seated."

"If I'm not disturbing you," said Gottlieb, placing himself quite at his ease, still in a dogged way. "You were reading the Bible or the hymn-book, I suppose?"

"Oh dear, no," said Lisel, ashamed of the imputation, and quite eager to rebut it. "The

book is called Rinaldo Rinaldini. Properly he's a robber; but so very nice. And Rosa—that is Rinaldini's love—she has *such* courage; and the Lion—that is Rinaldini—becomes when he speaks to her *such* a lamb. Doesn't he, mother?"

"That's true," she replied. "Lisel reads so naturally."

"Go on, then," said Gottlieb. "I'm in the mood myself, just now, to be a Rinaldini, or what's the fellow's name. The world's too bad for me, and I've broken with Dorel. But the girl shall come after me yet."

"Broken with Dorel!"

"Yes. She is too proud, and her mother is the vilest woman in the world."

"There you have it!" said old Mother Wenzel. "Well for you, you are out of the snare. You would have had to support that entire tribe of children. Old and young were regularly fishing for you. Such a rich, handsome son-in-law is not to be had every day. But what will you do now, Gottlieb? You can't stay as you are."

"No," said the lout. "In spite to Dorel, that I can't. So I come here."

The mother rose, and, gently sliding her beloved cat down to the ground, made the young man a curtsy. "Too much honour for us and Lisel!" Lisel looked upon the ground and fumbled in the pages of Rinaldo, waiting for more precise communications. The cat, rubbing against the visitor's leg, received a kick, and departed wailing. "The nasty creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Wenzel, giving the lie to her sympathy with Gottlieb by caressing her afflicted favourite. Lisel listened attentively for the next words of the new Rinaldo. They were: "How can you keep such a beast of a cat? It shan't come near me. I can't bear dogs either, the beasts. Besides, why do you keep cats? What are mousetraps for?" The old woman sat down with a grimace, and Lisel began reading viciously. Gottlieb pulled out his clay pipe, filled it, lighted it, and composed himself with quiet smoking. "Yes, yes," he said presently. "Dorel was not so bad, and things wouldn't have gone so far but for the mother. She was too bad altogether; she can talk, ay, she can talk one's heart asunder. But Dorel shall come after me yet. I don't care."

The old woman stroked the cat that was again at rest upon her lap; Lisel read on; but both women were at heart vexed and impatient: "Well, to be sure," Gottlieb continued; "Dorel's properly a neat girl. Be she as she may, I should like to see the girl that is her match. And what I like in her is, that she can't abide beasts of cats, who do nothing but eat up one's victuals." Mrs. Wenzel's wrath thereupon boiled over, but she still prudently endeavoured to extract from the young man some definite pledge of surrender to her Lisel. Father Wenzel, coming in soon after from the tavern, found his household in distress, his daughter in despair and rage behind

the stove, and his wife attacking the obtuse youth in vain. Tailor Wenzel came to the rescue. He insisted that the affair had all been settled between him and Gottlieb at the tavern; he dragged Lisel out of her hiding place; he gave her to Gottlieb, who received her open mouthed, then blessed them both, and told his wife to make a cup or two of coffee.

Next Sunday Gottlieb had his triumph. That is to say, he went to the dance arm in arm with his new sweetheart under Dorel's window. He had meant to fling defiance at the house as he went by, but his heart failed when he came near it, and he hurried away, dragging his Lisel after him in an ungainly fashion. Lisel looked up in triumph from among the roses and forget-me-nots inside her bonnet.

But she had no reason to enjoy her conquest. Gottlieb, though he betrothed himself for three long years, evaded marriage. After having endured his rudeness all that time, in hope of being one day mistress of his house and field, Lisel and her family abandoned their design. Lisel married a young journeyman tailor, who came by chance into the village.

Poor little Dorel during those three years worked at her lace pillow, and maintained and comforted her mother. She showed no change in her home-temper; and, as she scarcely ever went into the village except when she went to church, it could not be said that she was running after her lost swain. Twice, however, during that time, she became a topic in the neighbourhood. Two suitors offered to take Gottlieb's place, both of them well to do; one of them, a young worker in the mines who had lately risen to the rank of under-verseer; the other, no less a person than the son and heir of the village innkeeper. Dorel refused them both, and a great talk arose upon that head. Was she too proud? Did she want Gottlieb back? Was there some fine gentleman in the background? Was it the mother who kept her, and lived upon her? Another event made a great sensation. The widow's little hut was the last house in the village. A hundred paces further on the road passed through a thick pine forest, only passable by foot-travellers, or riders who could put trust in their horses. One evening, at twilight, the widow's family was alarmed by a cry for help at the door, and found a horseman who had come in from the wood, and stopped at the first house in the agonies of sudden illness. He was bent double and was stiff upon his horse. Dorel mounted a stool, and, steadied by her mother, lifted him off, and took him in. She left him in her mother's care, conducted his horse to the inn, and then set off at dusk upon a mountain journey to the nearest doctor, who lived six miles distant. The stranger was a travelling merchant, and was on the point of death. After receiving much gentle help, he be-

queathed a pocket-book and its contents to Dorel. With more gentle help, however, he recovered; eventually, he departed, refusing to take back his gift, which was then found to contain good notes for three hundred dollars.

"Thank Heaven!" said the mother; "now we are at the end of trouble."

"Do you think so?" Dorel answered sorrowfully. "It seems to me that now our trouble will begin."

Months and years passed. The next great event in Dorel's life happened in winter time. A winter in the upper mountains of the Hartz, is very gloomy and very comfortless. Mountains and valleys lie covered yards deep with snow; roads have vanished, and the traveller on unknown ground incurs a risk of breaking through into some hidden chasm. The larch and pine-trees creak under their load of snow whenever the wind crosses them, and the whole forest seen at a distance, lies like a dark green girdle on the mountain sides. Ravens and crows become stiff in the open air, and are found fluttering behind the chimneys of huts. Out of the chimneys rises gray smoke in heavy piles from the brushwood mixed with dust and earth, which forms the fuel of the peasants. It is a poor fuel which smokes much and burns with a suppressed dull glow on their hearths. Ice is very thick on the little windows, and such light as they can ever admit is lessened by the heap of straw and refuse that rests against the walls outside, and rises higher than the window-ledge. There is a solemn silence on the mountains, only broken by the sledges of the charcoal burners, or the skimming over the hard snow of some light sleigh that belongs to a more wealthy mountaineer.

After a month of hard frost came a stormy but too warm south wind, threatening a rapid thaw. Thaw on the mountains brings with it unusual perils. Fields of snow, traversed easily in frosty weather, yield in critical places under the traveller's foot; and he is perhaps plunged into a mountain torrent, or falls into a prison with four walls of snow, which he attempts in vain to scale, and between which he perishes.

On such a day, Dorel had been working for a long time silently over her lace-pillow: not telling tales, as she did usually, to the younger children.

"Is anything the matter, Dorel?"

"No, mother;" but she answered as if with her mind abroad.

"You do not talk. What ails you, child?"

Dorel owned that she felt ailing, though she knew not how. She was disturbed, she said. She dreaded some evil, she knew not what. The mother thought it must be heartburn. Dorel thought it might be heartburn, for her heart felt bad. She thought she would be better in the open air. It needed some persuasion to get leave to go abroad, because the mountain was not

safe. At last her mother suggested that it was a long time since she had paid the minister a visit, and that if she went into the village she would still be among people. Dorel threw a frock over her shoulders, which served as cloak, and, pulling part of it as a hood over her head, drew it together under her chin, and looked out of it lovingly at her mother, with her fresh wholesome face and kindly black eyes, like the pretty girl she was; then hurried out. "God forgive my sin!" she said when she was out of doors. "It is the first lie I ever told mother. But I saw him go into the wood this morning, and he has not come back."

"She shall come after me yet," Gottlieb had said.

Dorel followed a path made by the hand-sledges, that went from the village to the wood. From the trees through which the wind was howling, the snow fell in dull heavy lumps about her, and she heard the hoarse crows crying hungrily. When she passed beyond the track of the sledges, her feet sank deeply in the snow as she worked on with anxious haste. At last she stopped and looked about her. She felt sure that she was in the neighbourhood of a small chasm called the Schieferbruch. Thence home, she knew her way. If she could but descend it! For that was the pit—about thirty yards deep—into which she had felt that Gottlieb might have fallen. "With the help of Heaven, I will venture," she exclaimed, and struggled on till she found deep footsteps that crossed her path. At once she pursued their track. At one place the traveller had fallen. Farther on, something dark lay in a hollow—a fur cap. She wrung her hands. It was his cap, given to him by herself last Christmas four years.

From the edge of the chasm, at last Dorel looked down on a black object, silent under all her cries. She knelt waist-deep in snow, and prayed for a good angel to help her. "Gottlieb!" she cried again; "if you do not answer, may my sin be forgiven—I shall throw myself down to you among the snow!" She then heard a low wailing; and, commending to God her mother, the widow, and her household, she ventured to descend, and struggle for her lover's life. Thrusting her arms into the snow when she was falling—climbing, rolling, sometimes buried nearly to the chin—Dorel came to the bottom safely, and flung herself on Gottlieb's body.

He still lived. With glowing hands she cleared away the snow in which he was imbedded. She rubbed his temples; and, having melted water by putting snow into her hands, she stooped to him and let it flow between his lips. When his eyes opened, and his chest began to heave, she uttered a loud cry of joy, and tried to lift him by the shoulders; for he had no strength to help himself.

Then she remembered that she had a crust

in her pocket which she had picked up when it had been left by one of the children in the bedroom. Gottlieb had no strength to bite it. "You will turn against it, Gottlieb, but there is no other help," she said, with a smile; and she bit the bread herself, and so stood over him, and fed him carefully, as a bird feeds her young. Then, when he could better use his limbs and stand upright, she bade him stamp upon the ground, and stamped before him merrily. At last they were able to climb up together out of the Schieferbruch, and Gottlieb was led by Dorel homeward. When they got into the track, there was Minel's little brother Karl to be seen turning a corner with a hand-sledge. "See," she said, laughing, "there is a carriage waiting for you!" She told Karl that he must lend his sledge and strength, to help in carrying the sick man home. Gottlieb was put, whether he would or no, into the dray; and Dorel, when she had taken the frock from her head and shoulders to throw over the young man's breast and face, started with Karl in the sledge. It was a fine sight for the villagers when Dorel was seen dragging Gottlieb out of the forest. She looked at nobody, and cared for nobody, conveyed him up to his own door, committed him to the care of his house-people, ordered peppermint tea to be made for him, and bade them put him instantly to bed. Then she went home, still glowing from the exercise.

"Thank God, Dorel, you are home at last. Where have you been?"

"Mother," she said, with emotion, "it was well that I went! But make me a cup of coffee. I am chilled."

"You shall have that, at once," said the widow, setting instantly to work upon it.

"But what has happened to you?"

"Nothing to me. But, I was in time to save a man who was half-frozen in the Schieferbruch."

"Who was it?" the mother asked. Dorel turned aside with scarlet cheeks and tears; but said at last with forced indifference, "It was Gottlieb, mother."

"What! Gottlieb! the bad man! Heaven only knows, my child, what sort of stuff your heart is made of."

Gottlieb had been on his way to the next village to take the measure of a child's coffin, when he was caught in a thick snowstorm and missed his path. When the storm was over, he had staggered, half-faint, through the deep snow, until at last he fell where Dorel found him. Safe at home in bed, of course after what had happened, he repented heartily of his behaviour to Dorel. Dorel, of course, would come or send to ask how he got on; then he would make amends to her. But Dorel did not come or send to ask how he got on. When he was up again and should have gone like a man to own his obligation to her and confess his evil-doing, he was too proud. He resolved to write. The ink was

dry in the little bottle that hung by the wall; but he got up a brown broth in it with water. Then, as he found no paper in the house, he tore out a mouldy fly-leaf from his hymn-book, and wrote upon that. Having written his note, he folded, sealed it with glue out of his pot, and sent it by his landlady.

It was the first letter Dorel ever had received from anybody, and she took it with astonishment and reverence. "I don't feel, mother, as if I ought to read it to myself. I will read it to you." It was the following:

"Dear Dorel,

"I have your frock with which you covered me when out of the Schieferbruch. Surely you want it, and I have something to tell you which your mother must not hear. So when the bells chime in the evening, you know where, namely, behind the mill,

"I remain

"Your loving Gottlieb."

It is not needful to relate the mother's wrath at this. "Be easy, mother," Dorel said. "I have served four years for Gottlieb, and am not ashamed; perhaps Gottlieb can serve four years for me, but not in the way of that letter; that will not do. I am no Rachel, mother darling, but if I am only Leah, Gottlieb can be a Jacob. I abide by that."

Gottlieb adorned himself to meet his love in the miller's meadow, where they had met in old times twice before, and where he had been vexed with her for bringing, first her brother George as her companion, and next the lame Minel. No Dorel appeared. It was her pride, he said. It was her three hundred dollars. He was poorer than he had been, for his trade was almost gone. What did he care for her? So he went home sullen. Next day, he tied Dorel's frock in an old handkerchief and sent it to her by the landlady, hoping still that she might bring him back some message. But the frock was taken and the handkerchief returned, and nothing said.

Then Gottlieb began to put himself in Dorel's way, to pass her in the road and say, "Good morning!" when she went to church; he always had a courteous echo to his greeting and no more. Furthermore, he posted himself close before her seat at church. She looked at the minister and never once at him. The foolish fellow! If he had but gone with the right word in his mouth, to her cottage door! He persuaded Minel to sound her friend. Dorel, discovering that, was indignant for some minutes. Gottlieb then frequented taverns, neglected work, danced with Lisel: who, though married, was still a great dancer, and who had become able to take stronger drink than beer. He ran into debt, borrowed, sold his field, and hurried desperately to ruin.

"There is only one soul in the world that

can save Gottlieb," said Minel one day. "He is brought to this, through love of you, and through despair."

"And why," Dorel answered, "should he do evil for the love of me? It would be great sin if I made any man do ill who loved me. As for despair, I do not know what he despairs of; he has never said a word to me."

"But you know, Dorel, that he is ruined for love of you, and because you will have nothing to do with him. His house, too, is going to be seized for his debts, and he must go in to the poor-house or—or kill himself."

"You say, Minel, that I will have nothing to do with him. Heaven knows I should have happier years behind me if I had felt so. And I should think it, for myself, a great sin even to suppose that I must be wicked because I am pained by love for somebody. I think that ought rather to make me good. And how do you know, Minel, that Gottlieb really loves me?"

"Why, you must own yourself that he cares for you only."

"I am a miserable woman!" exclaimed Dorel weeping bitterly; "am I so bad and godless that I am to be won by defying Heaven? No, Minel. My heart is only too, too cheap, when it is to be had for a single spoken word. But Gottlieb's is not a good way of courting."

"And can you see him put into the poor-house?"

"Yes, I can, and marry him from the poor-house. I feel as though he must needs come to that before his heart is softened."

"Let me tell Gottlieb what you say!"

"You might have told him of your own heart what to do; but you must take no word from me. It is Gottlieb who must be the first to speak."

Gottlieb's house and goods were sold by auction; they were bought by the justice for two hundred and ninety dollars.

A year afterwards, a poor old woman came to Dorel's cottage, with a kind greeting from Gottlieb, and an entreaty that she would go up to the poor-house, for that he would like to speak to her before he died.

"What do you say? Die!" cried Dorel, in great terror. "I never heard that he was ill."

"He's going fast," said the nurse carelessly.

"I do as I can, but it's of no use."

"It cannot be! What has happened?"

"He went out eight days ago, and came back yesterday as if his lungs were tied up with a cord. He wants the sacrament, and wants you and your mother. As he had nothing to cover him I've lent him an old gown; but it is sharp cold up there."

Dorel was gone while the woman spoke, crying, "Wait till my mother comes home and then tell her."

The poor-house was a mud hut forming a

single chamber. There was straw spread on a rude worm-eaten bedstead, and Gottlieb, wasted and ragged, lay on the straw: half covered by the patched gown of the nurse.

This was a great sorrow for Dorel. But when at last, after their few first words, he asked her for pardon, she bent over him, and said, "He who sees all things knows that I have nothing to pardon. You have made me sorry because you were blind. A year ago, if you had turned into the right course, we might both have been happy. I never have thought hardly of you, Gottlieb; I have loved you more dearly than you know. I knew you loved me in the bottom of your heart. I bought your cottage with my money—only my mother and the justice knew of that; and if you had come and said to me, 'I will defy God no more and put aside my stubbornness,' on that day I would have given you back the house and would have become your wife. But it was not to be."

"Now I see all," he said. "Alas, my heart, and now it is too late."

"No! not too late," said Dorel. "Still in good time. Gottlieb, with you dies all my happiness in this world. I shall work alone until the end. But you will leave me, now, a holy memory and a blessed hope, Gottlieb. I will close your eyes to-day. Hereafter may you be sent to open mine!"

The sacrament was brought, and Gottlieb died and Dorel closed his eyes.

Years still ran on, and Dorel's mother died, and her brothers and sisters married away from her. She was left to the last, quietly working at her lace pillow, alone in the old house.

MOTLEY.

Before a world of tremulous green baize,

Whose slightest motion made us leap and start,

And no age with elbows eloquent (in ways

That boys drive expectation to the heart;

Unlike the etiquette of later days

Which misses off its aim from too much art,)—

Each other's aching ribs, in pleasure's search

We sat, three youngsters fresh from school and birch.

The curtain of the mysteries before us

Hung with a solemn sense of all it knew;

The gallery gods and chandelier flamed o'er us,

Like an Olympus glorious to the view.

We heard the frequent nectar pop, and chorus

Shrilling aloud, impatient for its due.

Time and the fiddlers, in dumb concert playing,

Seemed for our special wretchedness deluding.

Sudden the tinkling of a mystic bell

Proclaimed the preparations were complete,

And through the green baize sent a shuddering spell

That took us for the time half off our feet;

The curtain curled, and with a gradual swell

Rose. Ah! who shall say what sight did greet,

As orchestra and gallery ceased their wrangles,

To gaze on glory, gorgeousness, and spangles!

A glittering lady with a silver wand,

Which (oh, how gracefully!) she softly sway'd

To music, with the smallest whitest hand.

Stood in the opening of an emerald glade.

Behind her, brightly grouped, a fairy band,

Each inclination of her arm obey'd,

And like a gliding lustre forth did flow,

Or like a wizard top spun on tiptoe.

Her mortal enemy, a mighty dragon,

Too base his beastly entrance to announce,

Surprised her. In one claw he clutched a dragon,

The other held her tightly by the founço

(Threatening to leave her soon without a rag,

In spite of our low-muttered wrath and frowns),

Then drew her quickly to his loathsome cavern,

Stored grim with evil spirits like a tavern.

But her good genius rising on a shell

As Aphrodite rose (yet far more fair),

Dissolved the power of the magician fell,

And sent him shivering down to sulphurous air.

Then all those ladies, issuing from the boll

Of many a drooping flower, euring'd her there,

Like human leaves round some angelic rose,

They linked their arms and quivered on their toes

She gazed, and gazed direct upon us threes,

With words of unintelligible meaning;

Above them like a silver-seen birch tree

(Horrible simile!), in beauty leaning—

Leaning towards us wistfully, while we,

All bashfulness from boyish ardour weaning,

Shadowed the pit in answer, clapping red,

Till the masks entered, and her figure fled.

Oh wondrous length of nose! Oh breadth of cheek

Whose bloom all mortal rivalry defies!

Capacity of mouth, and body sleek!

Oh hugeous head, and monstrous goggle eyes!

The tickle of late laughter sure is weak

To that which your appearance first bids rise.

Lord! how we laughed! Meantime, demeanour solemn

Marked the great pate upon the puny column.

Fair Rosamond, enbowered by royal Harry,

Upon the balcony her flower-pots waters.

A broad Scotch colonel, intent to marry,

(Whose claymore each unseen opponent slough-

ters),

Fired with impatient love, no more can tarry,

But hopes to take by force this worst of laugh-

ters.

He scales her window stealthily on the sea-side;

Sagacious Harry wooing her on the side.

She seizes, most alert, the colonel's ladder,

And flings him off to court the willing billow,

Whereon he falls; and, like some briny bladder,

Floats, the while his men set up a billo!

And drag him up the friendly bench, a sadder

If not a wiser Gael. Down like a willow

Hangs his proud plaid. He, with a monstrous

spoon,

Snauff his wide nose, and sneezes to the moon.

Great Harry, underneath her balcony,

Lutes to her softly a sweet serenade;

When, lo! the flower-pot that she waters free,

Falls from its perch and fixes on his head!

A right reward of naughty majesty

Caught in its trap. But what more need be said!

Clown, Harlequin, and Pantaloon in station,

Startle us all by wondrous transformation.

Ah, Clown! with what a welcome wert thou greeted,
Hailed like a hero to some lighted city.
And Pantaloon, old fool! for ever treated
Horribly ill, and looking not for pity.
Diamond-cut Harlequin, with magic heated,
Least loved, yet luckiest, as in committee
We three acknowledged when the play was over,
For he was Columbine's accepted lover.

Shall Clown for ever rest unsung of bard?
His notable profundity of pocket,
At once a garden and a poultry yard;
Stored secretly with cracker, squib, and rocket;
Still yawning in abysses wide-barred,
Enough to make all tradesmen strike their docket,
For every kind of bibble and edible,
With a digestion perfectly incredible.

Choice son of Mercury, whose cool mendacity
Delighted us, delights us in perspective,
The laws are not for one of thy capacity;
Thou bidst defiance to the 'cute detective,
So indiscriminate in thy voracity,
Save when to grumblers giving sharp corrective,
Thy face of brass our golden age brings back again,
And sends us wandering in that dreamy track
again.

Thou art not flesh and bone; no wife hast thou
Who watches shudderingly the magic leap,
With hands clasped close, and anxious furrowed
brow,
Gasping to think that life should be so cheap.
No little ones sleep in thy homestead now,
Whose daily bread thy nightly risks do reap;
Else art thou such a fighter in our battle
As seldom yet heard arms and harness rattle.

In vain of thee they write the grave biography,
Telling us thou wert mortal and knew pain;
Thou livest in a world remote from geography,
Somewhere between our earth and the inane—
To the blithe adolescent a mixed cosmography
Familiar: o'er thy grave no starry wain,
When midnight whispers soft its bright wheel rolls,
Oh vernal presence to our passing souls!

So laugh, and have our love! Be'at thou, indeed,
Mortal as we, Oh whither shall we turn,
When the young flowers of life are choked with
weed,
For one thing faithful in our ashy urn!
The gayest piper on our human reed,
Of him the saddest lesson must we learn!
Alas! that he should o'er belie his paint!
Humanity seems in him almost a taint.

Boyhood and Manhood have their separate clown,
And hard we find it from the first to part;
Yet tenderly to the latter, when well known,
We cling, for he is of us, and the heart
Is not beguiled by fancy. Cheer the town
For many a week, old favourite as thou art.
We owe thee much; ungrateful would not be;
And will remember thy humanity.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE OLD MAGICIAN.

WHETHER from the realms of magic, self
brought, or perchance, by some involuntary
intuitive Abracadabra of my own accidentally
invoked; whether from the musty recesses of
my old books in the dusty, legendary corner
yonder, or whether merely from those inner-

most chambers of the brain, whither the
strays, oft-times, to seek for that which net
was; whether from all, or any, or none
these haunts, still there came, lately, and
down over against me the old Magician.
had nor white beard, nor wand, nor cal-
listic figures inscribed on his dress; he
not smell sulphureous, nor did my lamp be-
blue at his approach. Yet he was a p-
sence, in which was power and wisdom
knowledge, and an importunity of charm,
which the deafest adder must have listen-
perforce. And there came out of him
voice, mildly saying: I am that false bel-
as old almost as true belief, and, though not
not incompatible with the existence of a
veracious brother. I am that superstition,
fancy, or imagination, or fiction, as you
your clemency or severity, may call it,
which you have dwelt upon and cherished
and nourished against your reason, against
your convictions, against your experience,
since it was said, "Let there be light,"
since light was.

Unembodied as I am (thus to me the
Magician), I yet take interest in the doings
of the material world. I peruse, not un-
quently, the hebdomadal productions of the
press, and among other periodicals I often
see the one to which you contribute. Indulgent
with conceit, and blinded by opinionation, you
lately undertook to commiserate and to pity
out as a Case of Real Distress, one Mabel
Mabel, a shiftless jade, calling herself Queen
of the extinct kingdom of Fairyland—a king-
dom recently blotted out from the maps by
the united efforts of the March of Intel-
Transatlantic Go-aheadism, and the Society
for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. You
said, truly, that QUEEN MABEL had not a
stand upon, that she was brought very low
that she was sadly reduced. I admit all that.
The nonsensical kingdom of Fairyland
deservedly dismembered, and its subjects
legated to the ballets of the London theatre,
there to wave branches of red foil, and smile
—while their hearts ache—for fourteen shillings
a week, finding their own shoes and
stockings. But, my son (the Magician),
came familiar), you have enormously exag-
gerated the power and influence of QUEEN MABEL.
You have ascribed to her territories and ter-
ritories she never possessed, and that never was
in the remotest degree, tributary to her. You
gave her as liege, demons, dwarfs, dragons,
dwerfers, horrible spectres and creations be-
longing only unto me—the Magician. You
have, not of malice I hope, but inadvertently,
confounded the kingdom of Fairyland with
the far more (once) potent, far more ex-
tended, far more reduced kingdom of Magic.
I am the case of real distress. I am the
Magician without a shoe to stand upon.
My glory is departed—mine, Ichabod, the
Magician.

Before faydom existed, was Magic, and
erect, weird, inscrutable. Magic stood in the

dark cave of Endor, when the ghost of Samuel trembled in the lurid air, and scared Saul's eyeballs. When the Israelites wandered in the desert my magicians held dark and fearsome sway in the wicked lands of Canaan. They presided over the ghastly rites of Moloch; they wrought enchantments among the Amalekites, the Amorites, the Jebusites, and the Hittites. In Judea, in Persia, in Chaldea, my Magic, my Magicians, worked signs and wonders (false but fearful) through long ages. Wise men, soothsayers, sorcerers, and astrologers, were in the trains of mighty kings, of Darius the Mede, and Nebuchadnezzar the king. Throughout the broad miles-long streets of Nineveh and Babylon; by the arched terraces; under the hanging gardens; in the courts of marble palaces; by the myriad-hued tablets on the wall of strong warriors and fair youths such as Alhobah sighed for; in the midst of the motley, bright arrayed, swarthy, strong bearded throng stalked my Magicians, and their incantations were blended with the wars of Ninus, and the orgies of Semiramis, and the conspiracies of the captains and the liturgies of the priests. When Belshazzar, the king, drunk deep with his lords, and praised the gods of gold, and brass, and iron, and wood, and when in the same hour, there came forth fingers of a man's hand and wrote—over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace—words which none could understand, did the king bethink himself in his need of light inconsequential fairies? No: he cried aloud for the astrologers, the Chaldeans, the soothsayers—the wise men of Babylon. And though we, the wise men, could not read the interpretation or wiss that the Medes and Persians were at the gate, yet we only ceded to One, whom the king Nebuchadnezzar had made master of all the Magicians, astrologers, Chaldeans, and soothsayers in the kingdom. Magic was vanquished, but still recognised.

You have spoken of Queen Mab's sway in Egypt, and of her myriad elves sporting upon the tails of crocodiles. Sir, you are impertinent. Let Queen Mab and her fairies disport themselves in frivolous Persia and enervated Arabia; but leave the land of Egypt—that long, narrow, dusky land of wonders—to me, the king of magic and mysticism. Where that gigantic enigma, the Sphinx, rears its dim, battered, mysterious, time-worn, yet time-defying head, against the copper sky, and amidst the shifting sand; where the river of Nile reflects—

"the endless length
Of dark red colonnades,"

where religion was philosophy, and philosophy religion; yet where the purest doctrines of metaphysics were mingled with the grossest forms of Zoroastrianism and the brutifying worship of beasts and reptiles and vegetables, and the profoundest morality was grafted

upon the rudest and most debasing African fetishism; where phantom hieroglyphics shadow forth the dim creed that the soul, after its three thousand years' cycle of metempsychosis or rather metensomatosis, shall return to its human envelope again; and where the spirits of kings, and princes, and priests are portrayed migratory through the bodies of swine, and birds that fly and reptiles that crawl—there I and Magic dwelt. Mine was Fetishism and Zoroastrianism. Magic had no sympathy with the light Bacchus in his convivial, his joyous, his saltatory form. Queen Mab, or Queen Ariadne, or Queen Anybody may sport with him in Naxos, and the sunny isles of the Archipelago; may press the red grape for him, and hold the golden chalice to his eager lips. But Bacchus, as Osiris, the awful Lord of Amenti, belongs not to Fairyland, but to the realm of Magic and to me. My Magicians sat at his feet, when, as he is painted in the royal tombs of Biban el Moluk, he sits *pro tribunal*, weighing the souls that have just departed from the bodies in the fatal scales of Amenti, and judging them according to their deserts. The Magicians were at home in Egypt. When, as the legend of Manetho tells us, the great pyramid was built by King Suphis, the Magicians stood by and aided the work with their spells. When that King Pharaoh who knew not Joseph or his people was so sorely beset by the plagues raised by the indomitable brothers of Israel, did not he call upon his Magicians for aid? Did not their magic lore stand them in such stead that their rods all produced serpents, albeit Aaron's rod, through a power that was preter-magical, swallowed them all up eventually? As year after year and age after age rolled their sternly succeeding waves over the land of Egypt, and as the remorselessly advancing and receding tide brought from the womb of time the myriad pebbles of mortality, and carried them back into the abyss of eternity, Magic was left high and dry—a monument and a misleading Pharos, inscrutably cabalistic and existent as the pillar of Pompey, and the needle of Cleopatra, and the obelisk of Luxor.

Came the soft sons of Syria with the rich dyes of Tyre and enervating arts. Came the luxurious Greeks, and gave plasticity and symmetry to the bizarre, yet awful sculptures of the Egyptian Pantheon. The muscular fauns, the brawny Hercules, the slim Adonis, the cested Venus, the crested Diana came to teach the limners and sculptors of Egypt how to cast their deities in the mould of Zeuxis and Praxiteles. But the Sphinx looked coldly on in her unchangeable, enigmatical beauty, and the Magicians stood by, unchangeable too, their arms folded, gazing with a frown half of anger, half of contempt at the clumsy legerdemain of Paganism, at the boggling tricks of the haruspices and the transparent cheater of the oracle. "These priests of Bacchus and Venus," they thought, "are mere

buffoons and tricksters, wretched ventriloquists, miserable experts at sleight of hand and cogging of dice." Came the Romans, and with them the loud prating augurs, and the bragging soothsayers, and those that dealt in omens and prophecies. But the Magicians who had wrought magic for the Ptolemies laughed these clumsy bunglers to scorn. When Pompey, Cæsar, Antony told them of the supernatural wonders of Greece and Rome; of the ghostly priests who reigned beneath the deep shadow of Aricia's trees,

"The priest who slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain;"

of the thirty chosen prophets, the wisest in the land, who evening and morning stood by Lars Porsenna of Clusium; of the strange visions of pale women with bleeding breasts that Sextus Tarquinius saw in the night season; of the Pythoness on her tripod, and the Cumæan Sybil in her cave; the Magicians of Egypt pointed to the Sphinx, the pyramids, the hieroglyphics, saying: "Construe us these, and unriddle us these. Liars, and boasters, and whisperers through chinks in the wall, and fumbler among the entrails of beasts, can ye call, as we can, serpents from the hard ground, and cause them to dance to the notes of the cithara and the timbrel? Can ye foretell life and death, and change men into beasts and reptiles, and show in a drop of water the images of men that are dead, and great battles fought long ago?"

The proud conquerors of Egypt bowed to Egypt's soothsayers. The Magician was welcome in Cleopatra's palace. He boasted that he could read in "Nature's infinite book of sorcery;" Iras, Alexas, Enobarbus, listened to him, and he foretold truly that one should outlive the lady whom she loved, and that another should be more beloved than beloved. The Magician stood in Cleopatra's galley beside the proud and stately queen,—the "serpent of old Nile," that was "with Phoebus' am'rous pinches black;" in the galley that burned in the water like burnished gold; the galley with purple sails and silver oars; with a pavilion cloth of gold of tissue; the galley whereof the gentlewomen were like the Nereides, on each side of which stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids; the galley steered by a seeming mermaid; the galley with silken tackle, and from which a strange invisible perfume hit the sense of the adjacent wharves. And when Antony lay dead, and the proud land of Egypt lay at the feet of Octavius Cæsar, the ominous finger of the soothsayer pointed to the basket of figs and the "pretty worm of Nilus"—the deadly asp, the baby at the breast of Cleopatra that sucked the nurse asleep.

Ages of youth have not been able to efface the Magic from the Egyptian surface. Its edge has been blunted, as the characters in the hieroglyphics have been, some rounded

and chipped, some choked up with sand and dust. But the ruins of Magic yet exist like the ruins of temples and statues. The rage of the heathen Sarcena, the iconoclastic theology of centuries of Mohammedan sway, have battered, have defaced, have devastated the caryatides that supported the frieze of the temple of Egyptian Magic; but the temple and the caryatides are erect still. The fires that destroyed the stored-up learning of Alexandria have been impotent to quench it; the devastating hoofs of the steeds of the Mamelukes and the Beys have not trampled it under foot; the hordes of Bonaparte, fired by revolutionary and subversive frenzy, could not annihilate it; the glamour of the East vanquished the atheism of the West, and the Egyptian seer warned Kleber, though unavailingly, of the dagger that was to lay him low. Even now, in this age—in this nineteenth century—when English cadets and judges of Sudder Adawlut jolt in omnibuses across the Isthmus of Suez; when steamers have coal depôts at Alexandria; when Cairo has European hotels with *table d'hôte* and extortionate waiters; when the sandy desert is strewn, not with the bones of men slain in fight, or with the ruins of bygone empires, but with the crumbs of ham sandwiches and the corks of soda-water bottles; when the "cruel lord" who reigns over Egypt drives an English curriele; when a staff of English engineers view Thebes and Memphis through theodolites, and talk of gradients and inclines, tunnels, cuttings, and embankments through the valley of the Nile, Magic and Magicians hold their own in the sunburnt land of Egypt. In some dark street of Cairo still is the traveller introduced to the seer, fallen indeed from his high estate, with diminished credit, and circumscribed empire over things magical, still versed in "Nature's infinite book of sorcery." No longer the proud confidant of princes and monarchs, the explicator of enigmas, the unraveller of mysteries, the expounder of dreams and visions of the night, he is but a meanly-clad old man with a long beard and a filthy turban swathed round his head. But still he pours into the palm of the youthful acolyte the mystic pool of ink, and traces around it the magic characters which none may read but he. And still the boy, at his command, sees in the inky mirror "the figure of one sweeping," and after him are mirrored in the pool, as the traveller summons them, the portraits of the mighty dead, or the friends or dear ones at home. And though sometimes the Magician may err, and Lord Nelson present himself with two arms, and Miss Biffin with both arms and legs, and Daniel Lambert as a thin man, and Shakespeare with a cocked hat and spectacles, you must ascribe that to its being Ramadan, or the boy not being a proper medium, or yourself not properly susceptible to magical influences.

I have said enough, I perpend, Scholar,

(continued this garrulous old Magician), to show you that in Egypt, at least, my empire is of a date superlatively more ancient than that of your vaunted Queen Mab. If you doubt me, go ask, go search the works of those conscientious ghoules among the graves of Egyptian antiquities—Rosellini, Grævius, Lane, Denon, Champollion, Belzoni, Wilkinson—go to the fountain-head, the father of history—Herodotus. Go ask that famous student of the black art in your own times—Caviglia—he who, from the three corner stones of astrology, magnetism, and magic, raised a pyramid of the most extraordinary mysticism, on whose airy faces he could see inscribed in letters of light invisible to all but himself elucidatory texts: he who was the last recipient of that rich but awful legacy of mystical learning which has been handed down from age to age—from the Essenes to Philo the Jew, from Pythagoras to Psammadius; he who, from the constant and engrossing study of the mysteries of the pyramids, became (like those Cingalese insects that take the shape and colour of the leaf they feed on) himself in dress, feature, manner, thought and language, absolutely pyramidal.

But I have not done with you yet, Novice, nor have I vindicated the claims of Magic sufficiently. You shall leap with me o'er centuries. I willingly resign to Queen Mab and her fairies the era of Sultan Haroun Al'Raschid, the silly, sparkling, spangled enchantments of Bagdad, and Damascus, and China, nay, even the fairy doings in my own Egypt—my own Grand Cairo—during the sway of the caliphs. I look upon her trivial pranks with calenders, and caravans, and fair Persians; her peris, genii, and dwarfs, just as so many conjuring tricks and mountebanks at a fair. She may have the whole of the dark and middle ages (in the East) for me, and plague or reward as she list the enervated occupants of Moslem harem or the effete princes of the Lower Empire. Europe was my field of sovereignty then; and the realm of Magic held its own against the realm of Fairyland there for ages.

I will take Puck. You have been bold enough, sir, to claim that essential vassal of the king of Magic as a fairy. You will quote, of course, the authority of William Shakespeare (a fellow so ignorant of geography that he talks about the sea-coast of Illyria), who makes Puck a sort of fairy tiger or "gyp" to Oberon, putting a girth round about the earth in forty minutes, and bragging with disgusting egotism of his flying "straight as an arrow from a Tartar's bow." You will have seen, doubtless, also, the *Midsummer Night's Dream* at Covent Garden Theatre, under the management of Madame Vestris, and probably because you saw therein Miss Marshall as Puck looking very fairy-like in a short tunic and fleshings; or perchance saw pasted on the green-room pier-glass a promp-

ters's "call" for "Puck and all the fairies at twelve," you jumped at the conclusion that Puck was a fairy. He is nothing at all of the sort. The fellow is a hobgoblin, and belongs to me. Let Mab rule her own roast of sylphides, coryphæes, fays and sprites, and not meddle with me. I will quote chapter and verse for it.

"In John Milesians any man may read
Of divels in Sarintha honoured,
Called *Kutri* or *Kobaldi*, such as we
Pugs and hobgoblins call——"

Thus writes old Heywood in his *Lucifugi*. Pug or Puck is a hobgoblin, a *diavel*, and, as such, I do not think the sportive Queen of Elf-land will be inclined to claim him in future. Indeed, many learned theologians—both Catholic and Protestant—have gone far to prove, by texts and arguments, both from Scripture and the Fathers, that Puck is no other than Satan himself in various disguises. Such was Puck who had a domicile in the monastery of the Greyfriars at Meeklenburg-Schwerin, which he haunted in the form of a pug or monkey, and tormented the monks and lay brethren sorely. He had his fits of good humour sometimes certainly, and turned the spit, baked the bread, drew the wine, and cleaned the kitchen, while the inmates of the monastery lay a-snoring, receiving as wages two brass pots and a parti-coloured jacket to which a bell was appended; but these benevolent humours were transitory and capricious; and he is truly described, by the monk to whom we owe the *Veredica Relatio de Demonio Puck*, as an impure spirit. In fact (and you will excuse the freedom of my language, for, though I am a Magician, I am a gentleman, and would not wish to wound your ears unnecessarily) Puck was a very devil. Do not misconstrue me. I don't mean the devil who was always requiring payment, and for whom there was no pitch hot; the devil who taught Jack of Kent bridge-building, on condition that a certain *post obit* should be paid if Jack was buried on land or in water, and was cheated out of his bond by Jack causing himself to be buried in the keystone of his last bridge; the devil who patronised old Nostradamus, and was, in a somewhat similar manner to the Jack *ruse*, cheated—he having a contingent reversion in Nostradamus, which was to fall in if that worthy was buried within a church or without a church, whereupon Nostradamus left directions in his will "to be put into a hole in a wall," which was accordingly done, to the devil's discomfiture. Puck is not the devil whom Banagher beat; the devil who assisted (for a consideration) the architect of the cathedral of Cologne; the devil who mised the Lust-Berg at Aix-la-Chapelle, and had a finger in most of the castles on the banks of the Rhine; the devil of Evreux, who migrated from thence to Caen, and appeared there in eighteen hundred and eighteen clad in white armour, and

attacked the commandant of the town in a *cul-de-sac*.

Puck is not the devil with a glossy black skin, saucer eyes, horns, hoofs, a tail, and a pitchfork, who was vanquished by St. Cuthbert, and many other saints, as recorded by learned hagiologists; who was associated with Tom Walker in that peculiarly disadvantageous partnership (for Tom), recorded by Washington Irving; who carries off Don Juan in the pantomime; who is generally associated with the idea of blue flames, sulphur, brimstone, and red-hot Walleond. And, O Neophyte, Puck is not the awful fiend of Milton, stretched on a burning lake, floating "many a rood," the arch spirit of Evil, who, amidst agonies which cannot be conceived without horror, deliberates, resolves, and executes, whose fiendish spirit stands unbroken "against the sword of Michael, against the thunder of Jehovah, against the flaming lake, against the marl burning with solid fire, against the prospect of an eternity of unintermittent misery." He is not the *Δαίμονος* of the Greek—the demon of Æschylus, the Prometheus, half-fiend, half-redemptor, the friend of man, the sullen, and implacable enemy of heaven. He is not one of the chattering, bestial, grinning, mopping herd of devils, bloated with meat and wine, and reeling in ribald dances, who stagger and leap round the lady in the Masque of Comus; he is not one of the inexorable spirits who hover in the silence and gloom of Dante's Inferno, who point pitilessly to the hopeless inscription above the portal, who watch inflexibly the agonies of Ugolino, and the remorse of Francisca, and Facinata writhing in her burning tomb. Puck is not **THE DEVIL**, but a devil—a *diablotin*. He is a very monkey, a mischievous ape, having a special delight in the annoyance of saints and hermits. The writings of the Fathers are full of authentic relations of his knavish tricks. 'Twas he who tempted Saint Anthony (*pace* Thomas Ingoldsby); 'twas he who

"—sat in an earthen pot,
In a big-bellied earthen pot ast he,"

and with a rabble rout of devils with tails and devils without, devils stout and meagre, devils serious and jocund, church-going devils and revel-haunting devils, endeavoured first in his own proper likeness as a hobgoblin, and afterwards as a laughing woman with two black eyes—the worst devil of all—to decoy the Saint from the perusal of the holy book. This devil it was who as Saint Benedict was saying his prayers on Monte Casino, did (according to Saint Gregory) appear to him in the likeness of a doctor riding upon a mule, avowing his intention to physic the whole convent, although, if we are to believe other accounts, it was to Saint Melanius that he appeared in this medical guise. Whichever way it was, however, Saint Benedict had the

mischievous little devil on the hip on a subsequent occasion. There was a certain monk in the convent, who somewhat after the style of our old acquaintance, Daddy Longlegs, couldn't or wouldn't say his prayers. After praying a little while he always rose up suddenly and vamoosed out of the oratory, as though the devil was at his heels;—which indeed he was as you shall hear. The monks told the prior, and the prior told the abbot, and the abbot told Saint Benedict of the non-praying brother's irreverent conduct; and in goes the Saint to the oratory, with a big walking-stick, just as the monk is coming out as usual. "See ye not who leadeth our brother?" says Saint Benedict to Father Maurus and Pompeianus, the prior.

"We see nought," they answer.

"I do," says the Saint, directing a meaning and somewhat menacing look towards his subordinates, "I see plainly a little black devil lugging violently at our brother's gown, and leading him towards the door."

The obtuse Pompeianus still persisted in seeing nothing; but Father Maurus, who was in training to be a saint, and had besides an eye to the reversion of the prior's berth, immediately declared that he saw the devil, and that he was very little and very black.

"Of course," says Saint Benedict. "Perhaps, Brother Pompeianus, when you have administered to yourself the seven score stripes I now prescribe to you, and said the four Greek epistles which you will be good enough to repeat to me without book to-morrow morning, you will be able to see the devil too. In the meantime, he must be exorcised from the person of our dear brother;" whereupon whack! whack! whack! goes the big walking-stick about the legs, head, back, and shoulders of the dear brother, till, as Saint Benedict declares, the little devil is completely exorcised, and the dear brother is covered with bruises. The legend adds that the D. B. was ever afterwards distinguished for his remarkable assiduity of attendance and attention at matins, complins, and vespers.

This little devil of Puck's kindred, if not Puck himself, was evidently the same who lay in wait so many years in order to bring to shame the chaste and pious Saint Gudule. It was the custom of this noble maiden to rise at cockcrow every morning and walk to church with her maid before her carrying a lantern. What did the devil, but blow the candle out? What did Saint Gudule, but blow it in again by her prayers? And this is her standard miracle. Then there was a St. Britius, who, you must know, was clerk or deacon to St. Martin. One day, while his principal was performing mass, St. Britius saw a sly little devil behind the altar, busily employed in writing on a strip of parchment as long as an hotel bill all the sins of the congregation. There were a good many sins that day both

of omission and commission, and the devil's parchment was soon full on both sides, and crossed and re-crossed into the bargain. What was the devil to do? He had no more parchment with him; he could not trust to his memory; and he was unwilling to lose count of a single sin. As a last resource, he bethought himself of stretching the parchment. Holding one end in his teeth and the other in his claws, he tugged and tugged, and strained and strained; but he forgot that the material was unelastic; and presently crack went the parchment into two pieces, and bang went the devil's head against the stone wall of the church. Saint Brituis burst out into a hearty fit of laughter at the devil's misfortune, for which he was sternly rebuked by his chief; and, indeed, narrowly escaped that exemplary chastisement which, as legends tell, befel the nursery heroine Jill

"For laughing at Jack's disaster."

When, however, St. Martin came to be informed of the real circumstances of the case, he immediately hailed it as a "first chop" miracle, of which the world was running rather short just then; and as a stock miracle it has been retailed ever since, to the great edification of the faithful; and as a miracle you will find it in good dog Latin and in the Lives of the Saints to this day.

You will curl up your lip, I dare say, because I persist in stating Puck to be a goblin and not a fairy, and in tracing him even to a *habitat* among the mischievous demons of the Romish hagiology. You will acknowledge him as a demon, however, when I tell you that Odericus Vitalis alludes to him as the devil whom St. Taurinus banished from the quondam temple of Diana at Ebroa, the Norman town of Evreux; that he was known to the Normans as Gubbe, the old man, and from thence we have the word Goblin: "*Hunc vulgus Gobelinum appellat*," says Odericus. The Gubbe of the Northmen was own brother to the "Tomte-Gubbe," or "old man of the house toft" in Sweden, known in Saxony as the spiteful devil Hoodekin, Hodken, or Hudken, in Norway as "Nisse-goddering," in Scotland as "Redcap," in England as Puck; or, on a very *non lucendo* principle (seeing that he was always playing naughty tricks), as Robin Goodfellow. He is directly charged with being a *Goblin* in your own vaunted Midsummer Night's Dream, by one of Titania's fairies. Thus she—

"Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Called Robin Goodfellow; are you not he
That fright the maids of all the villagery?"

Mislead night wanderers, laughing at their harm,
Those that Hobgoblin call you"

If the varlet had been a fairy, all Titania's tribe would have known his position and

antecedents without questioning him. Pease-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed, were fairies if you will; so were those "minions of the moon" that came from ox-lips and nodding violets, from lush woodbine, from sweet musk-roses and wild eglantine, the fairies that warred with rear-mice for their leathern wings, and killed the cankers in the rose-buds; the small grey-coated gnats that were Queen Mab's waggoners, the joiner squirrels, the fairies' midwives. A figo—the fig of Spain—for them all. Puck has nought to do with them; and I demand that his name, as it stands in the *dramatis personæ* of all the editions of Shakespeare, as "Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, a fairy" shall be expunged and altered to "Puck, a Goblin or malicious demon."

The subject of Puck (continued the old Magician) has detained me much longer than I anticipated; but I felt so strongly on the subject, that I was moved to adduce all the evidence I could lay my hands on. It were bootless in this stage of the argument to demonstrate that this same Puck is the Spanish "Duende," corresponding entirely to the "Tomte Gubbe," which fact is attested by Corbaruvias; and that in another part of Spain, that Puck appears as a Frayle, or little friar; for which you may see Calderon's comedy of *La Dama Duende*. Nor is there time here to show how Puck in Anglo-Saxon became Pickeln and Packeln, from which Mr. Horne Tooke tells us, in the Divisions of Purley, we have Puck or Patch, the fool; likewise Pickle, a mischievous boy, and the Pickelhärin, oddly enough, though analogically translated as Pickle-herring, the zany or mountebank of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, and who (Pickelhärin) was so called from his leafy or hairy vestment. Ben Johnson re-Anglicised him as the shaggy little devil Puckhairy, while the original Puck or Pug became Pog, Bog, and Boge in the north of England, Bogle in Scotland, and again returned to England as Bogey, where he dwells in the coal cellar or the nursery-cupboard to this day. There's a derivation for you, Scholar! Think of your merry, spangled-winged, sportive fairy Puck, forsooth, turning out to be synonymous with the child-quelling, naughty-boy-kidnapping Bogey. The monkey, you know, acquired the name of Pug, from his wickedness and malice; and the Pug-dog, from his spitefulness and snappishness. *Bug* in the language of the British was a goblin; *Bog* was the angry god of the Slavi. The Anglo-Saxon *Bucca* and *Buck*, a goat, were both derivatives of Puck, and were so called from their skittish, savage natures; and a goat was, if you remember, one of the favourite incarnations of the evil one; finally, we trace the mischievous mirth and inebriated inspiration of Puck in the Greek word

Bakcheus.

Thus far the old Magician. I had listened with bated breath to the sage as he dwelt

on the pedigrees of his subjects with a somewhat excusable pride, though I must confess I could not refrain from yawning a little (nor has another person been able to refrain from doing the like more recently, I dare say) at the somewhat tedious dissertations on magical etymology into which he was led. The ancient man would seem to have been imbibing deep draughts from the founts of Junius, Menage, Casaubon, Skinner, Minshew, Lemon, and the venerable cohort of old English etymologists, to say nothing of Thomson, Whiter, Fox Talbot, and the moderns. Now the study of etymology produces nearly the very same effects that Doctor South ascribes to the study of the Apocalypse: "It finds a man mad, or leaves him so;" and, moreover, as the study of Magic has led to not a few commissions *de lunaticis*, it is probable that the old Magician I had been listening to had a "bee in his bonnet," or as is more vernacularly expressed in this part of the country, that he had "a tile off," or "eleven pence half penny out of the shilling." It may be, and is as probable, that he was sane; it may be that he never existed save in my brain; yet he may be sitting opposite to me still, graving, didacticising upon the former glories and present decay of Magic.

Yes, its decay. The state of that once glorious and potent science is now far more a Case of Real Distress than that of Queen Mab and her elves. They at least can obtain engagements in the pantomimes and Easter spectacles. Doctor Arne's deathless music yet summons them to dance on yellow sands and there take hands. Music-sellers yet deem them worthy as subjects of delicately-tinted lithographic title pages to polkas. There are yet to be found publishers (though few alas!) who will invest capital in the illustrations, editing, and publishing of fairy tales; and till Mr. Richard Doyle be die, and till Messrs. Leech, and Hablot Browne, and Tenniel, and especially Mr. George Cruikshank, masters of the pencil and etching point, they die, we shall not lack cunning graphers of the life, and light, and glories of Fairyland. But Magic is dead. Its professors never sought to insinuate themselves blandly into the imagination like the fairies; they brought neither honied words, nor sparkling pictures, nor dulcet music. They sought but to control, to terrify, to destroy. Read the Arabian Nights through, and perhaps with the single exception of Cassim Baba quartered in the robbers' cavern you will not find an incident in that vast collection of fairy tales that will excite terror or disgust; but glance over the awful *Mallous Mallifearum*, as printed on the eye of Saint Catherine, Queen, Virgin, and Martyr, in the last decennary of the fifteenth century—pore over its dusky, black-lettered pages, its miniated capitals, and shudder; turn over the *Dictionnaire Infernal* of Colin de Plancy, the *Histoire de la Magic* of Jules

Garinet; peep fearfully into the mysterious tomes of Piceatrix, Cornelius Agrippa, of Delrio and Remigius, of Glanvill and Sinclair; think of the legendary volume of Thomas the Rhymers, that was "lost, lost, lost," and "found, found, found," in the lay of the Last Minstrel;—study these monstrous books—monstrous alike in form and contents—study them in the dead of the night (if you have nerve enough), and sleep afterwards, nightmareless, if you can.

Magic! It is associated with cruelty, ignorance, brutish stupidity, and brutal wrong through all time. It recalls the ages of darkness, persecution, havoc, and intolerance. It recalls poor maniacs, brooding over forges and alembics, covering amid stuffed monsters and noxious elixirs, mumbling incoherent blasphemies over the entrails of dead beasts, and the skins of dried reptiles. It recalls the mummeries of the Rosicrucians, the laboriously idle speculations of Dee and Lilly, the impudent impostures of Romish priestcraft in the worst ages of Romecraft; it recalls with terror and horror the appalling buffoneries of witchcraft, the horrible merriment of the Witches' Sabbath, and with more terrible and horrible reality it brings back, to our lasting shame and disgrace, the long long record of aged, unaimed, blind, infirm old creatures, chased, scourged, imprisoned, tied hand and foot and drowned, hanged and burnt unjustly, and condemned too by learned English judges. It recalls dirty gipseys, and heartless swindlers, dwelling in back garrets with mangy cats and greasy packs of cards.

No; I am not sorry that Magic is in distress; but I grieve more than ever (if that be possible) for Queen Mab and the fairies, flouted and contemned by this sometimes and somewhat too dully practical age.

TOO LATE.

"HERE, take these knots and this letter for him," said Amalie in a broken voice to me, as I sat in the sledge already prepared for departure. "May your journey be fortunate and speedy!" Petro, lashing on his horse, covered me with a shower of snow; and, in a few minutes, I had St. Petersburg behind me. Before me was a snowy wilderness.

Whither did I speed? Across the frozen region of Siberia to Ochotsk, and to the exiled friend of my youth. Quicker, Petro; quicker through this comfortless and deathlike region. See! There are tracks of a panther; the horse scents them; how it trembles! So, we are in Tobolski.

A half sun arises. The white plain lies before me, glittering with millions of crystals. A few stunted pine trees throw ghostly shadows across the white waste, their borders tinted with the red beams of the sickly sun

On everything is written the death sentence of the imperial doomster. Quicker, Petro; quicker through this horrible desert! So, we are in Jakutsk.

Where no sun rises, no description can be given. Forward, Petro! A world without a sun is too like a grave. The monotony is too like the dreariness of death. Ha, yonder the northern light! That is a transient comfort. On, on, Petro!

After a dreary journey of six weeks, I am at length in Ochotsk. I deliver my despatches to the governor, and at the same time make him acquainted with the object of my voluntary journey. He is a man suited to his place. The letter from St. Petersburg from his son he receives coldly; and, with a gesture of his hand only, introduces me to his daughter.

After having read the order, he offers to accompany me to the dwelling of my friend, and personally make known to him the clemency of the Emperor. For, I am the bearer of an order for my friend's release.

"If it is not a necessary part of your duty to accompany me, permit me to go alone on this errand to Count Paul," I say to the governor. "Be it so," he replies, shaking his head, and ordering the soldier on guard to conduct me. The feeling of excitement with which I walk the short distance to the hut of the exile almost unmans me. My heart beats fearfully. Strange figures flash before my eyes, from which the tears are falling.

A misgiving, such as I had felt before, while waiting two days for the order at St. Petersburg, seizes me, but in a greater degree. I am forced to lean for support on my guide.

"This is the hut of Count Paul."

I thank him, and he retires.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when I opened the door. The exile of six years stood before me, half bent and half clothed, occupied in cleaning the skin of a sable.

I opened the door in the supposition that he would not recognise me; but, scarcely had he looked towards me when he called me by my name, and I was embracing him. My tears fell on his garments; a tempest was in my heart. But his heart remained cold; I hung on a statue, his arms embraced me not, his eyes had no tears. Shocked and astonished, I retreated a step or two and looked as if to question him. Still indifferent he returned to his work, as though nothing particular had happened, and as though I had been his daily companion. He said, calmly, "I am preparing my skin for the next delivery," and said no more. He asked me not, why I came there; he asked me not, for his mother, nor his Amalie; he hung over his work silently—lost.

"Paul! Dear Paul!" I cried, and stretched

my arms towards him. But they fell again, as he directed a look towards me with a passionless indifference. Presently he expressed impatience at my presence. I diverted him from his work. "I am busy," he said.

The governor came to me as I turned away.

"He has suffered no one to approach him for more than three months," he said; "he has even prepared his necessary housekeeping himself—placing the appointed government tributes on the door step, in the proper number and quality—and has now for the last four weeks been wholly silent. I have suffered him to have his own way, because I remarked that he was determined against ever accepting his freedom, and that no other impression was left than this pre-conceived idea. He is so punctual in preparing his tribute, that with wonderful accuracy the number of his payment is always full. He has never been in arrear."

"Still we must make his freedom known to him," said I.

"If you have not already done so, we can send him the despatch, or, you can seek him again to-morrow at this time. The night will, perhaps, leave a favourable impression on him."

"Why not early?"

"Because at midnight he goes to the chase, and does not return until the middle of the day."

The governor invited me to his house and table. Although overcome by the journey and the recent events, I found myself in the evening at his tea-table.

"I have never been able," said the governor, "to understand rightly, from the sentence, the nature of the Count's crime. At first I numbered him with the state criminals of the year eighteen hundred and twenty-five; but lately, from his diary, his youth, and uncommon privations, I have taken another view of it, and feel disposed to pity him. Also, I learn that his father was sent to America, but that his mother was permitted to remain in St. Petersburg."

"A year before the death of the Emperor Alexander," I replied, "the Count and I were students together at Gottingen. I loved him with a kind of worship, grounded more on the rare pre-eminence of his mind than on the tenderness of his heart. We had the fairest hopes from his industry and talents, particularly as he did not seem disposed to enter into the revolutionary spirit of Hungary, but hoped to strive in some other way for that oppressed country. He distinguished himself in every branch of knowledge, from the tangled system of philosophy to the obscure researches of philology; and in active gymnastic exercises he was ever the example and model of his schoolfellows. He bestowed upon me in a great measure his confidence and regard; I can hardly say his friendship. Shortly before the death of the Emperor, his father recalled him to St. Petersburg; and

when, a year after, I also returned home, I learnt the fate of his whole house. They had been exiled. Why, was, as usual, a secret."

"I pity him," said the governor. "He will not avail himself of the mercy of the Emperor."

"Why do you suppose so?"

"A man who has fallen from such a lofty station becomes, after exile, wholly unfit for society. Count Paul feels this, and, if I do not err, he keeps, on a black tablet over his bed, a rigid reckoning. My daughter and I have carefully watched him. In the two first years of his exile, he constantly placed his bare breast against the cold snow—to cool, as he said, his burning heart, while his tears melted the frozen earth; he refused his food; with the greatest rashness he encountered the fiercest of the wild beasts. In the third year, he asked for ink and paper, which he covered with aimless designs, and with the words fatherland, death, vengeance. One night, in the fifth year of his captivity, he collected and burnt the whole of these scraps, together with his portable library; from that hour he has never more read, written, complained, sighed, nor wept. He is not an accountable being."

"Of all his writings," said the daughter, "I have one leaf only, which he gave me from his diary four years ago, at the time when he did not avoid our companionship."

After six hours in bed, I melted with my breath the ice on the panes of my window, which gave me a view of the country whence Paul would return from the chase. I examined every living being who went by, until at length, about ten in the forenoon, I saw Count Paul returning to the hut with slow and weary steps. He threw down the bag with the dead animals, and his large fur boots, before the door. With his gun directed downward, he then walked into the hut.

About the same time as on the day before, I again stood in his presence. He lay half dressed on the bed, and stared vacantly on the bare walls. On the table stood his unprepared meal, near his head was his gun, there was no fire in the chimney. I knelt down by the bed, and taking his hand, called him by his name: his lips moved convulsively, but his eyes did not move.

"Paul! the world is again open to thee. Here is the Emperor's pardon." His lips moved again. He opened and shut his eyes quickly, to repress the last—the only—tear, and said, "Too late!"

At this moment my eyes fell on the black stone tablet over his bed. As I looked at it he hastily drew away his hand out of mine and closed his eyes. The tablet was divided into three columns. In the first, was the month of January, with its number of weeks and days; in the second, the month of Feb-

ruary; in the third, the month of March, to the eighth; from this, there was nothing, to the twenty-first, which was written in large letters. Under this line the whole part of the third column was white, so that from the twenty-first nothing more could be written on the tablet.

"Thy mother and Amalie have sent thee tokens of their unchanged love, and also Prince Annoskoi has confirmed his kindness in his own handwriting. Can we not, my dear Paul, begin our journey—Home! tomorrow?"

Without saying a word he rose up from the bed and wrote on the tablet, "March the ninth." His look seemed to tell me this would be the only answer to all I said. He then turned his face to the wall and signified that he wished to be alone. I placed the letters on the table near the bed, lighted the fire, and, full of anguish, quitted the hut.

The governor was waiting outside, and I related to him what had happened.

Early the next morning—about two o'clock—I saw him steal out of his hut. He appeared weak and languid. At my request, the governor hired a man to watch him.

He did not return until two in the afternoon. He was exhausted, and was without any game. He immediately fell on his bed.

When I entered, his eyes were closed, and his face with its fixed stern expression was turned towards the chimney. The letters and the knots of ribbon remained untouched. At nine in the evening he opened his eyes, took the tablet and wrote on it the day of the month—the tenth—and signed to me to go away. On the eleventh, towards midnight, he arose to go as usual to the chase, but fell back on his bed. With great difficulty he arose again, about the middle of the day, and placed the prescribed number of skins in order for the delivery; wrote on the tablet "the eleventh;" and staggered back to bed.

He lay, during eight days, stolid, immovable, rejecting all help from human hands. In vain I wept and prayed, kneeling by his bed; in vain the soft voice of the governor's daughter; in vain the physician and the priest.

I dreaded the twenty-first; his self-appointed death-day. Dreaded or not dreaded, any day will come in its course. At five in the afternoon, he lay at the last extremity; around his bed stood the governor, his daughter, and the physician; I stood at his head. He still breathed; his eyes were closed. Shortly before six, his eyelids opened with the last flash of life's fire; his lifted hand made a sign for the rest to go away. They went, and I remained; he saw me not; about five minutes afterwards, he suddenly rose half up in the bed, drew a heavy, deep breath, and fell back. I closed his eyes and

prayed by the body. The last words he spoke, even now ring in my ears. "Too late!"

LANCASHIRE WITCHCRAFT.

It is a little more than a century since, when women who were the possessors of black cats; who were much out of doors on windy nights; who said or did things beyond the comprehension of their neighbours; and who, in addition to all this, committed the offence of being particularly good-looking or extremely ugly, were either burned or drowned according to the tastes of the operators, as being veritable, unmistakable witches. We of the nineteenth century may congratulate ourselves and our female friends that the dangers, if not the practice, of witchcraft have passed away for ever. We are personally acquainted with no end of bewitching young ladies who possess cats of all shades of colour, who pay frequent visits upon windy nights, yet who are without the least fear of stake or duck-pond before their pretty eyes.

These are not the witches about whom it is our present intention to discourse.

Ethiopic sorcery, Chaldean magic, Egyptian necromancy, Arabian cabalistics, are as air-bubbles before the steam-and-metal witchcraft of Lancashire. Miles of bleak, barren plain have been thickly peopled with human toilers; leagues of silent valleys have been made to send forth busy sounds of never-ending labour. The moorland is replete with life; the treacherous moss and yawning gully are spanned by metal roads, over which the magic power of steam whirls endless trains. Hamlets are towns, villages are cities, the hovel and the hut are swollen to mighty fabrics, in each of which a thousand of our fellows are toiling "from morn to dewy eve." And all of this and more is the handy-work of Lancashire Witchcraft.

Not very long ago some few of the oldest inhabitants of the shire remember when Manchester was considered a rather rising town; when Preston, Oldham, Macclesfield, Staleybridge, and a good score or so of other leading manufacturing towns of to-day were but simple groups of houses, with here and there a tall smoking chimney rising among the trees and hills to tell of the adventurous spirit of the Lancashire spinners; when manufacturers and dealers in yarns rode through the country on pack-horses to buy or sell their goods as the case might be; and when the introduction of steam-power weaving was deemed an act of insane folly that must sooner or later end in the ruin of the speculators. There are scores of Lancashire folks who remember right well when the magnificent pile of warehouses in Spinning-jenny Street, close by the Royal Hotel, in Manchester, was but a narrow range of crabbled old beetle-browed store-rooms. Forty years ago, Elkanah Shuttle and Cyrus Waterloom,

who own the splendid palatial edifice half way up the street, with the magnificent portico, the sweeping staircase, the mediæval hall, the artistic show-rooms, the Crystal-Palace roofing, were unknown beyond their own village. One made his way to Manchester with all his worldly possessions in a small bundle at his back; the other arrived shortly after him, by one of the canal-boats; to this day the crooked stick of Elkanah and the yarn pack of Cyrus are preserved in a glass-case among the archives of the firm. These men have risen by the potent aid of Lancashire Witchcraft; so, likewise, have hundreds of their fellow-citizens, as rich and powerful as themselves, but not as mindful of the stick and pack.

Mighty, indeed, are the dealings of these cotton monarchs. Complicated are their transactions; numberless the interests they affect; and far away and strange the lands they give vitality to, the months they feed, the forms they clothe. Our Witchcraft is felt in all the four quarters of the world: from Crim Tartary to Zulu Kaffirland, from the frozen homes of the Esquimaux to the palmy groves of the Oriental. Many are the races who help to feed those craving machines, ever consuming cotton at the modest rate of thirty thousand bales of three hundredweights each, weekly.

The patient poverty-stricken Hindoo ryot, in the hot valleys of Berar, among the wooded hills of Candeish; the active Malabar coolie on the sandy plains of Travancore and Tinnivelly; the abject Egyptian, a slave in all but the name, groaning as he toils at his cotton task for masters more exacting than in the days of Pharaoh; the slave in the southern states of America, and the kingdoms and republics of the southern continent; all these labour for one end, all help to send their quota of the fibre that ere long shall be seen whirling and twisting round metal rods, or darting in between fine polished meshes. And soon it shall be dressed, and bleached, and dyed, and calendered, and hot-pressed, and finally make its new advent as a radiant garment, a flowing robe, a brilliant shawl or handkerchief, a simple piece of bobbin or tape, a piece of bed-hanging, a jack towel or a waistcoat piece. Or perchance Lancashire Witchcraft will cunningly throw in a small quantity of silk or alpaca amongst the cotton fibres; and lo! a compound of a new and startling character appears. Soft, glossy shades, bright tinted, many coloured, with devices, and reliefs, and borders, endless.

But it is not alone in quantity, and style, and combination, that this Witchcraft is so distinguished. It brings about, other and still more surprising results. The most remote grown of our raw cottons are those from Central India: which, from hill-side to port of shipment, thence to Liverpool, and so on to the restless machinery of the Lancashire factories, cannot be a less distance than eighteen thousand miles in round numbers.

Now let us see what our witchcraft does for the Hindoo consumer of cotton goods.

The cotton cloths in chief demand throughout British India are of a most simple kind, requiring no artistic effort in their production, likely to be advantageously made by the simple means of the Hindoo weaver, little likely to tempt science and capital in their production, and assuredly for the same reason little able to bear a large charge for transport. Our Lancashire Witchcraft fetches raw cotton from Central India, as already shown, over a distance of eighteen thousand miles. This cotton is carded, spun, woven, dressed, pressed, packed, marked, and shipped once more to Liverpool, where ships are always ready to sail to all parts of the world. There are some for India; on board of these the bales of Indian-grown cotton cloth are shipped; another eighteen thousand miles of voyage are performed, rivers are again navigated, mountain passes are again traversed, plains and valleys are again travelled over, and at length the bales of Lancashire Witchcraft behold the very village of Central India in the gardens of which their contents first saw the light of tropical day; the ryot who grew it is still there, sowing the same patch of ground with more seed; his wife is still at the threshold of their little but busily occupied in weaving some of the selfsame cotton crop which has made so long a double journey, which has seen so many wondrous witcheries in British lands, which has found its weary way back in clean white folds. And why is it brought thus far? Why does the weary dealer at the village bazaar welcome these many yards of steam-spun, steam-woven cloth? Simply because in spite of the journey, the voyage, the river, the ocean, the railroad, and the custom-house, our Lancashire Witchcraft can afford to sell goods cheaper than the simple Hindoo weaver can, though his cloth never left his native village, and was woven beneath the shade of palm trees to the song of the nightingale, instead of within a Manchester factory to the rattle of a thousand power-looms. And this is the universal tale of intellect applied to industry—the legend of modern scientific witchcraft.

How many thousand slaves, and ryots, and coolies, are toiling at this one production of the earth to keep our mills at work? How many busy factors and dealers, planters and brokers and middlemen, are straining every nerve, lest a single factory fire in England should die out? How many deeply-laden ships are buffeting the angry seas, and beating round the dreaded Cape of Storms, to keep the Liverpool and Manchester railway occupied, and the cotton brokers in good feather? At the great cotton mart of Britain—Liverpool—the landings of this article during the past year have averaged a thousand tons a day. But a trifling portion of this enormous bulk leaves the country in an unmanufactured

state; nine-tenths of it go to feed the hungry mills of Lancashire.

The actual wealth of our cotton nobility would be hard to estimate. How much has been realised and invested in other property, or how much sunk in new factories and machinery, who can say? Yet some approach to the truth may be made, and the figures are startling. Within the limits of Lancashire there are not fewer than a thousand factories, in whose direct employ there are about three hundred thousand people, men, women, and children; but by far the greater portion are women. This is, however, a small portion of the actual strength employed in working up cotton, for the steam and water power applied to machinery for this purpose is equivalent to nearly ninety thousand horses. What the conjoint capacity of all this strength amounts to, may be imagined from the fact of its putting in motion and controlling a quarter of a million of power-looms and more than twenty million spindles. Of this large number eighteen-twentieths are to be found within a circle of not more than thirty miles round Manchester.

By the united efforts of all this steam and water, and human power, and the added elements of skill and design, we find that the United Kingdom produces cotton goods to the yearly value of more than sixty millions sterling, of which about one half is consumed at home, and the remainder shipped to foreign and colonial customers. Thus, there are being turned out a daily aggregate of nearly a quarter of a million sterling, or about twenty thousand pounds' worth of cotton goods every hour.

Before cotton threads are spun in the loom, they require to be lightly steeped in a glutinous liquor composed of wheaten flour, and sometimes rice flour, and water, in order to impart a degree of tenacity to them. This practice is incidentally alluded to in a Hindoo work of high antiquity, showing how old was the custom of employing a starch solution in weaving. We mention it, in order to furnish another illustration of the enormous magnitude of the cotton industry of this country. The weekly consumption of flour for this simple but necessary process is not less than five thousand barrels.

In strict keeping with the growing extent of the manufacture, has been the constant lowering of the cost of production by means chiefly of improved machinery, and partly by lower wages. In short, taking the average market value of all kinds of cotton goods, we may state that they have, during the last twenty years, been reduced from sevenpence-halfpenny the yard to threepence-halfpenny, or rather more than one half. That this must be so will be seen by a reference to the quantities and values of the cotton exports for the years eighteen hundred and thirty, and eighteen hundred and fifty. In the former year they stood at four hundred millions of yards, valued at fourteen millions sterling; in the latter year they had

reached the enormous extent of nearly four-hundred millions of yards, whilst their declared value was twenty millions and a half sterling. So that whilst in *quantity* the exports had increased by two hundred per cent., they had augmented in *value* not more than fifty per cent.

Like many other crafts, the art of cotton-weaving was brought from the East. In the land of the Pharaohs, spinning and weaving were arts well understood. Upon the Ninevite marbles are to be seen representations of weavers at their looms. In the earliest records of Hindoo barbaric history, we may trace the India weaver at his work; and when, some centuries ago, the stores of oriental lands were first laid open to the kingdoms and people of the West, among those things which were counted rare and valuable, were calicoes, both plain and printed. As years rolled on, and fleets sailed where formerly a single merchantman had tempted the dangers of the Eastern seas, cotton goods from Indian made up a formidable total in our Asiatic trade. But now, all this is changed. Steam and iron have beaten the plodding Hindoo from the field. The plain white calico, the printed handkerchief, the rajah's many-coloured scarf, the nabob's gorgeous rainbow shawl, the sultana's head-dress, the gossamer hangings for the Zenana, all are copied and reproduced by Lancashire Witchcraft, and sold at half the cost of their originals to wondering Hindoos and astounded Mussulmen.

The rapid glance we have here taken at our English witchcraft, is by far the most pleasing side of the picture. If we lift the outer cheerful veil which encircles all these stirring things, we shall behold dark scenes behind. It is not alone in Manchester that the people who work in mills should be seen. They have other and darker homes within the hundred villages and towns that lie scattered about the heart of Lancashire. There, on a cold, raw, dark December morning, hundreds and thousands of women, slipshod in mind and body, may be dimly seen amidst the murky gloom of fog and smoke, slinking along toward the many factories where, hard-worked though they be, they at least find light and warmth. Many of them are mothers; and these will be seen hurrying with their tiny infants, to place them in the hands of some old crone, who, for the merest trifle, consents to allow them to lie beneath her miserable roof until the usual evening hour returns. There, huddled together like lower animals, these poor infants sleep, and cry, and fret away their wretched daily life.

The ordinary pay of weavers is ten or twelve shillings a week, with occasionally fifteen for particularly expert hands at certain kinds of work. At spinning, men are more commonly employed than women, and by the aid of a boy they will not unusually earn from one to two pounds a-week. But unfortunately, save in exceptional cases, more edu-

cation and discretion are required amongst this class; and ignorance and prejudice work unknown miseries when following in the train of poverty. In Manchester, and in one or two other leading factory towns, very much has been done in the right direction, by sanitary regulations, by free libraries, and by cheap and wholesome houses for the poor. Employers have nobly shown that they understand the duties not less than the rights of capital, and men begin to feel that the best workpeople are those who can employ their heads not less than their hands. Still, in many places, much remains to be done. And it were well it were done quickly.

ANYBODY'S CHILD.

Anybody's child is a sad little being. You find him playing at marbles in a London alley. His feet are bare, his clothes are ragged, his voice is hard and cracked, his hair is matted down over his eyes, his hands are thin and angular, his knees protrude through his torn trousers, and those rags are kept on by a piece of cord that passes over his left shoulder. How keen are the eyes that leer out at you from under that hair-thatched brow! They read you off in a minute. Anybody's child can tell, at a glance of those sharp eyes, whether you have anything or nothing in your pocket; whether your heart is hard or soft; whether you are a parish officer or a detective policeman. You may deceive casual observers, but Anybody's child is not to be done. Admitted.

He has no respect for you; if you freely offer him money you are a flat; he has a ready impertinence to throw at you should you be harsh to him; he hates you if you be either a parish officer or a detective. If you be a philanthropist, he listens to you, only to laugh at you. Anybody's child is twelve years old, yet has he had great experience of the world. He is skilled in every artifice and ready to profit by any. Admitted.

Is it his cue to be penitent, to repent thoroughly, to cry, and call himself an abandoned wretch and a miserable sinner, to declare that there is no good in him, that death is the best possible thing that could happen to him, to exhibit a knowledge of religious observances—he will do all this, you know he will. Admitted.

First, he cries, then he allows himself to be soothed; then he describes the terrible hardships he has suffered; then he strikes up a psalm, which he sings very fairly. This performance is well adapted to touch the feelings and to influence the pockets of the good ladies who go their rounds courageously, about the worst byways of London, doing what they conceive to be their duty, quietly and firmly; distributing, with real charity of heart—but often to unworthy objects—money which they can ill spare. Anybody's child knows these good ladies.

very well. He hears what they have to say with downcast eyes; and he is very serious when he takes the tracts they are so good as to distribute. But how can he read while he is hungry? The lady is certain to be touched by this appeal, and, all honour to her gentle heart! Anybody's child receives sixpence. Then the lady proceeds to the next court, and Anybody's child buys some padding at a house close at hand—which he wraps up in the tract—and saves two pence for the low theatre at night. You know all this is true of Anybody's child. Admitted.

Anybody's child plays other parts. Many come to inquire into his condition; to ask him about his parentage, his mode of life, the number of times he has been in prison, the games he has played. To these he appears very hardened indeed. He has no recollection of his mother, and his father is somewhere in the country. He is allowed to sleep upon a pallet in the corner of a kind old woman's kitchen up a court. He lives by all sorts of stratagem. He holds gentlemen's horses; he goes out with costermongers to cry their wares. He has been offered the situation of errand-boy, to carry out goods; but he never liked it; such places was always too hard for him. He has been in prison many times, five or six times at least. He proceeds to repeat the prison regulations, for he knows them by heart. He has been engaged with other boys in taking lead from house-roofs in "snow-gathering" (a poetic expression for clothes-stealing from hedges); in picking pockets at fairs. He can turn his hand to anything destructive; but finds the world is again him. He knows very well that he is an outcast, and that boys of his sort are not to be admitted into any decent companionship. Yet his is a hard life—his is. He has tried very often to do something for himself, he has; but it ain't of no use, he can't keep to nothing; he gets tired of it, and people gets tired of him. He supposes he will be transported at last. He doesn't much care what becomes of him. As for a home, he has never had a home. He is glad his father has gone away, for he was always a thrashing of him. He will say all this to you, will Anybody's child. Admitted.

Anybody's child here begins a true story, a little coloured. He watches narrowly the expression of his questioner, and shapes his answer according to the result of his observation. He thinks there is a chance of getting something out of his listener, perhaps half-a-crown, perhaps a passage to the diggings; but he is afraid it may be an introduction to some reformatory institution.

Anybody's child plays a third part. Admitted. This is played when he is accosted by an inquirer who is the sworn advocate of popular education. Herein the child is a mass of ignorance. He has never heard who is king or queen. He is not certain that it ain't the Black Prince. How should he know? He has heard of the Creator once or twice,

but knows nothing about the New Testament. Cannot read or write; wishes he could. Will go to the ragged school; wouldn't he like to? But he must have something to eat at, afore he can think of learning anything. Has heard of all sorts of places built to do good to him; but he doesn't like them. He isn't fond of work. It's a hard life in the streets; but he will get used to it in time.

All this, admitted. Admit on the other hand—you must, if you admit the sun and the eternal Heavens to be realities—that while opponents discuss theories, he grows up to Newgate and perdition.

Yet, truly regarded, Anybody's child is something more than this worthless little wretch and irredeemable outcast. Because he cannot be made to mend his ways in a few weeks; because it is not easy to make him the quiet inhabitant of a monotonous reformatory ward; because he cannot recognise a ministering Angel in a drill Sergeant; because he is slow to learn, and has a disgust for the irksome foundations of education; because the wild animal of a London alley cannot, in a few days, become a lap-dog for lady visitors to pat and smooth; voices begin to cry aloud that the case is hopeless. Let our Voice cry aloud, instead, To whom does Anybody's child belong? To some of us surely; if not to all of us. What are our laws if they secure for this child no protection; what are we if, under our eyes, Anybody's child grows up to be Everybody's enemy?

Anybody's child is undoubtedly Somebody's child. To discover this Somebody, who basely deserts it, should be the duty of the State; and the law's heaviest hand would we lay upon this Somebody. The State, professing and calling itself Christian, and therefore refusing to breed Plagues and Wild Beasts and rubbish to be shot into the bottomless pit, should systematically take that child, and make it a good citizen. And as it can, in most cases, find out Somebody when he or she has done a murder on the body, so let it find out Somebody guilty of the worse murder of this child's soul, and punish that heaviest of all offenders, in pocket and person.

Anybody's child is a little fiend, a social curse, a hypocrite, a liar, a thief. Admitted. But if the State had long ago made Somebody accountable for the child, and taken upon itself the duties of parent, Anybody's child, in lieu of the dreadful creature you recoil from, would now be a hopeful little fellow, with the roses of youth upon his cheeks, and the truth of happy childhood on his lips.

Anybody's child cannot too soon become the adopted of us all; and the Somebody who gave it birth cannot too soon or too relentlessly be made to pay the charges of the adoption, or be punished in default. Recent conferences on this shame to England have renewed our hopes of Anybody's child. Reader, as you have children of your own, or were a child yourself, remember him!

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—CHAMBERS.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. VIII.

McELRATH & BARKER, PUBLISHERS.

OFFICE NO. 17 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

WHOLE No. 203.

ON STRIKE.

TRAVELLING down to Preston a week from this date, I chanced to sit opposite to a very acute, very determined, very emphatic personage, with a stout railway rug so drawn over his chest that he looked as if he were sitting up in bed with his great coat, hat, and gloves on, severely contemplating your humble servant from behind a large blue and grey checked counterpane. In calling him emphatic, I do not mean that he was warm; he was coldly and bitingly emphatic as a frosty wind is.

"You are going through to Preston, sir?" says he, as soon as we were clear of the Primrose Hill tunnel.

The receipt of this question was like the receipt of a jerk of the nose; he was so short and sharp.

"Yes."

"This Preston strike is a nice piece of business!" said the gentleman. "A pretty piece of business!"

"It is very much to be deplored," said I, "on all accounts."

"They want to be ground. That's what they want to bring 'em to their senses," said the gentleman; whom I had already begun to call in my own mind Mr. Snapper, and whom I may as well call by that name here as by any other.

I deferentially enquired, who wanted to be ground?

"The hands," said Mr. Snapper. "The hands on strike, and the hands who help 'em."

I remarked that if that was all they wanted, they must be a very unreasonable people, for surely they had had a little grinding, one way and another, already. Mr. Snapper eyed me with sternness, and after opening and shutting his leathern-gloved hands several times outside his counterpane, asked me abruptly, "Was I a delegate?"

I set Mr. Snapper right on that point, and told him I was no delegate.

"I am glad to hear it," said Mr. Snapper. "But a friend to the Strike, I believe?"

"Not at all," said I.

"A friend to the Lock-out?" pursued Mr. Snapper.

"Not in the least," said I.

Mr. Snapper's rising opinion of me fell again, and he gave me to understand that a

man *must* either be a friend to the Masters or a friend to the Hands.

"He may be a friend to both," said I.

Mr. Snapper didn't see that; there was no medium in the Political Economy of the subject. I retorted on Mr. Snapper, that Political Economy was a great and useful science in its own way and its own place; but that I did not transplant my definition of it from the Common Prayer Book, and make it a great king above all gods. Mr. Snapper tucked himself up as if to keep me off, folded his arms on the top of his counterpane, leaned back and looked out of the window.

"Pray what would you have, sir," enquired Mr. Snapper, suddenly withdrawing his eyes from the prospect to me, "in the relations between Capital and Labour, *but* Political Economy?"

I always avoid the stereotyped terms in these discussions as much as I can, for I have observed, in my little way, that they often supply the place of sense and moderation. I therefore took my gentleman up with the words employers and employed, in preference to Capital and Labour.

"I believe," said I, "that into the relations between employers and employed, as into all the relations of this life, there must enter something of feeling and sentiment; something of mutual explanation, forbearance, and consideration; something which is not to be found in Mr. McCulloch's dictionary, and is not exactly stateable in figures; otherwise those relations are wrong and rotten at the core and will never bear sound fruit."

Mr. Snapper laughed at me. As I thought I had just as good reason to laugh at Mr. Snapper, I did so, and we were both contented.

"Ah!" said Mr. Snapper, patting his counterpane with a hard touch. "You know very little of the improvident and unreasoning habits of the common people, I see."

"Yet I know something of those people too," was my reply. "In fact Mr. ——" I had so nearly called him Snapper! "in fact, sir, I doubt the existence at this present time of many faults that are merely class faults. In the main, I am disposed to think that whatever faults you may find to exist, in your own neighbourhood for instance, among the hands, you will find tolerably equal in amount among the masters also, and even among the

classes above the masters. They will be modified by circumstances, and they will be the less excusable among the better-educated, but they will be pretty fairly distributed. I have a strong expectation that we shall live to see the conventional adjectives now apparently inseparable from the phrases working people and lower orders, gradually fall into complete disuse for this reason."

"Well, but we began with strikes," Mr. Snapper observed impatiently. "The masters have never had any share in strikes."

"Yet I have heard of strikes once upon a time in that same county of Lancashire," said I, "which were not disagreeable to some masters when they wanted a pretext for raising prices."

"Do you mean to say those masters had any hand in getting up those strikes?" asked Mr. Snapper.

"You will perhaps obtain better information among persons engaged in some Manchester branch trades, who have good memories," said I.

Mr. Snapper had no doubt, after this, that I thought the hands had a right to combine?

"Surely," said I. "A perfect right to combine in any lawful manner. The fact of their being able to combine and accustomed to combine may, I can easily conceive, be a protection to them. The blame even of this business is not all on one side. I think the associated Lock-out was a grave error. And when you Preston masters—"

"I am not a Preston master," interrupted Mr. Snapper.

"When the respectable combined body of Preston masters," said I, "in the beginning of this unhappy difference, laid down the principle that no man should be employed henceforth who belonged to any combination—such as their own—they attempted to carry with a high hand a partial and unfair impossibility, and were obliged to abandon it. This was an unwise proceeding, and the first defeat."

Mr. Snapper had known, all along, that I was no friend to the masters.

"Pardon me," said I; "I am unfeignedly a friend to the masters, and have many friends among them."

"Yet you think these hands in the right?" quoth Mr. Snapper.

"By no means," said I; "I fear they are at present engaged in an unreasonable struggle, wherein they began ill and cannot end well."

Mr. Snapper, evidently regarding me as neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, begged to know after a pause if he might enquire whether I was going to Preston on business?

Indeed I was going there, in my unbusiness-like manner, I confessed, to look at the strike.

"To look at the strike!" echoed Mr. Snapper fixing his hat on firmly with both hands. "To look at it! Might I ask you now, with what object you are going to look at it?"

"Certainly," said I. "I read, even in liberal pages, the hardest Political Economy—of an extraordinary description too sometimes, and certainly not to be found in the books—as the only touchstone of this strike. I see, this very day in a to-morrow's liberal paper, some astonishing novelties in the politico-economical way, showing how profits and wages have no connexion whatever; coupled with such references to these hands as might be made by a very inscible General to rebels and brigands in arms. Now, if it be the case that some of the highest virtues of the working people still shine through them brighter than ever in their conduct of this mistake of theirs, perhaps the fact may reasonably suggest to me—and to others besides me—that there is some little things wanting in the relations between them and their employers, which neither political economy nor Drum-head proclamation writing will altogether supply, and which we cannot too soon or too temperately unite in trying to find out."

Mr. Snapper, after again opening and shutting his gloved hands several times, drew the counterpane higher over his chest, and went to bed in disgust. He got up at Rugby, took himself and counterpane into another carriage, and left me to pursue my journey alone.

When I got to Preston, it was four o'clock in the afternoon. The day being Saturday and market-day, a foreigner might have expected, from among so many idle and not over-fed people as the town contained, to find a turbulent, ill-conditioned crowd in the streets. But, except for the cold smokeless factory chimneys, the placards at the street corners, and the groups of working people attentively reading them, nor foreigner, nor Englishman could have had the least suspicion that there existed any interruption to the usual labours of the place. The placards thus perused were not remarkable for their logic certainly, and did not make the case particularly clear; but, considering that they emanated from, and were addressed to, people who had been out of employment for three-and-twenty consecutive weeks, at least they had little passion in them though they had not much reason. Take the worst I could find:

"FRIENDS AND FELLOW OPERATIVES,

"Accept the grateful thanks of twenty thousand struggling Operatives, for the help you have shewn upon Preston since the present contest commenced.

"Your kindness and generosity, your patience and long-continued support, deserve every praise, and are only equalled by the heroic and determined perseverance of the outraged and insulted factory workers of Preston, who have been struggling for some months, and are, at this ineluctable season of the year, bravely battling for the rights of themselves and the whole toiling community.

"For many years before the strike took place at Preston, the Operatives were the down trodden and insulted serfs of their Employers, who in times of

good trade and general prosperity, wring from their labour a California of gold, which is now being used to crush those who created it, still lower and lower in the scale of civilization. This has been the result of our commercial prosperity!—*more wealth for the rich and more poverty for the Poor!* Because the workpeople of Preston protested against this state of things,—because they combined in a fair and legitimate way for the purpose of getting a reasonable share of the reward of their own labour, the *fair dealing* Employers of Preston, to their eternal shame and disgrace, *locked up* their Mills, and at one fell swoop deprived, as they thought, from twenty to thirty thousand human beings of the means of existence. Cruelty and tyranny always defeat their own object; it was so in this case, and to the honour and credit of the working classes of this country, we have to record, that, those whom the rich and wealthy sought to destroy, the poor and industrious have protected from harm. This love of justice and hatred of wrong, is a noble feature in the character and disposition of the working man, and gives us hope that in the future, this world will become what its great Architect intended, not a place of sorrow, toil, oppression and wrong, but the dwelling place and the abode of peace, plenty, happiness and love, where avarice and all the evil passions engendered by the present system of fraud and injustice shall not have a place.

"The earth was not made for the misery of its people; intellect was not given to man to make himself and fellow creatures unhappy. No, the fruitfulness of the soil and the wonderful inventions—the result of mind—all proclaim that these things were bestowed upon us for our happiness and well-being, and not for the misery and degradation of the human race.

"It may serve the manufacturers and all who run away with the lion's share of labour's produce, to say that the *impartial* God intended that there should be a *partial* distribution of his blessings. But we know that it is against nature to believe, that those who plant and reap all the grain, should not have enough to make a mess of porridge; and we know that those who weave all the cloth should not want a yard to cover their persons, whilst those who never wove an inch have more calico, silks and satins, than would serve the reasonable wants of a dozen working men and their families.

"This system of giving everything to the few, and nothing to the many, has lasted long enough, and we call upon the working people of this country to be determined to establish a new and improved system—a system that shall give to all who labour, a fair share of those blessings and comforts which their toil produce; in short, we wish to see that divine precept enforced, which says, 'Those who will not work, shall not eat.'

"The task is before you, working men; if you think the good which would result from its accomplishment, is worth struggling for, set to work and cease not, until you have obtained the *good time coming*, not only for the Preston Operatives, but for yourselves as well.

"By Order of the Committee.

"Murphy's Temperance Hotel, Chapel Walks,
Preston, January 24th, 1854."

It is a melancholy thing that it should not occur to the Committee to consider what would become of themselves, their friends, and fellow operatives, if those calicoes, silks, and satins, were *not* worn in very large quantities; but I shall not enter into that question. As I had told my friend Snapper, what I wanted to see with my own eyes, was, how these people acted under a mistaken im-

pression, and what qualities they showed, even at that disadvantage, which ought to be the strength and peace—not the weakness and trouble—of the community. I found, even from this literature, however, that all masters were not indiscriminately unpopular. Witness the following verses from the New Song of the Preston Strike:

"There's Henry Hornby, of Blackburn, he is a jolly brick,
He fits the Preston masters nobly, and is very bad to trick;
He pays his hands a good price, and I hope he will never sever,
So we'll sing success to Hornby and Blackburn for ever.

"There is another gentleman, I'm sure you'll all lament,
In Blackburn for him they're raising a monument,
You know his name, 'tis of great fame, it was late Eccles of honour,
May Hopwood, and Sparrow, and Hornby live for ever.

"So now it is time to finish and end my rhyme,
We warn these Preston Cotton Lords to mind for future time.
With peace and order too I hope we shall be clever,
We sing success to Stockport and Blackburn for ever.

"Now, lads, give your minds to it."

The balance sheet of the receipts and expenditure for the twenty-third week of the strike was extensively posted. The income for that week was two thousand one hundred and forty pounds odd. Some of the contributors were poetical. As,

"Love to all and peace to the dead,
May the poor now in need never want bread.

three-and-sixpence." The following poetical remonstrance was appended to the list of contributions from the Gorton district:

"Within these walls the lasses fair
Refuse to contribute their share,
Careless of duty—blind to fame,
For shame, ye lasses, oh! for shame!
Come, pay up, lasses, think what's right,
Defend your trade with all your might;
For if you don't the world will blame,
And cry, ye lasses, oh, for shame!
Let's hope in future all will pay,
That Preston folks may shortly say—
That by your aid they have obtained
The greatest victory ever gained."

Some of the subscribers veiled their names under encouraging sentiments, as Not tired yet, All in a mind, Win the day, Fraternity, and the like. Some took jocular appellations, as A stunning friend, Two to one Preston wins, Nibbling Joe, and The Donkey Driver. Some expressed themselves through their trades, as Cobbler Dick, sixpence, The tailor true, sixpence, Shoemaker, a shilling, The chirping blacksmith, sixpence, and A few of Maskery's most feeling coachmakers, three and threepence. An old balance sheet for the

fourteenth week of the Strike was headed with this quotation from Mr. CARLYLE. "Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity." The Elton district prefaced its report with these lines:

"Oh! ye who start a noble scheme,
For general good designed;
Ye workers in a cause that tends
To benefit your kind!
Mark out the path ye fain would tread,
The game ye mean to play;
And if it be an honest one,
Keep steadfast in your way!

"Although you may not gain at once
The points ye most desire;
Be patient—time can wonders work;
Plod on, and I do not tire:
Obstructions, too, may crowd your path,
In threatening, stern array;
Yet flinch not! fear not! they may prove
Mere shadows in your way.

"Then, while there's work for you to do,
Stand not despairing by,
Let 'forward' be the move ye make,
Let 'onward' be your cry;
And when success has crowned your plans,
'Twill all your pains repay,
To see the good your labour's done—
Then droop not on your way."

In this list, "Bear ye one another's burdens," sent one pound fifteen. "We'll stand to our text, see that ye love one another," sent nineteen shillings. "Christopher Hardman's men again, they say they can always spare one shilling out of ten," sent two and sixpence. The following masked threats were the worst feature in any bill I saw:

"If that fiddler at Uncle Tom's Cabin blowing room does not pay, Punch will set his legs straight."

"If that drawer at card side and those two slubbers do not pay, Punch will say something about their bustles."

"If that winder at last shift does not pay next week, Punch will tell about her actions."

But, on looking at this bill again, I found that it came from Bury, and related to Bury, and had nothing to do with Preston. The Masters' placards were not torn down or disfigured, but were being read quite as attentively as those on the opposite side.

That evening, the Delegates from the surrounding districts were coming in, according to custom, with their subscription lists for the week just closed. These delegates meet on Sunday as their only day of leisure; when they have made their reports, they go back to their homes and their Monday's work. On Sunday morning, I repaired to the Delegates' meeting.

These assemblages take place in a cockpit, which, in the better times of our fallen land, belonged to the late Lord Derby for the purposes of the intellectual recreation implied in its name. I was directed to the cockpit up a

narrow lane, tolerably crowded by the lower sort of working people. Personally, I was quite unknown in the town, but every one made way for me to pass, with great civility, and perfect good humour. Arrived at the cockpit door, and expressing my desire to see and hear, I was handed through the crowd, down into the pit, and up again, until I found myself seated on the topmost circular bench, within one of the secretary's table, and within three of the chairman. Behind the chairman was a great crown on the top of a pole, made of parti-coloured calico, and strongly suggestive of May-day. There was no other symbol or ornament in the place.

It was hotter than any mill or factory I have ever been in; but there was a stove down in the manded pit, and delegates were seated close to it, and one particular delegate often warmed his hands at it, as if he were chilly. The air was so intensely close and hot, that at first I had but a confused perception of the delegates down in the pit, and the dense crowd of eagerly listening men and women (but not very many of the latter) filling all the benches and choking such narrow standing-room as there was. When the atmosphere cleared a little on better acquaintance, I found the question under discussion to be, Whether the Manchester Delegates in attendance from the Labour Parliament, should be heard?

If the Assembly, in respect of quietness and order, were put in comparison with the House of Commons, the Right Honourable the Speaker himself would decide for Preston. The chairman was a Preston weaver, two or three and fifty years of age, perhaps; a man with a capacious head, rather long dark hair growing at the sides and back, a placid attentive face, keen eyes, a particularly composed manner, a quiet voice, and a persuasive action of his right arm. Now look'ee hear my friends. See what t' question is. T' question is, shall these heer men be heerd. Then 't cooms to this, what ha' these men got t' tell us? Do they bring money? If they bring mooney t'ords t' expences o' this strike, they're welcome. For, Brass, my friends, is what we want, and what we must ha' (hear, hear, hear!). Do they coom to us wif any suggestion for the conduct of this strike? If they do, they're welcome. Let 'em give us their advice and we will hearken to 't. But, if these men coom heer, to tell us what t' Labour Parliament is, or what Ernest Jones's opinions is, or t' bring in politics and differences among us when what we want is 'armony, brotherly love, and con-cord; then I say 't you, decide for yoursel' carefully, whether these men ote to be heerd in this place. (Hear hear hear! and No no no!) Chairman sits down, earnestly regarding delegates, and holding both arms of his chair. Looks extremely sensible; his plain coarse working man's shirt collar easily turned down over his loose Belcher neckerchief. Delegate who has moved that Man-

chester delegates be heard, presses motion—Mr. Chairman, will that delegate tell us, as a man, that these men have anything to say concerning this present strike and lock-out, for we have a deal of business to do, and what concerns this present strike and lock-out is our business and nothing else is. (Hear hear hear!)—Delegate in question will not compromise the fact; these men want to defend the Labour Parliament from certain charges made against them.—Very well, Mr. Chairman, Then I move as an amendment that you do not hear these men now, and that you proceed wth business—and if you don't I'll look after you, I tell you that. (Cheers and laughter)—Coom lads, prove 't then!—Two or three hands for the delegates; all the rest for the business. Motion lost, amendment carried, Manchester deputation not to be heard.

But now, starts up the delegate from Throstletown in a dreadful state of mind. Mr. Chairman, I hold in my hand a bill; a bill that requires and demands explanation from you, sir; an offensive bill; a bill posted in my town of Throstletown without my knowledge, without the knowledge of my fellow delegates who are here beside me; a bill purporting to be posted by the authority of the massed committee sir, and of which my fellow delegates and myself were kept in ignorance. Why are we to be slighted? Why are we to be insulted? Why are we to be meanly stabbed in the dark? Why is this assassin-like course of conduct to be pursued towards us? Why is Throstletown, which has nobly assisted you, the operatives of Preston, in this great struggle, and which has brought its contributions up to the full sevenpence a loom, to be thus degraded, thus aspersed, thus traduced, thus despised, thus outraged in its feelings by un-English and unmanly conduct? Sir, I hand you up that bill, and I require of you, sir, to give me a satisfactory explanation of that bill. And I have that confidence in your known integrity, sir, as to be sure that you will give it, and that you will tell us who is to blame, and that you will make reparation to Throstletown for this scandalous treatment. Then, in hot blood, up starts Gruffshaw (professional speaker) who is somehow responsible for this bill. O my friends, but explanation is required here! O my friends, but it is fit and right that you should have the dark ways of the real frauders and apostates, and the real un-English stabbers, laid bare before you. My friends, when this dark conspiracy first began—But here the persuasive right hand of the chairman falls gently on Gruffshaw's shoulder. Gruffshaw stops in full boil. My friends, these are hard words of my friend Gruffshaw, and this is not the business—No more it is, and once again, sir, I, the delegate who said I would look after you, do move that you proceed to business!—Preston has not the strong relish for personal altercation that Westminster

hath. Motion seconded and carried, business passed to, Gruffshaw dumb.

Perhaps the world could not afford a more remarkable contrast than between the deliberate collected manner of these men proceeding with their business, and the clash and hurry of the engines among which their lives are passed. Their astonishing fortitude and perseverance; their high sense of honour among themselves; the extent to which they are impressed with the responsibility that is upon them of setting a careful example, and keeping their order out of any harm and loss of reputation; the noble readiness in them to help one another, of which most medical practitioners and working clergymen can give so many affecting examples; could scarcely ever be plainer to an ordinary observer of human nature than in this cockpit. To hold for a minute, that the great mass of them were not sincerely actuated by the belief that all these qualities were bound up in what they were doing, and that they were doing right, seemed to me little short of an impossibility. As the different delegates (some in the very dress in which they had left the mill last night) reported the amounts sent from the various places they represented, this strong faith on their parts seemed expressed in every tone and every look that was capable of expressing it. One man was raised to enthusiasm by his pride in bringing so much; another man was ashamed and depressed because he brought so little; this man triumphantly made it known that he could give you from the store in hand, a hundred pounds in addition next week, if you should want it; and that man pleaded that he hoped his district would do better before long; but I could as soon have doubted the existence of the walls that enclosed us, as the earnestness with which they spoke (many of them referring to the children who were to be born to labour after them) of "this great, this noble, gallant, godlike struggle." Some designing and turbulent spirits among them, no doubt there are; but I left the place with a profound conviction that their mistake is generally an honest one, and that it is sustained by the good that is in them, and not by the evil.

Neither by night nor by day was there any interruption to the peace of the streets. Nor was this an accidental state of things, for the police records of the town are eloquent to the same effect. I traversed the streets very much, and was, as a stranger, the subject of a little curiosity among the idlers; but I met with no rudeness or ill-temper. More than once, when I was looking at the printed balance-sheets to which I have referred, and could not quite comprehend the setting forth of the figures, a bystander of the working class interposed with his explanatory forefinger and helped me out. Although the pressure in the cockpit on Sunday was excessive, and the heat of the room obliged me to

make my way out as I best could before the close of the proceedings, none of the people whom I put to inconvenience showed the least impatience; all helped me, and all cheerfully acknowledged my word of apology as I passed. It is very probable, notwithstanding, that they may have supposed from my being there at all—I and my companion were the only persons present, not of their own order—that I was there to carry what I heard and saw to the opposite side; indeed one speaker seemed to intimate as much.

On the Monday at noon, I returned to this cockpit, to see the people paid. It was then about half filled, principally with girls and women. They were all seated, waiting, with nothing to occupy their attention; and were just in that state when the unexpected appearance of a stranger differently dressed from themselves, and with his own individual peculiarities of course, might, without offence, have had something droll in it even to more polite assemblies. But I stood there, looking on, as free from remark, as if I had come to be paid with the rest. In the place which the secretary had occupied yesterday, stood a dirty little common table, covered with five-penny piles of halfpence. Before the paying began, I wondered who was going to receive these very small sums; but when it did begin, the mystery was soon cleared up. Each of these piles was the change for sixpence, deducting a penny. All who were paid, in filing round the building to prevent confusion, had to pass this table on the way out; and the greater part of the unmarried girls stopped here, to change each a sixpence, and subscribe her weekly penny in aid of the people on strike who had families. A very large majority of these girls and women were comfortably dressed in all respects, clean, wholesome and pleasant-looking. There was a prevalent neatness and cheerfulness, and an almost ludicrous absence of anything like sullen discontent.

Exactly the same appearances were observable on the same day, at a not numerous attended open air meeting in "Chadwick's Orchard"—which blossoms in nothing but red bricks. Here, the chairman of yesterday presided in a cart, from which speeches were delivered. The proceedings commenced with the following sufficiently general and discursive hymn, given out by a workman from Burnley, and sung in long metre by the whole audience:

"Assembled beneath thy broad blue sky,
To thee, O God, thy children cry.
Thy needy creatures on Thee call,
For thou art great and good to all.

"Thy bounty smiles on every side,
And no good thing hast thou denied;
But men of wealth and men of power,
Like locusts all our gifts devour.

"Awake, ye sons of toil! nor sleep
While millions starve, while millions weep;

Demand your rights; let tyrants see
You are resolved that you'll be free."

Mr. Hollins's Sovereign Mill was open all this time. It is a very beautiful mill, containing a large amount of valuable machinery, to which some recent ingenious improvements have been added. Four hundred people could find employment in it; there were eighty-five at work, of whom five had "come in" that morning. They looked, among the vast array of motionless power-looms, like a few remaining leaves in a wintry forest. They were protected by the police (very prudently not obtruded on the scenes I have described), and were stared at every day when they came out, by a crowd which had never been large in reference to the numbers on strike, and had diminished to a score or two. One policeman at the door sufficed to keep order then. These eighty-five were people of exceedingly decent appearance, chiefly women, and were evidently not in the least uneasy for themselves. I heard of one girl among them, and only one, who had been hustled and struck in a dark street.

In any aspect in which it can be viewed, this strike and lock-out is a deplorable calamity. In its waste of time, in its waste of a great people's energy, in its waste of wages, in its waste of wealth that seeks to be employed, in its encroachment on the means of many thousands who are labouring from day to day, in the gulf of separation it hourly deepens between those whose interests must be understood to be identical or must be destroyed, it is a great national affliction. But, at this pass, anger is of no use, starving out is of no use—for what will that do, five years hence, but overshadow all the mills in England with the growth of a bitter remembrance?—political economy is a mere skeleton unless it has a little human covering and filling out, a little human bloom upon it, and a little human warmth in it. Gentlemen are found, in great manufacturing towns, ready enough to extol imbecile mediation with dangerous madmen abroad; can none of them be brought to think of authorised mediation and explanation at home? I do not suppose that such a knotted difficulty as this, is to be at all untangled by a morning-party in the Adelphi; but I would entreat both sides now so miserably opposed, to consider whether there are no men in England above suspicion, to whom they might refer the matters in dispute, with a perfect confidence above all things in the desire of those men to act justly, and in their sincere attachment to their countrymen of every rank and to their country. Masters right, or men right; masters wrong, or men wrong; both right, or both wrong; there is certain ruin to both in the continuance or frequent revival of this breach. And from the ever-widening circle of their de-

cay, what drop in the social ocean shall be free!

THE GHOST OF A LOVE STORY.

IN an excursion I once made in Brittany, I arrived one evening at the little town of Pontaven in Lower Cornwall—for Cornwall is on both sides of the channel—with all its *Tors, Tres, and Pens*, as well on the French as on the English land, which goes far to prove that the two countries of Great and Little Britain were once united.

It was a beautiful summer, and the charming country in that point of projecting land between the Bay of Douarnenez and the inlet of Benodet, had never looked more smiling and agreeable. I was on my way to Quimper, the capital of the district, and need not have ventured on such fare as the very shabby inn offered; but I had a fancy to stop in order to have an opportunity of visiting the ruins of a castle which I had observed on my way, crowning a hill rising above a village called Nizon, a short walk from Pontaven.

As I was well aware that to view a ruin aright, one should "go visit it by the pale moonlight," and the moon being then "in her highest noon," I meditated an excursion with my companions—one of whom was a Breton born, and the other a brisk little native of Normandy—to the Castle of Rustéfan, as soon as our supper had a little restored us after a day's journey over bad roads.

The walk was extremely pretty through deep shaded lanes, across which the clear rays of the moonlight danced as they escaped through the leaves, stirred by a soft breeze. We soon reached the village, and mounted the steep hill, at the highest point of which rose the numerous walls and towers of what must once have been a large castle. In what had been the inner court the ground was covered with soft turf; where, formerly, the village fêtes and dances were held.

One night, a merry party of young people were dancing on this green, and had not yet ceased, when the clock of the chapel of Nizon tolled twelve. Exactly at that moment, although the weather had been beautiful until then, for it was a warm summer, a sudden chill came over all, the moon became obscured, and the wind rose in sharp gusts which violently shook the thick ivy garlands on the wall. The party stopped in the midst of their dance, for every one had felt the influence of the change, and, as the sky grew darker and the wind louder, they clung to each other in actual fear. Presently those who had courage to look round them were aware that, gazing at them from the pointed ruined window of the donjon, stood a figure in the dress of a monk with a shaven crown and hollow lustrous eyes. As the Great Revolution had long since cleared the country of monasteries, and as no monk had

ever been seen in the locality except in a picture, the general astonishment was great. The terror increased when the figure, slowly moving from the window, reappeared at a lower one, as if descending the broken stair, and finally was seen to emerge from beneath the stone portal into the interrupted moonlight, and appeared—still fixing his lustrous eyes upon them—to be advancing. With a general cry of terror, and with a rapidity which only fear could give, all rushed towards the opposite entrance, and, nearly falling over each other in their eagerness to escape, darted from the castle and made the best of their way to the bottom of the hill, nor stopped until they had regained the cottages.

After this, the ruins were never visited by night; but occasionally it happened that a stranger, coming from a distance, would have to cross the lower part of the hill, which the castle crowned, and, if he looked up from the marshy lake into which drains all the water from the heights round about, and which is one of the most dismal, dreary-looking spots in the neighbourhood, he was sure to see, mounting the hill and advancing slowly to the chief entrance to the castle, a funeral procession conducting a bier covered with a white cloth, and having four tapers at the corners, just as is usual on the coffin of a young girl. This would enter the castle gate and disappear.

Others have heard, as they passed under the walls, the sound of weeping and lamenting, and sometimes of a low melancholy singing, and have been witnesses to the appearance on the walls of a female figure, as of a very young girl, dressed in a robe of green satin strewn with golden flowers, who walks mournfully along uttering sighs and sobs, and occasionally singing in a tearful voice, words which no one has been able to comprehend.

My Breton friend, to whom all the legends of his country were familiar, finding that I was interested in the account of these apparitions of the castle, thus satisfied my longing to know how the belief could have arisen of these appearances of monk and lady.

"I suppose it was to give a gloomier horror to the legend that our friends the peasants of Nizon fixed upon a monk for their ghost. The fact is, it is a priest who appears, with shaven head and brilliant eyes; one of those whom you may meet any day in the parish; indeed, the real hero of the tale filled that very office. You may have observed two names frequently repeated over the shops, both in the village below and at Pontaven—both Naour and Plécher are common hereabouts; the first are extremely proud of their name, for it proves them to be descendants of the once powerful lord of the castle of Rustéfan, in days when lords were people who had the command of all the country and all the peo-

santa within their ken. As for Flécher, it was never more illustrious than it is now, yet it is connected with the history of these old ruins as much as the other.

"The peasants of Brittany are very ambitious that their sons should enter the church; it removes them from evil habits and hard labour, it gives them education and a certain superiority which every mother wishes her child to attain: moreover, in their opinion, it secures them heaven, and provides prayers for their kindred, and if the priest should happen to turn out a saint, the whole family is made immortal in fame.

"Marie Flécher, a widow with an only son, lived at Pontaven, and, every time her pretty little boy Ivan came home from the hills after tending the flocks of the farmer who employed him, she sighed to think that so promising a child should have no better occupation. As he grew older, her regret increased, until at last she became quite unhappy, and imparted to her son her desire that he should go to school at Quimper and study to be a priest, instead of wasting his time in keeping sheep, and dancing and flirting with the young girls of the village. 'This is not a life for you,' she said. 'I have had a dream, in which the Blessed Virgin directed me to dedicate you to her service: she hates idleness and ignorance, and you must go to the good father at Quimper, who will give you an education for nothing. You will first become a *clerc*, then, a priest, have a salary, be able to keep your poor mother when she can work no longer, and pray for the soul of your father.'

"'But,' said Ivan, laughing and caressing her, for he was very gay, 'I don't want to be either a priest or a monk; I have lost my heart to the prettiest girl in the parish.'

"Marie started and looked disturbed: 'This will not do, Ivan,' she said; 'you are too poor for that. You must leave your sheep and the young girls, and come with me to Quimper to learn to be something more than a clown, and to gain heaven by becoming a priest. You shall study, and shall be a *clerc*.'

"The most beautiful girls in that part of the country were the daughters of the lord of the Castle of Rustéfan, whose name was Naour, and whose lady was the godmother of Ivan Flécher: no one could look at anyone else when these young ladies came down on their white ponies to the Pardon of Pontaven, clattering along the stony street, and dressed in green silk with gold chains round their necks. They were all handsome; but the youngest, Gèneviève, was far beyond the others, and everybody at Pontaven said she was in love with the handsomest young man of the village, and he was Ivan Flécher, who was now a *clerc*, studying for the priesthood.

"It was at the Pardon of Pontaven that Gèneviève and Ivan met, only for a moment,

after his absence at the school of Quimper. 'Ivan,' said the young girl to him, 'I have had four lovers who were *clercs*, and each of them has become a priest: the last of them is named Ivan Flécher, and he intends to break my heart.'

"The young lady rode on, and Ivan did not dare to reply, for it had been arranged, without his consent being asked, that he was to take holy orders. On the day when he was to go through the ceremony of being received into the church, he passed the village castle and there was the beautiful Gèneviève sitting at the gate embroidering a chalice cloth in gold thread. She looked up as he passed, and said, 'Ivan Flécher, if you will be advised by me, you will not receive orders, because of all that you have said to me in former days.'

"'I cannot withdraw now,' replied he, turning as pale as death, 'for I should be called perjured.'

"'You have then forgotten,' said Gèneviève, 'all that has been said between us two; you have lost the ring I gave you the last time we danced together?'

"'No,' replied he trembling; 'but God has taken it from me.'

"'Ivan Flécher,' cried the young girl in accents of despair, 'hear me! Return! All I possess is yours. I will follow you to any fate. I will become a peasant like you, and work like you. If you will not listen to me, all that remains is to bring me the sacrament, for my life is ended.'

"'Alas! alas!' sobbed Ivan, 'I have no power to follow you; I am in the fetters of Heaven; I am held by the hand of Heaven, and must become a priest!'

"It was not likely that the father of the beautiful Gèneviève should favour their loves. He was therefore extremely glad when he found that the handsome young *clerc* had taken orders, and received him in the most friendly manner when he came to the castle to beg that he would assist at his first mass. The favour was immediately granted with a promise that his godmother, the lady Naour, should be the first to put an offering into the plate.

"But on the day when Ivan was to say his first mass, there was a sad confusion in the church; he began it well enough, but faltered in the middle of it, and burst into a violent flood of tears, so that his book was as if water had flowed over it. A sudden cry was heard in the church, and a girl, with her hair dishevelled, and with frantic gestures, rushed up the aisle in sight of every one, and throwing herself on her knees at the feet of the young priest, cried out:—

"'In the name of Heaven, stop! You have killed me!'

"When they lifted her from the pavement, where Ivan Flécher had fallen in a fit, the beautiful Gèneviève was dead.

"Ivan, who had sacrificed his love to the

prayers of his mother, recovered after a time, and rose in the church; but he never smiled again; and the only recreation he ever allowed himself was to wander about the gardens of the castle, where, unknown to her parents, he had been formerly, before he went to Quimper to study, in the habit of seeing the young lady of Naour. He passed most of his time when disengaged from his duties, in praying on her tomb. Some years afterwards, he was found one morning lying there, dead: embracing the stone which covered her remains.

"A ballad relating the history of these unfortunate lovers, was composed in Breton, and is still popular both in Tréguier and in Cornwall, and those who have heard it, do not doubt that the spectres occasionally seen among the ruins of the Castle of Rustéfan, are those of Ivan and Gèneviève."

I passed some hours of a beautiful moonlight night, after listening to this legend, in the scene of the tragedy; but, except the lustrous eyes of a large grey owl, nothing startled me in the deep shadows of the towers; and, except the sighing of the breeze, no sound disturbed the solitude.

MODERN HUMAN SACRIFICES.

Urox the "radiant moors" of the great ocean, shone a winter sun. Over the surface of the deep, there floated a long wreath of mist that glittered in the morning light. I watched it, stretched upon the sands with my head pillowed on the broken rudder of a mouldering old boat, and with the full tide at my feet hushing me to silence. A distant light-house was the only dwelling to be seen; a flock of gulls and one stray crow were all the living creatures within ken.

I had gone out for a long ramble, taking the newspaper in my pocket, and had sat down by the old boat to read a narrative with the heading in large letters: *Dreadful Shipwreck*. The mist that seemed to float before my eyes was perhaps illusion, sickened as I was with horror. The illusion growing on a sick mind soon became a waking dream.

Dimly shapen in the mist, and as it were creatures of mist, I saw strange figures sweeping in a train over the wide sea, as pilgrims on the way to Mecca trail over the sand-waves of the desert. A low, hoarse moaning in my ears seemed to proceed from the huge conchs blown by misty seamen, whom I knew for Tritons. Behind them followed, in a chariot drawn by three horses which scattered foam about the water upon which they half-careered, half-floated, Poseidon—Neptune—the old sea-god of heathen times. He was surrounded by the songs of Sirens, and was followed by a train of shadows that made all the mist seem terrible with faces. Among them, ghastlier than any, was a face

that I had kissed a thousand times. It had smiled up at me from the cradle; it had nestled to me from the knee; it had looked aside for me from many a book or piece of idle needlework, when it was the face of a daughter growing into womanhood, sunning all chills out of the heart of a dull widower, who had no home but where she sat down by his side. I saw that face last, beautiful with caressing laughter, when we parted for a few days on board the ship that was to take her to her uncle's house in Dublin. The ship was a strong, large vessel, and she sailed out on a short voyage in fine weather. The captain hugged the shore to make a short voyage shorter, and the ship was wrecked in a calm sea under a cloudless sky. My child and my brother were among the drowned. The summer moonlight shone over the last wild up-flinging of their arms.

When I saw in the mist that beloved face, I knew well in what company it went; I knew well that it went among the shadows of the drowned. They were not spirits, as I fancied, floating there, but unsubstantial images, such perhaps as the images of roses—form and nothing else—which some philosophers of old professed that they were able to create.

The train of mist rose from the surface of the ocean, and hovered over a tongue of sand on which, as I knew, a schooner had been lately wrecked. Suddenly a jet of blood reddened the waves, and leaving his chariot, kissed Neptune's feet. Six bloodless faces rose out of the sea, and upon them the mist descended. Six more forms were added to the heathen train. The procession floated onward, but my spirit clung by the dead image of my daughter, and methought we journeyed side by side. She did not speak to me or know me. All the images sped on as dead leaves that are hurried in a cloud before the gale. The songs of the Sirens magnified their king and the possessions he had come to visit, but what his royal progress meant I needed not to hear. Wherever a wreck fatal to life had been, blood rose, and ghastly figures came to join our company.

The blood did not soon sink again, and there are so few pieces of English coast two or three miles in length on which no vessel has been wrecked, that as we travelled on we seemed to be encircling Britain with a broad red ring.

When we came near a seaport town, we visited its shipping, made an unseen crowd upon its quays, or drifted idly through its streets. In all such places Neptune had business. The heathen deity looked for the men from whom his sacrifices were received, and sealed them with his mark. He would board a vessel while the dreadful forms of the drowned people who attended him filled all the deck and rigging, would look at the chief officers, and at the captain; and if any

of them seemed to be a man qualified in any way to sacrifice a crew to him, the heathen deity of a thousand years ago, he would set a mark upon his wrist. Often we found crews weak and worthless; two or three good seamen to a dozen louts. Sometimes the captain then was marked, before we went among the men in dingy offices who sat before great books, and whose accounts the sea god seemed to have a great facility in auditing. Wherever he found friends, in men who did not shrink from sacrifice of life with Christian horror, he pressed his mark of a dead white hand with a hard clutch upon their shoulders, and left the form of a drowned sailor to keep night watch by their beds.

Our long procession, growing as we went, we circled in this way the British coast, and came in a dark cloud up the Thames to Westminster. There are still old women cherishing the past belief concerning spirits of men

"That in crossways and flood have burial,"

how they must wander to and fro as ghosts during a hundred years. Are the old legends true? With phantom images of all drowned people who have perished on the British coast, for the last century, methought I, landing at Westminster, followed King Neptune to St. Stephen's. He went in state, and in words that never reached ears of the flesh returned thanks to his faithful Commons for supplies furnished to him during the past year.

Now, let this dream be broken by a touch of hard reality which might, one would think, awaken all the sleepers in the land. On the wreck chart of Great Britain, our seas are to be found absolutely blackened by the dots that indicate disaster. Wreck follows wreck, and every slight gale kills one or two, if it does not kill hundreds of our countrymen. We do not always kill by twos or twenties. Men, women, and children are sent out crowded in passenger vessels, to be wrecked by hundreds—two, three, four, five hundred at a time. If they be sent out in vessels that cannot be worked, or if they be sent with crews that cannot work them, or with masters unskilled to direct the crews, such men may as fairly be said to be sent to their death as to their own intended destination.

I do not speak with reference to any single case, but to all cases. A great wreck rarely happens that was not preventible by something less than superhuman forethought and exertion—by mere common prudence. If mariners learn to be rash through much familiarity with wind and wave, if shipowners find rashness cheaper than discretion, and accordingly prefer it, stern help from without is necessary to assist their erring judgments. The wreck of an emigrant vessel and the loss of hundreds of lives, is an event at least equal in horror to the burning of an English

village, and a massacre of all its inmates. The property destroyed is not less, the life destroyed is not less, the agonies inflicted are not less, and not less should be held the tremendous responsibility of those upon whom it depends to prevent or produce such catastrophes.

We do not sufficiently look upon shipwrecks and upon everything else that affects ships carrying English passengers and sailors, as home incidents. Deaths on board ship are liable to trifling inquisition: murders may be committed—I do not say that they are, but they may be—committed in very many cases with impunity; by the most culpable misconduct hundreds of men and women may be drowned together without much more inquiry than suffices for the wise and comfortable discovery that no one is to blame. Owners lie snug from censure. The world is very slow to connect a respectable citizen of Liverpool with a wreck happening in the Bermudas, while he sat at tea in his own parlour, innocently happy with his wife and family. Such people are so remote from the spot, and from the whole story, that their names are often passed over by readers of the newspaper report as pure impertinences—details with which memory refuses to be taxed. Of captains again, whose vessels have been lost: even if they have been very rash, we say, they have been punished for their rashness. We forgive them, because they were upon the spot, they shared the danger, they endured terrible responsibility, saw fellow-creatures dying round about them, exerted themselves to save life, stuck by the wreck. Even if they really were to blame, would it not be cruel to tell them so—savage and barbarous to punish them again, as grave offenders? So, as the blame cannot belong to any man—absent or present—we lay it on the ship's compasses, and there let it remain.

Should, by chance, a vessel sail out of an English port, bound on a voyage half across the globe: a ship of faultless sailing powers; should she be towed into one of our channel seas, and, presently encountering rough wind and fog, be found unequal to the first common emergency; should she have a crew aboard, consisting of the smallest legal complement, and even that made up of Chinese, Frenchmen, Italians, and others, who, though Englishmen, were skulking lubbers; should there be some of these unable to understand the language in which orders were addressed to them, others blinking below when they ought to be at work on deck, and others at work unable so much as to pull together; should it be found true of that ship that of three compasses which she carries, no two agree; should the captain, under such circumstances, and observations being rendered impossible to be taken by the fog, see no reason why he should not run her straight ahead for fourteen hours, in the dark, just knowing generally that he is butting at a line

of coast; should the ship under such circumstances soon become a wreck; can blame by any possibility attach to any human creature? No. Obviously it must be laid upon the compasses. And this is a convenient thing, because there is no fine payable by compasses, and they are case-hardened against imprisonment.

This, however, is a plan convenient only to one section of the public. It affords no solace to passengers by sea. Experience proves that the moral feeling of responsibility does not work strongly enough to procure for ships carrying large cargoes of human life and hope, efficient crews. It does not make captains as cautious as they are presumed to be clever. If the matter were but trifling, we as travellers should only lament this necessary inconvenience; but it concerns our lives; it is life and death consideration for some thousands of us who are destined to be drowned, unless we take heed to avert that fate. Does it follow at all in sober sadness, that we must begin to regard losses at sea, not only as things to be lamented, but as things in a great measure to be prevented also.

It is not enough that we should honour the brave men who give to scenes of shipwreck features of moral grandeur and beauty. We may cry in the imagining of such scenes, that,

"There is death above, there is death around;
There is death wheresoever the waters be;
There is nothing now doing
Save terror and ruin,
On earth, and in air, and the stormy sea."

But in every such scene there is something else a-doing. There is a man or there are men, who, like the surgeon to the Tayleur, in a recent terrible instance, throw their hearts into the service of their fellows. When these men perish at their work, they do not die with soldiers' laurels, but their names become connected with their last brave actions, and are told by Englishmen to one another in their households, so that, in after years, they receive honour by many a fireside. The surgeon of the Tayleur was conspicuous in his exertions for the re-assurance and assistance of the shipwrecked passengers. We read at home, how, while struggling across a rope, with his own infant in his hands and teeth, he was plunged into the sea that dashed his child out of his hold; we read that he was seen, then, holding by the ship's side with a drowning woman in his arms, whose hair he was parting gently, and to whom he seemed to be speaking words of comfort. Her, too, the sea forced from his grasp; and we read that he was next seen perishing with his wife, during a vain struggle to save her. The noble man with his little family—his wife and his two children—is swept away; he exists now only in the name of ROBERT HANNAT CUNNINGHAM. But these

are the men whom we want living among us; these are the energies that we need for the leavening of all society, and for the work of the world. These are not men to be sent out in emigrant ships to the bottom of the sea.

Their memory too will be best honoured if we be indignantly aroused, for their sakes, to amend an evil; and to swear to ourselves that we will not allow their melancholy fate to soothe us down into a luxurious, inactive state of pity any more. We have great consideration for the feelings of a captain as a captain, of an owner as an owner, and generally of the gentlemen hidden behind the compasses. We regret, therefore, that this matter should be of a solemn kind that will not bear the consideration of those feelings any more. There must be defined responsibilities and no evasion; there must be not only moral and sentimental, but material and legal motives for the utmost care on the part of all who send or take men down to the sea in ships.

In the first place, the compasses, as instruments, must be removed out of the calendar of offenders and appear in future by their representatives. There must be in every seaport one or two government inspectors, bound to have oversight over certain things preparatory to the sailing of at least every passenger vessel that swims. One of these things must be the swinging of the ship and the adjustment of the compasses where it is necessary, and the certifying on the day before a vessel sails, that she is perfectly safe in this respect. Another, that the ship is in every respect properly appointed for her voyage. Without such a certificate let no ship sail; and make the inspectors severally responsible for the truth of that which they attest.

Since it may be hard to regulate minutely, while in port the manning of a vessel, let the interests of owners be directed to that point, by requiring of them that they shall atone for negligence—not by a charitable subscription of a wretched hundred pounds or so, for hundreds of ruined people, widows and orphans; but by paying legal damages in answer to the claim or suit of every sufferer, when it is proved that a ship was wrecked because she was entrusted to a crew incompetent to work her. Why should sailors be brought drunk to their work as they often are, and spend that time in sobering and shaking down which is the most perilous time in the whole voyage? Why should not an owner be made to be as careful in the character and condition of the men who navigate his ship, as a gentleman in the hiring of servants upon whom he puts responsibilities incomparably smaller.

Another charge should be imposed upon owners of all vessels, whether they carry passengers or cargo. They should be responsible according to a fixed scale, for remuneration to

the widows or orphans, or other persons subsisting justly on the earnings of any of their seamen killed by ship accident in the performance of their duty. Life at sea is held too cheaply, and the amount of misery and vice created yearly among people left destitute by sailors' deaths is very great indeed. A charge for their benefit upon shipowners would produce more stringent precautions than are now used for the safety of our seamen; and such a charge would not be heavy in itself, since it would be covered by marine insurance, and deduct but a very slight percentage from the gains produced by maritime adventure. Such drawback would, in the end, itself be gain; for it would encourage sensible and careful men to join a service in which they are much needed, and from which they are now repelled by its forbidding aspects.

Finally, though it be natural and right that we should feel much pity for the distress of mind suffered by a captain, who, though tender-hearted, has by a foolhardy or thoughtless course, caused the drowning of a number of his fellow-creatures, yet the sorrows of the thousand must overweigh the sorrows of the one. An imprudent captain who forfeits human life, an inefficient captain who forfeits human life, must answer for it and suffer for it. Our sentiment shall be, in such case with the dead and not with the living. Special verdicts, in howsoever many words, shall not in the least satisfy us. A very excellent captain, a very amiable man—anything you please, gentleman of the law and gentleman of the jury—but we demand Punishment and Prevention.

WISHING.

A NURSERY SONG.

Revo—ting! I wish I were a Primrose,
A bright yellow Primrose blowing in the Spring!
The stooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the Elm-tree for our king!

Nay—stay! I wish I were an Elm-tree,
A great lofty Elm-tree, with green leaves gay!
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
And Birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing!

O—no! I wish I were a Robin,
A Robin or a little Wren, everywhere to go!
Through forest, field, or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till Winter comes with icy thumbs,
To ruffle up our wing!

Well—tell! where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell!
Before a day was over,
Home must come the rover,
For Mother's kiss; sweeter this
Than any other thing!

WHY MY UNCLE WAS A BACHELOR.

It had often occurred to me to speculate on the reason which could have induced my uncle to remain unmarried. He was of such a kindly temper, so chivalrous towards women, so keenly alive to domestic enjoyments, and withal such an earnest promoter of marriage in all his relations and dependants, that it seemed to me perfectly inexplicable. But for his kind offices, I am sure it would have been impossible for me to have induced my father to consent to my marriage with Maria; the cottage in which we live, furnished as it is, with its well-stocked garden and coach-house, was the wedding-present he made us; my sister Kate, too, what unhappiness he saved her by his kindness to Charlie Evans, who every one knows was something of a scapegrace! But my uncle saw the good in him which nobody else but Kate could discover, and had him down at his parsonage, and by his sweet and pious wisdom won him over to a steady and earnest pursuit of his profession. And now people talk of his brilliant talents and say how much good Kate has done him; but we all know who it was that gave him help and countenance just at the right moment, and we all love my uncle the more dearly for his good work.

When I was still a lad, and Maria's blue eyes had first turned my thoughts towards matrimony, it occurred to me to ask my mother in the course of one of our pleasant evenings alone together, why my uncle had never been married?

A grave sadness came over my mother's face, and she softly shook her head, as she replied in a suppressed tone, "Your uncle had a great sorrow in his youth, my dear; we must respect it. What it was, I do not know; he has never told me, and I have never asked him."

It was no matter of surprise to me to hear my mother speak thus; for, in spite of the gentleness of my uncle's manners and his warm affection, there was a dignity about him which rendered it impossible to intrude upon a confidence he did not offer. I felt that his sorrows were sacred, and never again made any attempt to gain information respecting them; although I could not refrain from a tender speculation as to the character of that grief which had deprived him of a happiness he was eminently calculated to enjoy.

In the summer of eighteen hundred and forty-eight, my uncle, according to his custom, came to spend a week with us. He was in fine health and spirits, and we and our children enjoyed the festival even more than usual. On the Friday evening, my uncle had been into town, and it was growing dusk when he returned. He came as usual into my study. I looked up on his entrance to welcome him; but was struck by the pallor of his countenance, and by the traces of emotion which

disturbed the tranquil dignity of his ordinary bearing. I placed a chair for him, and he sat down in silence—a silence which for some moments I felt almost afraid to break. At length I said in a low voice, "Has anything occurred to distress you, Sir?"

"No, Edward," he replied, slowly and like one who has some difficulty in collecting his thoughts, "nothing that ought to distress me; but I am very weak; my faith is very weak—and I heard it suddenly. I have heard, to-night," he continued, after a pause, and speaking more continuously, "of the death of a lady whom I used to know many years ago. She was young and full of life when I knew her. I have always thought of her as so young, so full of life, that the great change to death seems almost impossible. Edward, you will not think me wearisome if I speak to you of what was, long and long ago, before you were born, when your mother was still a child."

I assured him by my looks rather than by my words, of the interest with which I should listen. He sank again into silence; but, after a considerable interval during which he seemed to be collecting his thoughts, he resumed.

"My father, as you know, was the head of the younger branch of the great Northumberland family of the Watsons; my mother was a daughter of Sir George Mildmay of Cobham Hall. I refer to these circumstances, not from any pride that I take in having what is termed good blood in my veins, but merely because they exercise an important influence over my life. When a child, I was very much spoiled, for I was considered handsome and intelligent, and my mother was proud of me. She was a woman of few but strong affections and of a very decided will. My father, who had been a soldier, contented himself with maintaining almost military discipline in his household, but left to my mother the internal administration of affairs. Feeling unconsciously the superior activity of her mind, he allowed himself to depend, in all important matters, on her judgment. They were united by a very strong attachment founded on a similarity of principles—prejudices perhaps, in some cases—and favoured not a little by the difference of their physical constitutions. The fine proportions of my father's figure, and his great manly beauty, gave him such a material superiority to my mother—who was small and delicately made, and withal not handsome—that he with greater ease submitted to her moral supremacy; and, without knowing it, allowed his mind to be fed and guided by hers. For a long time I was an only child—your mother, as you know, is ten years younger than I—so that the absence of play-fellows and companions of my own age fostered—perhaps created—in me a pensive and meditative disposition; an inclination to dwell upon small incidents, to keep my emo-

tions secret, to repress the outward show of feeling—but to feel only the more deeply.

"I was brought up at Rugby, and the independent citizens of our rough school republic were the only associates of my boyhood. During the holidays indeed my mother used to take me to Cobham Hall, the seat of my uncle Mildmay, where I used to see my cousin Grace, a girl of somewhat about my own age. But she was never away from her governess, and was so demure and lady-like that I was afraid to speak to her. My mother always expressed a great affection for Grace, and when she wrote to me at school, especially as I began to grow older, there was invariably some mention of her in her letters, as, "Your cousin Grace, whom I saw yesterday, sends her love;" or, "I went to Cobham a few days since; they are all well, your cousin Grace is growing fast, her figure promises to be very fine, she hopes to see you soon and sends her love." And so matters went on, till the time came for me to leave Rugby, when my mother informed me that, as there was a good living in the family, she and my father and my uncle wished me to go into the church.

"I am sorry to say, Edward, that although I was then nineteen, I had never seriously thought of my future calling; my wants had always been carefully provided for; and, in the security of a contemplative temperament, I had glided down the stream of time with very little perception of the nobler portions of my nature, of my higher capacity for enjoyment and for suffering. My mother's proposal I acceded to without difficulty, and without any serious reflection. So, I went to Oxford, met many of my old Rugby associates there, and lived very much as I had lived before: only spending a little more money. But this was not to continue—I was to be roused from this spiritual torpor; I was to learn what was in me. If the lesson was bitter, it was wholesome; and I can re-echo that deep and wise saying of one of your modern poets, Edward, which is the fruit of suffering:

'Better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.'

I went to spend part of the summer vacation of the year eighteen hundred and ten—I have good reason to remember the year—with a friend at his father's house, a pleasant place in the neighbourhood of Warwick. There were no field sports to beguile the time; and Topham and I were neither of us fond of study, so that we had some difficulty in disposing of our leisure. Colonel Topham, my friend's father, was little better off in this respect than ourselves—he could hardly find occupation for himself during more than three or four hours in the morning, so it was with great exultation, that one afternoon on his return from Warwick, he brought us the intelligence that the Theatre was to be

opened on the following Monday, and that it was announced that Mrs. Siddons would be passing through the town, and would play Catherine in Henry the Eighth for one night; of course, he had secured places for all our party. Theatres were hardly then what they have become since—either the audience possessed less intellectual culture, and were satisfied with less, or the actor understood his art better; at all events the amusement was very popular, and the announcement of the opening of a country theatre was a signal for a pleasurable excitement in the neighbourhood. You may imagine, then, how much the excitement was increased by the prospect of seeing the greatest actress of her own, perhaps of any time, of whose retirement people already began to talk.

"I shall not attempt to describe to you what I should want words to convey—the suffering majesty of the wronged Catherine, almost divine as she appeared by the side of the ranting Henry. She bore herself as if she knew that she was every inch a queen, her dignity giving a most moving pathos to her womanly tenderness; while he, uncomfortable with padding and vainly endeavouring to speak in a voice suitable to his artificial proportions, rendered absurd the violent but princely tyrant of the poet. Such inequalities, painful as they are, are looked upon as matters of course in a country theatre. We had come to see Mrs. Siddons, and expected nothing but amusement from the blunders and misapprehensions of the rest of the company. My friends were familiar with most of the actors—several were native to the place—but the name of the actress who was to play Anne Boleyn had already given rise to some speculation in our party. No one was acquainted with it, no one had seen the lady who bore it. When she entered, in her graceful and modest costume, there was an involuntary start of admiration through the house. Anything more lovely was never seen; and when she spoke, her words were delivered with propriety and intelligence, but in a subdued and rather timid tone, which added greatly to her charm. We held our breath lest we should lose one tremor of her girlish voice. Catherine herself was almost forgotten in sympathy and pity for Anne Boleyn.

In the after-piece, the young actress played again. This time she had a part which entirely suited her: she had to play a spoilt child sent to school to be taught manners. The character was exactly suited to her years and to her taste. She acted without effort and with perfect success. It was evident that for the time she was living in the scene. It was impossible to express delight while she was speaking and moving—we feared to lose one glance of the mischievous eyes, one toss of the beautiful head; but when at last we burst out into loud

applause, she looked round in amazement to see for whom the demonstration was meant, and when our renewed cries and the whispers of some one who stood near her convinced her that she was the object of our admiration, a look of bewilderment which had much more of displeasure than of triumph in it, broke over her countenance; she made a hasty salutation; and ran off the stage.

"Nobody thought, nobody spoke, of anything but the beautiful actress. We soon learnt that she was niece to the manager, and was residing in the town with her mother, a widow, and three or four brothers and sisters. We went to the theatre whenever she acted. Mrs. Topham invited her to her house; so did all the ladies in the neighbourhood. In the morning she looked even more lovely than on the stage; she was hardly seventeen; her complexion had the transparency and the variability of early youth; in her mind and manners, the simple trustfulness of the child was blended with the opening sensibilities of the woman. It is impossible to give you any idea of the elastic grace of her motions, of the marvellous and ever-changing expressions of her countenance—nothing that approached her could withstand her witchery.

"As a natural consequence of her position and her singular beauty, Violet Elder was capricious and proud. She did not attempt to conceal her dislike of some of the forward coxcombs who pressed their attentions upon her, or her displeasure at an ill-expressed or too open compliment. How it was, I know not; perhaps, because my silent admiration was better suited to her taste; perhaps, as I rather incline to think, from the natural kindness of her heart which led her to see the loneliness of mine, and to compassionate the nervous tremor with which her presence inspired me, for these or other reasons she soon distinguished me and showed pleasure in conversing with me. She took me into her confidence, demanded little services of me, treated me as a friend, and invited me home to see her mother, whom she loved with a devoted though sometimes dictatorial affection. If she looked lovely among the gay and wealthy where her only business was to be amused, how much more lovely did she appear in her simple home, the support and ornament of the humble household. Here, all pride, all restraint was lost in her affection for her mother—a gentlewoman still eminently handsome and not beyond the middle age—and in her cordial and playful love for her younger brothers and sisters. I must not dwell on this part of my story, though God knows I could linger over it for hours.

"That I loved her with a true and earnest passion, I need hardly tell you. She returned my love; I had the assurance from her own dear lips. After the term of my visit at Topham Court had expired, I took lodgings

not far from Warwick, accounting to myself and to my mother for not going home by the necessity of reading for my approaching examination. My mother wrote to me frequently, and continually mentioned my cousin Grace. This I did not remark at the time, and merely read and replied to her letters in an absent manner. I was wrapt in the sweet delirium of a higher existence; all that was gross and material about me seemed to be laid to rest. Violet was all in all to me. I had no thought, no apprehension for anything except her. Creation seemed clothed in divine beauty; life, in its larger, fuller sense, was opening upon me, for I drank deep of the golden waters of love.

"Thus passed half a year. I returned to Oxford, but we corresponded almost daily. I did not communicate anything relative to Violet to my mother, from an instinctive apprehension I suppose; for certainly it was not the result of design. Besides, I never had been accustomed to speak of my feelings to her or to any one, and I was such a child in worldly matters that I had never yet formed any plans for the future. When I returned to Warwick at Christmas, however, Mrs. Elder gently required of me some explanation, some statement of my intentions. She told me that it was very much against her wish that her daughter had ever embraced the profession of the stage; that nothing but the representations of her brother-in-law and the necessities of her family had induced her to consent to her making use of her talents in this way; that it would be a very great happiness to her to see her united to me, convinced as she was of our mutual attachment; that she felt the dangers of Violet's position, and was extremely anxious to place her in one more congenial to her tastes and better calculated to develop the softer portions of her character. She concluded by informing me that Violet had received an extremely advantageous offer of an engagement in London, but that they had delayed accepting it until she had spoken with me.

"I replied that I was just ready to take orders, that there was a good living waiting for me, and that I would write to my parents by that night's post to request their consent. Mrs. Elder looked a little grave that evening, but Violet and I were perfectly happy. We sat talking of our future. I described to her the Parsonage and the surrounding country; spoke of my father, of my mother, and of my grand relations at Cobham Hall.

"The next day was also one of unmingled happiness. We walked in the bright winter weather along the hard roads, her brothers running races past us. Her complexion assumed a more transparent brilliancy; her eyes sparkled with health and happiness.

"That night, when I returned to my lodgings, I found my mother waiting for me. She was white with passion. In unmeasured terms

she upbraided me with dissimulation and every species of misconduct. In her anger she told me that my hand had long since been disposed of; that I was affianced to my cousin Grace, that she and her brother had settled it when we were both children. She reminded me of the calling for which I was intended, and demanded if I thought an actress a fit wife for a clergyman and a Watson? At first her vehemence stunned me, and I listened in bewildered dismay; but the contemptuous mention of Violet roused the dormant passions within me. I sternly and indignantly protested that Violet was worthy of a much greater fortune than I could offer her. I declared that I would not be bound by a contract made without my knowledge. I asserted that I would make Violet my wife—that in the sight of Heaven we were already united. My mother was in her turn astounded; she had never suspected that I inherited so much of her own temper. From angry denunciation she turned to entreaty, to supplication. I met her in the same spirit. I begged her to see Violet—to judge for herself. She absolutely refused; and commanded me, if I valued her blessing, to attend her home on the morrow.

"I had been too long accustomed to obey her to refuse compliance, especially as she enforced her command by telling me of my father's severe illness, and of his imperative desire to see me. Besides, I was frightened at the strength of my own passions, and hoped to be able to soften her, and to win my father to my side.

"While my mother was dressing next morning, and while the post-chaise in which we were to travel was waiting at the door, I ran down to Violet's house. It was still very early, and I had to wait some minutes before Violet could see me. I had not been in bed nor had I closed my eyes all night. I suppose I looked very haggard, for she started when she saw me.

"Is anything the matter?"

"No, no, dearest; I am only come to say good-bye. I am obliged to go to the North. My father is very ill and wants to see me."

"Violet's face brightened. She laid her hand lovingly on my arm.

"I am very sorry, love; but I hope he will soon be better, and that you will not be many days gone."

"They were the last words I ever heard her speak. I could not bear her trustful tenderness; my tears choked my utterance.

"How my mother detained my letters; how my uncle himself went to Warwick, saw Violet, appealed to her pride, told her that if I married her I should be disowned by my family, and ruined; how by a thousand other false and cruel arguments they wrung from her a renunciation of my engagement to her, and at last induced her to send me back all my little presents, and all my letters, I never knew until long, long afterwards.

She sent me a few lines—a little letter—with them, but I did not receive it at the time—not until long, long afterwards. Though the things of which I speak are long past, though the paper is yellow with age, and the words traced in her pretty girlish hand are illegible, I know them by heart.

"Dearest, I shall never write to you again. I send you back your presents, and, what is much harder, your letters. Your mother and uncle are quite right. I never thought I was fit to be your wife. I wish you very, very happy. Do not think I blame you at all. God bless you. Perhaps I ought not to pray for you, but I cannot help it yet; and I do not think my prayers can do you harm. You know how dearly I loved you; but I do not love you now, since it would be your ruin. Oh! if I must become very wicked, if I must grow proud and sinful, still pray for me, you, who are so good, who are to live a pure and holy life, your prayers will be heard; and it cannot do you harm to pray for me.—VIOLET ELDER.

"P. S.—I hope you will marry your cousin, and that you will be happy."

"I do not think my mother, fertile as she was in expedients, could have succeeded in keeping me away from Violet, but for my father's continued and serious illness. As it was, I wrote again and again to Violet, and, as I received no answer, no explanation of the return of my letters, I was in a continual state of agitation. An idea of the truth—that my letters were detained—sometimes flashed across my mind; but I found it hard to believe that my mother would have recourse to such means. At rare intervals I felt displeasure against Violet. At length, my father getting no better, but rather worse, the doctors ordered him to a warmer climate. I am not sure that my mother did not suggest the remedy; she was certainly very eager in adopting it.

"While we were in London on our way to the Continent, I insisted on going to Warwick. My mother made no difficulty; she was probably aware of the inutility of my visit.

"When I reached the lodgings which the Elders had occupied I found them empty, the theatre was closed, all the company were dispersed. The keeper of the lodgings informed me that Violet had been very ill; that she was gone to Scotland—she believed, to fulfil an engagement. We were to sail for Italy on the morrow. To follow her was impossible, and the woman could give me no clue to her address. It was even a comfort to know that Violet had been ill; that might be the reason of my letters remaining unanswered. Her mother, too, would probably be offended at the refusal of my parents to sanction our engagement. Violet had been very ill, the landlady said, for three weeks. She had had a fever, and they had cut off nearly all her beautiful

hair. She used to cry out and talk wildly when she was ill; but her mother nursed her herself, and allowed no one else to go into the room. She was almost well before she went away. She used to go out in a carriage, and she revived and smiled again, too; but, somehow, there seemed a weight on her spirits: it wasn't her old smile—but then she had been very ill.

"Perhaps the woman had connected Violet's illness with me. Women have an intuitive perception of such matters. At first she was very cold and little disposed to be communicative. But I suppose my own countenance bore some trace of the suffering I had undergone. Perhaps she saw in me something that moved her compassion; be that as it may, she threw off the constraint she had at first put upon herself, told me many touching details of Violet's weakness, and permitted me to visit the room where I had so often sat with her. She also gave me a braid of the hair which had been cut off; how she came to have it I don't know; I have sometimes hoped it might have been left with her for me.

"I accompanied my parents to Italy with reassured spirits. Violet loved me, and my heart was strong within me. I would make the best use of my time while I was abroad, and if on our return my mother still refused her consent, I would be able to support my wife by my exertions. Time and distance seemed as nothing. A little year and Violet would be mine. But the year lengthened into two. My father slowly declined; he pined to see home again, and we set out on our journey. But he was never more to set his foot on English ground; he died at Naples, and there he lies buried.

"When my mother had a little recovered from the shock, she, my sister and I set out on our return. Perhaps in that saddened state of her feelings she might have softened towards Violet, but it was now too late.

"During our stay in Italy I had heard of Violet only in her public character. I had heard of her appearance in London, and of her triumph. My college friend, Topham, wrote me accounts of her. He told me she was surrounded by admirers, among whom there were more than one of rank and station who aspired to her hand; but he said that she was grown very haughty; more beautiful than ever—unquestionably more beautiful, but strangely proud, disdainful, and wilful. He confessed that she had treated him with marked and with what he considered supercilious coldness. Topham was by no means the person to whom I could confide the secret of my affection. He belonged to the class of young men who have no depth of feeling themselves, and whose system of honour has no reference to anything beyond the opinion of the narrow circle in which they move. I imagined that Violet knew the strength and constancy of my love,

that she had faith in me, and for my sake assumed this repulsive manner to her suitors. Knowing her trustful tenderness, and abundant affection, this seemed to me nothing but a veil with which she sought to hide the sufferings of her heart. I panted for the moment when I should see her once more, face to face, and tell her all I had endured and hoped.

"My uncle, Sir George, met us on our arrival in London. We were to stay at a house which he then occupied in Grosvenor Street; my aunt and my cousin Grace were also there, and George Mildmay, a fine boy of seventeen, just returned from Eton. After the first emotions of meeting were over, the ladies withdrew together; my uncle retired to his library; and George and I were left to ourselves. I could not help looking with admiration at the handsome intelligent face, and listening with surprise to the masterly manner in which my cousin, whom I had never thought of but as rather a spoilt boy, dealt out the news of the town.

"You'll like to see what's doing at the theatres, I dare say," said he, when a pause in the conversation suggested the introduction of a new subject, "we'll run down to Drury Lane by-and-by, if you like; not that there's anything worth looking at in the way of women. It was a monstrous shame of Woodhouse to run off with our little Sultana."

"With whom?" inquired I, mechanically.

"Why, the very princess and fairy queen of actresses, the brightest eyes—the loveliest hair—such a glorious laugh—and a foot and ankle that were delightful to look at. It's a splendid thing for her. Woodhouse has somewhere about four thousand a year *in case*, and double as much *in posse*; though to be sure so he ought, for he's a slap and dash fellow. They say he's growing tired of his prize already, and she's so confoundedly cold and proud; but you know her; you were at Warwick when she came out."

"Yes, I did know her. I had known ever since he began to speak, of whom he was talking, but the sudden and unexpected blow had stunned me, and I was glad to let him rattle on. Violet, my Violet—she whom I had never for one moment ceased to love—she, my own tender Violet—married, and married to such a man!

"The boy talked on, retailing all the little town gossip respecting her who dwelt in my heart's-core. An irrepressible desire to see her, to assure myself of the extent of my misery, came over me. I asked the boy where she lived; he replied by mentioning a street not far distant. How I broke from him, I don't know, nor does it matter now; I only know that I hurried to the street which he had named, and almost by instinct found the house.

"I must have inquired for Violet by her name, for I was admitted—in a minute I

found myself in her presence. The room was luxuriously furnished; Violet sat beside a lady, probably a visitor, on a sofa. She looked eminently handsome, but with a beauty different to that which I had loved; her carriage was more stately, and there was something haughty in her expression; her dress, too, had lost the girlish simplicity which was familiar to me. It was but for a brief space that I could gaze upon her unobserved—and at the time I was conscious of none of these things; but all, even to the minutest details of her dress, were stamped on my recollection with the truth and vigour of a daguerreotype picture. Oh how often have I wept over that vision, so gloriously lovely, but even then marred and sullied by the world!

"Violet looked up and perceived me. The rich colour fled from her cheeks, the pupils of her eyes dilated, her whole countenance assumed an expression of horror and despair, her lips trembled with the attempt to form a sound, and she half stretched out her arms towards me. The sight of her emotion overwhelmed me. I trembled from head to foot; something I believe I said, or strove to say, and hurried from the house. In that gaze I had read her soul and she mine! in the electric shock of spirits hers had revealed its depths to me as clearly and as truly as a landscape is shown in the instantaneous flood of lightning. I knew her story then, as truly by instinct as afterwards I knew it by facts; yet, in all the heart-struggle of that dreadful time, it was a comfort, it was a triumph to me to feel that even as I had loved Violet, Violet had loved me.

"I forced from my mother a confession of her interference; I compelled her to acknowledge the means she had employed to keep us apart; I extracted from my uncle an account of his interview with Violet; I saw how his heart had almost softened to her youth and tender love; in short, I gained such comfort as was left me—the memory of Violet, in all her innocent beauty and trusting affection; but I never sought to see her again.

"Years went on; her husband's fortune was dissipated by his lavish expenditure. Violet was compelled to return to the stage; her beauty drew upon her the misery of many admirers; her actions did not escape censure. Her husband died, and she married a second time. Her children—for she had two whom she must have loved with all the ardour of her nature—turned out badly; they were both boys. Sorrow and even poverty darkened her declining days; bodily suffering was added to mental disquietude; but I have heard, from those on whom I can depend, that she learned the lesson sorrow and trial are sent to teach—that she put away the world from her heart, that she died in hope, and rests in peace.

"Since the winter when I last beheld her,

in the pride of her young womanhood, eight-and-thirty years have passed. She has fallen asleep, and my pilgrimage is nearly ended; but never on one day of those eight-and-thirty years have I ceased to pray for her; morning and evening I have prayed for her, and many a time besides. It was of the innocent girl that I thought, but it was for the suffering woman that I prayed. My mother earnestly strove to awaken in me some affection which might replace the remembrance of Violet. Had her fate been happier, I cannot tell what might have been moved within me; but I had so entirely loved her, and I knew her to be set in the midst of so many and great dangers that I could think of her, alone.

"She is gone where the children of the Father shall at length be pure and holy—where the sorrows and misapprehensions of this world shall be scattered like mists before the risen sun—where I hope to see her; the same, yet more beautiful in the majesty of completed suffering."

My uncle ceased, and large tears rolled slowly down his cheeks. He died after three years, strong in the faith in which he had lived. A locket, containing some curls of auburn hair, and a letter, the characters of which were illegible, were found on his breast. We did not remove them; and beside the porch of his little country church we reverently laid him to rest, with these remembrances of her whom he had loved so tenderly and truly.

CHANGE OF AIR.

EVERYBODY knows the great influence that is exerted on his own person by fluctuations in the regular supply of light and heat, air, water and food. They are vital stimulants. Different men need them in different degrees. The heat and light of the tropics would do hurt to the constitution of an Esquimaux, and a negro would be ill able to sustain the cold and darkness of a winter at the pole. Within those extremes are nations very variously constituted; and, in each nation, men are differently organised as to the degree and kind of vital stimulus that will produce in them the most perfect health. Few of us can always exactly fit the supply of all those requisites of life to the demand. The same person, in one state of health, will require more light and heat, or more water and food, and, in another, less than the amount commonly most beneficial to him. They who can afford it, regulate in a rough manner the supply of their wants in this respect by, from time to time, taking what is called a change of air.

The air remains the same in all places—if we put out of calculation local causes of impurity—but, as it is through the air that we get light, and heat, and moisture, the degrees

of which we find to be altered around us when we move from one place to another, it is natural to call any change of climate change of air. Climate depends generally upon latitude and longitude; but, more particularly, on the nature of the soil and scenery at any place;—that is to say, upon the geological character of the earth trodden; the degree and character of vegetation on it; the relative proportions of hill, plain, and mountain, and of land and water; and the position which each element in the whole group of scenery holds with regard to all the others. It is thus evidently very difficult to conceive of any two places, twenty miles apart from one another, of which the climates shall be quite alike; and it is very easy to understand how a change in the texture of the soil, the position of a hill or of a river, the neighbourhood of a wood, or some sharp bend in an adjoining coast line may cause two places, only a mile apart, to differ very noticeably in their climates. In one, the soil will reflect more light and become warmed more readily than in another; the degree of moisture in the air of the two places, and the direction and force of air-currents may also vary constantly.

When geology and physical geography are older sciences than they are now, there will have been time allowed for their philosophical application to a minute study of climate. The invalid, when he is taught how to make the very best use of the natural stimulants that support life, will be in less need of those non-natural or medicinal aids of which he now takes, and must take, only too many table-spoonsful. We have studied climate hitherto empirically, finding out by experience what state of body gets most benefit from the influences to which it is exposed in any given place. I mean here to set down with a few comments a little of this kind of knowledge. But we must set out with a few, plain, general ideas.

Light, it is well known, promotes the development of animals and plants. Plants living in darkness do not become green, and human beings without sunshine do not become flesh-coloured, and have not the true sparkle of life within their bodies. The morning-light is supposed, commonly, to be most beneficial, and perhaps it is so. Rays of the morning sun are found by photographers to do their work more perfectly than any others. Pale, weakly, sleepy-headed people should get out into the light, and look clear ground on which the sun beats cheerfully. Folks of an opposite kind, and those especially whose ways are the reverse of sleepy, may sometimes find their life better in the shade than in the sun. Heat is another vital stimulant which we all need in different degrees; up to a certain point every man is excited by it; and beyond that point, like other stimulants, it goes on to produce exhaustion. Of food, one must say much or nothing.

I will be content, therefore, with observing, that when an Englishman takes change of air, it rarely happens that he does not necessarily change also the character of his food and the amount of exercise habitually taken. Considerations of this kind will account abundantly for the very great benefit which we see constantly accruing to others, and feel often in our own bodies, as the consequences of an occasional judicious removal for a few days or weeks from one part of England to another. And still no mention has been made of the reviving influence exerted on the body through the mind, which is refreshed and amused with change of scene, and change of thoughts, and change of occupation.

In considering the climate of a place with regard to the amount of heat there to be met with, we must take into consideration the fact that the same given yearly average of heat may be spread over the year very differently in two places. In the heart of the continent—anywhere far inland—there will be all the heat run through in the summer, and all the cold thrown into the winter. In other places, as on western coasts, there will be a sort of average struck, and a moderate amount of warmth will be maintained throughout the year. Again, as regards sea-sides, a western coast, out of the tropics, is always warmer and moister than an eastern one, because the wind that sweeps over the flat sea upon the shore, in one case comes over a broad ocean, that is always uniformly heated, and the east wind comes from journeying across dry land. People who are scrofulous, who have diseases of the lungs, are paralytic or rheumatic; also old people generally, should seek warm climates.

The moisture that accompanies the warmth upon our western coasts oppresses the robust by rendering the air already overcharged with vapor, unfit to receive the full amount of healthy exhalation from their bodies; but to the consumptive patient such defect in the air is a blessing. His weak frame cannot bear the drain of that abundant exhalation which is provoked by a more bracing air, and which begets a sense of well-being in healthy men; the moist air takes as much as he can spare, and asks no more.

Again, exhalation and secretion from the body is increased when atmospheric pressure is diminished, as it is diminished in proportion to the height of land above the sea. Thus high ground may, like dry ground, be very bracing and delightful to those who need or who can bear free exhalation and secretion; but, at the same time, perhaps perilous to others—as to those who suffer from bronchitis or consumption.

Climates liable to sudden and frequent changes always are unfit for invalids. Sandy and gravelly soils are the driest, chalk is tolerably dry; there are few invalids who find a clay soil beneficial, and to many constitutions

it does harm. It sometimes, however, modifies usefully a climate otherwise too dry.

The power that an Englishman has of varying his climate, without quitting his own country, is very great. Our island lies nearly in the centre of that zone of the globe in which the range of temperature is greatest. We have, on one side of us, the largest mass of earth in the globe, namely Europe and Asia, forming physically but one continent; and on the other side the wide Atlantic. We are also within the direct influence of the great ice-fields to the north.

The English climates suitable for invalids are arranged by Sir James Clark under five heads. These are thus, according to him, the climates of London, of the south-coast, the south-west coast of Cornwall, and of the west of England.

The climate of London generally suits people affected with spasmodic asthma: the draining, the paving, the great masses of dry brick and stone, the smoke, and the multitude of fires there burning, have an appreciable effect upon the climate of the town. It is made drier and warmer than that of the surrounding country, especially, of course, in winter. The days in London lose about a third of a degree of heat on account of the impediment offered to the sun's rays by our veil of smoke; but the nights are, on an average, almost four degrees warmer than the nights in the adjacent country. Many invalids are, for this reason, benefited by a winter residence in London. If all products of decomposition, all overcrowding, and whatever else is obviously unwholesome, were got rid of from among us, there is no reason why the London climate should not be, in the main, as wholesome as any other in the land; wholesomer by far than a great many.

On the south coast summers are cooler and winters are warmer than in London. On account of the reflection from a chalk soil, light is there more intense than in other parts of England. The chief places of resort upon that coast are Hastings, Brighton, and the Isle of Wight. Hastings is protected from the north and open to the south winds. It is a good harbour of refuge for people with weak lungs who wish to escape the north-easterly winds prevalent during our three months of severest winter. At Brighton the air is drier and more bracing, especially in the more elevated parts of the town east of the New Steyne. West of Cannon Place the soil is clayey and the air moister and milder, better adapted to the constitutions of those invalids whose system is unable to work with vigor. The climate of the Steyne is intermediate between these two. The brisk, dry climate of Brighton best suits invalids with relaxed constitutions who secrete and exhale copiously. It is capital for children and as a wholesome place of rest for healthy people. Its steadiness during autumn and early winter gives it great value during that

season of the year. It is then to be preferred to Hastings. The Undercliff of the Isle of Wight forms a refuge suitable for delicate invalids throughout the year; it is well sheltered, has a mild equable climate and a dry soil. It is not so moist and relaxing, and it is more equable than the climate of Torquay. Consumptive patients find a residence at the Undercliff most advantageous during the half-year from November until May.

The climate of our south-west coast is mild, soft and moist. For a large class of people it is too relaxing. Its winter temperature is nearly two degrees higher than that of the places just mentioned, and three or four degrees higher than that of London. During the depth of winter, it is in sheltered places, even five degrees warmer than London. This climate best suits consumptive patients who have a dry cough without much expectoration. It suits also some dyspeptics. In all old standing disease, attended with copious secretion, and to weakly people who perspire much, a residence on this coast will be probably injurious. Torquay is in just repute as the driest place of resort upon this coast. Though it has the soft moist atmosphere peculiar to the district, it is almost entirely free from fogs. The warmest spot upon this coast is Salcombe.

The climate of the south coast of Cornwall differs from that just described only in being moister, and more exposed to winds. It is more relaxing; Penzance is exposed to north-east winds during the spring month, and maintains, throughout the year, an English climate that is unusually equable. Its winter is five degrees and a half warmer than that of London; its summer is two degrees colder. Its spring is only a trifle warmer than the London spring; but it escapes the chills of autumn, gaining upon us then the advantage of about two-and-a-half degrees of heat.

The coast climate of the places bordering the British Channel is generally not quite so warm as that of the south coast during the winter; but it is a trifle warmer during spring. It is less moist and relaxing. That of Clifton is perhaps the mildest and the driest in the west of England. It is bracing enough to be well suited for people with relaxed constitutions who exhale and secrete copiously. It is supposed to be the best climate in England for the scrofulous.

These English climates are enough for us to specify. They serve as examples of the principle by which invalids and healthy people may be guided in the selection of a place that shall provide for them the best possible change of air. The explanations here given are very rough; but the study of climate really provides a wide field for minute and philosophical investigation. It will hereafter acquire dignity. Physicians now pay every year increased attention to the

means rather of preserving than restoring health; and it is certain that so powerful a means of acting on the human frame, by regulating the supply to it of the healthy stimulants of life, as that furnished by removal from one climate to another, will thus inevitably come to be found more and more worthy of careful study.

NEAPOLITAN PURITY.

It is an antediluvian observation that men are what their circumstances make them: which original observation I have been recently making in defence of the Neapolitans. That their moral perceptions or habits are not of the highest order every one (who knows them) says, and what every one says must be true; yet hence to conclude that there is a natural predisposition to evil in them, would be as absurd as to conclude that there is a natural predisposition to eat macaroni in them. The fact, I fear, however, I must admit after a long residence in Naples, that with very quick talents and very great good nature, there are generally intermixed many of those low qualities which spring from the want of a regard to truth and honor. As this deficiency may in a great measure be attributed to the *regime* under which they live, I shall try to throw my lantern-ray of light upon it.

Rome was deserted by foreigners, and swarming with Romans—who, by the by, come out with the fleas—when I determined to go farther south, and try the cool breezes of the Mediterranean. To determine and to act, however, do not stand in so close a relation in Italy as in England, so it happened that it was not until three days later, that I found myself on the Neapolitan frontier. I was asleep at the moment; but the shouting of the postilions, the continued cracking of their whips, and the withdrawing of the chain awoke me; and poking my head, between sleeping and waking, through the window, I nearly knocked over a soldier, who was standing on the wheel and going to poke his head in.

"Passports, *Signori*," was the first demand; which was no sooner complied with than another soldier made his appearance; and, walking us out of our carriage, began to rife and thump the cushions, and the pockets, and the wadding. Meantime half-a-dozen of those ragged and licensed ruffians, who swarm in Italy under the name of *Facchini* or porters, had mounted on the top of our coach, and were unloading a mountain of boxes. After dancing attendance during what at midnight appeared an unreasonably long time, our first soldier made his appearance, and with a profound bow, having presented our passports, drew himself up in a stand-at-ease position. It was easy to see that the man was waiting for a *botteglia*, as all presents are called in this country, which of course we gave; but, the amount being smaller than his expectations,

we were favoured with some superior Neapolitan Billingsgate. Our luggage was next to be cleared, shirts were to be tumbled, coat-pockets to be groped, and a thousand other delicate manipulations to be performed, unless another *botteglia* was forthcoming. But where was the superior who conducted all these operations? He sat in a dirty room upstairs, smoking his cigar over a brazier, waiting until it might please him to descend and fulfil his important duties. A signal at length was made, and the great man made his appearance. As a general rule in travelling, I should say that if the *employé* has a good elastic glove-like conscience, or a quick and strong digestion, or if his dinner he smoking on his table, one may get off easily enough; but if he be scrupulous, or bilious, or vexed, then you may expect the utmost rigor of the law. Our official was not a decided character; he had just conscience enough to swear by, and was very sleepy. So, after lifting two or three layers of well squeezed linen, he was about to dismiss us, when a book met his eye—the Vicar of Wakefield. "Ah! it is against the church, then, this Vicar of Wakefield!" was his exclamation, as he threw upon us a suspicious glance; but on our assuring him that it was only the history of a fine old English gentleman, whose wife made excellent pickles and *roba doles*;—in short, that it was a species of cookery-book, he threw it in and locked up our traps, and retiring into a corner waited for his *botteglia*. The superior in these cases never presents himself; noble-minded as he is, he affects to be incapable of receiving a present or a bribe. Some underling rolls or swaggers up to you, suggests that a *regalo* should be given for all the facilities accorded, and intimates that he will be happy to be the medium of conveying it. Thus it happened to us, and I gave the expectant a dollar, by way of being generous. "But it is very little, Signore—here have we been detained from our beds" (a flat board or two, in the corner, covered with a dusky-looking blanket, whereon another Impiegato was snoring) "till this late hour, and all for this very small trifle." "Give him another dollar, and have done with it," said my friend.

Once more, we were on our road to Naples, by the blue sea, over roads which are bounded on either side by orange groves or vines trained aloft on trees, until we arrived at the city barrier, where the city-toll is levied, and where, dusty and tired, the traveller may be detained another hour, while dirty *faecchini* are tossing his linen about, and prying into everything he carries with him. The driver, however, mindful of his own convenience, had provided against this contingency; for, as soon as the horses had stopped, he went from window to window and collected a *piastre* to be offered as a sop to Cerberus. If you are an Englishman it will be inevitably refused as not enough, as in our case; if you

are a German, it will be taken without demur. All demands at length were satisfied, and in due time we were deposited in the centre of beautiful Naples.

From this slight sketch of what is offered to the observation of most men on entering the kingdom of beautiful Naples, the traveller may learn at a glance the system which prevails in almost every public office. Money is the one thing needful. With money you may do anything; for money the public officer and clerks will do anything; without money neither the one nor the other can or will do anything. One great reason of this is, that Neapolitan public functionaries, like servants in a thriving hotel, are paid nothing, or are paid a starvation price for their services. The consequence is, they must pay themselves; and they often pay themselves so well that they much prefer this freebooting salary to a just and regular remuneration.

To describe this state of things, a word eminently Neapolitan has sprung into common use; the word *luero* is in the mouth of every Impiegato. A friend meets you and tells you that his son has lately been appointed Chancellor to the Commune of Batta. You congratulate him, and trust that he may keep it for a hundred years. "What is it worth?" "Oh, forty ducats a month, and perhaps fifty ducats more for the *lueri*." The custom house officer has his *lueri*, and the military commandant has his, and all officers, civil and military, have theirs, up to the ministers of State; so that the word *lueri* represents a state of things universally existing.

A friend of mine lately landed with his portmanteaus from England and submitted himself to all the rigors of the law. "If," said one of these functionaries, "we had known of it in time, we might have passed all his property for a *regalo* of sixteen piastres. We should have been the better for it, and the Signor too; but as the Signor did not know it, he had to pay a hundred and fifty piastres." So, these worthy gentlemen for the *luero* of sixteen piastres, would have been ready to defraud the government of a hundred and thirty-four piastres; yet the Neapolitan Government thinks it saves money by giving its officers starvation salaries. Ascending higher in the scale, we find the same system prevailing even in the *ante-camera* of the Minister of State; the highest bidder for an office is sure to be the successful applicant. "I should like to get Giuseppe promoted," said a man to me last week, whose son has been working for nothing in a government office for ten years, "but, *diarolo!* I have not the money wherewith to bribe!" Indeed, to such an extent has this been carried within the last few years, that men have been denounced for the anticipated *lueri*, and pardon has been purchased and liberty has been bartered, for piastres.

On our arrival in Naples, the heat was insufferable. With other summer birds, there

fore, I took my flight to one of the numerous little *paesotti*, which lie within a few miles of the capital. Of the picturesque in scenery, I say nothing; rather of the picturesque in manners.

The little village where I put up my tent was one of vast importance, in the opinion of its inhabitants, rejoicing as it did in a Judge and his *Corte*—a Syndic with his *Elotti*—two Chancellors, Judicial and Municipal respectively, an usher, and a fat advocate with a stentorian voice, besides two or three ragged hangers on—half beggars, half gentlemen—who aspired to the title of *Impiegati*! The Judge was of that class called the *tergo classe* in Neapolitan classification, and, as such, received twenty ducats a month: being a fraction under three pounds ten shillings and sixpence. Out of this sum, he had to contribute a certain percentage to some funds at Naples; to house, feed, and clothe himself and family; and keep up the judicial authority and dignity. For the Judge is no slight personage in a small village, where he is a kind of absolute little sovereign over the liberties of the people. One of this fraternity I knew, who had the courage to take upon himself the responsibilities of office, and the still greater responsibilities of a wife, three children, and a servant, upon something less than forty pounds a year. As he was a true Neapolitan, he spoke and acted like a man of considerable means; to enable him to do this, he kept all people who could be tempted to litigation within the limits of his Judgeship, perpetually by the ears. A great advocate of the rights of man was he, and no one, if he could help it, would he permit to put up with an insult.

Don Ciccio in fine was pronounced to be a very good fellow, always ready to give the people their rights, and was most favourably contrasted with his successor, who, having really some property and a conscience too, often acted the part of a pacificator. But Ciccio must be paid for permission to litigate. So it was generally understood, and thus he contrived to live. The butcher supplied him with meat at half-price; but then the butcher could now and then sell a cow that had died, and the Judge—good man—would know nothing of it. The buttermilk would supply him gratis, but then the buttermilk might indulge with impunity in certain acts of oppression. As for fish, had he been the prophet Jonah himself, his table might have groaned with his supply; and so Don Ciccio lived a jolly life, the very king of judges. I knew him well, and can even now see him, in my mind's eye, as he rolled along in his huge Spanish cloak, which he always wore—I shrewdly guess, to cover the nakedness of the land; for Ciccio, like other great personages, cared more for the inward than the outward man. Behind him walked what by the country people was called his Court, and a very solemn and awful-looking Court it was.

Sometimes the great man threw a word to them over his shoulder; but generally he kept on his silent, dignified path; every bumpkin getting out of his road if time permitted, or otherwise standing on tiptoe and making flat back against the wall. To me, he always condescended to be courteous, perhaps because I gave him an occasional feed of macaroni. My influence would have been sufficient to decide a cause, and a note from me might have doomed a man to prison; as it did, unwittingly, on one occasion, with the additional courtesy of his Excellency's compliments, and he begged to know how long I wished the fellow to be detained. Don Ciccio was at length promoted, and, when the fatal morning of his departure came, accompanied to his starting-place by his Court, and all the grateful litigants of the village, amid much passionate weeping and embracing he left for his new home. And then, after this melancholy parting, the Court and the litigants and all the great and small men of the place, again turned their faces towards their homes.

"Curses on his soul!" said the usher, first breaking the awful silence. "We are well rid of him. Was ever such a harpy known!"

So it was with the whole circle; the butcher, the baker, the buttermilk, the greengrocer, all loud and courageous in their outcries, perfectly regardless of their own readiness to administer to, and purchase corruption for, their own advantage; and perfectly regardless, too, of all the little oppressions which they themselves had practised under cover of the favour of the prime oppressor.

This portrait is the portrait of many of Ciccio's class in this kingdom of the Two Sicilies; change the name, and hundreds would recognise the exact likeness of the little tyrant who struts amongst them, and irritates in order that he may exact. How can it be otherwise? Ciccio is by birth a gentleman, has received something (not much) of an education, fills a station of importance in the sphere in which he resides. How are his and his family's wants and dignities to be supplied? Certainly not out of the miserable pittance which he receives from the government; other means are to be devised, and these are of them.

It is easy to conceive the fine moral influences exercised by a number of Ciccios scattered over the country, lights set upon hills, centres of circles; it is easy to account for some portion of this intense degradation of the Neapolitan character.

It may appear sufficiently extraordinary on the surface, that there should be a rush for all public offices. The reason, however, is obvious enough, when it is considered that for a great proportion of the youth of the country there is absolutely no other career open. The field of politics is lying fallow; it will be worked hereafter; but at present it is prohibited, dangerous, and unproductive in anything but misery. Literature is as bad, with

a Neapolitan censorship behind it. Commerce is unproductive, or requires capital which is not to be found, or is by many in this land of small nobility considered degrading. There is only public office left, and thus the great body of the Neapolitan youth are trained early in these improving and ennobling arts at which I have glanced.

THE IRON SEAMSTRESS.

THE tender stories which have gone abroad of the flesh and blood seamstress—stories of which Hood's Song of the Shirt is at once the most affecting and the most poetic—have often touched the hearts of all of us. They were stories of hard work and scanty requital: of suffering widows, and forlorn orphans, doomed by necessity to ply the needle or starve utterly: of early deaths, bloodless cheeks, fleshless fingers, and sightless eyes. To the least sensitive of men these stories were often of that terrible desolation which forces sympathy, which commands commiseration. A horrible little instrument of torture has this little needle been to thousands of poor Englishwomen! It has worn the flesh from their hands: it has driven the blood from their cheeks: it has pierced their hearts! Soft-natured people have wept abundant tears over the pictures of misery, drawn by this sharp little instrument. On all sides people asked whether the poor creatures doomed to hold it could not be befriended: whether the wages of their labour could not be increased. The manufacturer answered, that he could employ only at those prices, and that higher wages were incompatible with reasonable profits. Again, the Government contracts left so little margin to the contractor, that seamstresses must work on, and working to the last hour, find early graves. Competition so harassed the manufacturers—drove them on so relentlessly in the general race for cheapness—that they could not possibly, without incurring a loss on every manufactured article, afford their seamstresses an additional penny per day. And thus, the needle was left to do its terrible work—to furnish for the happy and the gay the embroidered robe and the flowery bonnet, while the worker grew sick and blind. Yet, at intervals, tales of misery so fearful, were forced upon public attention, that men cried aloud, this state of things must cease to be.

Needlewomen's Benevolent Societies were formed, and some few poor women were snatched from death. The cry for wives, reaching England from Australia, also brought good tidings to many faint hearts; and hundreds of seamstresses were helped to ships that would carry them to comfortable homes. Some very delicate people were shocked to think that wives should be exported like so many bales of printed cotton: though the same

very delicate people were not found to object to the genteel custom of sending moneyless young ladies out to India, to shed the brightness of domestic life around the persons of many and divers wealthy gentlemen with a considerable derangement of the liver. Yet the system was pursued. Many seamstresses did embark, and are now happily married to prosperous colonists.

This change has operated for the general good in England. Here, the seamstresses are fewer, and have, of late, commanded higher wages. Still, at the present moment, their prospects and experience are not of the brightest. Still the day's hard work brings only the coarsest food and the coldest home. While the advocates of emigration have been whispering seductive stories; while aristocratic patronesses have been forming themselves into committees in aid; the thinning (in a measure) of the human supplies has turned the attention of one or two ingenious men to the possibility of contriving some kind of seamstress that would show no pale cheeks, and demand no morsel of bread. Flesh and blood seamstresses having become insufficient instruments, it was time to see whether a seamstress could not be formed of solid iron. Accordingly, so long ago as in the year eighteen hundred and forty-six, Mr. Ellis Howe, of Boston, in the United States, saw a way of "going ahead" in the matter. He adopted the principle of the shuttle, and conceived that, by combining this with a needle and a double thread, he could form an iron seamstress who would be entirely free from the interference of any benevolent society, and who would never lose her sight or her flesh. Mr. Howe went vigorously to work; spent much money in cranks and cog-wheels, and iron fingers, and ingenious needles, and in shuttles. He put the anatomy of his iron seamstress together in various ways; but she would not work. No school-girl was ever so lazy as this iron work-woman. At last, fairly tired out with the iron obstinacy of his seamstress, Mr. Howe gave her up as an incorrigible sloth and dunce. Other men advanced to afford to the iron seamstress that paternal protection and improvement which Mr. Howe had withdrawn from her; but all reformatory discipline appeared to fail. Her stitches were not good; her needle was never in the right place; her threads were always tangled.

Of all refractory seamstresses this iron seamstress was the worst, until the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one, when Mr. C. T. Judkins took her in hand. He had resolved upon resorting to strong measures to subdue her iron nature. He carefully examined the means which his predecessors had taken to reform her and make her an effective seamstress; after considerable labour, he so corrected her revolutionary tendencies that she became docile, and began to work her iron fingers admirably.

Possibly the reformer plumed himself not a little on his cleverness:—but, certainly Mr. Howe saw the goodness of his follower's work. He forthwith laid a claim to part of the seamstress. Part of the iron lady (said Mr. Howe) might belong to Mr. Judkins; but, undoubtedly, the lady's hands—the needle and the shuttle—were the property of Mr. Howe. Howe versus Judkins hereupon joined issue, and the law decided in favour of Howe. What does the seamstress then, but appear, like Miss Biffin, without arms! These were terrible times in the history of the metallic seamstress. But Mr. Judkins did not desert the lady in these her dark days. He forthwith proceeded to consider the possibility of adapting the seamstress to her work. He succeeded. She now proceeds to do her business in a curious, but effective way. She is, probably, not good at involved crochet-patterns, and in other mysteries of needle-work; but give her plain work to sew, and you shall see her make more than five hundred tight stitches in a minute.

The iron seamstress is composed of a flat metal surface, about twelve inches square (a very comfortable little body, as it will be seen), resting on four substantial legs. From one side of the lady's flat iron surface, an arm rises to the height of about ten inches, and then, bending the elbow, passes over to the opposite side. From the end of the arm, a moveable finger descends; this moveable finger holds the needle. But, the iron lady's needle is not like the instrument of a flesh and blood seamstress. Her needle has its eye only half an inch from the point. The lady's needle being fixed in the lady's iron finger (somehow, this is like writing about a ferruginous Miss Kilmansegg), a reel or bobbin filled with thread is placed above the lady's arm, and the thread is passed through the needle's eye;—for, the iron seamstress cannot thread her needle herself. To move the iron seamstress, a wheel is fixed to a main shaft; this wheel may be turned, either by steam or by human hands. Once in motion, it has instantaneous effect upon a lever within the arm; and the effect of this lever is to move the needle in the iron finger up and down, through the cloth and back again, leaving a loop of thread visible under the cloth. Beneath the iron surface before described, are a second reel of thread and another needle; this needle moves horizontally, backwards, and forwards through the loops made by the vertical needle; and in this way the stitches are formed. But the horizontal needle also leaves a loop through which the vertical needle passes in the next descent; and thus, at every descent, a stitch

is completed by the iron seamstress. It is true that this stern lady uses two needles, whereas the human instrument commands only one; but she works at the prodigious rate of five hundred stitches a minute! She certainly requires somebody to be constantly looking after her. She does not even hold her work herself. A servant must be in attendance to guide the cloth forward as the stitches are made in it, causing the sewing to be straight, angular, or circular, at his pleasure.

But with all these disadvantages, the iron seamstress has unquestionable recommendations. Her five hundred stitches per minute outnumber those of the human seamstress beyond all hope of rivalry. In the delicate parts of work—in those mysteries known to the crude as flounces, gussets, frills, and tucks—in the learned complications of the herring-bone system, and the homely art of darning—we imagine that the iron lady is not proficient. We believe her to be able, at the present time, to take in only the plainest needlework. She must cede the graces of the art, as yet, to her human rivals; content to stitch and sew anything put before her, at the goodly rate of five hundred stitches per minute.

Yet, even now, the friends of human seamstresses may well begin to consider the effect this iron rival will ultimately have on human labour. Will the iron seamstress drive the seamstress of (not much) flesh and blood to more remunerative employments? The answer is not an easy one. Needlework, though poorly paid, has long been the drudgery to which women have taken when the strong arm that shielded them has fallen suddenly away. It was work easily learned and abundantly wanted. Poor creatures whose prospect was so dark that any pittance was a relief, could always, if they would accept the hard price, get the work. True, better times than those of forty-eight have dawned; and in the future, hope is placed most confidently by all men. But while we acknowledge that it is for the good of everybody that the iron seamstress should ply her double needles, we may well look around to see what field of labour may be fairly laid open to helpless women. We are told that they would make tender doctors for one another; that in walks of science and knowledge, there is room they may well fill; that in the broad ways of the world there are many honourable employments for which they are appropriately fitted. No doubt. Still, if we look to it a little, while the iron seamstress is practising her five hundred stitches per minute, we may take that one effective stitch in time which is said to save nine.

"Familiar in their Mouths as *HOUSEHOLD WORDS*."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. VIII.

McELRATH & BARKER, PUBLISHERS.

Office No. 17 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

WHOLE No. 196*.

THE SCHOOLBOYS' STORY.

BEING rather young at present—I am getting on in years, but still I am rather young—I have no particular adventures of my own to fall back upon. It wouldn't much interest anybody here, I suppose, to know what a screw the Reverend is, or what a griffin *she* is, or how they do stick it into parents—particularly hair-cutting and medical attendance. One of our fellows was charged in his half's account twelve and six-pence for two pills—tolerably profitable at six and three-pence a-piece, I should think—and he never took them either, but put them up the sleeve of his jacket.

As to the beef, it's shameful. It's *not* beef. Regular beef isn't veins. You can chew regular beef. Besides which there's gravy to regular beef, and you never see a drop to ours. Another of our fellows went home ill, and heard the family doctor tell his father that he couldn't account for his complaint unless it was the beer. Of course it was the beer, and well it might be!

However, beef and Old Cheeseman are two different things. So is beer. It was Old Cheeseman I meant to tell about; not the manner in which our fellows get their constitutions destroyed for the sake of profit.

Why, look at the pie-crust alone. There's no flakiness in it. It's solid—like damp lead. Then our fellows get nightmares, and are bolstered for calling out and waking other fellows. Who can wonder!

Old Cheeseman one night walked in his sleep, put his hat on over his night-cap, got hold of a fishing-rod and a cricket-bat, and went down into the parlor, where they naturally thought from his appearance he was a Ghost. Why, he never would have done that if his meals had been wholesome. When we all begin to walk in our sleeps, I suppose they'll be sorry for it.

Old Cheeseman wasn't second Latin Master then; he was a fellow himself. He was first brought there, very small, in a post-chaise, by a woman who was always taking snuff and shaking him—and that was the most he remembered about it. He never went home for the holidays. His accounts (he never learnt any extras) were sent to a Bank, and the Bank paid them; and he had a brown suit twice a

year, and went into boots at twelve. They were always too big for him, too.

In the midsummer holidays, some of our fellows who lived within walking distance, used to come back and climb the trees outside the playground wall, on purpose to look at Old Cheeseman reading there by himself. He was always as mild as the tea—and *that's* pretty mild, I should hope!—so when they whistled to him, he looked up and nodded; and when they said "Holloa Old Cheeseman, what have you had for dinner?" he said "Boiled mutton;" and when they said "An't it solitary, Old Cheeseman?" he said "It is a little dull, sometimes;" and then they said "Well, good bye, Old Cheeseman!" and climbed down again. Of course it was impossible on Old Cheeseman to give him nothing but boiled mutton through a whole Vacation, but that was just like the system. When they didn't give him boiled mutton they gave him rice pudding, pretending it was a treat. And saved the butcher.

So Old Cheeseman went on. The holidays brought him into other trouble besides the loneliness; because when the fellows began to come back, not wanting to, he was always glad to see them: which was aggravating when they were not at all glad to see him, and so he got his head knocked against walls, and that was the way his nose bled. But he was a favourite in general. Once, a subscription was raised for him; and, to keep up his spirits, he was presented before the holidays with two white mice, a rabbit, a pigeon, and a beautiful puppy. Old Cheeseman cried about it, especially soon afterwards, when they all ate one another.

Of course Old Cheeseman used to be called by the names of all sorts of cheeses, Double Glo'sterman, Family Cheshireman, Dutchman, North Wiltshireman, and all that. But he never minded it. And I don't mean to say he was old in point of years, because he wasn't, only he was called, from the first, Old Cheeseman.

At last, Old Cheeseman was made second Latin Master. He was brought in one morning at the beginning of a new half, and presented to the school in that capacity as "Mr. Cheeseman." Then our fellows all agreed that Old Cheeseman was a spy, and a deserter, who had gone over to the enemy's camp,

and sold himself for gold. It was no excuse for him that he had sold himself for very little gold—two pound ten a quarter, and his washing, as was reported. It was decided by a Parliament which sat about it, that Old Cheeseman's mercenary motives could alone be taken into account, and that he had "coined our blood for drachmas." The Parliament took the expression out of the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius.

When it was settled in this strong way that Old Cheeseman was a tremendous traitor, who had wormed himself into our fellows' secrets on purpose to get himself into favour by giving up everything he knew, all courageous fellows were invited to come forward and enrol themselves in a Society for making a set against him. The President of the Society was First boy, named Bob Tarter. His father was in the West Indies, and he owned, himself, that his father was worth Millions. He had great power among our fellows, and he wrote a parody, beginning,

"Who made believe to be so meek
That we could hardly hear him speak,
Yet turned out an Informing Sneak?
Old Cheeseman."

—and on in that way through more than a dozen verses, which he used to go and sing, every morning, close by the new master's desk. He trained one of the low boys too, a rosy cheeked little Brass who didn't care what he did, to go up to him with his Latin Grammar one morning, and say it so:—*Nominativus pronominum*—Old Cheeseman, *raro exprimitur*—was never suspected, *nisi distinctionis*—of being an informer, *aut emphasis gratia*—until he proved one. *Ut*—for instance, *Vos damnatis*—when he sold the boys, *Quasi*—as though, *dicit*—he should say, *Pretorrea nemo*—I'm a Judas! All this produced a great effect on Old Cheeseman. He had never had much hair; but what he had, began to get thinner and thinner every day. He grew paler and more worn; and sometimes of an evening he was seen sitting at his desk with a precious long snuff to his candle, and his hands before his face, crying. But no member of the Society could pity him, even if he felt inclined, because the President said it was Old Cheeseman's conscience.

So Old Cheeseman went on, and didn't he lead a miserable life! Of course the Reverend turned up his nose at him, and of course she did—because both of them always do at all the masters, but he suffered from the fellows most, and he suffered from them constantly. He never told about it, that the Society could find out; but he got no credit for that, because the President said it was Old Cheeseman's cowardice.

He had only one friend in the world, and that one was almost as powerless as he was, for it was only Jane. Jane was a sort of wardrobe-woman to our fellows, and took care of the boxes. She came at first, I believe, as

a kind of apprentice, some of our fellows say from a Charity, but I don't know, and after her time was out, had stopped at so much a year. So little a year, perhaps I ought to say, for it is far more likely. However, she had put some pounds in the Savings' Bank, and she was a very nice young woman. She was not quite pretty; but she had a very frank, honest, bright face, and all our fellows were fond of her. She was uncommonly neat and cheerful, and uncommonly comfortable and kind. And if anything was the matter with a fellow's mother, he always went and showed the letter to Jane.

Jane was Old Cheeseman's friend. The more the Society went against him the more Jane stood by him. She used to give him a good-humoured look out of her still-room window, sometimes, that seemed to set him up for the day. She used to pass out of the orchard and the kitchen-garden (always kept locked, I believe you!) through the playground, when she might have gone the other way, only to give a turn of her head, as much as to say "Keep up your spirits!" to Old Cheeseman. His slip of a room was so fresh and orderly, that it was well known who looked after it while he was at his desk; and when our fellows saw a smoking hot dumpling on his plate at dinner, they knew with indignation who had sent it up.

Under these circumstances, the Society resolved, after a quantity of meeting and debating, that Jane should be requested to cut Old Cheeseman dead; and that if she refused, she must be sent to Coventry herself. So a deputation, headed by the President, was appointed to wait on Jane, and inform her of the vote the Society had been under the painful necessity of passing. She was very much respected for all her good qualities, and there was a story of her having once waylaid the Reverend in his own study and got a fellow off from severe punishment, of her own kind comfortable heart. So the deputation didn't much like the job. However, they went up, and the President told Jane all about it. Upon which Jane turned very red, burst into tears, informed the President and the deputation, in a way not at all like her usual way, that they were a parcel of malicious young savages, and turned the whole respected body out of the room. Consequently it was entered in the Society's book (kept in astronomical cypher for fear of detection), that all communication with Jane was interdicted; and the President addressed the members on this convincing instance of Old Cheeseman's undermining.

But Jane was as true to Old Cheeseman as Old Cheeseman was false to our fellows—in their opinion at all events—and steadily continued to be his only friend. It was a great exasperation to the Society, because Jane was as much a loss to them as she was a gain to him; and being more inveterate against him than ever, they treated him worse than ever.

At last one morning, his desk stood empty, his room was peeped into and found to be vacant, and a whisper went about among the pale faces of our fellows that Old Cheeseman, unable to bear it any longer, had got up early and drowned himself.

The mysterious looks of the other masters after breakfast, and the evident fact that Old Cheeseman was not expected, confirmed the Society in this opinion. Some began to discuss whether the President was liable to hanging or only transportation for life, and the President's face showed a great anxiety to know which. However, he said that a jury of his countrymen should find him game; and that in his address he should put it to them to lay their hands upon their hearts, and say whether they as Britons, approved of Informers, and how they thought they would like it themselves. Some of the Society considered that he had better run away until he found a Forest where he might change clothes with a woodcutter, and stain his face with blackberries; but the majority believed that if he stood his ground, his father—belonging, as he did, to the West Indies, and being worth millions—could buy him off.

All our fellows' hearts beat fast when the Reverend came in, and made a sort of a Roman, or a Field Marshal, of himself with the ruler; as he always did before delivering an address. But their fears were nothing to their astonishment when he came out with the story that Old Cheeseman, "so long our respected friend and fellow-pilgrim in the pleasant plains of knowledge," he called him—O yes! I dare say! Much of that! was the orphan child of a disinherited young lady who had married against her father's wish, and whose young husband had died, and who had died of sorrow herself, and whose unfortunate baby (Old Cheeseman) had been brought up at the cost of a grandfather who would never consent to see it, baby, boy, or man; which grandfather was now dead, and serve him right—that's *my* putting in—and which grandfather's large property, there being no will, was now, and all of a sudden and for ever, Old Cheeseman's! Our so long respected friend and fellow-pilgrim in the pleasant plains of knowledge, the Reverend wound up a lot of bothering quotations by saying, would "come among us once more" that day fortnight, when he desired to take leave of us himself in a more particular manner. With these words, he stared severely round at our fellows, and went solemnly out.

There was precious consternation among the members of the Society now. Lots of them wanted to resign, and lots more began to try to make out that they had never belonged to it. However, the President stuck up, and said that they must stand or fall together, and that if a breach was made it should be over his body—which was meant to encourage the Society: but it didn't. The President further said, he would consider the position

in which they stood, and would give them his best opinion and advice in a few days. This was eagerly looked for, as he knew a good deal of the world on account of his father's being in the West Indies.

After days and days of hard thinking, and drawing armies all over his slate, the President called our fellows together, and made the matter clear. He said it was plain that when Old Cheeseman came on the appointed day, his first revenge would be to impeach the Society, and have it flogged all round. After witnessing with joy the torture of his enemies, and gloating over the cries which agony would extort from them, the probability was that he would invite the Reverend, on pretence of conversation, into a private room—say the parlor into which parents were shown, where the two great globes were which were never used—and would there reproach him with the various frauds and oppressions he had endured at his hands. At the close of his observations, he would make a signal to a Prize-fighter concealed in the passage, who would then appear and pitch into the Reverend till he was left insensible. Old Cheeseman would then make Jane a present of from five to ten pounds, and would leave the establishment in fiendish triumph.

The President explained that against the parlour part, or the Jane part, of these arrangements he had nothing to say; but, on the part of the Society, he counselled deadly resistance. With this view he recommended that all available desks should be filled with stones, and that the first word of the complaint should be the signal to every fellow to let fly at Old Cheeseman. The bold advice put the Society in better spirits, and was unanimously taken. A post about Old Cheeseman's size was put up in the playground, and all our fellows practised at it till it was dented all over.

When the day came, and places were called, every fellow sat down in a tremble. There had been much discussing and disputing as to how Old Cheeseman would come; but it was the general opinion that he would appear in a sort of a triumphal car drawn by four horses, with two livery servants in front, and the Prize-fighter in disguise up behind. So all our fellows sat listening for the sound of wheels. But no wheels were heard, for Old Cheeseman walked after all, and came into the school without any preparation. Pretty much as he used to be, only dressed in black.

"Gentlemen," said the Reverend, presenting him, "our so long respected friend and fellow-pilgrim in the pleasant plains of knowledge, is desirous to offer a word or two. Attention, gentlemen, one and all!"

Every fellow stole his hand into his desk, and looked at the President. The President was already, and taking aim at Old Cheeseman with his eyes.

What did Old Cheeseman then, but walk up to his old desk, look round him with a

queer smile as if there was a tear in his eye, and begin in a quavering mild voice, "My dear companions and old friends!"

Every fellow's hand came out of his desk, and the President suddenly began to cry.

"My dear companions and old friends," said Old Cheeseman, "you have heard of my good fortune. I have passed so many years under this roof—my entire life so far, I may say—that I hope you have been glad to hear of it for my sake. I could never enjoy it without exchanging congratulations with you. If we have ever misunderstood one another at all, pray my dear boys let us forgive and forget. I have a great tenderness for you, and I am sure you return it. I want, in the fulness of a grateful heart, to shake hands with you every one. I have come back to do it, if you please, my dear boys."

Since the President had begun to cry, several other fellows had broken out here and there: but now, when Old Cheeseman began with him as first boy, laid his left hand affectionately on his shoulder and gave him his right; and when the President said "Indeed I don't deserve it, Sir; upon my honour I don't," there was sobbing and crying all over the school. Every other fellow said he didn't deserve it, much in the same way; but Old Cheeseman, not minding that a bit, went cheerfully round to every boy, and wound up with every master—finishing off the Reverend last.

Then a snivelling little chap in a corner, who was always under some punishment or other, set up a shrill cry of "Success to Old Cheeseman! Hooray!" The Reverend glared upon him, and said "Mr. Cheeseman, Sir." But, Old Cheeseman protesting that he liked his old name a great deal better than his new one, all our fellows took up the cry; and, for I don't know how many minutes, there was such a thundering of feet and hands, and such a roaring of Old Cheeseman, as never was heard.

After that, there was a spread in the dining room of the most magnificent kind. Fowls, tongues, preserves, fruits, confectioneries, jellies, neguses, barley-sugar temples, trifles, crackers—eat all you can and pocket what you like—all at Old Cheeseman's expense. After that, speeches, whole holiday, double and treble sets of all manners of games, donkeys, pony-chaises and drive yourself, dinner for all the masters at the Seven Bells, (twenty pounds a-head our fellows estimated it at,) an annual holiday and feast fixed for that day every year, and another on Old Cheeseman's birthday—Reverend bound down before the fellows to allow it, so that he could never back out—all at Old Cheeseman's expense.

And didn't our fellows go down in a body and cheer outside the Seven Bells? O no!

But there's some thing else besides. Don't look at the next story-teller, for there's more yet. Next day, it was resolved that the Society should make it up with Jane, and then be

dissolved. What do you think of Jane being gone, though! "What? Gone for ever?" said our fellows with long faces. "Yes, to be sure," was all the answer they could get. None of the people about the house would say anything more. At length, the first boy took upon himself to ask the Reverend whether our old friend Jane was really gone! The Reverend (he has got a daughter at home—turn-up nose, and red) replied severely, "Yes sir, Miss Pitt is gone." The idea of calling Jane Miss Pitt! Some said she had been sent away in disgrace for taking money from Old Cheeseman; others said she had gone into Old Cheeseman's service at a rise of ten pounds a year. All that our fellows knew, was, she was gone.

It was two or three months afterwards, when, one afternoon, an open carriage stopped at the cricket-field, just outside bounds, with a lady and gentleman in it, who looked at the game a long time and stood up to see it played. Nobody thought much about them, until the same little snivelling chap came in, against all rules, from the post where he was Scout, and said, "It's Jane!" Both Elevens forgot the game directly, and run crowding round the carriage. It *was* Jane! In such a bonnet! And if you'll believe me, Jane was married to Old Cheeseman.

It soon became quite a regular thing when our fellows were hard at it in the play-ground, to see a carriage at the low part of the wall where it joins the high part, and a lady and gentleman standing up in it, looking over. The gentleman was always Old Cheeseman, and the lady was always Jane.

The first time I ever saw them, I saw them in that way. There had been a good many changes among our fellows then, and it had turned out that Bob Tarter's father wasn't worth millions! He wasn't worth anything. Bob had gone for a soldier, and Old Cheeseman had purchased his discharge. But that's not the carriage. The carriage stopped, and all our fellows stopped as soon as it was seen.

"So you have never sent me to Coventry after all!" said the lady laughing, as our fellows swarmed up the wall to shake hands with her. "Are you never going to do it?"

"Never! never! never!" on all sides.

I didn't understand what she meant then, but of course I do now. I was very much pleased with her face though, and with her good way, and I couldn't help looking at her—and at him too—with all our fellows clustering so joyfully about them.

They soon took notice of me as a new boy, so I thought I might as well swarm up the wall myself, and shake hands with them as the rest did. I was quite as glad to see them as the rest were, and was quite as familiar with them in a moment.

"Only a fortnight now," said Old Cheeseman, "to the holidays. Who stops? Anybody?"

A good many fingers pointed at me, and a

good many voices cried, "He does!" For it was the year when you were all away, and rather low I was about it, I can tell you.

"Oh!" said Old Cheeseman. "But it's solitary here in the holiday time. He had better come to us."

So I went to their delightful house, and was as happy as I could possibly be. They understood how to conduct themselves towards boys, *they* do. When they take a boy to the play, for instance, *they* do take him. They don't go in after it's begun, or come out before it's over. They know how to bring a boy up, too. Look at their own! Though he is very little as yet, what a capital boy he is! Why, my next favourite to Mrs. Cheeseman, and Old Cheeseman, is young Cheeseman.

So, now I have told you all I know about Old Cheeseman. And it's not much after all, I am afraid. Is it?

THE OLD LADY'S STORY.

I HAVE never told you my secret, my dear nieces. However, this Christmas, which may be the last to an old woman, I will give the whole story; for though it is a strange story, and a sad one, it is true; and what sin there was in it I trust I may have expiated by my tears and my repentance. Perhaps the last expiation of all this is painful confession.

We were very young at the time, Lucy and I, and the neighbours said we were pretty. So we were, I believe, though entirely different; for Lucy was quiet, and fair, and I was full of life and spirits; wild beyond any power of control, and reckless. I was the elder by two years; but more fit to be in leading strings myself than to guide or govern my sister. But she was so good, so quiet, and so wise, that she needed no one's guidance; for if advice was to be given, it was she who gave it, not I; and I never knew her judgment or perception fail. She was the darling of the house. My mother had died soon after Lucy was born. A picture in the dining-room of her, in spite of all the difference of dress, was exactly like Lucy; and, as Lucy was now seventeen and my mother had been only eighteen when it was taken, there was no discrepancy of years.

One Allhallow's eve a party of us—all young girls, not one of us twenty years of age—were trying our fortunes round the drawing-room fire; throwing nuts into the bright blaze, to hear if mythic "He's" loved any of us, and in what proportion; or pouring hot lead into water, to find cradles and rings, or purses and coffins; or breaking the whites of eggs into tumblers half full of water, and then drawing up the white into pictures of the future—the prettiest experiment of all. I remember Lucy could only make a recumbent figure of her's, like a marble monument in miniature; and I, a maze of masks and skulls and things that looked like dancing apes or imps, and vapoury lines that did not require

much imagination to fashion into ghosts or spirits; for they were clearly human in the outline, but thin and vapoury. And we all laughed a great deal, and teased one another, and were as full of fun and mischief, and innocence and thoughtlessness, as a nest of young birds.

There was a certain room at the other end of our rambling old manor-house, which was said to be haunted, and which my father had therefore discontinued as a dwelling-room, so that we children might not be frightened by foolish servants; and he had made it into a lumber-place—a kind of ground-floor granary—where no one had any business. Well, it was proposed that one of us should go into this room alone, lock the door, stand before a glass, pare and eat an apple very deliberately, looking fixedly in the glass all the time; and then, if the mind never once wandered, the future husband would be clearly shown in the glass. As I was always the foolhardy girl of every party, and was, moreover, very desirous of seeing that apocryphal individual, my future husband (whose non-appearance I used to wonder at and bewail in secret,) I was glad enough to make the trial, notwithstanding the entreaties of some of the more timid. Lucy, above all, clung to me, and besought me earnestly not to go—at last, almost with tears. But my pride of courage, and my curiosity, and a certain nameless feeling of attraction, were too strong for me. I laughed Lucy and her abettors into silence; uttered half a dozen bravadoes; and taking up a bed-room candle, passed through the long silent passages, to the cold, dark, deserted room—my heart beating with excitement, my foolish head dizzy with hope and faith. The church-clock chimed a quarter past twelve as I opened the door.

It was an awful night. The windows shook, as if every instant they would burst in with some strong man's hand on the bars, and his shoulder against the frames; and the trees howled and shrieked, as if each branch were sentient and in pain. The ivy beat against the window, sometimes with fury, and sometimes with the leaves slowly scraping against the glass, and drawing out long shrill sounds, like spirits crying to each other. In the room itself it was worse. Rats had made it their refuge for many years, and they rushed behind the wainscot and down inside the walls, bringing with them showers of lime and dust, which rattled like chains, or sounded like men's feet hurrying to and fro; and every now and then a cry broke through the room, one could not tell from where or from what, but a cry, distinct and human; heavy blows seemed to be struck on the floor, which cracked like parting ice beneath my feet, and loud knockings shook the walls. Yet in this tumult I was not afraid. I reasoned on each new sound very calmly—and said, "Those are rats," or "those are leaves," and "birds in the chimney," or "owls in the ivy," as each new howl or scream struck my ear. And I

was not in the least frightened or disturbed; it all seemed natural and familiar. I placed the candle on a table in the midst of the room, where an old broken mirror stood; and, looking steadily into the glass (having first wiped off the dust), I began to eat Eve's forbidden fruit, wishing intently, as I had been bidden, for the apparition of my future husband.

In about ten minutes I heard a dull, vague, unearthly sound; felt, not heard. It was as if countless wings rushed by, and small low voices whispering too; as if a crowd, a multitude of life was about me; as if shadowy faces crushed up against me, and eyes and hands, and sneering lips, all mocked me. I was suffocated. The air was so heavy, so filled with life, that I could not breathe. I was pressed on from all sides, and could not turn nor move without parting thickening vapours. I heard my own name, I can swear to that to-day! I heard it repeated through the room; and then bursts of laughter followed, and the wings rustled and fluttered, and the whispering voices mocked and chattered, and the heavy air, so filled with life, hung heavier and thicker, and the Things pressed up to me closer, and checked the breath on my lips with the clammy breath from theirs.

I was not alarmed. I was not excited; but I was fascinated and spell-bound; yet with every sense seeming to possess ten times its natural power. I still went on looking in the glass, still earnestly desiring an apparition, when suddenly I saw a man's face peering over my shoulder in the glass. Girls, I could draw that face to this hour! The low forehead, with the short curling hair, black as jet, growing down in a sharp point; the dark eyes, beneath thick eye-brows, burning with a peculiar light; the nose and the dilating nostrils; the thin lips, curling into a smile, I see them all plainly before me now. And—O, the smile that it was!—the mockery and sneer, the derision, the sarcasm, the contempt, the victory that were in it! even then it struck into me a sense of submission. The eyes looked full into mine; those eyes and mine fastened on each other; and, as I ended my task, the church clock chimed the half-hour; and, suddenly released, as if from a spell, I turned round, expecting to see a living man standing beside me. But I met only the chill air coming in from the loose window, and the solitude of the dark night. The Life had gone; the wings had rushed away; the voices had died out, and I was alone; with the rats behind the wainscot, the owls hooting in the ivy, and the wind howling through the trees.

Convinced that either some trick had been played me, or that some one was concealed in the room, I searched every corner of it. I lifted lids of boxes filled with the dust of ages, and with rotting paper lying like bleaching skin. I took down the chimney-board, and soot and ashes flew up in clouds. I opened dim old closets, where all manner of foul insects had made their homes, and where

daylight had not entered for generations; but I found nothing. Satisfied that nothing human was in the room, and that no one could have been there to-night, nor for many months, if not years, and still nerved to a state of desperate courage, I went back to the drawing-room. But, as I left that room I felt that something flowed out with me; and, all through the long passages, I retained the sensation that this something was behind me. My steps were heavy, the consciousness of pursuit having paralyzed not quickened me; for I knew that when I left that haunted room I had not left it alone. As I opened the drawing-room door, the blazing fire and the strong lamp-light bursting out upon me with a peculiar expression of cheerfulness and welcome, I heard a laugh close at my elbow, and felt a hot blast across my neck. I started back, but the laugh died away, and all I saw were two points of light, fiery and flaming, that somehow fashioned themselves into eyes beneath their heavy brows, and looked at me meaningly through the darkness.

They all wanted to know what I had seen; but I refused to say a word; not liking to tell a falsehood then, and not liking to expose myself to ridicule. For I felt that what I had seen was true, and that no sophistry and no argument, no reason and no ridicule, could shake my belief in it. My sweet Lucy came up to me, seeing me look so pale and wild, threw her arms round my neck, and leaned forward to kiss me. As she bent her head, I felt the same warm blast rush over my lips, and my sister, cried, "Why Lizzie, your lips burn like fire!"

And so they did, and for long after. The Presence was with me still, never leaving me day or night: by my pillow, its whispering voice often waking me from wild dreams; by my side in the broad sunlight; by my side in the still moonlight; never absent, busy at my brain, busy at my heart—a form ever banded to me. It fitted like a cold cloud between my sweet sister's eyes and mine, and dimmed them so that I could scarcely see their beauty. It drowned my father's voice, and his words fell confused and indistinct.

Not long after, a stranger came into our neighbourhood. He bought Green Howe, a deserted old property by the river side, where no one had lived for many years; not since the young bride, Mrs. Braithwaite, had been found in the river one morning, entangled among the dank weeds and dripping alders, strangled and drowned, and her husband dead—none knew how—lying by the chapel door. The place had had a bad name ever since, and no one would live there. However, it was said that a stranger, who had been long in the East, a Mr. Felix, had now bought it, and that he was coming to reside there. And, true enough, one day, the whole of our little town of Thornhill was in a state of excitement; for a travelling carriage and four, followed by another full of servants—Hindoos, or Lascars,

or Negroes; dark-coloured, strange looking people—passed through, and Mr. Felix took possession of Green Howe.

My father called on him after a time; and I, as the mistress of the house, went with him. Green Howe had been changed, as if by magic, and we both said so together, as we entered the iron gates that led up the broad walk. The ruined garden was one mass of plants, fresh and green, many of them quite new to me; and the shrubbery, which had been a wilderness, was restored to order. The house looked larger than before, now that it was so beautifully decorated; and the broken trellis-work, which used to hang dangling among the ivy, was matted with creeping roses, and jasmine, which left on me the impression of having been in flower, which was impossible. It was a fairy palace; and we could scarcely believe that this was the deserted, ill-omened Green Howe. The foreign servants, too, in Eastern dresses, covered with rings, and necklaces, and earrings, the foreign smells of sandal wood, and camphor, and musk; the curtains that hung everywhere in place of doors, some of velvet, and some of cloth of gold; the air of luxury, such as I, a simple country girl, had never seen before, made such a powerful impression on me that I felt as if carried away to some unknown region. As we entered, Mr. Felix came to meet us; and drawing aside a heavy curtain that seemed all of gold and fire—for the flame-coloured flowers danced and quivered on the gold—he led us into an inner room, where the darkened light, the atmosphere heavy with perfumes, the statues, the birds like living jewels, the magnificence of stuffs, and the luxuriousness of arrangement overpowered me. I felt as if I had sunk into a lethargy in which I heard only the rich voice, and saw only the form of our stranger host.

He was certainly very handsome; tall, dark, yet pale as marble: his very lips were pale; with eyes that were extremely bright, but which had an expression behind them that subdued me. His manners were graceful. He was very cordial to us, and made us stay a long time, taking us through his grounds to see his improvements, and pointing out here and there further alterations to be made, all with such a disregard for local difficulties, and for cost, that, had he been one of the princes of the genii he could not have talked more royally. He was more than merely attentive to me; speaking to me often and in a lower voice, bending down near to me, and looking at me with eyes that thrilled through every nerve and fibre. I saw that my father was uneasy; and when we left, I asked him how he liked our new neighbour. He said, "Not much, Lizzie," with a grave and almost displeased look, as if he had probed the weakness I was scarcely conscious of myself. I thought at the time that he was harsh.

However, as there was nothing positively

to object to in Mr. Felix, my father's impulse of distrust could not well be indulged without rudeness; and my dear father was too thoroughly a gentleman ever to be rude even to his enemy. We therefore saw a great deal of the stranger, who established himself in our house on the most familiar footing, and forced on my father and Lucy an intimacy they both disliked but could not avoid. For it was forced with such consummate skill and tact, that there was nothing which the most rigid could object to.

I gradually became an altered being under his influence. In one thing only a happier—in the loss of the Voice and the Form which had haunted me. Since I had known Felix this terror had gone. The reality had absorbed the shadow. But in nothing else was this strange man's influence over me beneficial. I remember that I used to hate myself for my excessive irritability of temper when I was away from him. Everything at home displeased me. Everything seemed so small and mean, and old and poor after the lordly glory of that house; and the very caresses of my family and olden school-day friends were irksome and hateful to me. All except my Lucy lost its charm; and to her I was faithful as ever; to her I never changed. But her influence seemed to war with his wonderfully. When with him I felt borne away in a torrent. His words fell upon me mysterious and thrilling, and he gave me fleeting glimpses into worlds which had never opened themselves to me before; glimpses seen and gone like the Arabian gardens.

When I came back to my sweet sister, her pure eyes and the holy light that lay in them, her gentle voice speaking of the sacred things of heaven and the earnest things of life, seemed to me like a former existence; a state I had lived in years ago. But this divided influence nearly killed me; it seemed to part my very soul and wrench my being in twain; and this more than all the rest, made me sad beyond anything people believed possible in one so gay and reckless as I had been.

My father's dislike to Felix increased daily; and Lucy, who had never been known to use a harsh word in her life, from the first refused to believe a thought of good in him, or to allow him one single claim to praise. She used to cling to me in a wild, beseeching way, and entreat me with prayers, such as a mother might have poured out before an erring child, to stop in time, and return to those who loved me. "For your soul! Lost from among us, Lizzie," she used to say; "and nothing but a frame remains of the full life of love you once gave us!" But one word, one look, from Felix was enough to make me forget every tear and every prayer of her who, until now, had been my idol and my law.

At last my dear father commanded me not to see Felix again. I felt as if I should have died. In vain I wept and prayed. In vain I gave full license to my thoughts, and suffered

words to pour from my lips which ought never to have crept into my heart. In vain; my father was inexorable.

I was in the drawing-room. Suddenly, noiselessly, Felix was beside me. He had not entered by the door which was directly in front of me; and the window was closed. I never could understand this sudden appearance; for I am certain that he had not been concealed.

"Your father has spoken of me, Lizzie?" he said with a singular smile. I was silent.

"And has forbidden you to see me again?" he continued.

"Yes," I answered, impelled to speak by something stronger than my will.

"And you intend to obey him?"

"No," I said again, in the same manner, as if I had been talking in a dream.

He smiled again. Who was he so like when he smiled? I could not remember, and yet I knew that he was like some one I had seen—a face that hovered outside my memory, on the horizon, and never floated near enough to be distinctly realized.

"You are right, Lizzie," he then said; "there are ties which are stronger than a father's commands; ties which no man has the right, and no man has the power to break. Meet me to-morrow at noon in the Low Lane; we will speak further."

He did not say this in any supplicating, nor in any loving manner; it was simply a command, unaccompanied by one tender word or look. He had never said he loved me—never; it seemed to be too well understood between us to need assurances.

I answered, "yes," burying my face in my hands, in shame at this my first act of disobedience to my father; and, when I raised my head, he was gone. Gone as he had entered, without a footfall sounding ever so lightly.

I met him the next day, and it was not the only time that I did so. Day after day I stole at his command from the house, to walk with him in the Low Lane—the lane which the country people said was haunted, and which was consequently always deserted. And there we used to walk or sit under the blighted elm tree for hours; he talking, but I not understanding all he said: for there was a tone of grandeur and of mystery in his words that overpowered without enlightening me, and that left my spirit dazzled rather than convinced. I had to give reasons at home for my long absences, and he bade me say that I had been with old Dame Todd, the blind widow of Thornhill Rise, and that I had been reading the Bible to her. And I obeyed, although, while I said it, I felt Lucy's eyes fixed plaintively on mine, and heard her murmur a prayer that I might be forgiven.

Lucy grew ill. As the flowers and the summer sun came on, her spirit faded more rapidly away. I have known since, that it was grief more than malady which was killing

her. The look of nameless suffering which used to be in her face, has haunted me through life with undying sorrow. It was suffering that I, who ought to have rather died for her, had caused. But not even her illness stayed me. In the intervals, I nursed her tenderly and lovingly as before; but for hours and hours I left her—all through the long days of summer—to walk in the Low Lane, and to sit in my world of poetry and fire. When I came back my sister was often weeping, and I knew that it was for me—I, who once would have given my life to save her from one hour of sorrow. Then I would fling myself on my knees beside her, in an agony of shame and repentance, and promise better things of the morrow, and vow strong efforts against the power and the spell that was on me. But the morrow subjected me to the same unhallowed fascination, the same faithlessness.

At last Felix told me that I must come with him; that I must leave my home, and take part in his life; that I belonged to him and to him only, and that I could not break the tablet of a fate ordained; that I was his destiny, and he mine, and that I must fulfil the law which the stars had written in the sky. I fought against this. I spoke of my father's anger, and of my sister's illness. I prayed to him for pity, not to force this on me, and knelt in the shadows of the autumn sunset to ask from him forbearance.

I did not yield this day, nor the next, nor for many days. At last he conquered. When I said "Yes," he kissed the scarf I wore round my neck. Until then he had never touched even my hand with his lips. I consented to leave my sister, who I well knew was dying; I consented to leave my father, whose whole life had been one act of love and care for his children; and to bring a stain on our name, unstained until then. I consented to leave those who loved me, all I loved, for a stranger.

All was prepared; the hurrying clouds, lead coloured, and the howling wind, the fit companions in nature with the evil and the despair of my soul. Lucy was worse to-day; but though I felt going to my death, in leaving her, I could not resist. Had his voice called me to the scaffold, I must have gone. It was the last day of October, and at midnight, when I was to leave the house. I had kissed my sleeping sister, who was dreaming in her sleep, and cried, and grasped my hand, called aloud, "Lizzie, Lizzie! Come back!" But the spell was on me, and I left her; and still her dreaming voice called out, choking with sobs, "Not there! not there, Lizzie! Come back to me!"

I was to leave the house by the large, old, haunted room that I have spoken of before; Felix waiting for me outside. And, a little after twelve o'clock, I opened the door to pass through. This time the chill, and the damp, and the darkness unnerved me. The broken mirror was in the middle of the room, as be-

fore, and, in passing it, I mechanically raised my eyes. Then I remembered that it was Allhallow's eve, the anniversary of the apparition of last year. As I looked, the room, which had been so deadly still, became filled with the sound I had heard before. The rushing of large wings, and the crowd of whispering voices flowed like a river round me; and again, glaring into my eyes, was the same face in the glass that I had seen before, the sneering smile even more triumphant, the blighting stare of the fiery eyes, the low brow and the coal-black hair, and the look of mockery. All were there; and all I had seen before and since: for it was Felix who was gazing at me from the glass. When I turned to speak to him, the room was empty. Not a living creature was there; only a low laugh, and the far-off voices whispering, and the wings. And then a hand tapped on the window, and the voice of Felix cried from outside, "Come, Lizzie, come!"

I staggered, rather than walked, to the window; and, as I was close to it—my hand raised to open it—there stood between me and it a pale figure clothed in white; her face more pale than the linen round it. Her hair hung down on her breast, and her blue eyes looked earnestly and mournfully into mine. She was silent, and yet it seemed as if a volume of love and of entreaty flowed from her lips; as if I heard words of deathless affection. It was Lucy; standing there in this bitter midnight cold—giving her life to save me. Felix called to me again, impatiently; and, as he called, the figure turned, and beckoned me; beckoning me gently, lovingly, beseechingly; and then slowly faded away. The chime of the half-hour sounded; and, I fled from the room to my sister. I found her lying dead on the floor; her hair hanging over her breast, and one hand stretched out as if in supplication.

The next day Felix disappeared; he and his whole retinue; and Green Howe fell into ruins again. No one knew where he went, as no one knew from whence he came. And to this day I sometimes doubt whether or not he was a clever adventurer, who had heard of my father's wealth; and who, seeing my weak and imaginative character, had acted on it for his own purposes. All that I do know is that my sister's spirit saved me from ruin; and that she died to save me. She had seen and known all, and gave herself for my salvation down to the last and supreme effort she made to rescue me. She died at that hour of half-past twelve; and at half-past twelve, as I live before you all, she appeared to me and recalled me.

And this is the reason why I never married, and why I pass Allhallow's eve in prayer by my sister's grave. I have told you to-night this story of mine, because I feel that I shall not live over another last night of October, but before the next white Christmas roses come out like winter stars on the earth, I shall be at peace in the grave. Not in the grave;

let me rather hope with my blessed sister in Heaven!

OVER THE WAY'S STORY.

ONCE upon a time, before I retired from mercantile pursuits and came to live over the way, I lived, for many years, in Ursine Lane.

Ursine Lane is a very rich, narrow, dark, dirty, straggling lane in the great city of London (said by some to be itself as rich, as dark, and as dirty.) Ursine Lane leads from Cheapside into Thames Street, facing Sir John Pigg's wharf; but whether Ursine Lane be above or below Bow Church, I shall not tell you. Neither, whether its name be derived from a bear-garden, (which was in great vogue in its environs in Queen Bess's time) or from an Ursuline Nunnery which flourished in its vicinity, before big, bad King Harry sent nuns to spin, or to do anything else they could. Ursine Lane it was before the great fire of London, and Ursine Lane it is now.

The houses in Ursine Lane are very old, very inconvenient, and very dilapidated; and I don't think another great fire (all the houses being well-insured, depend upon it) would do the neighbourhood any harm, in clearing the rubbishing old lane away. Number four tumbled in, and across the road on to number sixteen, a few years ago; and since then, Ursine Lane has been provided with a species of roofing in the shape of great wooden beams to shore up its opposite sides. The district surveyor shakes his head very much at Ursine Lane, and resides as far from it as he can. The cats of the neighbourhood find great delectation in the shoring beams, using them, in the night season, as rialtos and bridges, not of sighs, but of minnows; but foot passengers look wistfully and somewhat fearfully upwards at the wooden defences. Yet Ursine Lane remains. To be sure, if you were to pull it down, you would have to remove the old church of St. Nicholas Bearcroft, where the bells rung every Friday night in conformity with a bequest Master Miniver Squirrel, furrier, obit sixteen hundred and eighty-four, piously to commemorate his escape from the paws of a grisly bear while travelling in the winds of Muscovy. You would have to demolish the brave gilt lion and the brave gilt unicorn at the extremity of the churchwarden's pew, who (saving their gender) with the clerk, the sexton, and two or three deaf old shopkeepers and their wives, are pretty nearly all the dearly beloved brethren whom the Reverend Tremaine Popples, M. A., can gather together as a congregation. Worse than all, if Ursine Lane were to come down—the pump must come down, the old established, constitutional, vested, endowed pump; built, so tradition runs, over a fountain blessed by

the great St. Ursula herself. So Ursine Lane remains.

At a certain period of the world's history, it may have been yesterday, it may have been yesterday twenty years, there dwelt in this dismal avenue, a Beast. Everybody called him a Beast. He was a Manchester warehouseman. Now it is not at all necessary for a Manchester warehouseman—or, indeed, for any warehouseman—to be a beast or a brute, or anything disagreeable. Quite the contrary. For instance, next door to the Beast's were the counting-houses and warehouses of Tapperly and Grigg, also Manchester warehousemen, as merry, light-hearted, good-humoured young fellows as you would wish to see. Tapperly was somewhat of a sporting character, rode away every afternoon on a high-stepping brown mare, and lounged regularly about the entrance to "Tats" whether he booked any bets or not. As for Grigg, he was the Coryphaeus of all the middle class *soirees*, dancing academies, and subscription balls in London, and it was a moving sight to see him in his famous Crusader costume at a Drury Lane Bal-Musque. Nor was old Sir William Watch (of the firm of Watch, Watch and Rover, Manchester warehousemen) at the corner, who was fined so many thousand pounds for smuggling once upon a time, at all beastlike or brutish. He was a white-headed, charitable, jolly old gentleman, fond of old port, and old songs, and old clerks and porters, and his cheque-book was as open as his heart. Lactean, Flewitt, and Company, again, on the other side of the Beast's domicile, the great dealers in gauzes and ribbons, were mild, placable, pious men, the beloved of Clapham. But the Beast was a Beast, and no mistake. Everybody said he was: and what everybody says, must be true. His name was Braddlescroggs.

Barnard Braddlescroggs. He was the head, the trunk, and the tail of the firm. No Co., no son, no nephew, no brothers: B. BRADDESCHROGGS glared at you from either door-jamb. His warehouses were extensive, gloomy, dark and crowded. So were his counting-houses, which were mostly, underground and candle-lit. He loved to keep his subordinates in these dark dens, where he could rush in upon them suddenly, and growl at them. You came wandering through these subterraneous upon wan men, pent up among parasols and *cartons* of gay ribbons; upon pale lads in spectacles registering silks and merinos by the light of flickering, strong-smelling tallow candles in rusty sconces. There was no counting-house community; no desk-fellowship: the clerks were isolated—damned up in steep little pulpits, relegated behind walls of cotton goods, consigned to the *imprison* of bales of tartan and barge. The Beast was everywhere. He prowled about continually. He lurked in holes and corners. He reprimanded clerks on stair-

cases, and discharged porters in dark entries. His deep, harsh, grating voice could ever be heard growling during the hours of business, somewhere, like a sullen earthquake. His stern Wellington boots continually creaked. His numerous keys rattled gaoler-fashion. His very watch, when wound up, made a savage gnashing noise, as though the works were in torment. He was a Beast.

Tall, square, sinewy, and muscular in person; large and angular in features; with a puissant, rebellious head of grey hair that would have defied all the brushing, combing, and greasing of the Burlington Arcade; with black bushy eyebrows nearly meeting on his forehead; with a horseshoe frown between his eyes; with stubby whiskers, like horse-hair spikes, rather indented in his cheek-bones than growing on his cheeks; with a large, stiff shirt collar and frill defending his face like *cheveux-de-frise*; with large, coarse, bony hands plunged in his trousers pockets; with a great seal and ribbons and the savage ticking watch I have mentioned—such was Barnard Braddlescroggs. From the ears and nostrils of such men you see small hairs growing, indomitable by tweezers; signs of inflexibility of purpose, and stern virility. Their joints crack as they walk. His did.

Very rich, as his father, old Simon Braddlescroggs, had been before him, B. Braddlescroggs was not an avaricious man. He had never been known to lend or advance a penny to the necessitous; but he paid his clerks and servants liberal salaries. This was a little unaccountable in the Beast, but it was said they did not hate him the less. He gave largely to stern charities, such as dragged sinners to repentance, or administered eleemosynary food, education and blows (in a progressively liberal proportion) to orphan children. He was a visiting justice to strict gaols, and was supposed not to have quite made up his mind as to what system of prison discipline was the best, unremitting corporal punishment, or continuous solitary confinement. He apprenticed boys to hard trades, or assisted them to emigrate to inclement climates. He was a member of a rigid persuasion, and one in high authority, and had half built a chapel at his own expense; but everybody said that few people thanked him, or were grateful to him for his generosity. He was such a Beast. He bit the orphan's nose off, and bullied the widow. He gave alms as one who pelted a dog with marrow-bones, hurting him while he feeds him. Those in his employment who embezzled or robbed him, were it of but a penny piece, he mercilessly prosecuted to conviction. Everybody had observed it. He sued all debtors, opposed all insolvents, and strove to bring all bankrupts within the meaning of the penal clauses. Everybody knew it. The merchants and brokers, his compeers, fell away from him on 'Change; his correspondents opened his hard, fierce letters with

palpitating hearts; his clerks cowered before him; his maid servants passed him (when they had courage to pass him at all) with fear and trembling. The waiters at the "Cock" in Threadneedle Street, where he took a fiery bowl of Mulligatawny soup for lunch, daily, didn't like him. At his club at the West End he had a bow-window and a pile of newspapers all to himself, dined by himself, drank by himself, growled to himself.

There had been a Mrs. Braddlescrogs; a delicate, blue-eyed little woman out of Devonshire, who had been Beauty to the Beast. She died early. Her husband was not reported to have beaten her, or starved her, or verbally ill-treated her, but simply to have frightened her to death. Everybody said so. She could never take those mild blue eyes of hers off her terrible husband, and died, looking at him timorously. One son had been born to B. B. at her demise. He grew up a pale, fair-haired, frightened lad, with his mother's eyes. The Beast had treated him (everybody was indignant at it) from his earliest years with unvarying and consistent severity; and at fourteen he was removed from the school of the rigid persuasion, where he had received his dreary commercial education, to his father's rigid, drearier establishment in Ursine Lane. He had a department to himself there, and a tallow candle to himself.

The clerks, some twelve in number, all dined and slept in the house. They had a dismal dormitory over some stables in Grizzly Buildings, at the back of Ursine Lane; and dined in a dingy, uncarpeted room at the top of the building—on one unvarying bill of fare of beef, mutton, and potatoes—plenty of it, though, for the Beast never stinted them; which was remarkable in *such* a Beast. The domestic arrangements were superintended by a housekeeper—a tall, melancholy, middle-aged lady, supposed to have been once in affluent circumstances. She had been very good looking, too, once, but had something the matter with her spine, and not unfrequently fell down stairs, or upstairs, in fits of syncope. When the Beast had no one else to abuse and mal-treat, he would go upstairs and abuse Mrs. Plimmets, and threaten her with dismissal and inevitable starvation. Business hours concluded at eight nightly, and from that hour to ten p. m. the clerks were permitted to walk where they listed—but exclusion and expulsion were the never failing result of a moment's unpunctuality in returning home. The porters slept out of the house, and the clerks looked at them almost as superior beings, as men of strange experiences and knowledge of life—men who had been present at orgies prolonged beyond midnight, men who had remained in the galleries of theatres till the performances were concluded.

Of the dozen clerks who kept the books of

Barnard Braddlescrogs (save that grim avaricious banker's pass-book of his) and registered his wares, I have to deal with but two. My business lies only with blue-eyed, pale-faced William Braddlescrogs, and with John Simcox, the corresponding clerk.

Simcox among his fellow clerks, Mr. Simcox among the porters, Jack Simcox among his intimates at the "Admiral Benbow" near Camberwell Gate, "you Simcox," with his growling chief. A grey-haired, smiling, red-faced simpleton was Simcox; kind of heart, simple of mind, affectionate of disposition, confiding of nature, infirm of purpose, convivial of habits. He was fifty years in age, and fifteen in wisdom. He had been at the top of the ladder once—a rich man at least by paternal inheritance, with a carriage and horses and lands; but when he tumbled (which he did at five-and-twenty very quickly and right to the bottom), he never managed to rise again. The dupe of every shallow knave; the victim in every egregious scheme; an excellent arithmetician, yet quite unable to put two and two together in a business sense: he had never even had strength of character to be his own enemy; he had always found such a multiplicity of friends ready to do the inimical for him. If you let him alone he would do well enough. He would not use his money till you cheated him out of it; he would not get drunk himself but would allow you to make him so, with the most charming willingness and equanimity. There are many Simcoxes in the world, and more rogues always ready to prey upon them; yet though I should like to hang the rogues, I should not like to see the breed of Simcox quite extinct.

John Simcox had a salary of one hundred and twenty pounds a year. If I were writing fiction instead of sober (though veiled) truth, I should picture him to you as a victim with some two score of sovereigns per annum. No; he had a hundred and twenty of those yellow tokens annually, for the Beast never stinted in this respect either, which was again remarkable in *such* a Beast. One hundred and twenty golden sovereigns annually, had John Simcox; and they were of about as much use to him as one hundred and twenty penny pieces. When a man has a quarter's salary amounting to twenty-seven pounds, receivable next Thursday, and out of that has a score of three pounds due at the "Admiral Benbow," and has promised to (and will) lend ten pounds to a friend, and has borrowed five more of another friend himself, which he means to pay; and has, besides, his little rent to meet, and his little butcher and his little grocer and his little tailor, it is not very difficult to imagine how the man may be considerably embarrassed in satisfying all these demands out of the capital. But, when the administrator of the capital happens to be (as Simcox was) a man without the slightest command of himself or his money, you will have no difficulty in

forming a conviction that the end of Simcox's quarter-days were worse than their commencement.

Nor will you be surprised that "executions" in Simcox's little house in Carolina-terrace, Albany-road, Camberwell, were of frequent occurrence; that writs against him were always "out," and the brokefs always "in." That he was as well known in the county court as the judge. That orders for payment were always coming due and never being paid. His creditors never arrested him, however. If they did so they knew he would lose his situation; so the poor man went on from week to week, and from month to month, borrowing here and borrowing there, obtaining small advances from loan societies held at public-houses, robbing Peter to pay Paul—always in a muddle, in short; but still smoking his nightly pipes, and drinking his nightly glasses, and singing his nightly songs; the latter with immense applause at the "Admiral Benbow."

I don't think Simcox's worldly position was at all improved by his having married (in very early life, and direct from the finishing establishment of the Misses Gimp, at Hammersmith) a young lady highly accomplished in the useful and productive arts of tambour-work and Poonah painting; but of all domestic or household duties considerably more ignorant than a Zooloo Kaffir. When Simcox had run through his money, an operation he performed with astonishing celerity, Mrs. Simcox, finding herself with three daughters of tender age and a ruined husband, took refuge in a flood of tears; subsequently met the crisis of misfortune with a nervous fever; and ultimately subsided into permanent ill health, curl papers, and shoes down at heel.

When the events took place herein narrated, the three daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Simcox were all grown up. Madeline, aged twenty-two, was a young lady of surprising altitude, with shoulders of great breadth and sharpness of outline, with very large black eyes and very large black ringlets, attributes of which she was consciously proud, but with a nose approaching to—what shall I say?—the snub. Chemists' assistants had addressed acrostics to her; and the young man at the circulating library was supposed to be madly in love with her. Helena, daughter number two, aged twenty, was also tall, had also black eyes, black ringlets, white resplendent shoulders, was the beloved of apothecaries, and the Laura of Petrarcha in the linen drapery-line. These young ladies were both acknowledged, recognised, established as real beauties in the Camberwellian district. They dressed, somehow, in the brightest and most variegated colours; they had, somehow, the prettiest of bonnets, the lightest of gloves, the neatest of kid boots. Their sabbatical entrance to the parish church always created a sensation. The chemist's assistant kissed his hand as they passed; the young man at

the circulating library laid down his book and sighed; passing young ladies envied and disparaged; passing young gentlemen admired and aspired; yet, somehow, Miss Madeline would be twenty-three next birthday, and Miss Helena twenty-one, and no swain had yet declared himself in explicit terms; no one had said "I have a hundred a year with a prospect of an advance: take it, my heart, and hand." Old Muggers, indeed, the tailor of Acacia Cottages, the friend, creditor, and boon companion of Simcox, had intimated, in his cups, at the "Admiral Benbow," his willingness to marry either of the young ladies; but his matrimonial proposals generally vanished with his inebriety; and he was besides known to be a dreadfully wicked old man, addicted to drinking, smoking, and snuff-taking. As a climax of villany, he was supposed to have two wives already, alive and resident in different parts of the provinces.

And daughter number three—have I forgotten her? Not by any means. Was she a beauty? No. In the opinion of her sisters, Camberwell, and of the chemist's assistant, she was not a beauty. She had dark eyes; but they were neither brilliant nor piercing. She had dark hair; but wore it in no long or resplendent ringlets. She was an ordinary girl, "a plain little thing" (according to the Camberwell opinion); there was "nothing about her" in the eyes of the chemist's assistant.

This young person, (Bessy by name), from the earliest periods of authentic record to the mature age of sixteen, had occupied, in the Simcox household, an analogous position to that of the celebrated Cinderella. She did not exactly sit in the chimney-corner among the ashes; but she lighted the fire, waited upon, dressed, and was otherwise the humble and willing drudge of her accomplished relatives. She did not exactly dress in rags; but she trotted about the house and neighbourhood in a shabby brown merino frock, which she had woefully outgrown, a lamentable old beaver bonnet, and a faded Paisley shawl, which held a sort of middle rank in appearance, between a duster and a pocket-handkerchief well to do in the world. As a child, she was punished for the things she did not do, and doubly punished for those she did do. As a girl, she ran of errands, fetched the beer, lighted the fire (as I have said), read the sentimental novels to mamma as she lay upon the sofa, and accompanied her sisters on the piano-forte when they rehearsed those famous songs and duets with which they did terrific execution in the Camberwell circles.

Honest Simcox, like a stupid, undiscerning, shiftless man as he was, did not entertain the domestic or Camberwell opinion concerning Bessy. He maintained that she had more sense in her little finger than her sisters put together (with his wife into the bargain, the honest fellow thought, I dare swear, though he did not dare to say so). He called her his

little darling, his little Mentor, his willing, patient Betsy-petsy, with other foolish and weak-minded expressions of endearment. What else could you expect of a red-nosed warehouseman's clerk who fuddled himself nightly at the "Admiral Benbow!" Profoundly submissive to his wife in most instances, he had frequently presumed, during Bessy's nonage, to differ from Mrs. Simcox as to the amount of whipping meted out to his youngest daughter for childish delinquencies, and had once even dared to interfere when his lady undertook to inflict that punishment for a fault the child had never committed, and to "stay justice in its mid career." So in process of time the alliance between the snubbed, neglected little girl and her father became of so close a nature as to be almost recognised and permitted by the rest of the family. Bessy was reckoned among the rest of the low company with whom the degraded Simcox chose to associate. She was allowed to pull off his muddy boots, to prepare his dinner, to fill his pipe and mix his grog when he muddled himself at home; and to lead him home, shambling, from the "Admiral Benbow," when he performed that operation abroad. Notably of late times she had been commissioned to fetch her papa home from Ursine Lane on the eventful quarter-day; and the meek, guiding help of Bessy had often saved that infirm old fellow from many a dark and dangerous pit-fall. The child would wait patiently outside the doors of public-houses while her father dozed within: she would lead him away gently but firmly from his riotous companions, or, meeting them and taking them aside, would plead passionately, tearfully, that they would not make papa tipsy to-night. Some of the disreputable personages with whom she was brought into such strange contact were quite subdued and abashed by her earnest, artless looks and speech. Jack Flook himself, formerly of the Stock Exchange, now principally of the bar of the "Bag o' Nails," the very worst, most dissipated and most reckless of Simcox's associates, forbore drinking with Bessy's father for one whole week, and actually returned, in a private and mysterious manner, to Bessy two half-crowns he had borrowed of him! So useful was this filial surveillance found to be by the other branches of his family that the quarter-day functions of our plain little Bessy were gradually extended, and became next of weekly and afterwards of diurnal occurrence. It was good to see this girl arrayed in the forlorn beaver bonnet and the faded Paisley shawl, with her mild, beaming, ordinary, little countenance, arrive at about a quarter to eight, at the Thames Street corner of Ursine Lane, and there wait patiently until her father's official duties were over. She became almost as well known in the neighbourhood as St. Nicholas Bearcroft, or as the famous sanctified pump itself. The fellowship porters from Sir John Pigg's wharf touched their caps to her; the majestic beadle of St.

Nicholas (a cunning man, omnipotent over the fire escape, king of the keys of the engine house, and supposed to know where the fire-plug was, much better than the turncock) spoke her kindly; all the clerks in Braddlescroggs's house knew her, nodded to her, smiled at her, and privately expressed their mutual opinions as to what a beast Braddlescroggs was, not to ask that dear little girl in, and let her rest herself, or sit by the fire in winter. The pot-boy of the "Bear and Ragged Staff," in his evening excursions with the supper beer, grew quite enamoured (in his silent, sheepish fashion) of this affectionate daughter, and would, I dare say, had he dared, have offered her refreshment from his beer-can; nay, even the majestic wealthy Mr. Drum, the wholesale grocer and provision merchant, who stood all day with his hands in his pockets, under his own gibbet-like crane, a very Jack Ketch of West India produce, had addressed cheering and benevolent words to her from the depths of his double chin; had conferred figs upon her; had pressed her to enter his saccharine smelling warehouse, and rest herself upon a barrel of prime navy mess beef.

When the Beast of Ursine Lane met Bessy Simcox, he either scowled at her, or made her sarcastic bows, and asked her at what pot-house her father was about to get drunk that night, and whether he had taught her to drink gin, too? Sometimes he growled forth his determination to have no "bits of girls" hanging about his "place:" sometimes he told her that she would not have to come many times more, for that he was determined on discharging that "drunken old dog," her papa.

In the majority of instances, however, he passed her without any other notice than a scowl, and a savage rattle of the keys and silver in his pockets. The little maiden trembled fearfully when she saw him, and had quiet fits of weeping (in which a corner of the Paisley shawl was brought into frequent requisition) over against the pump, when he had spoken to her. There was a lad called William Braddlescroggs, with blue eyes and fair hair, who blushed very violently whenever he saw Bessy, and had once been bold enough to tell her that it was a fine evening. In this flagrant crime he was then and there detected by his father, who drove him back into the warehouse.

"As this is quarter-day, my Bessy," was the remark of John Simcox to his daughter, one twenty-eighth of March, "as this is quarter-day, I think, my child, that I will take one glass of ale."

It was about half-past eight, I think, and Bessy and her papa were traversing the large thoroughfare known as the New Kent Road. There is in that vicinity, as you are aware, that stunning Champagne Ale House, known as the "Leather Bottle." Into that stunning ale-house did John Simcox enter,

leaving his little Bessy outside, with fifteen pounds, the balance of what he had already expended of his quarter's salary. The night was very lowering, and rain appeared to be imminent. It came down, presently, in big, pattering drops, but John had promised not to be long.

Why should I tell, *in extenso*, the humiliating tale of how John Simcox got tipsy that night? How he forced all the money, pound by pound, from his little daughter? How, when after immense labour and trouble, he had at last been brought to his own street door, he suddenly started off at an unknown tangent (running hard and straight) and disappeared. How his daughter wandered about, weeping, in the pouring rain, seeking him; how, at two o'clock in the morning, a doleful party arrived at a little house in Camberwell—a very moist policeman, a weeping, shivering, drenched little girl over whom the municipal had in pity thrown his oilskin cape, and a penniless, hatless, drunken man, all covered with mud, utterly sodden, wretched, and degraded. Drop the curtain for pity's sake.

The first impulse of Mrs. Simcox, after duly loading her besotted husband with reproaches, was to beat Bessy. The anger of this matron, generally so gently languid, was something fearful to view. An enraged sheep is frantic. She was frustrated however, in her benevolent intention, first by the policeman, afterwards by Bessy herself, who wet, fatigued, and miserable (but in an artful and designing manner, no doubt), first contrived to faint away, and next day close to fall into a high fever.

In this fever—in the access thereof—she lay three long weeks. In a lamentable state of languor she lay many long weeks more. The brokers were in again. The parlour carpet was taken up and sent to the pawnbroker's. There were no invalid comforts in the house; no broth, nor chickens to make it, no arrow-root, no sage, no port wine, no anything to speak of, that was really wanted.

Stay, I am wrong. There was plenty of doctors; there was plenty of doctor's stuff. The chemists, apothecaries, and medical practitioners of the neighbourhood, treated the Simcox family, and the little sick daughter in particular, in a liberal and considerate manner. No one charged a penny, and all were unremitting in attention. Kind-hearted Mr. Spoon, of Walworth, sent in—so to speak—a hamper of quinine. Young Tuckett, close by, who had just passed the Hall and College, and opened his shop, offered to do anything for Bessy. He would have dissected her, even, I am sure. Great Doctor Bibby came from Camberwell Grove, in his own carriage, with his own footman with the black worsted tags on his shoulder, and majestically ordered change of air, and red Port wine for Bessy Simcox. A majestic man was Dr. Bibby, and a portly, and a deep-voiced and a rich. His boots creaked, and his carriage-

springs oscillated; but he left a sovereign on the Simcox mantelpiece for all that.

So there was something of those things needful in the little house at Camberwell. There was, besides, a certain nurse, active, devoted, patient, soothing, and gentle. Not Mrs. Simcox, who still lay on the sofa, now reading the sentimental novels, now moaning over the family difficulties. Not the Misses Simcox, who, though they did tend their sister, did it very fretfully and cross-grainedly, and unanimously declared that the child made herself out to be a great deal worse than she really was. This nurse had rather a red nose, and a tremulous hand. He came home earlier from the City now; but he never stopped at the stunning Champagne Ale House. He had not been to the "Admiral Benbow" for seven weeks. He sat by his daughter's pillow; he read to her; he carried her in his arms like a child as she was; he wept over the injury he had done her; he promised, and meant, and prayed for, amendment.

But what were the attentions of the doctors, the hamper of quinine, the sovereign on the mantelpiece even, after all? They were but drops in the great muddled ocean of the Simcox embarrassments. A sovereign would not take Bessy to Malvern or Ventnor; the quinine would not give her red Port wine and change of air. The nurse grew desperate. There was no money to be borrowed, none to be obtained from the pawnbroker, none to be received until next quarter-day—before which, another month must elapse. Should he attempt to obtain a small advance of money from the Beast himself—the terrible Bradlescrogs? Should he offer him two hundred per cent. interest; should he fall down on his knees before him; should he write him a supplicatory letter; should he?

One evening, Simcox came home from the office with many smiles upon his face. He had borrowed the money, after many difficulties, from the chief clerk. Ten pounds. He would have to pay very heavy interest for it, but never mind. Mrs. Simcox should take Bessy to Ventnor for a fortnight or three weeks. Quarter-day would soon come round. Soon come round. Now and then his family remarked, that the many smiles dropped from their papa's countenance like a mask, and that, underneath, he wore a look rather haggard, rather weary, rather terrible; but then, you see, he would have to pay such a heavy interest for the ten pounds. Mrs. Simcox was delighted at the prospect of her country trip; poor Bessy smiled and thanked her papa; and the two Miss Simcoxes, who had their own private conviction that an excursion to the sea-side was the very thing for them, to air their beauty as it were, and not for that designing bit of a thing, Bessy, with her pale face; the two Miss Simcoxes, I say, went to bed in a huff.

To the pleasant Island of Wight in the British Channel, and the county of Hamp-

shire, did the little convalescent from Camberwell and her parent proceed. Bessy gathered shells and sea weed, and bought sand pictures on cardboard by the Undercliff, and sand in bottles, and saw the donkey at Carisbroke Castle, and wondered at Little St. Lawrence Church, and the magnificent yachting dandies at Cowes and Ryde, until her pale face grew quite rosy, and her dark eyes had something of a sparkle in them. Her mamma lay on the sofa as usual, exhausted the stock of sentimental novels in the Ventnor circulating library, varying these home occupations occasionally by taking exercise in a wheel-chair, and "nagging" at Bessy. The pair came back to London together, and were at the little mansion at Camberwell about a week before quarter-day. The peccant Simcox had been exemplarily abstemious during their absence; but his daughters had not been able to avoid remarking that he was silent, reserved, and anxious looking. You see he had to pay such heavy interest for the ten pounds he had borrowed of the chief clerk.

Three days before quarter-day, it was ten minutes to eight p. m., and Bessy Simcox was waiting for her father. She was confident, hopeful, cheerful now; she thanked God for her illness and the change it had wrought in her dear papa. Ten minutes to eight, and a hot summer's evening. She was watching the lamp-lighter going round with his ladder and his little glimmering lantern, when she was accosted by one of Mr. Braddleseroggs's porters. He was an ugly, forbidding man, with a vicious-looking fur cap (such as porters of workhouses and wicked skippers of colliers wear), and had never before saluted or spoken to her. She began to tremble violently when John Malingerer (a special favourite of the Beast's, if he could have favoured any one, and supposed to be a porter after his own heart), addressed her.

"Hi!" said the porter, "you're wanted."

"Me—wanted? Where? By whom?" stammered Bessy.

Bessy followed him, still trembling. The porter walked before her, looming like the genius of Misfortune. He led her through dingy wareroom after wareroom, counting house after counting house, where the clerks all were silent and subdued. He led her at last into a dingy sanctum, dimly lighted by one shaded lamp. In this safe there were piles of dingy papers and more dingy ledgers; with great piles of accounts on hooks in the wall, with their long iron necks and white bodies, like ghosts of dead bills who had hanged themselves; a huge iron safe throwing hideous shadows against the wall, and three silent men.

That is to say:

John Simcox, white, trembling, and with wild eyes.

The Beast, neither more nor less a Beast than he usually was.

A tall man with a very sharp shirt collar,

great coat, a black stock; very thin iron grey hair; a face which looked as if it had once been full of wrinkles and furrows which had been half ironed out; very peculiar and very heavy boots, brown Berlin gloves, and a demeanour which confirmed you immediately in a conviction that were you to strike at him violently with a sledge hammer, his frame would give forth in response no fleshy "thud," but a hard metallic ring.

The Beast was standing up: his back against a tall desk on spectral legs, his hands in his pockets. So also, standing, in a corner, was Simeox. So also, not exactly anywhere but somewhere, somehow, and about Simeox, and about Bessy, and particularly about the door and the iron safe, in which he seemed to take absorbing interest, was the tall man in the peculiar boots.

"Come here, my girl," said the grating voice of Barnard Braddleseroggs the Beast.

My girl came there, to the foot of a table, as she was desired. She heard the grating voice; she heard, much louder, the beating of her own heart; she heard, loudest of all, a dreadful voice crying within her, crying over and over again that papa had borrowed ten pounds, and that he would have to pay very heavy interest for it, and that quarter day would soon come round, soon come round.

"This person's name is Lurcher," pursued the Beast.

The person coughed. The cough struck on the girl's heart like a knell. One.

"He is an officer."

An officer of what? Of the Household Brigade; of the yeomanry cavalry; of the Sheriff of Middlesex's battalion, a custom-house officer, a naval officer, a relieving officer? But Bessy knew in a moment. She might have known it at first from the peculiar boots the officer wore—boots as no other officer, or man, or woman can wear. But her own heart told her. It said plainly: "This is a police officer, and he has come to take your father into custody."

It was all told directly. Oh Bessy, Bessy! The ten pounds borrowed from the chief clerk, for which he would have to pay such heavy interest. The ten pounds were borrowed from the Petty Cash. The miserable Simcox's account was fifteen pounds deficient; he had promised to refund the money on quarter-day; he had begged and prayed for time; the Beast was inexorable, and Lurcher, the officer, was there to take him to prison for embezzlement.

"You daughter of this man," said the Beast, "you must go home without him. You tell his wife and the rest of his people, that I have locked him up, and that I'll transport him, for robbery."

"Robbery, no, sir," cried poor Simcox from the corner. "Before God, no! It was only for—"

"Silence!" said the Beast. "I'll prosecute you, I'll transport you, I'll hang you. By G—, I'll reform you, somehow." "Girl," he continued, turning to Bessy. "Go home. Stop! I'll send a clerk with you to see if there are any of my goods at home. I dare say there are, and you'll move 'em to-night. You won't though. I'll have a search-warrant. I'll put you all in gaol. I'll transport you all. Come here, one of you fellows in the office" (this with a roar) "and go with this girl to Camberwell. Lurcher, take the rascal away."

What was poor Bessy to do? What could she do but fall down on her knees, clasping those stern knees before her? What could she do, but amid sobs and broken articulation say that it was all her fault? That it was for her, her dear papa had taken the money. That for her use it had been spent. What could she do but implore the Beast, for the love of heaven, for the love of his own son, for the love of his dead father and mother, to spare the object of his wrath, to send her to prison, to take all they had, to show them mercy, as he hoped mercy to be shown to him hereafter.

She did all this and more. It was good, though pitiful, to see the child on her knees in her mean dress, with her streaming eyes, and her poor hair all hanging about her eyes, and to hear her artless, yet passionate supplications. The Beast moved not muscle nor face; but it is upon record that Mr. Lurcher, after creaking about on the peculiar boots for some seconds, turned aside into the shadow of the iron safe, and blew his nose.

"Lurcher," observed the Beast, "Wait a moment before I give this man into your charge."

Mr. Lurcher bent some portion of his body between his occiput and his spine, and, considering himself temporarily relieved from the custody of his prisoner, threw the whole force of his contemplative energies into the iron safe, in which, as a subject, he appeared immediately to bury himself.

"Come here!" was the monosyllabic command of the Beast; addressed both to father and daughter. He led them into yet an inner sanctum, a sort of cupboard, full of books and papers, where there was a dreadful screw copying press, like an instrument of torture in the Inquisition.

"I will spare your father, child, and retain him in his situation," continued the Beast, without ever taking his hands out of his pockets, or altering an inflection of his voice, "on these, and these conditions only. My housekeeper is old and blind, and I shall soon turn her adrift, and let her go to the work-house—everybody says so, I believe. The short time she will remain, she will be able to instruct you in as much as I shall require of you. You will have to keep this house for me and my clerks, and you must never quit it save once in six weeks, for six hours at a

time; and I expect you to adhere to this engagement for two years. All communication between you and your family, save during your hours of liberty, I strictly prohibit. You will have twenty pounds a year as wages, half of which can go to augment your father's salary. At the same time I shall require from him a written acknowledgement that he has embezzled my moneys; and if you quit my service I shall use it against him, ruin him, and imprison him. Make up your mind quickly, for the policeman is waiting.

What was poor Bessy to do? To part from her dear father, never to see him save at intervals, and then only for a short time; to know that he was in the same house, and not be able to run and embrace him. All this was hard, very hard, but what would not Bessy do to save her father from ruin and disgrace and a prison? She would have laid down her life for him, she would have cheerfully consented never to see him again—till the great day comes when we shall all meet to part no more. She consented; Mr. Lurcher was previously spoken to and dismissed; the Beast subsided into his usual taciturnity; Bessy led her stricken, broken, trembling parent home. They passed through the long, dingy wateroots, the clerks whispering as they passed.

Bessy's wardrobe was not sufficiently voluminous to occasion the expenditure of any very great time in packing. It was soon put up in a very small, shabby black box, studded with brass nails—many of them deficient. This, with Bessy herself, arrived at nine o'clock the next morning, as per agreement, at the Cheapside corner of Ursine Lane, where one of Mr. Braddleseroggs's porters was in waiting, who brought Bessy and her box to the dismal Manchester warehouse owned by the Beast of Ursine Lane.

And here, in the top floor of this lugubrious mansion, lived, for two long years, Bessy Simcox. At stated periods she saw her family for a few hours, and then went back to her prison house. She carved the beef and mutton for the hungry clerks, she mended their linen, she gave out candles, she calculated washing bills. The old, old story of Beauty and the Beast was being done over again in Ursine Lane, Cheapside. Bessy ripened into a Beauty, in this dismal hot-house; and the Beast was, as I have told you he always was. Beauty dwelt in no fairy palace; surrounded by no rose bushes, no sweet-smelling gardens, no invisible hands to wait on her at supper. It was all hard, stern, uncompromising reality. She had to deal with an imperious, sullen, brutal master. Every body knew it. She dealt with him as Bessy had the art of dealing with every one. She bore with him meekly, gently, patiently. She strove to win his forbearance, his respect. She won them both, and more—his love.

Yes, his love! Don't be afraid; the Beast never changed to Prince Azor. He never lay

among the rose-bushes sick to death, and threatening to die unless Beauty married him. But at the end of the two years, when their contract was at an end, and when its fulfilment had given him time to know Bessy well, and to save the father through the child, he besought Bessy to remain with him in the same capacity, offering her munificent terms and any degree of liberty she required as regarded communication with her family. Bessy stayed. She stayed two years; she stayed three; she stays there now, to witness, if I lie.

Not alone, however. It occurred to William B., junior—the lad with the blue eyes and fair hair—to grow up to be a tall young man, and to fall violently in love with the pretty little housekeeper. It occurred to his father, instead of smiting him on the hip immediately, or eating him up alive in wild beast fashion, to tell him he was a very sensible fellow, and to incite Bessy (we must call her Beauty now) to encourage his addresses, which indeed, dear little puss! she was nothing loth to do. So Beauty was married. Not to the Beast, but to the Beast's son; and Beauty and William and the Beast all removed to a pretty house in the prettiest country near London, where they live to this day, again to witness if I lie.

The Beast is a Beast no longer. Everybody admits that he is not a Beast now; some few are even doubtful whether he ever *was* a Beast. He carries on the Ursine Lane business (in partnership with his son) still, and is a very rough-headed and rough-voiced old man. But the rough kernel and rough integument are worn away from his heart, and he is genial and jovial among his dependants. Charitable in secret, he had always been, even in his most brutish times; and you are not to believe (for Braddlescrogs talked nonsense sometimes and he knew it) that the old housekeeper, when she became blind or bedridden, was sent adrift or to the workhouse; that old John Simeox was not allowed sufficient funds for his pipe and his glass (in strict moderation) at the Admiral Benbow; or that the two Misses Simeox, when they married at last (after superhuman exertions,) went dowdier. No. The Beast remembered, and was generous to them all.

THE ANGEL'S STORY.

Turquoise the blue and frosty heavens,
Christmas stars were shining bright;
The glistening lamps of the great City
Almost matched their gleaming light;
And the winter snow was lying,
And the winter winds were sighing,
Long ago one Christmas night.

While from every tower and steeple,
Pealing bells were sounding clear,
(Never with such tones of gladness,
Save when Christmas time is near)
Many a one that night was sorry,
Who had toiled through all the year.

That night saw old wrongs forgiven,
Friends, long parted, reconcile;
Voices, all unused to laughter,
Eyes that had forgot to smile,
Anxious hearts that feared the morrow,
Freed from all their cares awhile.

Rich and poor felt the same blessing
From the gracious season fall;
Joy and plenty in the cottage,
Peace and feasting in the hall;
And the voices of the children
Ringing clear above it all!

Yet one house was dim and darkened;
Gloom, and sickness, and despair
Abiding in the gilded chamber,
Climbing up the marble stair,
Still even the voice of mourning—
For a child lay dying there.

Silken curtains fell around him,
Velvet carpets hushed the tread,
Many costly toys were lying,
All unheeded, by his bed;
And his tangled golden ringlets
Were on downy pillows spread.

All the skill of the great City
To save that little life was vain;
That little thread from being broken:
That fatal word from being spoken;
Nay, his very mother's pain,
And the mighty love within her,
Could not give him health again.

And she knelt there still beside him,
She alone with strength to smile,
And to promise he should suffer
No more in a little while,
And with murmur'd song and story
The long weary hours beguile.

Suddenly an unseen Presence
Checked these constant mourning cries,
Stilled the little heart's quick fluttering,
Raised the blue and wondering eyes,
Fixed on some mysterious vision,
With a startled sweet surprise.

For a radiant angel hovered
Smiling o'er the little bed;
White his raiment, from his shoulders
Snowy dove-like pinions spread,
And a starlike light was shining
In a Glory round his head.

While, with tender love, the angel,
Leaning o'er the little nest,
In his arms the sick child folding,
Laid him gently on his breast,
Sobs and wailings from the mother,
And her darling was at rest.

So the angel, slowly rising,
Spread his wings; and, through the air,
Bore the pretty child, and held him
On his heart with loving care,
A red branch of blooming roses
Placing softly by him there.

While the child thus clinging, floated
Towards the mansions of the West,
Gazing from his shining guardian
To the flowers upon his breast,
Thus the angel spake, still smiling
On the little heavenly guest:—

"Know, O little one! that heaven
Does no earthly thing disdain.
Man's poor joys find there an echo
Just as surely as his pain;
Love, on earth so feebly striving,
Lives divine in Heaven again!

"Once in yonder town below us
In a poor and narrow street,
Dwelt a little sickly orphan,
Gentle and, or pity sweet,
Never in life's rugged pathway
Guided his poor tottering feet.

"All the striving anxious forethought
That should only come with age,
Weighed upon his baby spirit,
Showed him soon life's sternest page;
Grim Want was his nurse, and Sorrow
Was his only heritage!

"All too weak for childish pastimes
Drearly the hours spend;
On his hands so small and trembling
Leaning his poor aching head,
Or, through dark and painful hours,
Lying sleepless on no bed.

"Dreaming strange and longing fancies
Of cool forests far away;
Dreams of rosy happy children,
Laughing merrily at play;
Coming home through green lanes, bearing
Trailing branches of white May.

"Scarcely a glimpse of the blue heavens
Gleaned above the narrow street,
And the sultry air of Summer
(That you called so warm and sweet,)
Fevered the poor Orphan, dwelling
In the crowded alley's heat.

"One bright day, with feeble footsteps
Slowly forth he dared to crawl,
Through the crowded city's pathways,
Till he reached a garden-wall;
Where 'mid princely halls and mansions
Stood the lordliest of all.

"There were trees with giant branches
Velvet glades where shadows hide;
There were sparkling fountains glancing,
Flowers whose rich luxuriant pride
Wafted a breath of precious perfume
To the child who stood outside.

"He against the gate of iron
Pressed his wan and wistful face,
Gazing with an awe-struck pleasure
At the glories of the place;
Never had his fairest day-dream
Shone with half such wondrous grace.

"You were playing in that garden,
Throwing blossoms in the air,
And laughing when the petals floated
Downward on your golden hair:
And the fond eyes watching o'er you,
And the splendour spread before you,
Told, a House's Hope was there.

"When your servants, tired of seeing
His pale face of want and woe,
Turning to the ragged Orphan,
Gave him coin, and bade him go.
Down his cheeks so thin and wasted,
Bitter tears began to flow.

"But that look of childish sorrow
On your tender young heart fell,

And you plucked the reddest roses
From the tree you loved so well,
Passing them through the stern grating,
With the gentle word, 'Farewell!'

"Dazzled by the fragrant treasure
And the gentle voice he heard,
In the poor forlorn boy's spirit,
Joy the sleeping Seraph stirred;
In his hand he clasped the flowers,
In his heart the loving word.

"So he crept to his poor garret,
Poor no more, but rich and bright;
For the holy dreams of childhood—
Love, and Rest, and Hope, and Light—
Flowered round the Orphan's pillow
Through the starry summer night.

"Day dawned, yet the vision lasted;
All too weak to rise he lay;
Did he dream that none spoke harshly—
All were strangely kind that day!
Yes; he thought his treasured roses
Must have charmed all ill away.

"And he smiled, though they were fading;
One by one their leaves were shed;
'Such bright things could never perish,
They would bloom again,' he said.
When the next day's sun had risen,
Child and flowers both were dead.

"Know, dear little one! our Father
Does no gentle deed disdain;
And in hearts that beat in heaven,
Still all tender thoughts remain;
Love on the cold earth remaining
Lives divine and pure again!"

Thus the angel ceased, and gently
O'er his little burthen leant;
While the child gazed from the shining
Loving eyes that o'er him bent,
To the blooming roses by him,
Wondering what that mystery meant.

Then the radiant angel answered,
And with holy meaning smiled:
"Ere your tender, loving spirit
Sin and the hard world defiled,
Mercy gave me leave to seek you;
I was once that little child!"

THE SQUIRE'S STORY.

IN the year seventeen hundred and sixty-nine, the little town of Barford was thrown into a state of great excitement by the intelligence that a gentleman (and "quite the gentleman," said the landlord of the George Inn), had been looking at Mr. Clavering's old house. This house was neither in the town nor in the country. It stood on the outskirts of Barford, on the road-side leading to Derby. The last occupant had been a Mr. Clavering—a Northumberland gentleman of good family—who had come to live in Barford when he was but a younger son; but when some elder branches of the family died, he had returned to take possession of the family estate. The house of which I speak was called the White House, from its being covered with a greyish kind of stucco. It had a good garden to the

back, and Mr. Clavering had built capital stables, with what were then considered the latest improvements. The point of good stabling was expected to let the house, as it was in a hunting county; otherwise it had few recommendations. There were many bed-rooms; some entered through others, even to the number of five, leading one beyond the other; several sitting-rooms of the small and poky kind, wainscotted round with wood, and then painted a heavy slate colour; one good dining-room, and a drawing-room over it, both looking into the garden, with pleasant bow-windows.

Such was the accommodation offered by the White House. It did not seem to be very tempting to strangers, though the good people of Barford rather piqued themselves on it, as the largest house in the town; and as a house in which "townspeople" and "county people" had often met at Mr. Clavering's friendly dinners. To appreciate this circumstance of pleasant recollection, you should have lived some years in a little country town, surrounded by gentlemen's seats. You would then understand how a bow or a courtesy from a member of a county family elevates the individuals who receive it almost as much, in their own eyes, as the pair of blue garters fringed with silver did Mr. Bickerstaff's ward. They trip lightly on air for a whole day afterwards. Now Mr. Clavering was gone, where could town and county mingle?

I mention these things that you may have an idea of the desirability of the letting of the White House in the Barfordites' imagination; and to make the mixture thick and slab, you must add for yourselves the bustle, the mystery, and the importance which every little event either causes or assumes in a small town; and then, perhaps, it will be no wonder to you that twenty ragged little urchins accompanied "the gentleman" afore-said to the door of the White House; and that, although he was above an hour inspecting it under the auspices of Mr. Jones, the agent's clerk, thirty more had joined themselves on to the wondering crowd before his exit, and awaited such crumbs of intelligence as they could gather before they were threatened or whipped out of hearing distance. Presently out came "the gentleman" and the lawyer's clerk. The latter was speaking as he followed the former over the threshold. The gentleman was tall, well-dressed, handsome; but there was a sinister, cold look in his quick-glancing, light blue eye, which a keen observer might not have liked. There were no keen observers among the boys, and ill-conditioned gaping girls. But they stood too near inconveniently close; and the gentleman, lifting up his right hand, in which he carried a short riding whip, dealt one or two sharp blows to the nearest, with a look of savage enjoyment on his face as they moved away whimpering and crying. An in-

stant after, his expression of countenance had changed.

"Here!" said he, drawing out a handful of money, partly silver, partly copper, and throwing it into the midst of them. "Scramble for it! fight it out, my lads! come this afternoon, at three, to the George, and I'll throw you out some more." So the boys hurraed for him as he walked off with the agent's clerk. He chuckled to himself, as over a pleasant thought. "I'll have some fun with those lads," he said; "I'll teach 'em to come prowling and prying about me. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make the money so hot in the fire-shovel that it shall burn their fingers. You come and see the faces and the howling. I shall be very glad if you will dine with me at two; and by that time I may have made up my mind about the house."

Mr. Jones, the agent's clerk, agreed to come to the George at two, but, somehow, he had a distaste for his entertainer. Mr. Jones would not like to have said, even to himself, that a man with a purse full of money, who kept many horses, and spoke familiarly of noblemen—above all, who thought of taking the White House—could be anything but a gentleman; but still the uneasy wonder as to who this Mr. Robinson Higgins could be, filled the clerk's mind long after Mr. Higgins, Mr. Higgins's servants, and Mr. Higgins's stud, had taken possession of the White House.

The White House was re-stuccoed (this time of a pale yellow colour), and put into thorough repair by the accommodating and delighted landlord; while his tenant seemed inclined to spend any amount of money on internal decorations, which were showy and effective in their character, enough to make the White House a nine days' wonder to the good people of Barford. The slate-coloured paints became pink, and were picked out gold; the old fashioned bannisters were replaced by newly gilt ones; but above all, the stables were a sight to be seen. Since the days of the Roman Emperor never was there such provision made for the care, the comfort, and the health of horses. But every one said it was no wonder, when they were led through Barford, covered up to their eyes, but curving their arched and delicate necks, and prancing with short high steps, in repressed eagerness. Only one groom came with them; yet they required the care of three men. Mr. Higgins, however, preferred engaging two lads out of Barford; and Barford highly approved of his preference. Not only was it kind and thoughtful to give employment to the lounging lads themselves, but they were receiving such a training in Mr. Higgins' stables as might fit them for Doncaster or Newmarket. The district of Derbyshire in which Barford was situated, was too close to Leicestershire not to support a hunt and a pack of hounds. The master of the hounds was a certain Sir Harry

Manley, who was *aut* a huntsman *aut* *milhus*. He measured a man by "the length of his fork," not by the expression of his countenance, or the shape of his head. But as Sir Harry was wont to observe, there was such a thing as too long a fork, so his approbation was withheld until he had seen a man on horseback; and if his seat there was square and easy, his hand light, and his courage good, Sir Harry hailed him as a brother.

Mr. Higgins attended the first meet of the season, not as a subscriber but as an amateur. The Barford huntsmen piqued themselves on their bold riding; and their knowledge of the country came by nature; yet this new strange man, whom nobody knew, was in at the death sitting on his horse, both well breathed and calm, without a hair turned on the sleek skin of the latter, supremely addressing the old huntsman as he hacked off the tail of the fox; and he, the old man, who was testy even under Sir Harry's slightest rebuke, and flew out on any member of the hunt that dared to utter a word against his sixty years' experience as stable-boy, groom, poncher, and what not; he, old Isaac Wormeley, was meekly listening to the wisdom of this stranger, only now and then giving one of his quick, up-turning, cunning glances, not unlike the sharp o'er-canny looks of the poor deceased Reynard, round whom the hounds were howling, unadmonished by the short whip, which was now tucked into Wormeley's well-worn pocket. When Sir Harry rode into the copse—full of dead brushwood and wet tangled grass—and was followed by the members of the hunt, as one by one they cantered past, Mr. Higgins took off his cap and bowed—half deferentially, half insolently—with a lurking smile in the corner of his eye at the discomfited looks of one or two of the laggards. "A famous run, sir," said Sir Harry. "The first time you have hunted in our country, but I hope we shall see you often."

"I hope to become a member of the hunt, sir," said Mr. Higgins.

"Most happy—proud, I'm sure, to receive so daring a rider among us. You took the Cropper-Gate, I fancy; while some of our friends here"—scowling at one or two cowards by the way of finishing his speech. "Allow me to introduce myself—master of the hounds" he fumbled in his waistcoat pocket for the card on which his name was formally inscribed. "Some of our friends here are kind enough to come home with me to dinner; might I ask for the honour?"

"My name is Higgins," replied the stranger, bowing low. "I am only lately come to occupy the White House at Barford, and I have not as yet presented my letters of introduction."

"Hang it!" replied Sir Harry; "a man with a seat like yours, and that good brush in your hand, might ride up to any door in the county (I am a Leicestershire man!), and

be a welcome guest. Mr. Higgins, I shall be proud to become better acquainted with you over my dinner table."

Mr. Higgins knew pretty well how to improve the acquaintance thus begun. He could sing a good song, tell a good story, and was well up in practical jokes; with plenty of that keen worldly sense, which seems like an instinct in some men, and which in this case taught him on whom he might play off such jokes with impunity from their resentment, and with a security of applause from the more boisterous, vehement, or prosperous. At the end of twelve months Mr. Robinson Higgins was, out-and-out, the most popular member of Barford hunt; had beaten all the others by a couple of lengths, as his first patron, Sir Harry, observed one evening, when they were just leaving the dinner-table of an old hunting squire in the neighbourhood.

"Because, you know," said Squire Hearn, holding Sir Harry by the button—"I mean, you see, this young spark is looking sweet upon Catherine; and she's a good girl, and will have ten thousand pounds down the day she's married, by her mother's will; and—excuse me, Sir Harry—but I should not like my girl to throw herself away."

Though Sir Harry had a long ride before him, and but the early and short light of a new moon to take it in, his kind heart was so much touched by Squire Hearn's trembling, tearful anxiety, that he stopped, and turned back into the dining-room to say, with more asseverations than I care to give:

"My good Squire, I may say, I know that man pretty well by this time; and a better fellow never existed. If I had twenty daughters, he should have the pick of them."

Squire Hearn never thought of asking the grounds for his old friend's opinion of Mr. Higgins; it had been given with too much earnestness for any doubts to cross the old man's mind as to the possibility of its not being well founded. Mr. Hearn was not a doubter or a thinker, or suspicious by nature; it was simply his love for Catherine, his only child, that prompted his anxiety in this case; and after what Sir Harry had said, the old man could totter with an easy mind, though not with very steady legs, into the drawing-room, where his bonny blushing daughter Catherine and Mr. Higgins stood close together on the hearth-rug—he whispering, she listening with downcast eyes. She looked so happy, so like her dead mother had looked when the Squire was a young man, that all his thought was how to please her most. His son and heir was about to be married, and bring his wife to live with the Squire; Barford and the White House were not distant an hour's ride; and, even as these thoughts passed through his mind, he asked Mr. Higgins if he could not stay all night—the young moon was already set—the roads would be dark—and Catherine looked up

with a pretty anxiety, which, however, had not much doubt in it, for the answer.

With every encouragement of this kind from the old Squire, it took everybody rather by surprise when one morning it was discovered that Miss Catherine Hearn was missing; and when, according to the usual fashion in such cases, a note was found, saying that she had eloped with "the man of her heart," and gone to Greta Green, no one could imagine why she could not quietly have stopped at home and been married in the parish church. She had always been a romantic, sentimental girl; very pretty, and very affectionate, and very much spoiled, and very much wanting in common sense. Her indulgent father was deeply hurt at this want of confidence in his never-varying affection; but when his son came, hot with indignation from the Baronet's (his future father-in-law's house, where every form of law and ceremony was to accompany his own impending marriage,) Squire Hearn pleaded the cause of the young couple with imploring cogency, and protested that it was a piece of spirit in his daughter, which he admired and was proud of. However, it ended with Mr. Nathaniel Hearn's declaring that he and his wife would have nothing to do with his sister and her husband. "Wait till you've seen him, Nat!" said the old Squire, trembling with his distressful anticipations of family discord, "He's an excuse for any girl. Only ask Sir Harry's opinion of him." "Confound Sir Harry! So that a man sits his horse well, Sir Harry cares nothing about anything else. Who is this man—this fellow? Where does he come from? What are his means? Who are his family?"

"He comes from the south—Surrey or Somersetshire, I forget which; and he pays his way well and liberally. There's not a tradesman in Barford but says he cares no more for money than for water; he spends like a prince, Nat. I don't know who his family are, but he seals with a coat of arms, which may tell you if you want to know,—and he goes regularly to collect his rents from his estates in the south. Oh, Nat! if you would but be friendly, I should be as well pleased with Kitty's marriage as any father in the country."

Mr. Nathaniel Hearn gloomed, and muttered an oath or two to himself. The poor old father was reaping the consequences of his weak indulgence to his two children. Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Hearn kept apart from Catherine and her husband; and Squire Hearn durst never ask them to Levison Hall, though it was his own house. Indeed, he stole away as if he were a culprit whenever he went to visit the White House; and if he passed a night there, he was fain to equivocate when he returned home the next day; an equivocal on which was well interpreted by the surly, proud Nathaniel. But the younger Mr. and Mrs. Hearn were the only people

who did not visit at the White House. Mr. and Mrs. Higgins were decidedly more popular than their brother and sister-in-law. She made a very pretty sweet-tempered hostess, and her education had not been such as to make her intolerant of any want of refinement in the associates who gathered round her husband. She had gentle smiles for towns-people as well as country people; and unconsciously played an admirable second in her husband's project of making himself universally popular.

But there is some one to make ill-natured remarks, and draw ill-natured conclusions from very simple premises, in every place; and in Barford this bird of ill-omen was a Miss Pratt. She did not hunt—so Mr. Higgins's admirable riding did not call out her admiration. She did not drink—so the well-selected wines, so lavishly dispensed among his guests, could never mollify Miss Pratt. She could not bear comic songs, or buffo stories—so, in that way, her approbation was impregnable. And these three secrets of popularity constituted Mr. Higgins's great charm. Miss Pratt sat and watched. Her face looked immovably grave at the end of any of Mr. Higgins's best stories; but there was a keen, needle-like glance of her unwinking little eyes, which Mr. Higgins felt rather than saw, and which made him shiver, even on a hot day, when it fell upon him. Miss Pratt was a dissenter, and, to propitiate this female Mordecai, Mr. Higgins asked the dissenting minister whose services she attended to dinner; kept himself and his company in good order; gave a handsome donation to the poor of the chapel. All in vain—Miss Pratt stirred not a muscle more of her face towards graciousness; and Mr. Higgins was conscious that, in spite of all his open efforts to captivate Mr. Davis, there was a secret influence on the other side, throwing in doubts and suspicions, and evil interpretations of all he said or did. Miss Pratt, the little plain old maid, living on eighty pounds a year, was the thorn in the popular Mr. Higgins's side, although she had never spoken one uncivil word to him; indeed, on the contrary, had treated him with a stiff and elaborate civility.

The thorn—the grief to Mrs. Higgins was this. They had no children! Oh! how she would stand and envy the careless busy motion of half-a-dozen children; and then, when observed, move on with a deep, deep sigh of yearning regret. But it was as well.

It was noticed that Mr. Higgins was remarkably careful of his health. He ate, drank, took exercise, rested, by some secret rules of his own; occasionally bursting into an excess, it is true, but only on rare occasions—such as when he returned from visiting his estates in the south, and collecting his rents. That unusual exertion and fatigue—for there were no stage coaches within forty miles of Barford, and he, like most country gentlemen of the

day, would have preferred riding if there had been—seemed to require some strange excess to compensate for it; and rumours went through the town, that he shut himself up, and drank enormously for some days after his return. But no one was admitted to these orgies.

One day—they remembered it well afterwards—the hounds met not far from the town; and the fox was found in a part of the wild heath, which was beginning to be enclosed by a few of the more wealthy towns-people, who were desirous of building themselves houses rather more in the country than those they had hitherto lived in. Among these the principal was a Mr. Dudgeon, the attorney of Barford, and the agent for all the county families about. The firm of Dudgeon had managed the leases, the marriage settlements, and the wills, of the neighbourhood for generations. Mr. Dudgeon's father had the responsibility of collecting the land-owner's rents just as the present Mr. Dudgeon had at the time of which I speak: and as his son and his son's son have done since. Their business was an hereditary estate to them; and with something of the old feudal feeling, was mixed a kind of proud humility at their position towards the squires whose family secrets they had mastered, and the mysteries of whose fortunes and estates were better known to the Messrs. Dudgeon than to themselves.

Mr. John Dudgeon had built himself a house on Wildbury Heath; a mere cottage, as he called it; but though only two stories high, it spread out far and wide, and work-people from Derby had been sent for on purpose to make the inside as complete as possible. The gardens too were exquisite in arrangement, if not very extensive; and not a flower was grown in them but of the rarest species. It must have been somewhat of a mortification to the owner of this dainty place when, on the day of which I speak, the fox, after a long race, during which he had described a circle of many miles, took refuge in the garden; but Mr. Dudgeon put a good face on the matter when a gentleman hunter, with the careless insolence of the squires of those days and that place, rode across the velvet lawn, and tapping at the window of the dining-room with his whip handle, asked permission—no! that is not it—rather, informed Mr. Dudgeon of their intention—to enter his garden in a body, and have the fox unearched. Mr. Dudgeon compelled himself to smile assent, with the grace of a masculine Griselda; and then he hastily gave orders to have all that the house afforded of provision set out for luncheon, guessing rightly enough that six hours' run would give even homely fare an acceptable welcome. He bore without wincing the entrance of the dirty boots into his exquisitely clean rooms; he only felt grateful for the care with which Mr. Higgins strode about, laboriously and noiselessly moving on the tip

of his toes, as he reconnoitred the rooms with a curious eye.

"I'm going to build a house myself, Dudgeon; and, upon my word, I don't think I could take a better model than yours."

"Oh! my poor cottage would be too small to afford any hints for such a house as you would wish to build, Mr. Higgins," replied Mr. Dudgeon, gently rubbing his hands nevertheless at the compliment.

"Not at all! not at all! Let me see. You have dining-room, drawing-room"—he hesitated, and Mr. Dudgeon filled up the blank as he expected.

"Four sitting-rooms and the bed-rooms. But allow me to show you over the house. I confess I took some pains in arranging it, and, though far smaller than what you would require, it may nevertheless, afford you some hints."

So they left the eating gentlemen with their mouths and their plates quite full, and the scent of the fox overpowering that of the hasty rashers of ham; and they carefully inspected all the ground-floor rooms. Then Mr. Dudgeon said:

"If you are not tired, Mr. Higgins—it is rather my hobby, so you must pull me up if you are—we will go up stairs, and I will show you my sanctum."

Mr. Dudgeon's sanctum was the centre room, over the porch, which formed a balcony, and which was carefully filled with choice flowers in pots. Inside, there were all kinds of elegant contrivances for hiding the real strength of all the boxes and chests required by the particular nature of Mr. Dudgeon's business; for although his office was in Barford, he kept (as he informed Mr. Higgins) what was the most valuable here, as being safer than an office which was locked up and left every night. But, as Mr. Higgins reminded him with a sly poke in the side, when next they met, his own house was not over secure. A fortnight after the gentleman of the Barford hunt lunched there, Mr. Dudgeon's strong-box, in his sanctum upstairs, with the mysterious spring bolt to the window invented by himself, and the secret of which was only known to the inventor and a few of his most intimate friends, to whom he had proudly shown it;—this strong-box, containing the collected Christmas rents of half-a-dozen landlords, (there was then no bank nearer than Derby,) was rifled; and the secretly rich Mr. Dudgeon had to stop his agent in his purchases of paintings by Flemish artists, because the money was required to make good the missing rents.

The Dogberries and Verges of those days were quite incapable of obtaining any clue to the robber or robbers; and though one or two vagrants were taken up and brought before Mr. Dunover and Mr. Higgins, the magistrates who usually attended in the court-room at Barford, there was no evidence brought against them, and after a couple of

nights' durance in the lock-ups they were set at liberty. But it became a standing joke with Mr. Higgins to Mr. Dudgeon, from time to time, whether he could recommend him a place of safety for his valuables; or, if he had made any more inventions lately for securing houses from robbers.

About two years after this time—about seven years after Mr. Higgins had been married—one Tuesday evening, Mr. Davis was sitting reading the news in the coffee-room of the George-inn. He belonged to a club of gentlemen who met there occasionally to play at whist, to read what few newspapers and magazines were published in those days, to chat about the market at Derby, and prices all over the country. This Tuesday night it was a black frost; and few people were in the room. Mr. Davis was anxious to finish an article in the "Gentleman's Magazine;" indeed, he was making extracts from it, intending to answer it, and yet unable with his small income to purchase a copy. So he staid late; it was past nine, and at ten o'clock the room was closed. But while he wrote, Mr. Higgins came in. He was pale and lag-gard with cold; Mr. Davis, who had had for some time sole possession of the fire, moved politely on one side, and handed to the new comer the sole London newspaper which the room afforded. Mr. Higgins accepted it, and made some remark on the intense coldness of the weather; but Mr. Davis was too full of his article, and intended reply, to fall into conversation readily. Mr. Higgins hitched his chair nearer to the fire, and put his feet on the fender, giving an audible shudder. He put the newspaper on one end of the table near him, and sat gazing into the red embers of the fire, crouching down over them as if his very marrow were chilled. At length he said:

"There is no account of the murder at Bath in that paper?" Mr. Davis, who had finished taking his notes, and was preparing to go stopped short, and asked:

"Has there been a murder at Bath? No! I have not seen anything of it—who was murdered?"

"Oh! it was a shocking, terrible murder!" said Mr. Higgins not raising his look from the fire, but gazing on, his eyes dilated till the whites were seen all around them. "A terrible murder! I wonder what will become of the murderer? I can fancy the red glowing centre of that fire—look and see how infinitely distant it seems, and how the distance magnifies it into something awful and unquenchable."

"My dear sir, you are feverish; how you shake and shiver!" said Mr. Davis, thinking privately that his companion had symptoms of fever, and that he was wandering in his mind.

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Higgins. "I am not feverish. It is the night which is so cold." And for a time he talked with Mr. Davis

about the article in the "Gentleman's Magazine," for he was rather a reader himself, and could take more interest in Mr. Davis's pursuits than most of the people at Barford. At length it drew near to ten, and Mr. Davis rose up to go home to his lodgings.

"No, Davis, don't go. I want you here. We will have a bottle of port together, and that will put Saunders in good humour. I want to tell you about this murder," he continued, dropping his voice, and speaking hoarse and low. "She was an old woman, and he killed her, sitting reading her Bible by her own fireside!" He looked at Mr. Davis with a strange searching gaze, as if trying to find some sympathy in the horror which the idea presented to him.

"Who do you mean, my dear sir? What is this murder you are so full of? No one has been murdered here."

"No, you fool! I tell you it was in Bath!" said Mr. Higgins, with sudden passion; and then calming himself to most velvet smoothness of manner, he laid his hand on Mr. Davis's knee, there, as they sat by the fire, and gently detaining him, began the narration of the crime he was so full of; but his voice and manner were constrained to a stony quietude; he never looked in Mr. Davis's face; once or twice, as Mr. Davis remembered afterwards, his grip tightened like a compressing vice.

"She lived in a small house in a quiet old-fashioned street, she and her maid. People said she was a good old woman; but for all that she hoarded and hoarded, and never gave to the poor. Mr. Davis, it is wicked not to give to the poor—wicked—wicked, is it not? I always give to the poor, for once I read in the Bible that 'Charity covereth a multitude of sins.' The wicked old woman never gave, but hoarded her money, and saved, and saved. Some one heard of it; I say she threw a temptation in his way, and God will punish her for it. And this man—or it might be a woman, who knows?—and this person—heard also that she went to church in the mornings, and her maid in the afternoons; and so—while the maid was at church, and the street and the house quite still, and the darkness of a winter afternoon coming on—she was nodding over the Bible—and that, mark you! is a sin, and one that God will avenge sooner or later; and a step came in the dusk up the stair, and that person I told you of, stood in the room. At first he—no! At first, it is supposed—for, you understand, all this is mere guess work, it is supposed that he asked her civilly enough to give him her money, or tell him where it was; but the old miser defied him, and would not ask for mercy and give up her keys, even when he threatened her, but looked him in the face as if he had been a baby—Oh, God! Mr. Davis, I once dreamt when I was a little innocent boy that I should commit a crime like this, and I wakened up crying; and my mother comforted

me—that is the reason I tremble so now, that and the cold, for it is very, very cold!”

“But did he murder the old lady?” asked Mr. Davis. “I beg your pardon, sir, but I am interested by your story.”

“Yes! he cut her throat; and there she lies yet in her quiet little parlor, with her face upturned and all ghastly white, in the middle of a pool of blood. Mr. Davis, this wine is no better than water; I must have some brandy!”

Mr. Davis was horror-struck by the story, which seemed to have fascinated him as much as it had done his companion.

“Have they got any clue to the murderer?” said he. Mr. Higgins drank down half a tumbler of raw brandy before he answered.

“No! no clue whatever. They will never be able to discover him, and I should not wonder—Mr. Davis—I should not wonder if he repented after all, and did bitter penance for his crime; and if so—will there be mercy for him at the last day?”

“God knows,” said Mr. Davis with solemnity. “It is an awful story,” continued he, rousing himself; “I hardly like to leave this warm light room and go out into the darkness after hearing it. But it must be done,” buttoning on his great coat—“I can only say I hope and trust they will find out the murderer, and hang him. If you’ll take my advice, you’ll have bed warmed, and drink a treacle-posset just the last thing; and, if you’ll allow me, I’ll send you my answer to Philologus before it goes up to old Urban.”

The next morning Mr. Davis went to call on Miss Pratt, who was not very well; and by way of being agreeable and entertaining, he related to her all he had heard the night before about the murder in Bath, and really he made a very pretty connected story out of it, and interested Miss Pratt very much in the fate of the old lady—partly because of a similarity in their situations; for she also hoarded money, and had but one servant, and stopped at home alone on Sunday afternoons to allow her servant to go to church.

“And when did all this happen?” she asked.

“I don’t know if Mr. Higgins named the day; and yet I think it must have been this very last Sunday.”

“And to-day is Wednesday. Ill news travels fast.”

“Yes, Mr. Higgins thought it might have been in the London newspaper.”

“That it could never be. Where did Mr. Higgins learn all about it?”

“I don’t know, I did not ask; I think he only came home yesterday: he had been south to collect his rents, somebody said.”

Miss Pratt grunted. She used to vent her dislike and suspicions of Mr. Higgins in a grunt whenever his name was mentioned.

“Well, I shan’t see you for some days. Godfrey Merton has asked me to go and stay with him and his sister; and I think it will

do me good. Besides,” added she, “these winter evenings; and these murderers at large in the country; I don’t quite like living with only Peggy to call to in case of need.”

Miss Pratt went to stay with her cousin Mr. Merton. He was an active magistrate, and enjoyed his reputation as such. One day he came in, having just received his letters.

“Bad account of the morals of your little town here, Jessy!” said he, touching one of his letters. “You’ve either a murderer among you, or some friend of a murderer. Here’s a poor old lady at Bath had her throat cut last Sunday week; and I’ve a letter from the Home Office, asking to lend them ‘my very efficient aid,’ as they are pleased to call it, towards finding out the culprit. It seems he must have been thirsty, and of a comfortable jolly turn; for before going to his horrid work he tapped a barrel of ginger wine the old lady had set by to work; and he wrapped the spigot round with a piece of a letter taken out of his pocket, as may be supposed; and this piece of a letter was found afterwards; there are only these letters on the outside, ‘*aa, Eeq., arford, egeworth,*’ which some one has ingeniously made out to mean Barford, near Kegworth. On the other side there is some allusion to a race-horse, I conjecture, though the name is singular enough; ‘*Church-and-King-and-down-with-the-Rump.*’”

Miss Pratt caught at this name immediately; it had hurt her feeling as a dissenter only a few months ago, and she remembered it well.

“Mr. Nat Hearn has—or had (as I am speaking in the witness-box, as it were, I must take care of my tenses), a horse with that ridiculous name.”

“Mr. Nat Hearn,” repeated Mr. Merton, making a note of the intelligence; then he recurred to his letter from the Home Office again.

“There is also a piece of a small key, broken in the futile attempt to open a desk—well, well. Nothing more of consequence. The letter is what we must rely upon.”

“Mr. Davis said that Mr. Higgins told him—” Miss Pratt began.

“Higgins!” exclaimed Mr. Merton, “*aa*. Is it Higgins, the blustering fellow that ran away with Nat Hearn’s sister?”

“Yes!” said Miss Pratt. “But though he has never been a favourite of mine—”

“*aa*,” repeated Mr. Merton. “It is too horrible to think of; a member of the hunt—kind old Squire Hearn’s son-in-law! Who else have you in Barford with names that end in *aa*?”

“There’s Jackson, and Higginson, and Blenkinsop, and Davis, and Jones. Cousin! One thing strikes me—how did Mr. Higgins know all about it to tell Mr. Davis on Tuesday what had happened on Sunday afternoon?”

There is no need to add much more. These curious in lives of the highwaymen may be

the name of Higgins as conspicuous among those annals as that of Claude Duval. Kate Hearn's husband collected his rents on the highway, like many other "gentlemen" of the day; but having been unlucky in one or two of his adventures, and hearing exaggerated accounts of the hoarded wealth of the old lady at Bath, he was led on from robbery to murder, and was hung for his crime at Derby, in seventeen hundred and seventy-five.

He had not been an unkind husband; and his poor wife took lodgings in Derby to be near him in his last moments; his awful last moments. Her old father went with her everywhere but into her husband's cell; and wrung her heart by constantly accusing himself of having promoted her marriage with a man of whom he knew so little. He abdicated his squireship in favour of his son Nathaniel. Nat. was prosperous, and the helpless silly father could be of no use to him; but to his widowed daughter the foolish fond old man was all in all; her knight, her protector, her companion, her most faithful loving companion. Only he ever declined assuming the office of her counsellor—shaking his head sadly, and saying—

"Ah! Kate, Kate! if I had had more wisdom to have advised thee better, thou need'st not have been an exile here in Brussels, shrinking from the sight of every English person as if they knew thy story."

I saw the White House not a month ago; it was to let, perhaps for the twentieth time since Mr. Higgins occupied it; but still the tradition goes in Barford that once upon a time a highwayman lived there, and amassed untold treasures; and that the ill-gotten wealth yet remains walled up in some unknown concealed chamber; but in what part of the house no one knows.

Will any of you become tenants and try to find out this mysterious closet? I can furnish the exact address to any applicant who wishes for it.

UNCLE GEORGE'S STORY.

We had devoted the morning before my wedding day to the arrangement of those troublesome, delightful, endless little affairs, which the world says must be set in order on such occasions; and late in the afternoon, we walked down, Charlotte and myself, to take a last bachelor and maiden peep at the home which, next day, was to be ours in partnership. Goody Barnes, already installed as our cook and housekeeper, stood at the door, ready to receive us as we crossed the market-place to inspect our cottage for the twentieth time,—cottage by courtesy,—next door to my father's mansion, by far the best and handsomest in the place. It was some distance from Charlotte's house, where she and her widowed mother lived;—all the way down the lime-tree avenue, then over the breezy

common, besides traversing the principal and only street, which terminated in the village market place.

The front of our house was quakerlike, in point of neatness and humility. But enter. It is not hard to display good taste when the banker's book puts no veto on the choice gems of furniture, which give the finishing touch to the whole. Then pass through, and bestow a glance upon our living rooms looking down upon that greatest of luxuries, a terraced garden, commanding the country—and not a little of that country mine already—the farm which my father had given me, to keep me quiet and contented at home. For the closing perspective of our view, there was the sea, like a bright blue rampart rising before us. White-sailed vessels, or self-willed steamers, flitted to and fro for our amusement.

We tripped down the terrace steps, and of course looked in upon the little artificial grotto to the right, which I had caused to be lined throughout with foreign shells and glittering spars,—more gifts from my ever-bountiful father. Charlotte and I went laughingly along the straight gravel walk, flanked on each side with a regiment of dahlias; that led us to the little gate, opening to give us admission to my father's own pleasure-ground and orchard.

The dear old man was rejoiced to receive us. A daughter was what he so long had wished for. We hardly knew whether to smile, or weep for joy, as we all sat together on the same rustic bench, overshadowed by the tulip-tree, which some one said my father had himself brought from North America. But of the means by which he became possessed of many of his choicest treasures, he never breathed a syllable to me. His father, I very well knew, was nothing more than a homely farmer, cultivating no great extent of not too productive sea-side land; but Charlotte's lace dress which she was to wear to-morrow—again another present from him—was, her mother proudly pronounced, valuable and handsome enough for a princess.

Charlotte half whispered, half said aloud, that she had no fear now that Richard Leroy, her boisterous admirer, would dare to attempt his reported threat to carry her off to the continent in his cutter. Richard's name made my father frown, so we said no more; we lapsed again into that dreamy state of silent enjoyment, which was the best expression of our happiness.

Leroy's father was called a farmer; but on our portion of the English coast there are many things that are well understood rather than clearly and distinctly expressed; and no one had ever enlightened my ignorance. My father was on speaking terms with him, that was all; courteous, but distant; half timid, half mysterious. He discouraged my childish intimacy with Richard; yet he did not go so far as to forbid it. Once, when I urged

him to allow me to accompany young Leroy in his boat, to fish in the Channel one calm and bright summer morning, he peremptorily answered, "No! I do not wish *you* to learn to be a smuggler." But then, he instantly checked himself, and afterwards was more anxious and kind to me than ever. Still Richard and I continued playfellows until we grew up, and both admired Charlotte. He would have made a formal proposal for her hand, if the marked discouragement of her family had not shut out every opportunity. This touched his pride, and once made him declare, in an off-hand way, that it would cost him but very little trouble to land such a light cargo as that, some pleasant evening, in France, or even on one of the Azore Islands, if orange groves and orange blossoms were what my lady cared about. It is wonderful how far, and how swiftly, heedless words do fly when once they are uttered. Such speeches did not close the breach, but instead, laid the first foundation for one of those confirmed estrangements which village neighbourhoods only know. The repugnance manifested by Charlotte's friends was partly caused by the mystery which hung to Richard's ample means. The choice was unhesitatingly made in my favour. In consequence, as a sort of rejected candidate, Richard Leroy really did lie, amongst us, under an unexpressed and indefinite ban, which was by no means likely to be removed by the roystering, scornful air of superiority with which he mostly spoke of, looked at, and treated us.

Charlotte and I took leave of my father on that grey September evening with the full conviction that every blessing was in store for us which affection and wealth had the power to procure. Over the green, and up the lime-tree avenue, and then, good-night, my lady-love! Good-night, thus parting, for the very last time. To-morrow—ah! think of to-morrow. The quarters of the church clock strike half-past nine. Good-night, dear mother-in-law. And, once more, good-night, Charlotte!

It was somewhat early to leave; but my father's plans required it. He desired that we should be married, not at the church of the village where we all resided, but at one distant a short walk, in which he took a peculiar interest—where he had selected the spot for a family burial-place, and where he wished the family registers to be kept. It was a secluded hamlet; and my father had simply made the request that I would lodge for a while at a farm-house there, in order that the wedding might be performed at the place he fixed his heart upon. My duty and my interest were to obey.

"Good night, Charlotte," had not long been uttered, before I was fairly on the way to my temporary home. Our village, and its few scattered lights, were soon left behind, and I then was upon the open down, walking on with a springing step. On one side was

spread the English Channel; and from time to time I could mark the appearance of the light at Cape Grinez, on the French coast opposite. There it was, coming and going, flashing out and dying away, with never-ceasing coquetry. The cliff lay between my path and the sea. There was no danger; for, although the moon was not up, it was bright starlight. I knew every inch of the way as well as I did my father's garden walks. In September, however, mists will rise; and, as I approached the valley, there came the offspring of the pretty stream which ran through it, something like a light cloud running along the ground before the wind. Is there a night-fog coming on? Perhaps there may be. If so, better steer quite clear of the cliff, by means of a gentle circuit inland. It is quite impossible to miss the valley; and, once in the valley, it is equally difficult to miss the hamlet. Richard Leroy has been frequently backward and forward the last few evenings: it would be strange if we should chance to meet here, and on such an occasion.

On, and still on, cheerly. In a few minutes more I shall reach the farm, and then, to pass one more solitary night is almost a pleasurable delay, a refinement in happiness. I could sing and dance for joy. Yes, dance all alone, on the elastic turf! There! just one foolish caper; just one—

Good God! is this not the shock of an earthquake? I hasten to advance another step, but the ground beneath me quivers and sinks. I grasp at the side of a yawning pitfall, but grasp in vain. Down, down, down, I fall headlong.

When my senses returned, and I could look about me, the moon had risen, and was shining in at the treacherous hole through which I had fallen. A glance was only too sufficient to explain my position. Why had I always so foolishly refused to allow the farmer to meet me half way, and accompany me to his house every evening; knowing, as I did know, how the chalk and limestone of the district had been undermined in catacombs, sinuous and secret for wells, flint, manure, building, materials, and other purposes? My poor father and Charlotte!

Patience. It can hardly be possible that now, on the eve of marriage, I am suddenly doomed to a lingering death. The night *must* be passed here, and daylight will show some means of escape. I will lie down on this heap of earth that fell under me.

Amidst despairing thoughts, and a hideous waking nightmare, daylight slowly came.

The waning moon had not revealed the extremity of my despair; but now it was clearly visible that I had fallen double the height I supposed. But for the turf which had fallen under me, I must have been killed on the spot. The hole was too large for me to creep up, by pressing against it with my back and knees; and there were no friendly knots or protuberances visible up its smooth

sides. The chasm increased in diameter as it descended; like an inverted funnel. I might possibly climb up a wall; but could I creep along a ceiling?

I shouted as I lay; no one answered. I shouted again—and again. Then I thought that too much shouting would exhaust my strength, and unfit me for the task of mounting. I measured with my eye the distance from stratum to stratum of each well-marked layer of chalk. And then, the successive beds of flint—they gave me the greatest hopes. If footholes could only be cut! Though the feat was difficult, it might be practicable. The attempt must be made.

I arose, stiff and bruised. No matter. The first layer of flints was not more than seven or eight feet overhead. Those once reached, I could secure a footing, and obtain a first starting-place for escape. I tried to climb to them with my feet and hands. Impossible! the crumbling wall would not support half my weight. As fast as I attempted to get handhold or footing, it fell in fragments to the ground.

But, a better thought—to dig it away, and make a mound so high that, by standing on it, I could manage to reach the flint with my hands. I had my knife to help me; and, after much hard work, my object was accomplished, and I got within reach of the shelf.

My hands had firm hold of the horizontal flint. They were cut with clinging; but I found that, by raising myself, and then thrusting my feet into the chalk and marl, I could support myself with one hand only, leaving the other free to work. I did work; clearing away the chalk above the flint, so as to give me greater standing room. At last, I thought I might venture upon the ledge itself. By a supreme effort, I reached the shelf; but moisture had made the chalk unctuous and slippery to the baffled grasp. It was in vain to think of mounting higher, with no point of support, no firm footing. A desperate leap across the chasm afforded not the slightest hope; because, even if successful, I could not for one moment maintain the advantage gained. I was determined to remain on the ledge of flint. Another moment, and a rattling on the floor soon taught me my powerlessness. Down sunk the chalk beneath my weight; and the stony table fell from its fixture, only just failing to crush me under it. Stunned, and cut, and bruised, I spent some time prostrated by half conscious but acute sensations of misery. Sleep, which as yet I had not felt, began to steal over me, but could gain no mastery. With each moment of incipient unconsciousness, Charlotte was presented to me, first, in her wedding-dress; next, on our terrace beckoning me gaily from the garden below; then, we were walking arm-in-arm in smiling conversation; or seated happily together in my father's library. But the full consciousness which rapidly succeeded

presented each moment the hideous truth. It was now broad day; and I realised Charlotte's sufferings. I beheld her awaiting me in her bridal dress; now hastening to the window, and straining her sight over the valley, in the hope of my approach; now stricken down by despair at my absence. My father, too, whose life had been always bound up in mine! These fancies destroyed my power of thought. I felt wild and frenzied. I raved and shouted, and then listened, knowing no answer could come.

But an answer did come: a maddening answer. The sound of bells, dull, dead, and in my hideous well-hole, just distinguishable. They rang out my marriage peal. Why was I not buried alive when I first fell?

I could have drunk blood, in my thirst, had it been offered to me. Die I must, I felt full well; but let me not die with my mouth in flame? Then came the struggle of sleep; and then fitful, tantalising dreams. Charlotte appeared to me plucking grapes, and dropping them playfully into my mouth; or catching water in the hollow of her hand, from the little cascade in our grotto, and I drank. But hark! drip, drip, and again drip! Is this madness still? No. There must be water oozing somewhere out of the sides of this detested hole. Where the treacherous wall is slimiest, where the green patches are brightest and widest spread on the clammy sides of my living sepulchre, there will be the spot to dig and to search.

Again the knife. Every blow gives a more dead and hollow sound. The chalk dislodged is certainly not moister; but the blade sticks fast into wood—the wood of a cask; something slowly begins to trickle down. It is brandy!

Brandy! shall I taste it? Yet, why not? I did; and soon for a time remembered nothing.

I retained a vivid and excited consciousness up to one precise moment, which might have been marked by a stop-watch, and then all outward things were shut out, as suddenly as as if a lamp had been extinguished. A long and utter blank succeeded. I have no further recollection either of the duration of time, or of any bodily suffering. Had I died by alcoholic poison—and it is a miracle the brandy did not kill me—then would have been the end of my actual and conscious existence. My senses were dead. If what happened afterwards had occurred at that time, there would have been no story for you to listen to.

Once more, a burning thirst. Hunger had entirely passed away. I looked up, and all was dark; not even the stars or the cloudy sky were to be seen at the opening of my cavern. A shower of earth and heavy stones fell upon me as I lay. I still was barely awake and conscious, and a groan was the only evidence which escaped me that I had again recovered the use of my senses.

"Halloa! What's that down there?" said a voice whose tone was familiar to me. I uttered a faint but frantic cry.

I heard a moment's whispering, and the hollow echo of departing footsteps, and then all was still again. The voice over head once more addressed me.

"Courage, George; keep up your spirits! In two minutes I will come and haul you. Don't you know me?"

I then did know that it could be no other than my old rival, Richard Leroy. Before I could collect my thoughts, a light glimmered against one side of the well; and then, in the direction opposite the fallen table of flint, and just over it, Richard appeared, with a lantern in one hand, and a rope tied to a stick across it in the other.

Have you strength enough left to sit upon this, and to hold by the rope while I haul you up?"

"I think I have," I said. I got the stick under me, and held by the rope to keep steady on my seat. Richard planted his feet firmly on the edge of his standing-place, and hauled me up. By a sleight of hand and an effort of strength, in which I was too weak to render him the least assistance, he landed me at the mouth of a subterranean gallery opening into the well. I could just see, on looking back, that if I had only maintained my position on the ledge of flint, and improved it a little, I might, by a daring and vigorous leap, have sprung to the entrance of this very gallery. But those ideas were now useless. I was so thoroughly worn out that I could scarcely stand, and an entreaty for water preceded even my expression of thanks.

"You shall drink your fill in one instant, and I am heartily glad to have helped you; but first let me mention one thing. It is understood that you keep my secret. You cannot leave this place—unless I blindfold you, which would be an insult—without learning the way to return to it; and of course, what you see along the galleries are to you nothing but shadows and dreams. Have I your promise?"

I was unable to make any other reply than to seize his hand, and burst into tears. How I got from the caverns to the face of the cliff, how thence to the beach, the secluded hamlet, and the sleeping village, does really seem to my memory like a vision. On the way across the downs, Leroy stopped once or twice, more for the sake of resting my aching limbs, than of taking breath or repose himself. During those intervals, he quietly remarked to me how prejudiced and unfair we had all of us been to him; that as for Charlotte he considered her as a child, a little sister, almost even as a baby plaything. She was not the woman for him; he for his part, liked a girl with a little more of the devil about her. No doubt he could have carried her off; and no doubt she would have loved

him desperately a fortnight afterwards. But, when he had once got her, what should he have done with such a blue-eyed milk-and-water angel as that? Nothing serious to annoy us had ever entered his head. And my father ought not quite to forget the source of his own fortune, and hold himself aloof from his equals; although he might be lying quiet in harbour at present. Really it was a joke, that, instead of eloping with the bride, he should be bringing home the eloped bridegroom!

I fainted when he carried me into my father's house, and I remembered no more than his temporary adieu. But afterwards, all went on slowly and surely. My father and Richard became good friends, and the old gentleman acquired such influence over him, that Leroy's "pleasure trips" soon became rare, and finally ceased altogether. At the last run, he brought a foreign wife over with him, and nothing besides—a Dutch woman of great beauty and accomplishments; who, as he said, was as fitting a helpmate for him, as Charlotte, he acknowledged, was for me. He also took a neighbouring parish church and its appurtenances into favour, and settled down as a landsman within a few miles of us. And, if our families continue to go on in the friendly way they have done for the last few years, it seems likely that a Richard may conduct a Charlotte, to enter their names together in a favourite register book.

THE COLONEL'S STORY.

UNTIL I was fifteen I lived at home with my widowed mother and two sisters. My mother was the widow of an officer, who was killed in one of the battles with Hyder Ali, and enjoyed a pension from the Indian Government. I was the youngest; and soon after my fifteenth birthday she died suddenly. My sisters went to India on the invitation of a distant relation of my mother; and I was sent to school, where I was very unhappy. You will, therefore, easily imagine with what pleasure I received a visit from a handsome jovial old gentleman, who told me that he was my father's elder half-brother; that they had been separated by a quarrel early in life, but that now, being a widower and childless, he had found me out, and determined to adopt me.

The truth was, the old man loved company; and that as his chief income—a large one—was derived from a mine, near which he lived, in a very remote part of the country, he was well pleased to have a young companion who looked like a gentleman, and could be useful as carver, collar-keeper, and secretary.

Installed in his house, a room was assigned to me, and I had a servant, and a couple of excellent horses. He made me understand that I need give myself no further anxiety on the subject of my future, that I might abandon the idea of proceeding to India in the Com-

pany's service, where a cadetship had been secured for me; and that so long as I conformed to his ways, it was no matter whether I studied or not; in fact, it was no matter what I did.

Some time after becoming thus settled at Beechgrove Hall, my uncle's attacks of gout, in spite of the generous living he adopted as a precaution, became so severe, that he was unable to stir out except in a wheeled chair, and it was with difficulty that he was lifted occasionally into his carriage. The consequence was, that to me all his business naturally fell, and although he grumbled at losing my society and attention, he was obliged to send me to London to watch the progress of a canal bill, in which he was deeply interested. It was my first visit to London. I was well provided with introductions and with funds. My uncle's business occupied me in the morning, for I dreaded his displeasure too much to neglect it; but in the evenings I plunged into every amusement, with all the keen zest of novelty and youth.

I cannot say that up to that period I had never been in love. My uncle had twice seriously warned me that if I made a fool of myself for anything less than a large fortune, he would never forgive me. "If, Sir," he said, when, on the second occasion, he saw me blush and tremble—for I was too proud and too self-willed to bear patiently such control—"If, Sir, you like to make an ass of yourself for a pretty face, like Miss Willington, with her three brothers and five sisters, half of whom you'd have to keep, you may do it with your own money; you shall not do it with mine."

I told my only confidant, Dr. Creeleigh, of this; he answered me, "You have only about a hundred and twenty a year of your own from the estate you inherited from your father, and you are living with your horses and dogs at the rate of five hundred a year. How would you like to see your wife and children dressed and housed like the curate—poor Mr. Serge. Your uncle can't live for ever." The argument was enough for me, who had only found Clara Willington the best partner in a country dance. My time was not come.

My lodgings in London were in a large, old-fashioned house in Westminster—formerly the residence of a nobleman—which was a perfect caravanserai, in the number and variety of its inmates. The best rooms were let to Members of Parliament and persons like myself; but, in the upper floor, many persons of humbler means but genteel pretensions had rooms. Here, I frequently met on the stairs, carrying a roll of music, a tall, elegant female figure, dressed in black, and closely veiled; sometimes, when I had to step on one side, a slight bow was exchanged, but for several weeks that was all. At length my curiosity was piqued; the neat ankles, a small white hand, a dark curl peeping out of the veil, made me anxious to know more.

Inquiries discreetly applied to Mrs. Gough, the housekeeper, told me enough to make me wish to know still more. Her name was Laura Delacourt: not more than twenty, or twenty-two years of age; she had lived four years previously with her husband in the best apartments in the house in great luxury for one winter. Mr. Delacourt was a Frenchman and a gambler; very handsome and very dissipated; it seemed as if it was her fortune they were spending. Mrs. Gough said it was enough to make one's heart break to see that young pretty creature sitting up in her ball dress when her husband had sent her home alone, and remained to play until daylight. They went away, and nothing more was heard of them until just before my arrival. About that time Madame Delacourt became very humble, had taken a room on the third floor: had only mentioned her husband to say he was dead, and now apparently lived by giving music lessons.

It would be too long a story to tell how, by making the old housekeeper my ambassador, by anonymous presents of fruit and game, by offering to take music lessons, and by professing to require large quantities of music copied, I made first the acquaintance, and then became the intimate friend of Madame Delacourt. While keeping me at a freezing distance, and insisting on always having present at our interviews a half servant, half companion, of that indescribable age, figure, and appearance that is only grown in France, she step by step confided to me her history. An English girl, born in France, the daughter of a war prisoner at Verdun, married to the very handsome Monsieur Delacourt at sixteen, by a mother who was herself anxious to make a second marriage. In twelve months, Monsieur Delacourt had expended her small fortune, and deserted her for an opera dancer of twice her age.

All this, told with a charming accent in melancholy tones—she looking on me sadly with a face which, for expression, I have never seen equalled—produced an impression which those only can understand who have been themselves young and in love.

For weeks this went on, without one sign of encouragement on her part, except that she allowed me to sit with her in the evenings, while her *bonne* saddled at some interminable work, and she sang—O! how divinely! She would receive no presents directly from me; but I sent them anonymously, and dresses and furniture and costly trifles and books reached her daily. I spoke at last; and then she stopped me with a cold faint smile, saying, "Cease! I must not listen to you." She pleaded her too recent widowhood, but I persevered; and, after a time, conquered.

She knew my small fortune and large expectations; she knew that our marriage must be a secret; but she was willing to live anywhere, and was well content to quit a life in which she had known so much trouble.

Before the session ended, we were married in an obscure church in the City, with no one present but the clerk and the pew-opener. We spent the few following days at a small inn, in a fishing village. Then I had to leave town and carry out the plan I had proposed. I left my wife in lodgings, under an assumed name, at a town within forty miles of our residence. I had some time previously persuaded my uncle to let me take a lease from Lord Mardall of some untouched mineral ground, on very favourable terms, in a wild, thinly peopled district, which was only visited by the gentry for field sports. This afforded me an excuse for being away from home one or two days every week.

Not far from the mines was the remains of a forest, and coverts abounding in game. In a little sloping dell, one of the Lord Mardall's ancestors had built a small shooting lodge, and one of the keepers in charge had planted there fruit trees, and ornamental trees, for which he had a taste, being the son of a gardener. On this wild nest, miles away from any other residence, I had fixed my mind. It was half in ruins, and there was no difficulty in obtaining possession. With money and workmen at my command, very soon a garden smiled, and a fountain bubbled at Orchard Spring; roses and climbing plants covered the steep hill side, and the small stone cottage was made, at a slight expense, a wonder of comfort. The cage being ready, I brought my bird there. The first months were all joy, all happiness. My uncle only complained that I had lost my jovial spirits.

I counted every day until the day when I could mount my horse and set off for the new mines. Five and twenty miles to ride over a rough mountain road; two fords to cross, often swelled by winter rains; but day or night, moonlight or dark, I dashed along, pressing too often my willing horse with loose rein up and down steep hills; all lost in love and anxious thought I rode, until in the distance the plashing sound of the mountain torrent rolling over our garden cascade, told me I was near my darling.

My horse's footsteps were heard, and before I had passed the avenue the door flew open, the bright fire blazed out, and Laura came forward to receive me in her arms.

I had begged her to get everything she might require from London, and have it sent, to avoid all suspicion, to the nearest port, and then brought by her own servant, a country clown, with a horse and cart; and I had given her a cheque book, signed in blank. After a time I saw signs of extravagance; in furniture, in dress, but especially in jewels. I remonstrated gently, and was met first with tears, then sullen fits. I learned that Laura had a temper for which I was quite unprepared.

The ice was broken; no more pleasant holidays at Orchard Spring. The girl, once so humble, now assumed a haughty, jealous air;

80

every word was a cause of offence; I never came when wanted or stayed as long as I was required; half my time was spent in scenes of reproach, of tears, hysterics, lamentations; peace was only to be purchased by some costly present. Our maid servant, a simple country girl, stood amazed; the meek angel had become a tigress. I loved her still, but feared her; yet even love began to fail before so much violence. A dreadful idea began slowly to intrude itself into my mind. Was she tired of me? Was her story of her life true? Had she ever loved me? The next time that I made up my banker's book, I was shocked to find that, in the short time since my last remonstrance, Laura had drawn a large sum of money. I lost no time in galloping to Orchard Spring. She was absent. Where was she? No one knew. Severe cross-examination brought out that she had been away two days; I had not been expected that week. I thought I should have choked.

In the midst I heard the steps of her horse. She came in and confronted me. Looking most beautiful and most demoniacal, she defied me; she threatened to expose me to my uncle; declared she had never loved me, but had taken me for a home. At length her frenzy rose to such a height, that she struck me. Then all the violent pent-up rage of my heart broke out. I know not what passed, until I found myself galloping furiously across the mountain ridge that divided the county. Obligated to slacken my pace in passing through a ford, some one spoke to me; how I answered I know not. Whatever it was, it was a mad answer.

I listened to nothing, and pressed on my weary steed until just before reaching the moorland, when, descending into a water-course, he fell on his head, throwing me over with such force, that for some time I lay senseless. I came to myself to find my poor horse standing over me dead lame. I led him on to the inn door, and knocked. It was midnight, and I was not readily admitted. The landlord, when he saw me, started back with an explanation of horror. My face and shirt were covered with blood.

Worn-out, bruised, and exhausted by fatigue and passion, I slept. I was rudely awakened, and found myself in the custody of two constables. Two mounted gamekeepers, and Lord Mardall, had followed and traced me to the inn.

"On what charge?" I asked amazed.

"For murder," said Lord Mardall.

"The lady at Orchard Spring," said one of the gamekeepers.

I was examined before magistrates; but was unable to give any coherent answers; and was committed to the county jail. My uncle remitted me a sum of money for my defence, and desired never to see me again.

I will give you a description of my trial from the newspapers.

The prisoner had clandestinely married

a lady of great beauty and unknown family, probably in station beneath himself, and had placed her under an assumed name in a lonely cottage. After a season of affection, quarrels had broken out, which, as would be proved by the servant, had constantly increased in violence. On the last occasion when the unfortunate victim was seen alive by her servant, a quarrel of a most fearful description had commenced. It was something about money. The servant had been so much alarmed, that she had left the cottage and gone down to her mother's, a mile away over the hill, where she had previously been ordered to go to obtain some poultry. From something that passed her mother would not allow her to return. It would then be proved that Lord Mardall, attracted by the howling of a dog, when out shooting the next morning, had entered the open door of the cottage, and had there found the prisoner's wife dead, with a severe fracture of the skull. The prisoner had been pursued, from some information as to his usual course, and found asleep in the chimney corner of the Moor Inn, his clothes and shirt deeply stained with blood. It could be proved that he had washed his face and hands immediately on entering, and attributed the blood to the fall from his horse. But on examination no cuts were found on his person sufficient to cause such an effusion of blood.

But when Lord Mardall was called, he deposed to two facts which produced a great impression in favour of the prisoner. He saw the body at five o'clock, and it was scarcely cold. He had found in one of the victim's hands a lock of hair, which she had evidently torn from her assailant in her struggles; which had been desperate. He had sealed it up, and never let it out of his possession. The nails of her other hand were broken, and were marked with blood. She had no rings on either of her hands, though she was in the habit of wearing a great number; there were marks of rings, and of one which seemed to have been violently torn off. A packet of plate had been found on the kitchen table, a knife, and a loaf marked with blood.

Counsel were not allowed to speak for the defence in those days, and the prisoner was not in a condition to speak on the evidence against him. Witnesses for the defence were called, who proved that the lady wore frequently certain peculiar bracelets. The prisoner, who seemed stupefied by his emotions, declined to say anything; but his counsel asked the maid-servant, and also the farmer who occasionally sold meat to Orchard Spring, if they should know the rings and bracelets if they saw them.

He then called Richard Perkins, jailor of the county prison, and asked him these questions:

"Had you any prisoner committed about the same time as the prisoner at the bar?"

I had a man called Hay-making Dick, for

horse-stealing, the day after the discovery of the murder."

"Was it a valuable horse?"

"No; it was a mare, blind of one eye, very old, and with a large fen spavin. I knew her well; used to drive her in the gaol cart; but when warm she was faster than anything about."

"Do you suppose Hay-making Dick took the mare to sell?"

"Certainly not. She would not fetch a crown, except to those that knew her. No doubt he had been up to some mischief, and wanted to get out of the county, only luckily he rode against the blacksmith that owned the mare and was taken."

The judge thought these questions irrelevant; but after some conversation, permitted the examination to go on.

"Has Perkins searched the prisoner, and has he found anything of value?"

The jailor produced two bracelets, four rings—one a diamond hoop, one a seal ring—and a canvass wheat-bag containing gold, with several French coins. On one of the bracelets was engraved "Charles to Laura," and a date. In answer to another question, he had found several severe scratches on Dick's face, made apparently by nails, which he declared had been done in an up and down fight at Broad-green Fair. Also a severe raw scar on his left temple, as if hair had been pulled out.

At this stage of the proceedings, by order of the judge, the prisoner Dick was brought up. The lock of hair taken by Lord Mardall from the murdered lady's hand was compared with Dick's head. It matched exactly, although Dick's hair had been cut short and washed. Then Mr. Monley gave evidence, that when he met the prisoner, on the night of the murder, immediately after he had left the cottage, there certainly was no blood on his face or dress. The landlord of the Moon Inn was called, and deposed, that he found the corn, placed before the Prisoner's horse, uneaten and much stained with blood. On examining the horse's tongue, he saw that it had been half-bitten off in the fall the animal had suffered. No doubt the blood had dripped over the young Squire.

It was a bright moonlight night shining in the prisoner's face.

The judge summed up for an acquittal, and the jury gave a verdict of Not Guilty, without leaving the box.

A week after, Haymaking Dick made an attempt to break out of prison, in which he knocked out the brains of a turnkey with his irons. He was tried and condemned for this, and when hope of escape was gone, he called a favourite turnkey to him and said, "Bill, I killed the French woman, I knew she always had plenty of money and jewels, and I watched my opportunity to get 'em."

Thus ends the newspaper reports. My uncle died of gout in his stomach on the day

of the trial, and died almost insolvent. By Lord Marcell's influence I received an appointment from the East India Company, and afterwards a commission in their irregular service.

THE SCHOLAR'S STORY.

I PERCEIVE a general fear on the part of this pleasant company, that I am going to burst into black-letter, and beguile the time by being as dry as ashes. No, there is no such fear, you can assure me? I am glad to hear it; but I thought there was.

At any rate, both to relieve your minds and to place myself beyond suspicion, I will say at once that my story is a ballad. It was taken down, as I am going to repeat it, seventy-one years ago, by the mother of the person who communicated it to M. Villemarque when he was making his collection of Breton Ballads. It is slightly confirmed by the chronicles and Ecclesiastical Acts of the time; but no more of them or your really will suspect me. It runs, according to my version, thus.

Sole child of her house, a lovely maid,
In the lordly halls of Rohan played.

Played till thirteen, when her sire was bent
To see her wed; and she gave consent.

And many a lord of high degree
Came suing her chosen knight to be;

But amongst them all there pleased her none
Save the noble Count Mathieu alone;

Lord of the Castle of Tongoli,
A princely knight of Italy.

To him so courteous, true and brave,
Her heart the maiden freely gave.

Three years since the day they first were wed
In peace and in bliss away had sped,

When tidings came on the winds abroad,
That all were to take the cross of God.

Then spake the Count like a noble knight:
"Aye first in birth should be first in fight!"

"And, since to this Paynim war I must,
Dear cousin, I leave thee here in trust.

"My wife and my child I leave to thee;
Guard them, good clerk, as thy life for me!"

Early next morn, from his castle gate,
As rode forth the knight in bannered state,

Down the marble steps, all full of fears,
The lady bled her with moans and tears—

The loving, sweet lady, sobbing wild—
And laid on her breast her baby child.

She ran to her lord with a breathless speed,
As backward she reined his fiery steed;

She caught and she clasped him round the knee;
She wept and she prayed him piteously:

"Oh stay with me, stay! my lord, my love!
Go not, I beg, by the saints above;

"Leave me not here alone, I pray,
To weep on your baby's face alway!"

The knight was touched with her sad despair,
And fondly gazed on her face so fair;

And stretched out his hand, and stooping low,
Raised her up straight to his saddle-bow;

And held her pressed to his bosom then,
And kissed her o'er and o'er again.

"Come, dry these tears, my little Joan;
A single year, it will soon be flown!"

His baby dear in his arms he took,
And looked on him with a proud, fond look:

"My boy, when thou'rt a man," said he,
"Wilt ride to the wars along with me!"

Then away he spurred across the plain,
And old and young they wept again;

Both rich and poor, wept every one;
But that same clerk—ah! he wept none.

II.

The treacherous clerk one morning tide,
With artful speeches the lady plied:

"Lo! ended now is that single year,
And ended too is the war I hear;

"But yet, thy lord to return to thee,
Would seem in no haste at all to be.

"Now, ask of your heart, my lady dear,
Is there no other might please it here?"

"Need wives still keep themselves unwed,
E'en though their husband should not be dead?"

"Silence! thou wretched clerk!" cried she,
"Thy heart is filled full of sin, I see.

"When my lord returns, if I whisper him,
Thou know'st he'll tear thee limb from limb."

As soon as the clerk thus answered she
He stole to the kennel secretly.

He called to the hound so swift and true,
The hound that his lord loved best, he knew

It came to his call—leapt up in play;
One gash in the throat, and dead it lay.

As trickled the blood from out the throat,
He dipped in that red ink and wrote:

A letter he wrote with a liar's heed,
And sent it straight to the camp with speed.

And these were the words the letter bore:
"Dear lord your wife she is fretting sore.

"Fretting and grieving, your wife so dear,
For a sad mischance befallen here.

"Chasing the doe on the mountain-side,
Thy beautiful greyhound burst and died."

The Count so guileless then answer made,
And thus to his faithless cousin said:

"Now bid my own little wife, I pray,
To fret not for this mischance one day.

"My hound is dead—well! money have I
Another, when I come back, to buy.

"Yet who'd better not hunt agen,
For hunters are oft but wildish men."

III.

The miscreant clerk once more he came,
As she wept in her bower, to the peerless dame.

"O lady, with weeping night and day,
Your beauty is fading fast away."

"And what care I though it fading be,
When my own dear lord comes not to me!"

"Thy own dear lord has, I fancy, wed
Another ere this, or else he's dead.

"The Moorish maidens though dark are fair,
And gold in plenty have got to spare;

"The Moorish chiefs on the battle plain
Thousands as valiant as he have slain.

"If he's wed another—Oh curse, not fret;
Or, if he's dead—why straight forget!"

"If he's wed another I'll die," she said;
"And I'll die likewise, if he be dead!"

"In case one chances to lose the key,
No need of burning the byre, I see.

"I were wiser, if I might speak my mind
A new and a better key to find."

"Now hold, thou wretched clerk, thy tongue,
'Tis foul with lewdness—more rotten than dung."

As soon as the clerk thus answered she,
He stole to the stable secretly.

He looked at his lord's own favourite steed,
Unmatched for beauty, for strength and speed;

White as an egg, and more smooth to touch,
Light as a bird, and for fire none such;

On nought had she fed since she was born,
Save fine chopped heath and the best of corn.

Awhile the bonny white mare he eyed,
Then struck his dirk in her velvet side;

And when the bonny white mare lay dead,
Again to the Count he wrote and said:

"Of a fresh mischance I now send word,
But let it not vex thee much, dear lord;

"Hasting back from a revel last night,
My lady rode on thy favourite white—

"So hotly rode, it stumbled and fell,
And broke both legs as I grieve to tell."

The Count then answered, "Ah! woe, is me
My bonny white mare no more to see!

"My mare she has killed; my hound killed too;
Good cousin now give her council true.

"Yet scold her not either; but say from me,
To no more revels at night must she.

"Not horses' legs alone, I fear,
But wively vows may be broken there!"

IV.

The clerk a few days let pass and then
Back to the charge returned agen.

"Lady, now yield, or you die!" said he:
"Choose which you will—choose speedily!"

"Ten thousand deaths would I rather die,
Than shame upon me my God should cry!"

The clerk when he saw he nought might gain,
No more could his smothered wrath contain:

So soon as those words had left her tongue,
His dagger right at her head he flung.

But swift her white angel, hovering nigh,
Turned it aside as it flashed her by.

The lady straight to her chamber flew,
And bolt and bar behind her drew.

The clerk his dagger snatched up and shook,
And grinned with an angry ban-dog's look.

Down the broad stairs in his rage came he,
Two steps at a time, two steps and three.

Then on to the nurse's room he crept,
Where softly the winsome baby slept—

Softly, and sweetly, and all alone:
One arm from the silken cradle thrown—

One little round arm just o'er it laid,
Folded the other beneath his head;

His little white breast—ah, brush! be still!
Pee-mother, go now and weep your fill!

Away to his room the clerk then sped,
And wrote a letter in black and red;

In haste, post haste, to the Count wrote he:
"There is need, dear lord, sore need of thee!

"Oh speed now, speed, to thy castle back,
For all runs riot, and runs to wrack.

"Thy hound is killed, and thy mare is killed,
But not for these with grief I'm filled.

"Nor is it for these thou wilt care;
Thy darling is dead! thy son, thy heir!

"The sow she seized and devoured him all,
While thy wife was dancing at the ball;

"Dancing there with the miller gay,
Her young gallant, as the people say."

V.

That letter came to the valiant knight,
Hastening home from the Paynim fight;

With trumpet sound, from the Eastern strand,
Hastening home to his own dear land.

So soon as he read the missive through,
Fearful to see his anger grow.

The scroll in his mailed hand he took,
And crumpled it up with a furious look;

To bits with his teeth he tore the sheet,
And spat them out at his horse's feet.

"Now quick to Brittany, quick, my men,
The homes that you love to see again!

"Thou loitering squire! ride yet more quick,
Or my lance shall teach thee how to prick!"

But when he stood at his castle gate,
Three lordly blows he struck it straight;

Three angry blows he struck thereon,
Which made them tremble every one.

The clerk he heard, and down he hied,
And opened at once the portal wide.

"Oh cursed cousin, that this should be!
Did I not trust my wife to thee?"

His spear down the traitor's throat he drove,
Till out at his back the red point clove.

Then up he rushed to the bridal bower,
Where drooped his lady like some pale flower.

And ere she could speak a single word,
She fell at his feet beneath his sword.

VL

"O holy priest! now tell to me
What didst thou up at the castle see?"

"I saw a grief and a terror more
Than ever I saw on earth before.

"I saw a martyr give up her breath,
And her slayer sorrowing e'en to death."

"O holy priest! now tell to me
What didst thou down at the crossway see?"

"I saw a corpse that all mangled lay,
And the dogs and ravens made their prey."

"O holy priest! now tell to me
What didst thou next in the churchyard see?"

"By a new-made grave in soft moonlight,
I saw a fair lady clothed in white;

"Nursing a little child on her knee—
A dark red wound on his breast had he.

"A noble hound lay conched at her right,
A steed at her left of bonniest white;

"The first a gash in his throat-had wide,
And this as deep a stab in its side.

"They raised their heads to the lady's knee,
And they licked their soft hands tenderly.

"She gently patted their necks, the while
Smiling, though stilly, a fair sweet smile.

"The child, as it fain its love would speak,
Circled and fondled its mother's cheek.

"But down went the moon then silently,
And my eyes no more their forms could see;

"But I heard a bird from out the skies
Warbling a song of Paradise!"

NOBODY'S STORY.

He lived on the bank of a mighty river, broad and deep, which was always silently rolling on to a vast undiscovered ocean. It had rolled on, ever since the world began. It had changed its course sometimes, and turned into new channels, leaving its old ways dry and barren; but it had ever been upon the flow, and ever was to flow until Time shall be no more. Against its strong, unfathomable stream, nothing made head. No living creature, no flower, no leaf, no particle of animate or inanimate existence, ever strayed back from the undiscovered ocean. The tide of the river set resistlessly towards it; and the tide never stopped, any more than the earth stops in its circling round the sun.

He lived in a busy place, and he worked very hard to live. He had no hope of ever being rich enough to live a month without

hard work, but he was quite content, God knows, to labour with a cheerful will. He was one of an immense family, all of whose sons and daughters gained their daily bread by daily work, prolonged from their rising up betimes until their lying down at night. Beyond this destiny he had no prospect, and he sought none.

There was over-much drumming, trumpeting, and speechmaking, in the neighbourhood where he dwelt; but he had nothing to do with that. Such clash and uproar came from the Bigwig family, at the unaccountable proceedings of which race he marvelled much. They set up the strangest statues, in iron, marble, bronze, and brass, before his door; and darkened his house with the legs and tails of uncouth images of horses. He wondered what it all meant, smiled in a rough good-humoured way he had, and kept at his hard work.

The Bigwig family (composed of all the stateliest people thereabouts, and all the noisiest) had undertaken to save him the trouble of thinking for himself, and to manage him and his affairs. "Why truly," said he, "I have little time upon my hands; and if you will be so good as to take care of me, in return for the money I pay over"—for the Bigwig family were not above his money—"I shall be relieved and much obliged, considering that you know best." Hence the drumming, trumpeting, and speechmaking, and the ugly images of horses which he was expected to fall down and worship.

"I don't understand all this," said he, rubbing his furrowed brow confusedly. "But it has a meaning, may be, if I could find it out."

"It means," returned the Bigwig family, suspecting something of what he said, "honour and glory in the highest, to the highest merit."

"Oh!" said he. And he was glad to hear that.

But, when he looked among the images in iron, marble, bronze, and brass, he failed to find a rather meritorious countryman of his, once the son of a Warwickshire wool-dealer, or any single countryman whosoever of that kind. He could find none of the men whose knowledge had rescued him and his children from terrific and disfiguring disease, whose boldness had raised his forefathers from the condition of serfs, whose wise infancy had opened a new and high existence to the humblest, whose skill had filled the working man's world with accumulated wonders. Whereas, he did find others whom he knew no good of, and even others whom he knew much ill of.

"Humph!" said he. "I don't quite understand it."

So, he went home, and sat down by his fire-side to get it out of his mind.

Now, his fire-side was a bare one, all hemmed in by blackened streets; but it was a precious place to him. The hands of his wife were hardened with toil, and she was old be-

fore her time; but she was dear to him. His children, stunted in their growth, bore traces of unwholesome nurture; but they had beauty in his sight. Above all other things, it was an earnest desire of this man's soul that his children should be taught. "If I am sometimes missed," said he, "for want of knowledge, at least let them know better, and avoid my mistakes. If it is hard to me to reap the harvest of pleasure and instruction that is stored in books, let it be easier to them."

But, the Bigwig family broke out into violent family quarrels concerning what it was lawful to teach to this man's children. Some of the family insisted on such a thing being primary and indispensable above all other things; and others of the family insisted on such another thing being primary and indispensable above all other things; and the Bigwig family, rent into factions, wrote pamphlets, held convocations, delivered charges, orations, and all varieties of discourses; impounded one another in courts Lay and courts Ecclesiastical; threw dirt, exchanged pummellings, and fell together by the ears in unintelligible animosity. Meanwhile, this man, in his short evening snatches at his fire-side, saw the demon Ignorance arise there, and take his children to itself. He saw his daughter perverted into a heavy slatternly drudge; he saw his son go moping down the ways of low sensuality, to brutality and crime; he saw the dawning light of intelligence in the eyes of his babies so changing into cunning and suspicion, that he could have rather wished them idiots.

"I don't understand this any the better," said he; "but I think it cannot be right. Nay, by the clouded Heaven above me, I protest against this as my wrong!"

Becoming peaceable again (for his passion was usually short lived, and his nature kind), he looked about him on his Sundays and holidays, and he saw how much monotony and weariness there was, and thence how drunkenness arose with all its train of ruin. Then he appealed to the Bigwig family, and said, "We are a labouring people, and I have a glimmering suspicion in me that labouring people of whatever condition, were made—by a higher intelligence than yours, as I poorly understand it—to be in need of mental refreshment and recreation. See what we fall into, when we rest without it. Come! Amuse me harmlessly, show me something, give me an escape!"

But, here the Bigwig family fell into a state of uproar absolutely deafening. When some few voices were faintly heard, proposing to show him the wonders of the world, the greatness of creation, the mighty changes of time, the workings of nature and the beauties of art—to show him these things, that is to say, at any period of his life when he could look upon them—there arose among the Bigwigs such roaring and raving, such pulpitizing and petitioning, such maundering and memoria-

lizing, such name-calling and dirt-throwing, such a shrill wind of parliamentary questioning and feeble replying—where "I dare not" waited on "I would"—that the poor fellow stood aghast, staring wildly around.

"Have I provoked all this," said he, with his hands to his affrighted ears, "by what was meant to be an innocent request, plainly arising out of my familiar experience, and the common knowledge of all men who choose to open their eyes? I don't understand, and I am not understood. What is to come of such a state of things?"

He was bending over his work, often asking himself the question, when the news began to spread that a pestilence had appeared among the labourers, and was slaying them by thousands. Going forth to look about him, he soon found this to be true. The dying and the dead were mingled in the close and tainted houses among which his life was passed. New poison was distilled into the always murky, always sickening air. The robust and the weak, old age and infancy, the father and the mother, all were stricken down alike.

What means of fight had he? He remained where he was, and saw those who were dearest to him die. A kind preacher came to him, and would have said some prayers to soften his heart in his gloom, but he replied:

"O what avails it, missionary, to come to me, a man condemned to residence in this foetid place, where every sense becomes a torment, and where every minute of my numbered days is new mire added to the heap under which I lie oppressed! But, give me my first glimpse of Heaven, through a little of its light and air; give me pure water; help me to be clean; lighten this heavy atmosphere and heavy life, in which our spirits sink, and we become the indifferent and callous creatures you too often see us; gently and kindly take the bodies of those who die among us, out of the small room where we grow to be so familiar with the awful change that even its sanctity is lost to us; and, Teacher, then I will hear—none know better than you, how willingly—of Him whose thoughts were so much with the poor, and who had compassion for all human sorrow!"

He was at his work again, solitary and sad, when his Master came and stood near to him, dressed in black. He, also, had suffered heavily. His young wife, his beautiful and good young wife, was dead; so, too, his only child.

"Master, 'tis hard to bear—I know it—but be comforted. I would give you comfort, if I could."

The Master thanked him from his heart, but, said he, "O you labouring men! The calamity began among you. If you had but lived more healthy and decently, I should not be the widowed and bereft mourner that I am this day."

"Master," returned the other, shaking his head, "I have begun to understand a little

that most calamities will come from us, as this one did, and that none will stop at our poor doors, until we are united with that great squabbling family yonder, to do the things that are right. We cannot live healthily and decently, unless they who undertook to manage us provide the means. We cannot be instructed, unless they will teach us; we cannot be rationally amused, unless they will amuse us; we cannot but have some false gods of our own, while they set up so many of theirs in all the public places. The evil consequences of imperfect instruction, the evil consequences of pernicious neglect, the evil consequences of unnatural restraint and the denial of humanizing enjoyments, will all come from us, and none of them will stop with us. They will spread far and wide. They always do; they always have done—just like the pestilence. I understand so much, I think, at last."

But the Master said again, "O you labouring men! how seldom do we ever hear of you, except in connection with some trouble!"

"Master," he replied, "I am Nobody, and little likely to be heard of, (nor yet much wanted to be heard of, perhaps) except when there is some trouble. But it never begins with me, and it can never end with me. As sure as Death, it comes down to me, and it goes up from me."

There was so much reason in what he said, that the Bigwig family, getting wind of it, and being horribly frightened by the late desolation, resolved to unite with him to do the things that were right—at all events, so far

as the said things were associated with the direct prevention, humanly speaking, of another pestilence. But as their fear wore off, which it soon began to do, they resumed their falling out among themselves, and did nothing. Consequently the scourge appeared again—low down as before—and spread avengingly upward as before, and carried off vast numbers of the brawlers. But not a man among them ever admitted, if in the least degree he ever perceived, that he had anything to do with it.

So Nobody lived and died in the old, old, old way; and this, in the main, is the whole of Nobody's story.

Had he no name, you ask? Perhaps it was Legion. It matters little what his name was. Let us call him Legion.

If you were ever in the Belgian villages near the field of Waterloo, you will have seen, in some quiet little church, a monument erected by faithful companions in arms to the memory of Colonel A, Major B, Captains C, D and E, Lieutenants F and G, Ensigns H, I and J, seven non-commissioned officers, and one hundred and thirty rank and file, who fell in the discharge of their duty on the memorable day. The story of Nobody is the story of the rank and file of the earth. They bear their share of the battle; they have their part in the victory; they fall; they leave no name but in the mass. The march of the proudest of us leads to the dusty way by which they go. O! Let us think of them this year at the Christmas fire, and not forget them when it is burnt out.














Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 005 503 243

AP
4
H84
V.8
cop. 2

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
CECIL H. GREEN LIBRARY
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004
(415) 723-1493

All books may be recalled after 7 days

DATE DUE

APR 22 2000
JUL 25 2005

APR 20 2000

